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*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

Illustration for "The Eliots' Katy"

PRESSING THEM CLOSE TO HER, KATY PRODUCED TWO LITTLE PACKAGES



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## The Eliots' Katy

BY MARGARET DELAND

### PART I

I SUPPOSE a few Old Chester housekeepers did know the meaning of the phrase "domestic problem"; but if so, they didn't talk about it. An allusion to anything so personal as your kitchen was thought, in Old Chester, to be indecorous. And as for changing servants frequently, *that* was vulgar! . . . "There must be something peculiar about Mrs. So-and-so, she has had three different girls in a year." "You don't say so! Well, I have never thought her a person

of much gentility. Probably her grandmother didn't have servants."

With this standard of "gentility" was a patriarchal sense of responsibility for the woman in the kitchen. A real Old Chester housekeeper (not one of the new people, of course) concerned herself anxiously, and sometimes prayerfully, about the manners and morals of her domestics. . . . I wonder, do our daughters pray for their cooks? Well, they might do worse! . . . But imagine saying, in



these days—as Old Chester housekeepers used to say—“Your hat is too showy, Mary; it is not suitable to your station. And also I must tell you that no respectable young woman is seen on the streets after dark without a male companion—who is, of course, a worthy young man of whom her parents approve. Therefore, if you are alone, you must return, on your evenings out, by eight o'clock in summer, and half-past seven in the winter months. These are my rules.”

But all that is in the dim past; this story of the Eliots' Katy is just a memory of Old Chester's peace in days when, between mistress and maid, the incredible simplicity of loyalty and human kindness, of conscience and dignity and responsibility, *worked!*—and only the new people, who certainly never prayed for their “girls,” had domestic problems.

It was one of these “new” people, Ruth Eliot, who took into her household a young English woman, who was practically a vagrant. The Eliots (though Unitarians) were nice enough; in fact, his father had been born in Old Chester; but she was a New Yorker, “and you know what *that* means!” said Old Chester. It explained, we thought, why she employed a girl who had no reference—except the hesitating approval of Mrs. Van Horn, the landlady at the Tavern.

The woman had arrived in Old Chester one November night at about half-past ten, on foot, in the rain. She had no umbrella—she couldn't have carried it if she had, for she was lugging a big bundle wrapped in shiny black oil-cloth, and the strings cut deep into first one stout hand, and then into the other. She had a shawl over her head, and hob-nail shoes on her feet. When she reached the Tavern, the Van Horns, behind the solid wooden shutters, had been sound asleep for an hour or two. Not a pin point of light could be seen, but somehow she seemed to know that it was a public house; perhaps the creaking of the old sign, swaying in the rain, informed her. At the door she fumbled in the

darkness for the bell, dangling from its socket on a rusty wire. She pulled it; waited; pulled again; heard a faint jangle far back in the sleeping house—and pulled once more. Van Horn, on the third floor, got out of bed, and still half asleep, came clumping down stairs; when, holding his candle above his head, he blinked out into the wet darkness, he said, briefly, “I swan!” The girl's face, which had been rosy with the driving rain, was whitening with exhaustion; her shawl, pinned under her chin, was dripping wet, and some locks of hair were plastered across her forehead. “Who are you?” said Van Horn.

“I'm Katy McGrath, sir. I'm lookin' for work.”

“At this time of night?” said Van Horn; “where did you come from?”

“Mercer; if you please, sir.”

“Mercer! Young woman, you ain't walked that distance?”

“Yes, if you please, sir.”

“A girl, traipsing the road!” He paused and rubbed one big bare foot over the other. “Well,” he said, sharply, “I can't stand here and freeze. Step in. For a minute.”

She stepped in, then said faintly, “May I sit me down, sir? Me legs is givin' way.” She was really crumpling up with fatigue, and Van Horn, putting out a steadying hand, guided her into the hall, where she sank down on the lowest step of the staircase.

“Well, I swan!” the landlord said again; then called: “Hey! Mother! Lookee here: a young miss.”

Mrs. Van Horn, in curl papers and a wadded bed jacket, had been hanging over the banisters, listening; she came now, ponderously, down stairs. She paused on the step above the sagging figure, and looked at the shawled head, drooping against the banisters. “What's this? What's this?” she demanded.

“I don't know,” said her husband; “look at her! Sopping.”

“Joshua,” said Mrs. Van Horn, “this is no place for you. I'll see to her!”

“I wouldn't be too hard on her,” old



Van Horn said, uneasily; "even if she is a traipser, don't turn her out in the rain."

"Mr. Van Horn," said his wife, "I don't need to be told by a man in his night shirt, how to treat a young woman—*of this sort*. Go on up to your bed. Put down the candle! Do you think I want to be left in the dark with her? She may try to murder me! Girl, are you hungry?"

"Yes, mum; but don't you give me a thought, mum. If I might just sit 'ere—"

"And walk off with the teaspoons, I suppose, before we are up in the morning?" said Mrs. Van Horn. "Follow me!" she commanded, and, candle in hand, strode along the hall to the kitchen, leaving her husband to climb upstairs as well as he could in the dark. Katy, her knees bending under her, picked up the bundle and followed in the wake of the waddling, kindly figure. In the kitchen, the candle flickering between them on the table, came more orders, always in a terrible voice: "Put that bundle in the sink! Do you hear

me? I don't want it dripping all over the floor! Sit down."

The girl silently did as she was bid, but she watched Mrs. Van Horn, going in and out of the pantry, with eager eyes, and when food was placed before her, fell on it, stuffing it into her mouth and straining to swallow it with the strangling hunger of fatigue. Mrs. Van Horn, looking at her, suddenly turned and went puffing upstairs; when she came back (calling over her shoulder, "No, Mr. Van Horn! It's no place for you. Stay where you are") she brought with her a fat black bottle. She poured a good two fingers of whisky into a tumbler, and held it out to the girl: "Take it." Katy took it, her teeth clicking against the glass held in both shaking hands. She ate every crumb of food, even running the blade of her knife round her plate and closing her lips on it, so that nothing should escape her.

Watching her, Mrs. Van Horn said, slowly, "A girl, traipsing the public road at this time of night! Well, I wasn't born yesterday. I know what that means. . . . You can stay the rest of



THE QUIET RIVER SET THE NOTE OF OLD CHESTER'S PEACE



the night here, *if you are willing I should lock you up?* If you ain't, you can go."

"Oh, yes, mum, I'm willing. I am indeed. Lock me up! And thank you kindly, mum."

"Then," said Mrs. Van Horn again, "follow me!" She picked up the candle, and the girl picked up her bundle, and together, silently, they climbed the back stairs to a little room tucked under the sloping roof of the garret. Katy looked at the bed with passionate longing; it seemed as if she couldn't wait to get into it. Her eyes were dropping shut with exhaustion, and her hands trembled so that she couldn't unfasten her wet clothes. Mrs. Van Horn, observing her, unhooked her dress; then she opened the black oilcloth bundle and took out a nightgown—rough and clumsy, and of unbleached cotton, but clean. She put it over the girl's head, then turned back the sheets and helped her into bed. Katy fell on the soft, generous pillows, and slept almost instantly.

Mrs. Van Horn, candle in hand, stood looking down at her. Her hard, honest face gathered into puzzled lines. "She's a big, strapping girl; twenty miles is no such long walk—*if she was strong*. But she's weak. What would make the likes of her weak?" she pondered. "I've had eight children," she said; "*I couldn't 'a walked twenty miles under two months.*" She bent over and looked at the face, very pale and with dark circles under the eyes. Then she looked at the left hand, worn and callous, lying palm upward on the coverlet; there was no ring on the third finger. "I'm afraid that's it," she said to herself; "but she's honest; I can see that." And when she went to her sleeping Joshua she left the door of the little room unlocked.

## CHAPTER II

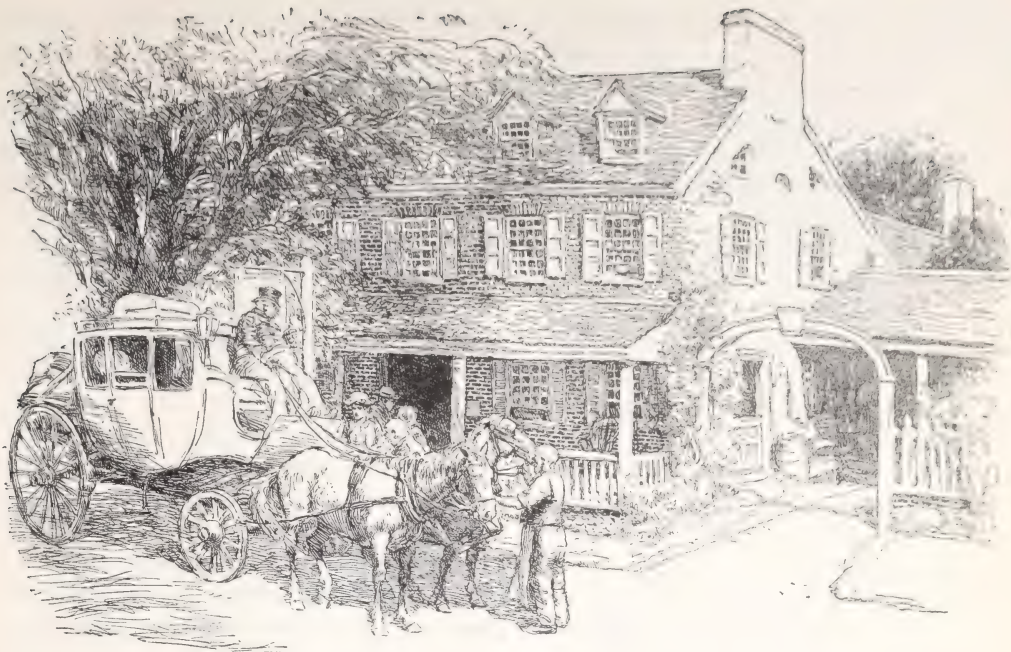
All that the Van Horns knew of the storm-beaten creature was what, later, Katy, with placid brevity, told the harsh, kind woman who had the intuition not to lock the door of the attic

bedroom. She said that she had come from England to better herself in America; she had been told that servants could get places in Pennsylvania, so she had taken the journey over the mountains to Mercer. "And I 'eard of Old Chester, mum, but I 'adn't the price of the stage, so I walked. Well, I got tired, mum, or I'd 'a been 'ere earlier. You was kind to me!" she said; "no; I h'ain't got no 'character.' I never told a lie, mum. I didn't live out at 'ome, so I h'ain't got one." She looked anxiously at Mrs. Van Horn to see whether such an admission would put her on the road again.

This meager information had not been given all at once. It came little by little during the next few days, for the Van Horns, grudgingly (but with no concern about the teaspoons), let her stay on. "She works well," Mrs. Van Horn said to Joshua, "and she washes dishes like a piously brought up girl—she don't leave egg on the prongs of the forks." Then she told Katy, "You may stay till Monday." And by and by, "you may stay till next Monday." . . . She stayed a year and a half, sleeping, without complaint, in the niche under the roof, suffocatingly hot in summer, freezing cold in winter; working as the Van Horns had never seen a girl work; accepting gratefully the poor pay they offered—and never spending a cent of it, so it seemed, on herself! "She's truthful," Mrs. Van Horn said, "she *could* 'a said she'd lost her reference, but she didn't. And she ain't vain—like these trollops that go into service now-a-days, putting all their money on their backs, and wearing clothes that might be their ladies'!"

She was right in both statements. Katy either told the truth, or held her tongue; and certainly she was not vain! She still wore the plaid shawl over her head, and she was constantly patching her clothes. In summer she went barefoot, except on Sundays. And she had never a ribbon for her neck, Mrs. Van Horn observed, "nor a bit of a trinket,





SHE HAD WORKED AT THE TAVERN FOR A YEAR AND A HALF

like most silly females!" No; Katy's money certainly didn't "go on her back." Once or twice Mrs. Van Horn saw her put her wages in an envelope, which she carried to the post office. "I guess," she speculated, "she sends her pay home."

"Likely," said Joshua; "she's a dutiful young woman." Once he blurted out a question: "Do you send your money to your parents, Katy?"

"No, sir," she said, cheerfully; "I never 'ad no parents. I was a charity child." At which the Van Horns were more perplexed than ever, for as Katy stayed on she continued to post those monthly envelopes. It became evident, by and by, that she must have brought them with her, already addressed, for she could neither read nor write. It was the discovery of her illiteracy—a discovery which did not in the least embarrass her—that made Mrs. Van Horn ask her if she would like to learn her letters. She said, eagerly, "Oh, that I would, mum!"

It was in this way that the New York Mrs. Eliot came to know her. Katy, in her hobnail shoes and with her little shawl over her head, had gone to Sunday

School—Mrs. Van Horn saw to that! (What would happen to a housekeeper nowadays, if she told her maid to go to Sunday School?) But Mrs. Van Horn gave her orders, and Katy found herself in Mrs. Eliot's class. Her cheerful stupidity, her truthfulness (which she said once "was beat into me at the work-ouse," and was plainly based on an artless fear of hell), and, of course, her real desire to learn, moved Ruth Eliot to attempt to teach her to read and write. But though they got as far as the first half of *Reading Without Tears*, when it came to writing, Katy never did more than make—her tongue sticking out of the corner of her mouth—a few pages of pot hooks; so the monthly envelopes, into which she put her wages, must still have been sent to her with the address upon them. But she mailed them herself, so the Van Horns only knew, by asking judicious questions at the post office, that they went to somebody called Jones, in Mercer. It was when she had been at the Tavern a year and a half that, reluctantly, they let her go; a widowed daughter-in-law was to come and live

with them, so Katy's services were no longer needed. "But my poor son's wife won't do the work in a week that Katy's done in a day!" Mrs. Van Horn bemoaned herself; "she hasn't the strength in her bones! And I'll have to give *her* a real bedroom."

Katy's strength had indeed been more than one finds in a daughter-in-law! After the first week at the Tavern, as her delicate whiteness, so suggestive of past illness, wore away, her physical power was very striking. She made one think of a heifer—sound, young limbs, calm, ruminating eyes, and large muscles moving smoothly under satin-clean skin. Even in that first year the "strength in her bones" developed into breadth and heaviness. Her broadening back (which sometimes carried bags of potatoes down to the cellar, or trunks and boxes up the tavern staircase) and her powerful legs and arms suggested the women of the fields of Europe. She was a peasant, in mind as well as in body; steady, dull, powerful, and sweet! And of a cleanness that was like June clover. No wonder, when the Van Horn's daughter-in-law was expected, Old Chester housekeepers were interested—though somewhat doubtfully, "for no one knows anything about her!" they said. It was Mrs. Eliot who, while other ladies were thinking of the night Katy had stumbled, without a "character," into the Tavern—it was Ruth Eliot who said, "What earthly difference does that make? I hope I'll have the luck to get her!"

She got her. As soon as she heard of the expected daughter-in-law she walked into Old Chester, and standing smiling at the kitchen door of the Tavern, said, in her rather loud New York voice, and dropping all her "r's," "Mrs. Van Ho'n, I want Katy when she leaves you."

"I don't know what I'm going to do without her," Mrs. Van Horn said, sighing; "Katy! Mrs. Eliot wants you."

Katy, turning from the wash tub, ducked a sort of curtsy, then she said, "I'm not wishful to leave me mistress.

She was kind to me. I h'ain't one to forget. But 'er daughter-in-law is coming, so I've got to find me a place."

"Well, my place is all ready for you," said Mrs. Eliot—"if you don't mind being rather far from neighbors. We are away out on the Hill Road! You won't be lonely, will you?"

"I never get time from me work for lonesomeness," Katy said, simply.

As for those hesitating housekeepers, something happened just before Katy transferred herself and her black oil-cloth bundle to the Eliots' kitchen and garret, which showed how wise they had been to hesitate: Katy disappeared, absolutely and completely, for one day and two nights; and when she got back she offered no explanation of her absence! She had told Mrs. Van Horn after supper that she was "going away," and had asked for her pay; when it was given to her, she thrust it into the bosom of her dress, and said, "I'm starting, mum, now."

"Now," said Mrs. Van Horn; "why, where are you going, at this time of night?"

"To Mercer, mum," said Katy.

"But, Katy," her mistress protested, "there's no stage to-night!"

Katy gave her a horrified look; "I'll never take no stage while I 'as me legs." So, leaving the Van Horns consumed with disapproving curiosity, off she trudged into the May dusk, barefoot, her big shoes hung by their knotted strings round her neck, and her little shawl over her head. When she got back, thirty-six hours later, tired and uncommunicative and placid, Tavern inquisitiveness flared up into all sorts of sidewise questions, to which Katy was dumb. Yet there was no suggestion of secretiveness about her; her silence was only the mild, impenetrable dignity of an animal, against which prying is powerless. "But it's my duty to tell Mrs. Eliot about it," Mrs. Van Horn said to her Joshua. She did so, and Ruth Eliot looked thoughtful for a minute.

"She *seems* to be a respectable young





SHE HAD TWENTY MILES AHEAD OF HER

woman," Mrs. Van Horn admitted; "'Course, she'll eat you out of house and home! And she likes her liquor once in a while, same as anyone—though she don't drink heavy—I'll say that for her. And I haven't caught her lying once; and she's industrious—as girls go now-a-days. But she spent two nights out, *and no one knows where!* I thought it was proper, ma'am, to mention it to you."

Mrs. Eliot nodded. "Well, I think we can feed her! And as long as she doesn't fib, and her work is satisfactory, I'll not try to find out 'where.' It won't be my business," said Ruth Eliot. Mrs. Van Horn, who had acted from a sense of duty, was rather affronted, and agreed with those other Old Chester housekeepers that Mrs. Eliot was a "reg'lar New Yorker!"

Katy, however, did not object to New York methods. She went to the Eliots, and never "fibbed," and her work was eminently "satisfactory!" She toiled day in and day out; she cooked, and washed, and scrubbed, and served, and sewed; and the Eliot household increased, and the work increased, and Katy's wages did not increase (they couldn't! Mr. Eliot was a schoolmaster

at the Female Academy in Upper Chester. In this connection a comment he made on Katy, apropos of those pot hooks, is interesting: "For God's sake, Ruth, don't educate her! She's perfect. Education," said James Eliot, "ruins much good raw material. My collars are wonderful!")

So, in uncorrupted ignorance, loving and serving the New York Eliots, Katy grew more broad-backed and handsome and placid every year. She did not grow more communicative, nor did she become extravagant—unless you call a penny every Sunday in the collection an extravagance? Once in a while, and apparently with actual suffering, she did buy clothing for herself, but never until sheer decency demanded it! She depended on the Eliot Christmas presents—a new little plaid shawl to wear over her burnished brown head, or calico for a dress, or hanks of blue and white yarn for stockings, which she knit in the evenings for herself—that is, when she was not knitting stockings for the two little Eliot girls! Every month she put part of her wages in the bank, and part in an envelope which she herself carried to the post office. And once a year she slipped



out into the night and disappeared for thirty-six hours. Mrs. Eliot, still holding to what was and was not her business, asked no questions; but after one of these disappearances—and reappearances in time to get breakfast—the four-year-old Marion Eliot said, "Where did you go, Katy?" And Katy said, "To Mercer, dearie." As she said it little Maggie, hugging her hard, discovered a shoe string round her strong, white neck, and pulling it, jerked out a locket.

"Katy got locket," she announced; "Katy! Open locket!"

Instantly Marion began to vociferate, and Katy, rescuing the locket ("gold" studded with "diamonds"), thrust it back into her bosom, and said, "Get along with yer! Don't bother me!" Then she kissed them—great smacks!—"after breakfast, come back and see what I've got for *good* children. 'Ave yer been good?"

"Oh, yes, Katy! We were awfully good! Ask mother—" So, later, behold them, pressing excitedly very close to her, and Katy producing two little packages: a jew's harp! a mug! She was herself excited by this first plunge into "extravagance," for truly her gifts must have amounted in all to a quarter of a dollar, and except for the stamp once a month, and the penny every Sunday in the contribution box, and the rare and agonizingly reluctant expenditures for clothing, Katy had never been known to spend one single penny on anything.

"Now show us the locket!" said Marion Eliot.

But Katy only pressed her big hand on her bosom where the locket lay, and laughed and said, "Get along with yer." . . .

Her devotion to the physical welfare of the children knew no bounds of toil; but she was concerned for their spiritual welfare, too, and instructed them as to the salvation of their souls: "Don't you be tellin' wrong stories, or you'll be put in 'ell. Me lady learned me that when I was in the work'ouse." She discrimi-

nated between stories and wrong stories, for when, in some rare moment of leisure, she played with the little Eliots, gambling about like a playful cow, she sometimes turned the play into a fairy tale—talking animals! kings and queens who flew about! great folk, "like me lady," who wore gold dresses. Here she was apt to add fact to fancy: "She used to come down from the 'all, oncet a week, to teach us; Lady Clarissy Shotwell, she was; an' she said, 'Don't tell wrong stories; and don't never be crool, *that'll* put you in 'ell, too,' me lady said. . . . But them flyin' kings is just a story." So Katy was never even cross to the Eliot children, no matter how they teased her, unless she detected "croolness"; *that*, to a worm even, made her so furiously angry that her words were rough to a point of coarseness which would certainly have shocked "me lady."

For five years this was Katy's life in Old Chester. Everybody respected her, and the Eliots loved her, and nobody knew her. Then, abruptly, Mrs. Eliot knew her very well. . . . It was in January, and frightfully cold. So cold that the children were kept indoors all day, and Katy, bringing them into the kitchen, had amused them by one of her romances about the wee folk—carefully reminding them, however, that all she said was "just a tale." When the evening mail arrived, bringing a letter for the benign and tired maid-of-all-work, little Maggie, stealing Katy's shawl and pinning it over her own curly head, went careering out to the kitchen with it, making a game of hiding it, and running down to the cellar and up to the garret, Katy at her heels, coaxing and threatening, "There, Miss Myggie, stop it! Gimme that letter or I'll smack you!" Her round eyes were a little rounder, and their calmness had been blown out by some wind of fright. "I h'ain't got time to fool! Gimme it!" She caught the child at last as, shrieking, Maggie was scurrying across the kitchen floor, snatched the letter, thrust it into her bosom, cuffed the child softly, and gave



KATY HAD GONE OVER THAT ROAD TEN TIMES IN THESE FIVE YEARS

her a kiss and two crullers. But as she waited on table that night she forgot things, and began to "take away" before the children had finished their dessert (Professor Eliot, as it happened, was not at home, and Katy always "let down" when the master was away). But after supper, when the little girls ran out to the kitchen with some nonsense, she was standing at a sinkful of unwashed dishes, her forehead twisted into frowning effort to read that letter; apparently she didn't even hear the children. She was saying aloud:

"'L-i-s'—'L-i-s'—yes; it's that—'Lissy.' But what's the next? Me God, what is it? 'Lissy is t-o-o-k'—is it 'took?' Oh, I can't read it." . . . She gave a sort of groan, and the tears gushed over her cheeks. The little girls dropped into terrified silence, then Marion said to her sister, "Come on away, you!" and marshaled Maggie out of the kitchen. In the sitting room they were both so subdued that their mother, who was generally able to read when

they were playing at the tops of their voices, looked up from her book, startled at the silence.

"What's the matter?" she said; and Marion said, "mother!" then she gasped: "*Katy's crying.*" It was as if one should say, "The world has come to an end!"

"Have you children been teasing her?" Mrs. Eliot said, sternly. But she did not wait for Marion's scared protest that they had been perfectly good; she went quickly out to the kitchen, and there was Katy, indeed "crying," her tears falling on a letter held in her two shaking hands.

"Katy!" said Mrs. Eliot; "what is the matter?"

"Oh, mum—I can't read! Oh, why didn't I get learned to read? I don't know what it's sayin'!"

"Let me read it to you," Ruth Eliot said, in her kind voice. There was a moment's hesitation; then Katy made a helpless gesture.

"I got to know. I *got* to! Mebbe she's . . . dead." She gave her lady



the letter, a flimsy, gilt-edged page covered with a laborious scrawl, and stood, ghastly white, clutching at the table, her agonized eyes staring at her mistress. "Read!" she commanded, hoarsely.

Mrs. Eliot, taking in the tenor of the pallid sheet, said, quickly, "Katy, no! No one is 'dead!' Don't be so frightened; it's only sickness; 'Lissy is took sick,'" she spelled out. Katy, tumbling into a chair, dropped her head on her arms flung out on the table; then came loud, tearing, animal sounds, that made Mrs. Eliot shiver; broken words, groans of relief: "Not dead—not dead."

The two little girls had been standing, open mouthed, looking on; but at this cataclysm in their steady universe, Marion began to cry, and slunk away out of the room; but little Maggie came and pulled Katy's apron, and said, "Don't ky!" Then she tried to climb into that soft, hospitable lap, which for all her life had been a refuge from the tiny despairs of childhood. At her touch, Katy, still shaking with sobs, put an arm round her, then lifted her upon her knee; "There, there, me little love," she said, soothingly, and tried to smile; "don't be frightened!"

"Katy, listen," Ruth Eliot entreated; "I don't believe things are so very bad. It says: 'Something the matter with her stum—stum—ock.' Oh, yes; 'her stomach.' Why, Katy! You know that's nothing very bad. Everybody has stomach upsets once in a while! Is it your sister?"

"I'll get along to Mercer, mum," Katy said, "if you'll be givin' me lief. I'll go anyway, mum. But I'll ask your lief—"

"Of course!" Mrs. Eliot said; "but wait till I read the last part: 'the doctor come three times. He said she was bad. I paid him a dollar each time. I thot I better tell you, so you can maybe come—'"

Katy, listening, said, "Move, Miss Myggie, me darlin'; I must get at me sink." She drew the small, squeezing arms from round her neck, and rose, put-

ting the child gently aside; "I'll wash me dishes before I go, mum; but I must make 'aste."

Mrs. Eliot caught her arm; "Katy! Not to-night? Take the stage to-morrow morning. It will get you there in a quarter of the time!"

"I'll be with 'er before the stage starts from 'ere," Katy said; and the next moment her hands, swift and steady, were in the dish pan. Ruth Eliot, despairingly wiping the cups and plates, still remonstrated. "But it's zero! Don't go!"

"If you'll please be givin' me me pay, mum," Katy said; "it h'ain't due me till Saturday, but—"

"Of course! Of course!" Ruth said, hurrying into the sitting room for her purse. She put all the bills she had into Katy's hands—"because you may need extra money. But oh, do wait, Katy—you *can't* walk to Mercer."

Katy, not even replying to the entreaty, pulled down her stocking, put the roll of bills against her big white leg, pulled the stocking up, and then, untying her apron, ran up the back stairs to her room. When she came down—as broad, almost, as she was long, for she had put on all the clothing she could fasten about herself—Ruth Eliot said, "If you *will* go, we'll borrow Mr. Brown's horse and sleigh." (The Browns were the Eliots' nearest neighbors.)

"An' 'ow could I be gettin' the 'orse back to Mr. Brown?" Katy objected, sharply.

"We'll ask him to drive you to Mercer!"

"An' 'im 'obblin' with rheumatiz? 'e'd die of the frost."

"Then I'll go along with you, and bring it back!" said her distracted mistress.

"An' leave the children all night, alone in the 'ouse?" said Katy, sternly; "I wouldn't think it of you, mum!" But her face softened; "You're kind to me! I won't be forgettin' it, Mrs. Eliot."

Although she was actually straining

forward, as if the delay were a palpable barrier, she did consent to wait while Ruth ran, in fruitless effort, down the road to another neighbor, whose horse, unhappily, had gone lame that very day. "Katy," she entreated, when, shuddering with cold, she got back to the kitchen; "go in to Old Chester and get somebody to drive you—"

"I can't take the time to walk there and 'unt up an animal," Katy said. So all her mistress could do was to swathe the girl's head, over and round the little shawl, with all the warm scarves she had, and throw a cape of her own about her shoulders, and make her put on Professor Eliot's fur gloves. Then she opened the door, and stood on the threshold watching her for an icy mo-

ment, while the black night wind tore into the house, and Katy was swallowed up in the darkness.

### CHAPTER III

She walked swiftly, thrusting her body forward, her head driving like a wedge into the wind, and her big hands clutching at the flapping cape. The stars were thick in the velvet blackness of a sky swept clean of clouds by the gale. The road was slippery with trodden snow and the ridges of the wheel ruts were like iron, with sifted snow between them . . . a terrible night of tumultuous cold. And she had twenty miles ahead of her. . . . Once she put her hand to her throat,



"OH, MUM! SEE MISS MYGGIE'S ROSE 'AS A BUD ON IT"



fumbling with the wraps and mufflers, and somehow pulled out that little locket; she stood still long enough to kiss it hard—then she pushed it down into her bosom, and, as if some wine had touched her lips, beat on into the wind; sometimes she even ran a few steps. It was the straining, staggering slipperiness of the road that held her back more than the wind. Katy had gone over that road, back and forth, ten times in these five years, so she knew how long it took to make certain distances: to the big red barn on the left, half an hour—and almost two miles; to the Jay's house, on the other side of the river, another two miles. An hour in all. But it could not be so to-night. Sometimes, hurrying and running, she cried aloud: "God, don't let 'er die on me—keep 'er alive—keep 'er alive!" The wind, like a great hand, pushed her back; her hobnail shoes slipped and slid; twice she fell—and rose with an oath. As she staggered to her feet a little shadow moved in the road; it was a cat, dragging what seemed to be a crushed leg. Katy picked the little creature up; "I bet," she said, "it got into somebody's trap! Folks that sets traps is crool devils." She stood still, feeling the poor little body all over with her gentle fingers and detecting the wincing recoil of a bleeding foot; she sighed and shook her head. "I got to lug it along, I suppose," she said; "I can't leave it 'ere to freeze." She tucked the little thing into the warm curve of her arm, and started on, head down, battering her way into the wind.

On—On—On—When she reached the Jay's house she had been more nearly two hours than one, and the cat was heavy on her arm. She had sixteen miles still to go. At what she guessed was midnight she saw, with despair, that she had covered only nine miles. "Keep 'er alive," she prayed; "oh, say, You, *keep 'er alive*, and I'll put a dollar in the plate." She was so cold that long shudders ran steadily down her back, and her hands, clutching the cloak, which was

always ballooning out behind her, had lost feeling. Sometimes she had to stop to rest; then, shifting the kitten from one arm to the other, she would stand and lean against a fence or tree, her panting breath tearing the flesh in her throat. It was five o'clock when, in the darkness, she saw the straggling outskirts of Mercer, which, under ordinary circumstances, she would have reached before two o'clock. At six she stopped at a tenement house. The door was locked, and her tears gushed out as if at a last despair. But she rallied to it. Hampered by the poor cat, only one numb hand could fumble in the roadway for something with which to bang upon the door; she found a broken brick, caked with ice, and pounded on the panel with it, swearing and sobbing, the tears freezing on her cheeks. Some one on the second floor opened a window and shouted, "What the devil—?"

"Le' me in—le' me in! Mrs. Jones 'as me child in 'er tenement—third floor back. She's sick. Le' me in—damn you!"

The window slammed down. Then, with language to match her own, some outraged tenant came stumbling down stairs and opened the door. Without a word Katy ran past him, up the first flight, up the second flight, to the third floor back. There she rattled the door knob, very softly:

"Mrs. Jones, mum. It's me. Clarissy's mother, mum." No answer; then she rapped once—twice. . . . "Mary Jones?" At last the woman heard, and the door was opened. "Is she—" Katy gasped; "is she—" The whispered agony was so gentle that the sick child in the next room never stirred.

The woman who boarded the little thing, and who had sent the summoning letter, broke into low reassurances. "She ain't worse. Say, mercy me! You're froze!"

"Le' me see 'er!" She pushed in, paused to put the kitten down, carefully, on a mat, then ran—the hobnail shoes like velvet on the bare floor—and fell on



THE BIG RED BARN ON THE MERCER ROAD

her knees by the bedside of a fever-flushed little girl, who opened her eyes, smiled, said "momma," and slept again. Katy, her lips trembling, said in her calm way, "Yes, Lissy. 'Ere's momma. Go 'sleep, darlin'. Momma 'as brought you a kitty."

Mrs. Jones, full of whispered "Lord sakes!" and "My goodness!" and "Ain't you 'bout dead? I bet you've froze your ears" drew her into the kitchen, and stirred the fire and put some food before her. "You needn't 'a come in such a hurry," she protested; "goodness me, I didn't mean to scare you to death! How'd you get here? *Walked?* You're crazy! No; she ain't dyin'! She's sick; yes, she is; (here, drink that; it's good liquor). Yes, yes! I'll give your cat some milk! Good land, did you carry a cat, all this way? I believe you *are*

crazy! Well, I'll tell you about her; the doctor didn't know but what it was something bad. But it ain't. Only, I couldn't 'tend to her and do my work. Say, you'll die yourself if you don't look out! You get into my bed, quick!"

She was a good woman, this Mrs. Jones, from Katy's own part of the world; she had helped Katy through her "trouble," and for five years had boarded the child for two dollars a week—two-thirds of Katy's wages. But she took in washing, and a sick child was taxing, so she had summoned Katy. "But my land!" she expostulated, "I didn't mean she was *dyin'*!"

"She ain't goin' to, neither," Katy said, between set teeth; "I'll tear the eyes out of yer 'ead, if you let 'er die!"

Mrs. Jones recoiled. "It ain't me made her sick!" she remonstrated.



Then, timidly, "won't you get into my bed and warm you?"

Katy did not even answer. She sat down at Lissy's bedside; sometimes, with gentle, icy fingers, she tucked the covers about the child's shoulders; once she kissed the pillow near the flushed face. And all the time long, slow shivers shook her. She was not really warm again for hours. When Lissy awoke it was to find her mother's arms ready for her. All that day and the next she lay in Katy's soft lap, and Katy crooned, to the creak of an old rocking chair, "Lovey. Lovey. Lovey." Sometimes she stopped to pet the limping cat, and always she stroked Lissy's sunny hair, or kissed her hands and feet, and worshiped her! Once Mrs. Jones broke in upon these divine preoccupations with blunt advice:

"See here, now, Katy, you mustn't be so daft about her. Mercy me! You ain't in decent clothes—I believe you're savin' all your money for Lissy! It's plain to be seen you don't spend nothing on yourself. You ain't got even a bustle. Don't you know what the fashion is? What kind of folks do you live with, anyway?"

"My lady come from New York," Katy defended Mrs. Eliot, and Mrs. Jones was momentarily impressed, then:

"She must be a queer New Yorker to put up with your clothes! The idea of goin' round with a shawl over your head! People don't *do* that in America. . . . I told you so the last time you was here. In America, you keep your nose in the air! 'Tain't like home. Clarissy'll be laughin' at you, the first thing you know."

Katy looked up, startled. "Laughin'? At 'er mamma!"

"You look like Bedlam," said Mrs. Jones; "Lissy, ain't your mother funny—not wearin' a bunnit?" Clarissa giggled; and when Mrs. Jones said, good-naturedly, "She wouldn't be seen on the street with you, Katy, with a shawl over your head!" little Lissy agreed, "No, I wouldn't."

Katy's face fell. "It's a good warm

shawl, childy; and momma can't spend money on a bunnit." When Clarissa was asleep Katy talked this and other things out with Mrs. Jones: first she said, "Make 'er a good girl, Mary; don't let 'er be tellin' wrong stories, or thiev-in'. 'It is a sin to steal a pin.' Me lady learned us that at the work'ouse. An' if she pulls the cat's tail, spat 'er 'ands; a crool child is something I can't stand. Lady Clarissy used to tell us God wouldn't 'ave a crool person in 'eaven. She said crool folks and liars was left outside, with a lot of barkin' dogs and worms that e't fire and bit you. An' if Lissy's sassy, whip 'er. You tell 'er she's got to be 'ave pretty, because I named 'er after a grand English lady—Lady Clarissy."

"She wasn't much for looks—Lady Clarissy," Mrs. Jones ruminated; "*I* always thought she looked like a horse."

"Looks don't matter," Katy said. "She was kind. Well, I don't suppose she knew *me*—there was a lot of us work'ouse girls, and she never spoke a word to any of us, special. She just talked, Sunday afternoons—oh, grand! I never knowed what about. Except 'ell. I knowed *that*—them dogs and fire-worms!—So I h'ain't never told a lie, or been crool. I wisht she knew I named Lissy for 'er."

"Say," said Mrs. Jones, suddenly, "Lissy asked me where her poppa was, and I said I guessed he was dead."

"Well, maybe 'e is," Katy said, cheerfully. Then she began to talk of Lissy's future: "She's got to 'ave schoolin'. I 'ear a lot of talk about it at our 'ouse; my master's a schoolmaster, and they think there's nothing like learnin'. They are 'avin' Miss Marion learned; she'll know everything! Well, I'm goin' to 'ave Clarissy learned. That's why I don't waste the price of fashionable clothes."

"You look like—I don't know what!" Mrs. Jones objected.

"Looks don't matter," Katy said again. Then she told Mrs. Jones that as soon as Lissy could go to school and be

learned to write she must send her mother a letter once a month. "I'll put ten cents extra on 'er board, to pay you for the paper and a stamp. I can't write back," she added sadly, and looked at her big hand; "I wisht I was as smart as you, Mary; but I can't get me fingers round on to the pen, some'ow."

In those days of her child's convalescence Katy took the opportunity to do Mrs. Jones's washing and scrub the floor; and certainly the big, powerful figure, on hands and knees, did not suggest "fashionable" clothes; it suggested nothing but labor and love. And when, after supper, the labor ceased, and Katy sat basking by the stove, her stocking feet in the oven, her child in her lap—and the cat in Lissy's lap—she suggested only love—maternal love, a thing as elemental as a plowed field, or softly falling rain! Once as she sat, placid and rosy, in the creaking rocking chair, Clarissa's little fingers caught at the shoe string, and the locket was pulled from its warm resting place; Katy, beaming, opened it, and showed the child her own baby face. "Mrs. Jones 'ad that tintype took of you when you was three years old," she said.

Clarissa, regarding the tintype, said, "Why didn't she have it took with a bow on my hair?"

"You was too little for bows then, Lissy," Katy said, and put the locket back into her bosom, and smothered the child's face—neck—hair—with kisses. Then she said: "I've a present for you." She took her flat, shabby purse from a capacious petticoat pocket, and fumbled in it for a ten-cent piece, which she fingered wistfully before putting it into Lissy's hand. "Don't spend it all at once," she said; "spend it *careful*. Momma can't give you another dime for a good while. Momma 'as to save money so Lissy can get learned." . . .

A week later, trudging back to Old Chester through a drizzling February night, Katy calculated how much this maternal week had taken from her savings, and sighed. But most of the time

she thought about Mrs. Eliot. "She was kind to me! I won't never forget it. And I'll tell her about Lissy."

Never was anybody more warmly welcomed than Katy! Mrs. Eliot, in the kitchen stirring up porridge for breakfast, looking very tired and confused; Marion, setting the table; little Maggie under everybody's feet; Professor Eliot trying to make coffee—then an outcry: "*Katy!*" and the little girls clamoring and hugging her, and the master shaking hands with her, and Mrs. Eliot—*kissing her!*

"Oh, Katy dear," Ruth said, "is your sick friend better?"

Katy, her hands on her hips, looked at the kitchen and her mistress, and shook her head: "Tzz! Tzz! Tzz!" she said. Then she took her lady gently by the shoulders: "You get out of 'ere quick! And after breakfast I'll put you to bed. An' if you please, sir, gimme that coffee pot and take the mistress away. Children, off with yer! We'll 'ave waffles!" Alone, nodding her head, she surveyed her domain, and sighed. "It's well I come back," she said, candidly; and went upstairs to take her things off. The next minute she was at work. The need for her to be "back" was so great that it was two or three days before the moment came for "telling" Mrs. Eliot. When it did Katy was entirely matter-of-fact.

"If you please, mum, I thought I'd be tellin' you about me child."

Ruth Eliot gave a little start. "Your—*child*? I didn't know you were married, Katy."

"I h'ain't, mum. I'll show you 'er picture." She tugged at the shoe string, then pulled it, with the dangling locket, over her head, and put the precious thing into her lady's hands. Ruth Eliot, grateful for the breathing space of examination and praise of the tintype, was saying to herself, "Not married! What *am* I going to say to her?" She hadn't an opportunity to say anything. Katy, standing respectfully, her hands



folded across her waist line, her handsome, rosy face full of friendly certainties, told her about Lissy's illness—and incidentally let her know the full terror of those hours of darkness and cold. "An' I 'ad to carry a cat all the way. I found one on the road, 'urted from one of them crool traps; so I carried it along. An' when I got to Mrs. Jones, where I board 'er, me God! if the 'ouse wasn't locked! Well, I thought I'd die, mum, with rage and frost; an' I cursed real loud. An' a man 'eard me, and 'e come down an' opened the door. And 'e cursed, too," said Katy, cheerfully; "but I got in."

Her mistress was dumb.

"It was Mrs. Jones that had the picture took of Lissy, and she gimme the locket for it. 'Course, mum, I h'ain't one to buy 'andsome trinkets," Katy said, taking the ugly gilt and glass thing back into her own admiring hands, and slipping the shoe string over her head; "you know I'm not a wasteful young woman—me, with Lissy to bring up and get learned! Oh, she *was* sick," Katy said, and her chin trembled.

"But, Katy," Ruth Eliot began courageously; "it's not right, you know, to have a baby, when—when you're not married—"

"But there's no one wantin' to marry me," Katy explained, surprised.

"Your little girl's father?" Mrs. Eliot said, but Katy broke in:

"'Im? Oh, 'e wasn't one I'd marry, mum. 'E was a low sort. I wouldn't have demeaned myself to *marry* 'im. Anyway, I never knowed 'is name." Ruth's bewilderment found no words. "An' I don't care much for marryin'," Katy said; "I've got Lissy. I named her, mum, after me lady at the 'all—Clarissy; Lady Clarissy. An' I'm goin' to have 'er learned; an' a man would drink me wages, and be in the way, too. I'm makin' bold to tell you about Lissy, mum, because you was kind to me—lendin' me the master's gloves! An' only she was so sick I wouldn't stayed the week, an' left all the work to you—

well, you didn't scrub," she interrupted herself, with her little grunt of a laugh, her loving, faithful eyes on Mrs. Eliot's face; "but you shan't never touch your sweet 'ands to the pots again. I'm goin' to take care of you, my dearie, an' you'll be tellin' me 'ow to get Lissy learned."

"Oh, Katy," Ruth Eliot said, the tears suddenly bright in her eyes; "you are the dearest thing that ever was!" She put her arms round Lissy's mother, and squeezed her. "And your little girl shall be educated! I'll help you!"

Jim Eliot, listening to his wife's rather breathless version of Katy's story, whistled.

"I'm going to have the child come and visit her once in a while," Ruth said; "and we'll speak of her now to the neighbors as 'Mrs. McGrath.' But, Jim, I don't see why, truthful as she is, she didn't tell me about her baby when she came to us?"

Her husband ruminated. "Well, silence isn't lying," he said; "Katy has all the animal virtues—and one of them is reticence. But when it comes to human virtues—virtues of the intellect—she has only got as far as not lying. She has, however, a vague idea that people sort of approve of marriage. So she thought it prudent, under the circumstances, not to mention 'Lissy'—Lissy being merely a fact in nature. Like eating and drinking."

Though Ruth had been born in New York, she protested with true Old Chester horror: "*Jim!*"

"And she wants to have her 'learned,' does she?" Professor Eliot said; then he shook his head; "she would pluck every feather out of her breast for this child! But when the pelican hatches out a lark, what happens?"

"But, my dear! You wouldn't keep the child down to Katy's level?"

"Will the child keep up to Katy's level?" he said; "well, she's bound to educate her; so it will be done. I bet on Katy."

It was a safe bet; Katy in the next few years—heavier, sweeter, more faithful, more truthful (if that were possible!) toiled and toiled with just one end in view: the education of Clarissa. Not but what she had time for other things. . . . Time, if Old Chester children had a party, to say, eagerly, to her lady, “Le’ me make a cake for ’em, mum?” or, “Oh, mum, our children loves ice cream! I’ll make a freezer full. Wash-day? Oh, that’s no ’arm.” And she had “time,” when Maggie Eliot died, to give the broken mother the healing of her own tears, and afterwards, when other people were forgetting, Katy had “time” to bring from her own heart small memories which kept the dead child a living, and even a cheerful, presence in the family; “time,” when she was hanging out the wash, to take a clothespin from her mouth, and call over her shoulder from among the flapping sheets and pillow cases, “Oh, mum! See! There, beyont the tea towels: Miss Myggie’s bride rose bush ’as a bud on it! Do you mind ’er planting it that May Day?” And again: “I declare,

mum, if ’ere isn’t the mug I gave Miss Myggie four years ago! Would you ’ave any objection to me usin’ it for me coffee in the mornings?” Or, very gently, “See, mum, if you’re cryin’ like that, you’ll scare the child. She never seen you do so, me love; she always seen you laughin’! So laugh for ’er now, dearie!” Katy had “time” the winter Mrs. Van Horn died to sit up with her night after night; nobody, the sick woman said, grumpily, could lift her the way Katy did. (It is to be said that after Mrs. Van Horn died, her Joshua did give Katy a little money—but that wasn’t why Katy nursed his wife: “She didn’t lock the door on me!” said Katy.)

Well! she could not—our Katy!—speak with the tongues of men and of angels, nor had she the gift of prophecy, nor did she understand all mysteries and all knowledge—but because she loved Love, and rejoiced in Joy, and remembered kindnesses, the Eliots’ Katy always, day and night, “had time” for other things than toil.

It is that sort of “Time,” I suppose, which is really “Eternity.”

*(To be continued)*

## Chinese Bugles

BY DOROTHY ROWE

UP on the City Wall are Northern soldiers,  
Six of them, who blow bright bugles  
Made of brass.  
They do not call for troops to wake,  
To go to bed, or battle.  
Chinese bugles are quite free and purposeless.  
They are as much a part of every dawn  
As swift, black wings of waking birds  
Against a gold-lashed east;  
So much a part of dusk,  
When soft, smoke blankets  
Dim the western fires,  
That I shall find  
The twilight incomplete in other lands.



# One's Grandfather

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ONE'S relations are not to be paraded in public save in a worthy cause and the caption of these reflections is intentionally misleading—a convenience, a point of departure. What follows is discursive, tangential, the babble of a loquacious guest who changes the subject frequently for fear of losing the attention of the table. I am really thinking of family relationships in general, of orderly and happy households, of the simplicities and sanctities of life. Every well-regulated family should have a grandfather within call, to participate in all ceremonies and festivities and for his consolatory value in hours of adversity. My equipment in the way of grandfathers was complete: there were two of them. If they had created any great stir in the world I should be restrained by every consideration of delicacy from referring to them. It is because they never sought a place in the sun, but walked their widely separated paths humbly and in the fear of God that I presume to invoke their spirits.

The older I grow the less I become interested in reports of supermen, in flares of precociousness and genius. It's the average man—an honest average, with no juggling to make a pretty figure for the statistician—that we've got to adjust our ideals to. I throw in this most unoriginal note at this point to reassure those who might suspect that I was about to commit the indiscretion of boasting of my progenitors as extraordinary. On the contrary, my jubilation is rather that they were only average men, who were never inspired to set the world aright but adjusted themselves in good spirit to the state of life into which they were born, and so doing, led happy and contented lives.

Fathers are too close for detached observation; grandfathers are sufficiently remote to be viewed, as one might say, academically. I will go the length of urging the preservation and encouragement of grandfathers as essential to the proper safeguarding of our institutions. Of grandmothers I might say much, but grandfathers have somehow been neglected—their presence tolerated but not encouraged. But the aged are, in a manner of speaking, looking up. Science and the haberdasher are doing better than the poets ever did for the elderly man. No man of spirit who isn't afraid of a red necktie is going to become a lean and slippered pantaloon, slinking into seclusion when there's company in the parlor. The book counters are littered with plausible tracts that relate how old age may be postponed; no items of the daily news are more eagerly read than the reports of the birthday celebrations of ancients who "climb the ladder of the parallels" toward the unknown as serenely as though they expected to cross the pole and sail southward into summer latitudes. This is good, and makes for a cheerfuller world.

It is not, however, my aim to repeat the familiar recommendation of a diet of spinach—that most uninteresting, insipid, and depressing product of the vegetable kingdom—or suggest the adoption of any monstrous method of restraint or abstinence to those who covet earthly immortality. My intentions are social, not scientific. There are doctors in my bailiwick who view me with what I interpret as a certain commiserating professional glance as I meet them in the highway. I suspect them of speculating as to the pliability of my arteries, but I pass them with a disdainful lifting of the

hand, remembering that both my grandfathers ate fried meat and lived comfortably into the nineties without knowing there was any such thing as blood pressure.

In their sorrowing over the deterioration of moral standards and the general subsidence of civilization in America the prophets of calamity do not neglect the family. We hear nowadays that the home as a social unit is enormously weakened where it is not already tottering, but it is far from my purpose to add the slightest weight to the pressure upon the ancient walls. Along about this time of year, when the heart kindles under the influence of gracious memories, and chimes are rung, candles lighted, and good wishes exchanged among friends and strangers, it is possible to believe that many vestiges remain of what we are fond of calling the good old times. It might even be pointed out that the sentiment we associate with love and loyalty has still in our literature and in the theater a tangible commercial value. The fundamental virtues may appear to the stern moralist to be much disfigured or obsolete, but wherever they are publicly exhibited they win the heartiest applause. Old stuff, chirrup the critics, when the mother puts the lamp in the window for the thousandth time in the hope that it may catch the eye of her wandering child. Truly enough, it is old stuff, but "safe"—safe because the world refuses to let go of it. There always has been that mother and that prodigal, and just as inevitably the lamp at the window—a pharos that lightens all the world's byways.

It follows that we must be cautious in accepting the conclusions of hasty and prejudiced observers as to human nature, which doesn't change as to the fundamentals of right conduct half as fast as the pessimist would have us believe. Man has constantly been played upon by furious disturbances beyond his control, but as often as not he is saved in spite of himself by something inside of him that preserves him from annihila-

tion. He may wander, he may stumble and fall, but Home remains his ultimate destination. The saving forces are not so unevenly matched in their battle with the powers of destruction. Rectitude and the loyalties go right on asserting themselves, planting fortifications which are capable of prolonged and stubborn resistance. And the family does persist and flourish, even when it abandons the front-yard grass and mother's pansy bed for the restricted area of an apartment where the flora is limited to an invalid rubber plant.

Irritating though they become at times, relatives are necessary and, save in regrettable instances where they may inconsiderately land themselves in the penitentiary, they do confer upon us a measure of dignity and respectability. I once heard of a man who was so upset by the constant invasion of his home by his wife's relations that he would leave the table and retire to the parlor to swear. As he was a deeply religious person, the unwelcome guests, hearing his mutterings, attributed his absence to his desire for a few moments of private devotion. I introduce this incident to illustrate the value of a well-established reputation for piety in the family. A man who can be a hero to his wife's relations may face the rest of the world fearlessly; the calumniator's tongue is powerless against him; the purity of his soul would put Galahad to shame.

Any reorganization of society in such manner as to confide the newly-born to the care of the State would inevitably destroy the pleasant sentiment that has, for example, grown up about aunts and uncles. The State would not only become *in loco parentis*, but it would be obliged to provide substitutes for those benevolent and understanding relatives who so adorn the best English fiction. An official uncle in the guise of a policeman or a species of universal aunt properly uniformed and badged might serve, though the idea is well calculated to shock those of us that recall aunts and uncles who appeared in the households



of our youth as veritable angels and rubricated themselves in the book of memory. The spinster aunt walks among the stars in regal alpaca; romance clings to her like a breath of lavender; there is a reason why she weeps softly as she arrays her nieces in their wedding garments! The aunt with children fits quite as charmingly into those pictures we treasure, of households strange enough to touch the youthful visitor with a sense of adventure and yet having their indubitable relationship with Home. A very pretty piece could be written on *The Saintliness of Aunts*, and *The Uncle in Literature* would be an inspiring theme for a thesis. Hamlet's ill-luck in the matter of uncles, and the dark tradition of the avuncular relationship left by the glowering Gloucester, merely suggest the possibilities of contrast with those genial and benevolent uncles who in classic pages are forever pinching their nephews' ears or tipping them with a sovereign.

My youth was blessed with an uncle who was as delightful as Major Pen-dennis. He was my earliest hero, superior to any I found in story-books. He wore his hat at a jaunty angle and swung his cane in the manner of one who met the world on something a little better than even terms. His was the kindest and most generous soul I have known. No friend ever sank so low that he forgot or neglected him. One might have thought that he cultivated improvidence, so marked was his success in maintaining an empty pocket; it was nothing to him whether he had a dollar or not. His dollar was your dollar if he suspected a deficit in your private exchequer. His spacious manner implied the possession of millions, but he entertained no Mulberry Sellers' dream of sudden wealth. Money to him was solely a circulating medium. In his long and laborious life I doubt if he ever possessed at one time a thousand dollars above his liabilities. On an occasion when I was visiting his family his fortunes were low, and I recall the magnifi-

cent air with which he announced to my aunt and cousins his purchase of a vast quantity of smoked herring, a product of the salt, estranging sea with which he had previously been unfamiliar, but which, now that he had sampled it at the grocer's, he declared to possess the highest dietary value. He was dark to swarthiness, and carried himself with soldierly erectness, as became one who had been a captain of infantry in the war between the States. He looked important; he wore an authoritative air. He took me to my first national political convention and passed the difficult door-keeper merely by exhibiting his calling card, though he wasn't even a member of the party whose deliberations we invaded and his name to the guardian of the wicket meant nothing.

He began life as a printer, having learned the art in his father's (my maternal grandfather's) newspaper office in a small town in Eastern Indiana. Such honors as he attained at various times in his life (and two presidents bestowed offices of dignity and responsibility upon him out of sheer personal regard rather than as a reward for party service) never obscured for him the fact that he was a printer. And here I must be indulged to note my opinion that justice has never been done to those followers of the art preservative of all the arts who served the rigid apprenticeship of the old times and learned not only the craft but derived no mean education from their pondering of the matter they lifted from the copy hook. Through my family connections with printer's ink I knew great numbers of compositors of the old school. I associate with them a lofty scorn for the ignorance of editors and writers. The fact that I was the nephew of my uncle and the grandson of my grandfather was the happiest of introductions to many of the "prints" I encountered when I began newspaper work.

The picturesqueness of the composing room passed with the invention of mechanical type-setting, which effectually disposed of those noble figures perched

on their rickety stools, swaying to the click of the types, with "galluses" hanging down their backs, cob pipes in mouth and the most disreputable hats on their heads—by preference old straw hats which attained dignity from their very age. Intemperance was lamentably associated with the craft in those years; and this, coupled with the fact that a compositor could "get cases" for at least a day in any town where there was a printing office, was responsible for the tramp printer, who roved the country earning his way. My uncle's stories of his own pilgrimages immediately after the Civil War would make an enthralling narrative. It was the proudest boast of these peripatetic philosophers that they had "set" Greeley's notoriously puzzling copy on the *New York Tribune*. This was the highest possible achievement, the equivalent of an honorary degree in the craft. Often these men were widely read in the best literature. I knew one who had all Shakespeare at his tongue's end and was cursed with an ambition to play Hamlet. He did in fact appear, whenever occasion offered, as the tortured Dane in scenes from the play at lodge and church entertainments. My uncle told me of the perpetration by another of the fraternity of the most frightful pun I know. The scene was a barrel house in St. Louis much affected by knights of the inky trades. One of a circle of philosophers that had been discussing weighty matters jumped down from a cask and in the act tore his trousers. Gazing ruefully at the rupture he declaimed:

"See what a rent the envious Casca made."

But dropping one's uncles, I shall register my opinion that he is a lucky child who enjoys the companionship of a grandfather through those years commonly believed to be impressionable. A grandfather does in a very impressive way make vivid the nearer past; he is a university of the broadest curriculum. The grandfather I knew best, from having lived under the same roof with him

for many years, thrust back to Revolutionary times. His father, of Welsh origin, was born in Delaware, but was visiting an uncle in the West Indies when the minute men at Concord fired the shot heard round the world. He took ship for home and on the way the vessel was waylaid by a British man-o'-war, and in the fight he was wounded, but recovered and knew arduous service throughout the war. In his old age he received all the honors due one who had fought under Washington, as he sat in the tavern at Troy, Ohio, his last home, or received his friends in his own house. Some of the letters he wrote in his last years show him to have wielded a vigorous quill. He signed himself in full—John Wheeler Meredith—a pardonable flourish in one who had served his country well. The revolution seemed only a brief yesterday away as my grandfather visualized it for us children through his recollections of his father.

My grandfather was born in Pennsylvania and at proper age was bound out to a printer and, in the manner of those non-specializing days, learned the art in all its branches. He was the editor and publisher of a newspaper at Centerville, Indiana, when the California gold excitement shook the world. He became an argonaut, making the passage to the golden coast by way of the Isthmus, arriving at San Francisco on New Year's day, 1850. Employment at his trade was not so easily found as he had imagined, but while he waited he did such odd jobs as offered, carrying parcels and the like until he found work in a printing office at seventy-five dollars a week. His battered pocket diary contains only meager hints of his adventures. He did not fail, however, to note his attendance at church on every Sunday of the year he spent in San Francisco. He never ventured into the gold fields but, thoroughly homesick, returned to his Indiana newspaper. This whole episode was so unlike my subsequent knowledge of him that only the journal convinces me that he really entrusted himself to the belly



of a ship and sailed the Pacific. The militant strain manifested in his father must have passed to another son, Joseph, of whom my grandfather used to speak with the greatest admiration as a mighty hunter. This great uncle was a restless person, who kept a little ahead of the westward movement of civilization that he might find game upon which to exercise his prowess with the rifle. Norval, another of my great uncles, came less prominently into the domestic picture. My grandfather, who had a liking for sonorous phrases, in mentioning this brother never failed to quote:

"My name is Norval; on the Gram-pian hills—"

The profits, if any, from the *Wayne County Whig*, published in the 'forties, must have been inconsiderable. Those were the days when household essentials passed as cash in small communities. Files of the paper covering several years are preserved, and among the advertisements are frequent appeals to delinquent subscribers to replenish the editor's wood-pile.

When he removed to Indianapolis my grandfather purchased a home and resumed work as a journeyman printer. He had no eye for business; the property he bought was in a neighborhood doomed to deterioration; he put his savings in banks that failed. The collapse of a savings institution in which he had made deposits for his grandchildren was my first demonstration of the transitoriness of riches. No small item of my education was the discussion, round the base-burner in grandfather's house, of hard times, though I hardly knew the meaning of the words used, but realized that expenditures were to be cut and that certain privileges and indulgences dear to youth must be withdrawn. In '73 and again in '84 we experienced pinching times, but I have no recollection of any grumbling in our combined households. If one has never known affluence, the cutting off of an allowance of a quarter a week is not an unmiti-

gated calamity. I am not of those who see virtue only in poverty, but there is indubitably a salutary strengthening of family ties in households where necessity compels sacrifice and co-operation.

A man who demanded little of life, this grandfather pursued the even tenor of his way untroubled by large ambitions. In nothing was he more amusing than in his small economies. The cutting of a string was painful to him; the threat of such wanton waste would evoke his protest, and he would take the package himself and patiently untie the knot. In those days when oysters were transported to the inland provinces in oblong quart cans, he would take a shovelful of coals to the kitchen steps, soften the solder, and neatly remove the cap. As he had a weakness for oysters, he accumulated in the course of time a great number of these un mutilated receptacles in the vague expectation that one day some use would be found for them.

It is necessary to coin a word properly to describe my grandfather's diligence as a reader: he was the readingest person I have ever known. I can see him now, in the low rocking chair that sufficed for his short, compact body, his bald head glowing in the lamplight, his spectacles shining from a careful polishing with the scrap of chamois skin he carried in his pocket. He insisted on keeping at work at his trade long after he was seventy, and he would return with brisk step from the printing house, a basket in which he carried his lunch on one arm and a roll of journals and magazines under the other. While his prior claims would never have been disputed, it pleased him to place such literature as he could not immediately peruse under the red cushion of the rocker—the only sign of selfishness I recall in him. To see a newspaper flung down unfolded was offensive to him; he would painstakingly gather it up and restore it to order. The barn loft was filled with neat bundles of magazines and even of newspapers that covered some episode of recent history

that interested him. A pleasant refuge for his grandchildren on rainy days was the barn loft with *Harper's Weekly* of the Civil War time, and early numbers of *Harper's Magazine* for lawless investigation. His unadventurous shy nature delighted in romance. He was an assiduous reader of the New York *Ledger*, a journal so firmly planted in popular affection that it seemed as permanent a national institution as the Constitution itself. He introduced me to Cooper, but William Gilmore Simms was an author he appraised as hardly second to the creator of Leatherstocking. I wonder whether anyone nowadays reads *Castle Dismal*, *Guy Rivers*, or *The Border Beagles*! Late in life he discovered Felix Gras' *The Reds of the Midi*, a work he immediately wrote high on his list of favorites. He read a chapter in the Bible every night, and in his last years made it his habit to read the sacred writings through continuously, finishing Revelation only to begin with Genesis. He was a walking concordance and could turn instantly to any passage that might be required. A faithful church attendant throughout his life, he kept a record in which he noted the weather, the text, the size of the congregation, with a line as to the quality of the sermon which, with characteristic amiability, he always pronounced good or fine.

Great spirits trod the earth; kingdoms rose and fell in his day, and man's ingenuity devised many inventions which wrought immeasurable changes, but this kindly, patient, industrious man remained only an attentive spectator, reading the abstract and brief chronicles of his time with the zest with which he devoured a stirring tale.

My paternal grandfather opened vistas wholly alien to those to which my mother's father introduced me. He, like his father before him, was born in Kentucky, being of that Scotch-Irish strain that spread out from North Carolina and crossed the mountains to assist in the fashioning of new states in the western wilderness. I assume that he

departed out of Kentucky for Illinois lured by the promise of cheaper land and afflicted with that restlessness which caused great numbers of pioneers to keep ahead of the crowd. In this case the land was a soldier's grant to my great-grandfather for his participation in St. Clair's defeat.

This grandfather I remember as a stately old gentleman with a crown of fine-spun white hair. He was a farmer, as all his fathers had been (I am the first renegade of the tribe), and he made the black soil of his adopted state pay. He had the inbred fondness of all Kentuckians for a horse. At seventy in attempting to break a colt he fractured a leg, but recovered and enjoyed twenty-one years of comfortable life thereafter with only a slight limp as a reminder of his injury. He was much less communicative than my maternal grandfather, but with a little urging he would talk of the old home in Kentucky and of the pioneer experiences of his father, who had attained the age of ninety-seven. Cities were little to his taste, and when he visited us he spent most of the day in a park near our home, where he amused himself by quizzing me as to the names of the trees. On his farm, after he gave up active work, he was always abroad in fair weather. "Green things growing" never lost their charm for him. I used to be awed by his silence when he would pause abruptly in our walks and gaze meditatively across the fields. I never knew what his thoughts were at these moments, but it pleases me to believe that lifelong association with the earth gave him, and probably gives all men of like kinship with the soil, clues to infinity that are denied to the rest of us.

As I look back across the years it seems to me that the daily experiences of our household and what I learned, through the family tradition and experience, of history and social and economic changes were a fair compensation for what I missed in the way of regular schooling. A prowling, curious young-



ster, impartially following torchlight processions of both parties, and attending all public gatherings, I knew my home town thoroughly, saw the mighty put down from their seat and the humble and meek exalted, and was vaguely conscious at least that what I saw and heard was typical of the larger movement of life. The very tameness of these disclosures favors my contention that upon the home rests the main burden of educating the child. Curiosity, an intelligent alert curiosity, is essential to the acquisition of knowledge, and nowhere is this so naturally awakened as in the household. A child is much likelier to be interested in something he hears than in what he is bidden to read; and I doubt whether in all America there is a family that has not some link with history, or some traditions, that are likely to pique the curiosity of the young mind. It is the business of parents to make themselves interesting to their children—to implant in them the idea that the world is a mighty interesting place, and that their chance of happiness is increased in ratio to what they see and hear and absorb.

To be sure, there are perplexities, not to say embarrassments, in following this formula. It is difficult to thrill a child with stories of what used to be when today's events are so exciting. They are likely to think their grandfathers rather foolish to have suffered peril and hardship in the wilderness when by waiting a little they could have accomplished the pioneering adventure so much more comfortably! The boy I personally conducted to Concord, Saratoga, and Ticonderoga last summer was only mildly thrilled by the contemplation of those scenes of battles long ago. He was impatient to reach Montreal and explore the offerings of the celluloid drama in that metropolis. Wolfe and Montcalm touched him less in storied Quebec than

the discovery of a band of enthralling jazziness. And yet, as he has to live in the Twentieth Century, it is possible that he was not so benighted in his preferences. And I enjoyed the band!

The increasing burdens laid upon the public-school teacher, who must communicate knowledge according to a system that is subject to frequent change, and at the same time inspire and discipline a collection of utterly dissimilar youngsters, would be enormously lightened if parents met their responsibilities with intelligence. A decline in courtesy in these free American states is frequently complained of by sensitive persons who resent boorishness, particularly in public servants. It is a dreadful thing indeed to be insulted by an elevator-boy or made the target of contumely by the admiral of a trolley-car. The well-mannered child is its parents' best advertisement.

Once I happened to be in Columbia and visited a cemetery where many of South Carolina's illustrious dead are buried. I found a venerable negro at work on the lot of the Hamptons, and he answered my questions with a charming, quaint courtesy. He had followed General Wade Hampton's fortunes through the Civil War, and was still a retainer of the family. This former slave spoke of his own children with a touching pride. The rearing of children was evidently a matter to which he had given serious thought and reduced to a concise formula which he elucidated for my benefit as he leaned on his rake among the dead cavaliers.

Manners come first, he said, then morals, and then learning; but manners, he gravely insisted, should head the list. I left him with a feeling that I had conversed with a gentleman who was also a sound philosopher, and as his words have remained with me for twenty years, I shall allow them to close the argument.

# Thackeray and His Children

## *A Group of Hitherto Unpublished Letters by William Makepeace Thackeray*

Edited by His Granddaughter, Hester Thackeray Ritchie

### PART I

*(This is the first of four installments of Thackeray letters which we are fortunate to be able to present to the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Those published this month were written during the years 1839-46, before the publication of Vanity Fair (1846-48) brought Thackeray a world-wide reputation and established his position in English literature. Most of them were written to his mother, Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, and to his little daughter Anne, later Lady Ritchie. With the exception of the letter headed "To Anny, aged 8," most of which was printed in the Biographical Introduction to "Contributions to Punch, etc.," and which is included here because of its logical connection with the others of the group, none of the letters has been published previously. The next three issues of HARPER'S will contain other groups of letters, written during the years of Thackeray's prosperity and fame, and now for the first time given to the public; concluding with a number of letters written in 1855 during his second lecture trip to the United States, in which he describes with gusto the America of that day. The introductory and explanatory comment which accompanies the letters is contributed by his granddaughter, Hester Thackeray Ritchie.*

—Editor's Note.)

**T**HACKERAY'S letters to his mother form almost a complete autobiography, so important a part did she play in the life of her son.

Before her marriage, she was Anne Becher, a daughter of John Harman Becher, and was celebrated for her good looks. At sixteen she went out to India, became a "reigning beauty" at Calcutta, and to quote my mother's\* words, "was destined to be married, to be a mother, and a widow, and to be married again before a decade had gone by."

Her first husband, Richmond Thackeray, died at Calcutta in 1816; he was the father of her only child, William Makepeace Thackeray. In 1818 she married Major Henry Carmichael-Smyth of the Bengal Engineers. She lived to the age of seventy-two and died on the 18th of December, 1864. She was serious, fervent, and deeply religious. She adored her son, but it was always a sorrow to her that upon certain questions of religion they did not see alike.

William Makepeace Thackeray was twenty-five years of age and his wife twenty at the time of their marriage. She was Isabella Gethin Creagh Shawe, a daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe, C. B., of Doneraile, County Cork. The marriage took place at the British Embassy in Paris on August 20, 1836. Early in 1837 Thackeray and his wife left Paris and came to London. In June their daughter Anne was born.

Soon after the birth of his daughter, Thackeray moved to 13, Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, where he spent the next three years. The illness of his wife in 1840 brought the home to an abrupt and cruel end.

How happy a home it was the old letters in our possession still tell, and it is from these letters, chiefly written to Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, that it is possible to reconstruct a little the story of those early days.

In 1839 a second daughter was born who died in infancy. This little child left a tender and lasting memory. I

\*Anne Thackeray, afterward Lady Ritchie.



have been told that my grandfather could never speak of her without emotion, and that his eyes would fill with tears.

*W. M. Thackeray to his mother,  
Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

(1839)

My dearest Mother,

Isabella will tell you how we have been gadding to Gravesend, and how dear little Pussy enjoyed the trip; it was delightful and the wind and the sunshine have made me pleasantly tipsy as it were; for I am not used to them in London which generates sluggishness of body and often mind too—I wish I could afford more frequent trips one to Paris above all, for profit as well as for pleasure, but it is not improbable that something may turn up to keep me in London for the whole of the Summer at least within reach of it.

What shall I say to you about our little darling who is gone?—I don't feel sorrow for her, and think of her only as something charming that for a season we

were allowed to enjoy: when Anny was very ill dying as I almost thought, it seemed to me wrong to pray for her life, for specific requests to God are impertinences, I think, and all we should ask from Him is to learn how to acquiesce and now I would be almost sorry—no that is not true—but I would not ask to have the child back again and subject her to the degradation of life and pain. O God watch over us too, and as we may think that Your Great Heart yearns towards the innocent charms of these little infants, let us try and think that it will have tenderness for us likewise who have been innocent once, and have, in the midst of corruption, some remembrances of good still. Sometimes I fancy that at the judgment time the little one would come out and put away the sword of the angry angel. I think her love for us and her beautiful purity would melt the Devil himself—nonsense you know what I mean. We have sent to Heaven a little angel who came from us, and loved us, and God will understand her language and visit us mildly—why write you this mad stuff dearest Mother? God bless you and all besides. I shall write G. M.\*: and thank her for her money and use it too.

Your afft.

W. M. T.

*To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

Sunday, Monday,

December 1, 2, (1839).

My dearest Mammy,

Isabella seems to have written an enormous letter to Mary† and I suppose in all those pages and crosses has given you the whole news from Great Coram Street which amounts exactly to 0. We have had a succession of pleasant yellow fogs: one to-day so bad that one can



THACKERAY AND HIS DAUGHTER ANNY

Drawn by Thackeray

\* G. M.—Grandmamma.

† Mary Graham, a niece of Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.

hardly see. We have led a tolerably sober and regular life, always up before nine, breakfast over by ten, books, books, books all day until night when to my great consolation Fitzgerald has been here to smoke a segar and keep me company until one or so.

Well, what else is there? Mrs. Brody\* has gone to visit her relations at Wapping—from six o'clock until ten last night Miss Thackeray roared incessantly, which would have done your heart good to hear. I don't know what it was that appeased her, but at the expiration of these four hours the yowling stopped and Miss began to prattle as quietly and gaily as if nothing had happened. What are the mysteries of children? How are they moved, I wonder? I have made Anny lots of pictures, and really am growing quite a domestic character.

The little child is perpetually prattling about you all, and walks in the "Shondileasy" with "Ganny and Auntie and Polie" just as if she were in France instead of here. There's a great power of imagination about these little creatures, and a creative fancy and belief that is very curious to watch; it fades away in the light of common day: I am sure that horrid matter-of-fact child-rearers, Miss Edgeworth and the like, with their twopenny-halfpenny realities, do away with the child's most beautiful privilege. I am determined that Anny shall have a very extensive and instructive store of learning in Tom Thumbs, Jack-the-Giant-Killers, etc. What use is there in the paltry store of small facts that are stowed into these poor little creatures' brains?

I have just turned off a thundering

\*Anny's nurse.



"MUSIC LESSON"

Drawn by Thackeray

article against Bulwer, and yesterday had the misfortune to read the Comic Almanack—anything worse or more paltry cannot well be imagined—it is as bad very nearly, as the prints which illustrate it; and these are odious. Cruikshank I suppose is tired of the thing and bends all his energies to the illustrations of Jack Sheppard—I have not read this latter romance but one or two extracts are good; it is acted at four theatres, and they say that at the Cobourg, people are waiting about the lobbies, selling *sheppard-bags*—a bag containing a few pick locks that is, a screw driver, and iron levers: one or two young gentlemen have already confessed how much they were indebted to Jack Sheppard, who gave them ideas of pocket-picking and thieving which they never would have had but for the play.

Since writing the above I have been out to take what they call fresh air here: and am come home half-choked with the fog: the darkness visible of Great Coram Street was the most ghastly thing I have seen for a long time. O for smiling Paris



and sunshine! If I can make some decent engagement with a bookseller I will pack off my traps, let the house again, and come somewhere at a decent distance from my dear old Mother. I have been reading a power of old newspapers and reviews concerning Napoleon, and very curious the abuse is of that character. Old Southey is one of the chief mudflingers and it is good to read the *Quarterly Review* that settles he was "no gentleman."

I wish you could get Carlyle's Miscellaneous Criticism, now just published in America. I have read a little in the book, a nobler one does not live in our language I am sure, and one that will have such an effect on our ways of thought and prejudices. Criticism has been a party matter with us till now, and literature a poor political lackey—please God we shall begin ere long to love art for art's sake. It is Carlyle who has worked more than any other to give it its independence.

Here are three pages of nothing, as I promised. We propose to get up at eight to-morrow and are at this very minute in the act of going to bed. God bless my dearest Mother. Anny particularly told me to send her love and had proposed to write too. Love to all.

W. M. T.

To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.

The Reform Club,

April 30, (1840).

My dearest Mammy,

Look at the stamp on my writing paper and you will see to what a pitch of enjoyment I have been elevated. I came down here solely to have the pleasure of dating my letter from Whitehall, and of knowing the day of the month, which is before me on a great card that these luxurious reformers alter with the day.

Anny and I began a letter to you yesterday, hers was "Granny, Here is a letter. I wish my love some day to her. I been Zoologilan Gardens, see eflums and camelo leopards and monkeys and ostriches and everything." This is all Miss Thackeray's letter. She is very well this bright weather as is her Mamma, who will want consolation earlier than June, as I fancy. Why

won't my dearest Mammy come over for a month or so? She would be a great comfort to us, and who knows but we might at the end of the time take her back to Boulogne and there pass a summer month or two? Lettsom told me that you thought of coming and surely it is wrong not to come from the mere dread of parting. A wise old lady of forty-seven ought to be more philosophical.



MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
Drawn by her granddaughter Anny

My book\* has not got on much since I wrote last, nor indeed have I done much, but I am in a ceaseless whirl and whizz from morning to night, now with the book, now with the drawings, now with articles for the Times, Frazer, here and there, and though it's such a long time since I did write, indeed and indeed I have nothing to say, the days pass away to me like half hours, or rather like no time at all, clean forgotten as soon as spent; one being exactly like the other and passed in a kind of delirium. . . .

The new Boz† is dull, but somehow gives one a very pleasant impression of the man: a noble tender-hearted creature, who sympathizes with all the human race. You will see in the Cruikshank article, some remarks against myself: I fail by sneering too much; but I think *Foolscap* will succeed, it begins with the adventures of Dionysius Diddler all in pictures like M. Vieuxbois, quite fabulous, but a good likeness of Lardner and Bulwer introduced.

John if you please has got a new coat and weskit, and is as deaf as a stone. I don't know that I shan't have to borrow from Father for *The Foolscap*‡—the thing is a fortune but wants about £30 to start it: however, I have some and

shan't want yet. Why shouldn't I sell 5000, 10000 copies?—they will pay me 40 or 80 a week: 80 a week is 4000£ a year of which I would put by 3 at the very least per an: see Alnaschar in the Arabian Nights. And so God bless my dearest Mammy; and all at number 4. How bright it must look now. My dear old Paris!

W. M. T.



ANNY ABOUT SEVEN YEARS OLD

Drawn by Thackeray

It was after an illness following upon the birth of a third daughter, Minny (later Mrs. Leslie Stephen), in May, 1840, that Mrs. Thackeray's health failed. This made it necessary for Thackeray to break up his home and send his children to Paris to be with their grandparents. He himself remained with his wife, nursing her with devotion and tender love, and facing misfortune with unflinching courage.

My mother wrote of this time, "One cure after another was pre-

scribed, foreign baths and home treatment in turn, all of which my father saw carried out, but of course the expenses were very great. So was the anxiety and the difficulty of earning an income to meet it all."§

Long after, speaking of these days to his children, Thackeray told them that one day he was at his desk writing when the servant came and asked him for some money, and he changed the last five pounds he had to give.

\* *The Paris Sketch Book*.

† *Master Humphrey's Clock*, by Charles Dickens.

‡ A weekly paper Thackeray was planning to bring out. On publication the name of *The Foolscap* was changed to *The Whitey-Brown Paper Magazine*.

§ Biographical Introduction to *Barry Lyndon*.



Isabella Thackeray never sufficiently recovered from her illness to return to normal activities, and eventually it was found advisable that she should lead a life away from home.

After an interval the children went to their grandmother, Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, with whom they spent the next six years. The Carmichael-Smyths lived in Paris, in an apartment in the Rue d'Angoulême, a cheerful little street turning off the Champs Elysées.

During these years Thackeray's headquarters were in London, but he was constantly moving and travelling from place to place. Wherever he happened to be, he never failed to write to his children.

*To Anny, aged 3.*

(1840)

I have nothing to send my dearest Anny but a little picture:—the picture is of some little girls I saw going to church, and one of them I thought was like Anny.

Well, this is all I have to say for there is no time, because the person is waiting

who is going to take this. God bless the little girl to whom he is going to take it, and her little sister. Do you know their names and that their Papa loves them?

*To Anny, aged 4.*

(1841)

Though I have not written to my dearest Nanny, since I came away, I think about her many times; and pray God for her and Baby and to make them both well and good. You will be well I hope in the spring when we will take a house by the seaside, and you can go into the fields and pick flowers, as you used to do at Margate: before Mamma was ill and when Baby was only a little child in arms. Please God, Mamma will be made well one day too. How glad I shall be to see all my darlings well again: and there is somebody else who wants to see them again too, and that is Brody,\* who longs to come back to them. . . .

I have been to see your God-mamma who gave you the red shoes, but she is very very ill.

The other night as I was coming home I met in the street two little girls, and what do you think they were doing? Although one was no bigger than you, and the other not so big as Baby they were singing little songs in the street, in hopes that some one would give them money. They said their mother was at home—that is, the elder one said so, (the younger one was so little that she could not speak plain, only sing) their mother was ill at home with three more children and they had no bread to eat!

So I thought of my

\* Their former nurse.



THACKERAY'S CHILDREN ON A DONKEY

Drawn by Thackeray

two dear little girls and how comfortable they were and how their Granny gave them good meals and their Grand-mamma a nice house to live in; and I brought the little girls to Mr. Hill, the baker in Coram Street, and gave them a loaf and some money, and hope soon to give them some more. And this is all I have to say except God bless my dearest Nanny, and that I always say.

PAPA.

I am just come home and have your letter and thank my dear little girl for her good news.

*To Anny, aged 7.*

27 Jermyn Street,

June 11, (1844).

My dearest Nanny,

Thank you for all your little letters. I am always made glad by the sight of them; and by hearing from Granny that you are well and good. I shall come and see you very soon, and you must tell me in your next letter if you and Baby want anything that I can bring. Mamma, I hope will soon come and live with me in England, at a very pretty village called Twickenham which is by the river Thames. There are beautiful walks there, meadows and trees and handsome houses in parks and gardens. How I should like to walk there with my dearest little girls. God bless them prays Papa.

*To Anny, aged 8.*

December 30, 1845.

My dearest Nanny,

Your letter has made me and Mamma very happy, and very sad too that we are away from our dearest little girls. But I for one shall see you before very long, I hope in a week from this day, and only write now to wish you a happy



ANNY ABOUT SIXTEEN

Drawn by Thackeray

New Year. On Christmas Day I dined with Mamma and she was very well and happy, only she grew very grave when we talked about you; and there were tears in her eyes the meaning of which I knew quite well.

How glad I am that it is a black *puss* and not a black *nuss* you have got! I thought you did not know how to spell it, en-you-double-ess. But I see the spelling gets better as the letters grow longer they cannot be too long for me.

\*Laura must be a very good-natured girl—I hope my dear Nanny is so too not merely to her schoolmistress and friends but to everybody:—to her servants and her nurses. I would sooner have you gentle and humble-minded than ever so clever. Who was born on Christmas day? Somebody Who was so great that all the world worships

\* Laura Collemache, a play-fellow and life-long friend.



Him; and so good that all the world loves Him, and so gentle and humble that He never spoke an unkind word. But I hope my Nanny is proud with no one. And there is a little sermon—and a great deal of love and affection from Papa. May God send my dearest children many happy New Years. I wonder who will kiss Minny for me?

*To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

1st January (1846)

My dearest Mammy,

I had intended to set off for a week's pleasing with you today and to have come in upon the New Year's day dinner: but I was a day behindhand in my work and as I see there is no chance of being with you, shall wait till Saturday and cross by a Brighton or Southampton boat. It is blowing a tempest here to-day too and I'm not sorry for the three days' delay. My dearest Nanny's letter set me longing so to see you all that I must come, though it's not worth the while—though the pain of parting is much greater than the pleasure of meeting—at least to my ill-regulated mind.



MINNY READING NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

Drawn by Thackeray

Tell my dear little Nanny I have got some books for her and some pictures for Minny. My heart is with them all day and with my dearest old Mother.

In one of Anny's letters she wrote, "We have got a black \*Nuss," not puss. I thought it was a natural yellow-plushism—and was in truth very much disgusted at the idea of the nigger *bonne*. God bless all: and give you and me and my dear old G. P.† a happy New Year.

It was in the autumn of 1846 that Thackeray's daughters came back to live with their father. He had given up his rooms in St. James's Street and had taken 13 Young Street, Kensington Square, a pleasant old-fashioned bow-windowed house. In the following letter we find a description of the new home.

*To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

13 Young Street, Kensington,

July 1. (1846)

My dearest Mammy,

G. P. writes me word that you are unwell and that a change of air wd. do you good; what such a good change as to come here with the little ones? and I hope and pray in God that we shall all be able to live together and that I may not be deprived of my Mother and my children. There are two capital bedrooms and a little sitting room for you and G. P.—a famous bedroom for G. M. on the first floor—two rooms for the children on the second very airy and comfortable; a couple of rooms big enough for servants, and two little ones quite large enough for

\* In another letter to his mother W. M. T. writes, "I had a letter from Anny the other day. 'Papa,' she says, 'I am very unhappy and I don't know Y.' She is the true daughter of Mr. Yellowplush, isn't she?"

† G. P.—Grandpapa; by these initials Major Carmichael-Smyth was known in the family.

me. There's a good study for me downstairs and a dining room and drawing room, and a little court yard and garden and a little greenhouse; and Kensington Gardens at the gate, and omnibuses every two minutes. What can mortal want more? If I ask my friends I can ask them to my own quarters. We may all be independent and together. At all events I ask it as a favour that the experiment should be tried: and am sure that we shall all be the happier and better for it. I'm not ready for you yet: but hope in a fortnight's time to be prepared—I have been opening the trunks today full of the lumbering useless old books, and woeful relics of old days.

God bless my dearest little women. It will be a comfort to me to see them, and I look to Kensington Gardens and to breakfasting together; and to many a happy day please God. Their Mother is so well and calm; that when they are of an age suft, she will be quite able to come back to us—and I can't be sufficiently thankful for that famous old Mrs. Bakewell's admirable care of her. Gloyne too, has been as good as can be. I find the greatest comfort and enjoyment in the quiet of this place after the racket of St. James's street. I am going to quit the *Chronicle* very likely, but if I do it will be something better.

God bless my dearest Mother.

W. M. T.

*To his sister-in-law, Jane Shawe.*

(1846)

What shall I tell you about my dear little girls? I see as little of them as you do almost. I have just taken a house big enough for the whole family: but I cannot get Major Smyth to come to England, and so I lose my Mother and my children too, for some time at least. It would break her heart to part with them: and I can't bear that she should be alone and separated from us all.

Here is the last report just come from Paris about Anny. "I assure you Nanny wants a firmer hand than mine. She

fights every inch of her way—if it's only to wash her face or put on her stockings, she will not do it without an argument. She is so clever: so selfish: so generous: so tender-hearted yet so careless of giving pain." I am afraid very much she is going to be a man of genius: I would far sooner have had her an amiable and affectionate woman. But little Minny will be that, please God,—and the sisters love each other admirably. As for me I am child-sick, and when I see in Kensington Gardens and in my friends' houses a pair of little girls at all resembling my own, become quite maudlin over them.

In my trade I am getting on very well: and doing everything but saving money. Goodby, my dear Jane, and remember I am always as in old times,

Affectionately yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

The following notes on "Family History," written in 1877 by my mother, Anne Thackeray, give a picture of life in the Young Street house at the period of these letters:—

We came to Young Street when I was nine and Minny was six. Papa was not at home when we arrived but early next morning, when we were half dressed and the maid was tying our strings, he tapped at the door and came and took us in his arms.

Everything seemed so strangely delightful. The volumes of *Punch* on the drawing-room table, the delightful keepsake books in their red covers, the old school-room with the book case and the cupboards, and Papa's room with the vine round about the windows and the sun pouring in.

When Papa was a tall young man with black hair and an eye glass, I can remember how we used to hold his fore finger when we walked out with him. He always talked to us very gravely as if we were grown women. Later on when we grew up, he spoke to us as if we were children and used to say, "Come along, my little dears."



Papa used to talk to us a great deal and tell us about the Bible and religion. He would talk to us of a morning after breakfast in his study, and of an evening after dinner smoking his cigar, and we generally sat on the floor and listened to him. And then we would give him a chair for his legs and a little table for his candles, and he would presently nod to us and go to sleep.

Papa could not bear the story of Abraham. He used to say that one day when I was a little girl he came in and found Mamma telling me in her sweet voice about Isaac, and that I burst into tears and stamped and flew into a passion.

I can remember it quite well too, and Papa taking me on his knee and Mamma looking a little shocked.

One night Papa told us he was lying in the dark with one hand outside the bed pointing up in the air. And he thought to himself, "Now what would happen I wonder if the Devil were to come with a pair of nippers and take hold of my finger?" So he put his hand under the bedclothes again; but then he suddenly remembered that he was not safe, for the Devil might still come with a pair of nippers and take hold of his nose. We asked Papa if he put his nose under the bedclothes? He laughed and said, "No, not his nose."

When I was a little girl I was dreadfully frightened by a story he told me, of a man whose nose had been broken for years, and one day when he was blowing it, it came off in his hand. Then Papa waved his hand. I felt a little thrill of horror and thought Papa's was coming off.

*To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

Friday, Dec. 4, (1846)

My dearest Mammy,

Now the children are with me I am getting so fond of them that I can understand the pang of the dear old Mother

who loses them: and who by instinct is 100 times fonder of them than ever a man could be. But it is best that they should be away from you:—at least that they should be away either from you or me. There can't be two first principles in a house. We should secretly be jealous of one another: or I should resign the parental place altogether to you, and be a bachelor still. Whereas now, God Almighty grant I may be a father to my children. Continued thoughts of them chase I don't know how many wickednesses out of my mind: their society makes many of my old amusements seem trivial and shameful. What bounties are there of Providence in the very instincts which God gives us. To talk about such things though, is wrong I think, and engenders pride. Best think about them and be humble.

Only I write so far to give my dearest old Mother a consolation in her bereavement. Remember the children are in their natural place, with their nearest friend, working their natural influence; getting and giving the good, let us hope, which the Divine Benevolence appointed to result from the union between parents and children. May I hold fast by it, I pray to God our Father.

And how thankful this makes me to you and my dear old G. P., who have kept the children for me and watched them so nobly and tenderly—kind and affectionate hearts—dear and affectionate friends, for this I thank and bless you as the father of my children.

Goodbye dearest old Mother. Venables is coming to dine here on Tuesday—my old schoolfellow, who spoiled my profile.\* Should you like to come?

W. M. T.

\* *Notes and Queries*, August 5, 1911, contains an account of the fight at Charterhouse in which Thackeray's nose was broken. Mr. Roupell, who had been his fag-master writes: "It was a wet half-holiday when a boy named Gossip asked leave for Thackeray and Venables to fight. We wanted some amusement, so I let them fight it out in Penny's room, with the important result to Thackeray's nasal organ. Thackeray bled so profusely as to stop the fight, but he and Venables remained friends for life."

*(The next installment of Thackeray letters, covering the period of Vanity Fair, Pendennis, Henry Esmond, and the beginning of The Newcomes will appear in the January HARPER'S.)*

# A Group of Poems

BY WEIR VERNON

**T**HE little foolish songs I sing  
Because the earth is strange and fair,  
Because most unbelievably the moon  
Spills silver on my hair—

The little foolish songs I sing  
Because of flower-breath at night,  
Because of maddest violins  
And scarlet petals in the light—

The little foolish songs I sing  
I dedicate them to the wind—  
That blows the dead leaves and the dust  
That once knew laughter, sang, and sinned.

\* \* \* \*

**I** WISH my father was a gipsy—  
I wish he never wore a dinner-coat—  
And if sometimes he happened to be tipsy  
And rumbled strange, long swear-words in his throat —

I should not care—for Oh! we should be going  
From pious folk and towns and prison bars,  
To wander where the chill night wind is blowing  
And cook our supper underneath the stars.

\* \* \* \*

**W**HEN you are twenty years, they say,  
You must learn to be wise;  
But how can you remember this  
When there are mackerel skies?

How can you think of all they say  
Of duty being good,  
When there are humming-birds and sun  
And orchids in the wood?

\* \* \* \*

**W**HEN my heart is dust that sang and sinned  
And over my head the grasses sway,  
Shall I remember sunlight—wind,  
The lonely sail on the lonely bay?

To be merged with beauty in joy I'd go—  
But in the grave if one forgets,  
It nothing avails me—I shall not know  
That at last I am one with the violets.



# “Christmas Again”

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

CHRISTMAS is our annual reminder that there is another plan for the conduct of human life than the one that has been followed so long by the inhabitants of Earth. The plan in use seems more and more to fall short of giving satisfaction, so much so that its deficiencies, from being merely an embarrassment, have become nowadays a source of absolute consternation. The western nations have got up the industrial civilization and have filled their part of the earth with commodities, and improved agriculture so that immense quantities of food can be raised, and have improved transportation so that it can be carried from country to country and concentrated in great centers of population, and, indeed, have done a great many things that have in them the promise of good physical lives for very many people. But now there is a hitch, because of competition for markets, and because in developing efficiency in everything else with which the mechanical arts are concerned, the present generation has also developed efficiency in war; has developed it indeed to such an extent that nobody is any longer safe if any considerable people with modern appliances undertake to do them damage. Of all great countries in the world which practice the modern ways of doing things and making things the United States is undoubtedly the safest, but it is only comparatively safe, because it can develop inside of itself the same diseases that affect the safety of the rest of the world. In Europe nations quarrel and one nation is in danger from another. In our country different social groups may quarrel so as, conceivably, to produce conditions of quite as much peril.

So we need to put into operation a better law of life and we go back inevitably to one we have had a long time and know a good deal about, and have paid much attention to, but which we have long been assured has never yet been put into practice. That is the rule of life of which Christmas comes to remind us. There is a good deal of dispute nowadays about the circumstances of the birth of Christ, and some of our theological brethren wax quite heated about it; but the important thing in these very political times is not so much by what means Christ came into the world as what were his policies. It is his policies that are important; what he said and did; what was his theory of the proper basis of human relations.

Some of the greatest politicians and the most famous and the most successful have studied for their guidance the policies of Christ as the New Testament discloses them. Jefferson made himself a little book of the philosophy of Christ. He made it by cutting Christ's sayings out of the New Testament and putting them together unconnected by any narrative. What he wanted was not what was said about Christ but what Christ said. His little Bible, which has lately been published in a popular form, seems to contain all of Christ's doctrines as to the relations of men. It has nothing in it about miracles, nothing about Christ's birth or his resurrection, but all of his sayings that seemed to Jefferson characteristic and valid. It was incomplete as a Bible but, of course, it was valuable as far as it went. It said what was precious in this life and what was not. It said, do not run after riches; do not

render evil for evil; consider every man your neighbor and take thought for him as you would for yourself. If he is your enemy, that makes no difference. We know what the doctrine is if we have read the New Testament. We also know that it is not the way of this world, though even in this world it has tempered behavior and promoted civilization, and does so now.

The rule of this world is to get physical power and trust to that for safety and comfort. The rule of this world is thrift, to accumulate treasure, to fight one's enemies, to prepare in peace for war. The fortunate in this world, as we have thought of them, have ordinarily been the rich. The fortunate countries have been the strong ones. Anybody who doubted these rules of the world and was strong enough to fight them has been very ill considered by most of us. Jefferson was not a great friend of them, and was much disliked in consequence. The world likes not such men. The mass of the people often like them and follow them and keep them in office.

There is still a great clash between the teachings of Christ and the practice of the world. What makes it particularly interesting at this time is that the practice of the world seems more than usually to lead to failure. It is not a success. It needs to be bettered. Is there something better to be gotten out of the teachings of Christ? If so, are we getting it?

There are some encouraging signs, and to find them we should observe not governments but people. Christ never preached to governments but always to people. Governments are often important, but in the long run it is the people who make them and not they who make the people.

We notice that the power of money is not what it was. People still want it,

indeed, they have to have it. The earth abounds with wrangles over who shall have more or who shall have less, but a great deal of that is really a sign of a struggle not so much for more money as for more life. People want the means of a more abundant life. To them those means take the form of higher wages or larger incomes. But the attractiveness of great accumulations of money and the power of such accumulations seems much less than it was even twenty years ago. They got to be too common and too easily examined. A great many people reading the newspapers and observing what they saw, concluded that a whole lot of money is really not very good to have. For it is true that, while increased means may make for more abundant life, a superfluity of money may mean a less abundant life, because abundant life is largely a spiritual acquisition, and cannot be bought. On the whole one may argue that the world has come of late appreciably nearer to Christ's views about money.

Then there is force. Feeling about force has changed a great deal since 1914. The world had four years of force and got enough of it. Its conclusion is that it is a very stupid means of getting anything done, particularly as nothing stays done that is done by it.

Christ said take no thought for the morrow. That is hard on thrift, and a certain amount of thrift is very much respected, but in all of Christ's sayings as we get them, look for the spirit, remembering that the letter kills, and the spirit gives life. We know that thrift runs easily to excess, and our world in the last four years has had terrific lessons about the insecurity of savings. Thrift will not save the world. Force will not save it. Not even salesmanship will save it. In the end we may have to turn to love.



# Nice Neighbors

BY MARY S. WATTS

GUIDING the possible tenant about the house, Miss Wilcox pointed out its desirable features in a dry little monotone that gave no hint, she hoped, of her inward taut anxiety. She could not have achieved the persuasive enthusiasm of the young man from the real-estate office even if she had thought it becoming to a gentlewoman. Apparently he could see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil; there was something abnormal about his incapacities; he was magnificent, but at moments Miss Martha feared that he was not strictly conscientious. And besides, to what end shutting his eyes and thereby perhaps influencing others to shut theirs against unhappy facts? Truth will out. The house *was* old; the floors *did* need refinishing; the front-parlor fireplace *did* smoke—

"Them ceilings sure are high!" ejaculated the possible tenant, cocking a measuring eye heavenward.

"Y-yes, they *are* high," Miss Martha admitted helplessly. At this familiar—and perfectly just—criticism the agent always burst into flaming eulogies of high ceilings. Just the thing for our summer climate, our super-heated furnaces in winter! Tell you, the old-timers knew how to build for comfort! Miss Martha shrank from conjecturing what he said when ceilings were low. This whole experience illuminated depressingly the practice current in what it was the modern shibboleth to call "big business," she thought.

"Well, eighty-five per is a whole lotta money," said the possible tenant. She gazed round indifferently as they stepped out on the little side porch; then all at once her expression altered with surprise and interest. She clutched

Miss Wilcox's arm, holding her back with an energetic whisper of warning. "Sh-h! See that bird? See him? Washing himself in that old pedestal washstand somebody's left out there? If that ain't the cutest thing! He's just sloshin' right in like a person, you 'r I 'r anybody. Like it was put there just on purpose for him!"

"Why, it was. It's a birds' bath, you know," said Miss Martha, somewhat startled, fumbling for her eyeglasses; the pretty spectacle was no novelty to her, yet it never lost its charm. "Oh, that's one of the thrushes. They must have a nest somewhere near—"

"Sh-h!" the other interrupted peremptorily. "There's another one goin' in!" She tiptoed to the edge of the porch and stood there entranced, following the movements of the birds, a vague smile irradiating her worn, sharpened, insignificant features. The shoving and spattering and small outcry finally subsided, the last robin hopped out, spinning the moisture from his feathers with quick wings; and she turned away reluctantly, drawing a long breath in childishly frank delight. "What d'you know about that, huh? I wouldn'ta believed they'd do that, take a bath that way. You couldn'ta *made* me believe it! I don't know much about 'em, but I always *have* liked 'em. Birds, I mean, and—well, dogs and all kinds of regular pets, you know. I always did like 'em. Say, you got your grounds fixed up real nice, ain't you? I like flowers, too."

She went down the steps, and Miss Wilcox trailed after, resigned to seeing the garden butchered to make a possible tenant's holiday; but the visitor moved about carefully, without offering to

pluck or mishandle, and paused at last in the middle of the tidy plot, surveying its beds and borders with full appreciation. Then she wheeled to appraise again the mid-Victorian house whose stark tastelessness and characterlessness no garden setting could relieve; and Miss Martha's heart sank.

"The neighborhood's very nice," she murmured desperately; this ladylike insinuation went to the limits of propriety in salesmanship according to Miss Martha's code. "So—so *permanent*. The church on the corner and the parsonage next door. It will always be nice. Everybody likes it so much on that account—that is—" She could get no farther, overcome by a hideous sense of disloyalty to this same neighborhood whose select character she was exploiting. For, looking upon her, the conviction would not down that Mrs. Shields, if a possible tenant, was abysmally impossible otherwise. She must be near Miss Martha's own age, yet was dressed, tinted, bedizened as if sixteen; there was a kind of withered pertness about her; she had a trick of glancing sidewise with her large, shadowed eyes in a style of roguish challenge and invitation combined; and her disturbingly frequent and facile smile suggested somehow a mere embellishment, obvious and inexpressive as her rouge. Such a figure in the rarefied atmosphere of Saint Luke's was unthinkable; but here she was, Martha Wilcox, making capital out of that proximity with all its implications. Contact with "big business" had done its debasing work! "Of course, the music might be an objection," she faltered, conscience-struck. "And sometimes one can hear Doctor Gowdy quite distinctly on Sundays in warm weather when the windows are open."

"Music? Oh, you mean hymns?" queried Mrs. Shields. "Doctor Gowdy's the preacher, huh? I went to Billy Sunday once. Tell you, the rev'rend'd have to go some to beat *him*! Well, I don't know—eighty-five—" She hesitated, looking around the genteel land-

scape; then faced Miss Martha with the air of giving up argument, not without wonder and some amusement at herself. "Well, I guess them birds has got me going. I guess you've rented a house!"

Miss Wilcox, comprehending her expression rather than the words, stood dumb for an instant in half-incredulous relief. The thing was almost too good to be true, coming to pass with this uncanny suddenness. Eighty-five dollars a month, and the hopeless old place off her hands at last! All the dreams which even in the act of dreaming she had stigmatized as rank folly, revisited her in flashing procession: having her hair "permanented," going to Atlantic City, buying a fur coat—how often had she spent that rainbow gold! This time it was real. There would be only the pleasing care of letting it accumulate for a while. She awoke to new apprehensions. "I—I suppose there will be things to do? Changes? I mean you will want—?"

Mrs. Shields applied the decorative smile to her face. "Oh, my, no, I don't want nothin'. The house is just swell, and anyways I never was one to keep running to people for new wallpaper, and ever' little thing that needs fixing. I like to keep things up my own self. I'm awful easy to get along with," she assured her prospective landlady eagerly. Miss Martha, who had been recalling terrifying tales she had had from more than one earnest friend about the misdemeanors and the tyrannous exactions of the average tenant, breathed freely again. It began to seem a leisurely, congenial, and singularly profitable occupation to rent houses as the patient waiting and many disappointments of the last six months retired to the background of her memories. Mrs. Shields, meanwhile, fluttered up and down the garden, already assuming innocent airs of proprietorship.

"You gotta tell me where at you get a bird bath like that, 'cause that's what I'm gonna have the first thing!" she proclaimed with enthusiasm. "Never you mind! It'll all be took good care of, and



I won't change a thing. It's so nice the way it is, all clean and quiet and kinda restful. I got the same old-style notions as you. I'm crazy about having a real refined home."

Miss Wilcox, not for the first time, wished that the questionably adaptable young man from the real-estate office were there; he would know what to say. "You're a stranger here?" she ventured at length.

"Oh, I've lived lotsa places," said the other, smiling blankly. "Is that as far as the yard goes to, that fence with the vines on? My, they grow thick, don't they?"

They did indeed, forming a broad, tangled breastwork of honeysuckle and rambler roses valued by Miss Martha for being comely to the view in blooming time and all the year round an impregnable defense against boys and other animals. Mrs. Shields, craning slightly to peer over it, inspected the adjoining territory with her naïvely open curiosity; she gave an exclamation. "For Pete's sake! Didn't you tell me that's where the preacher lives?"

"Doctor Gowdy. Yes," said Miss Martha, a little uncomfortable.

"Keeps it lovely, don't he? Just like this side!"

Miss Martha perceived that this was to be taken in an ironic sense; making every allowance for the other's idiosyncrasies of speech and manner, it was impossible that she could be in earnest. Even the most stalwart members of his congregation had been overheard to express themselves unfavorably about Doctor Gowdy's yard. "Well—a clergyman, you know—he's so busy. Besides, one really ought not to expect him—And Mrs. Gowdy—They have quite a family. It's almost impossible for her to keep a servant. Even colored—"

"They got a coon in the kitchen now. I can see her," said Mrs. Shields.

"Er—yes—but often there isn't anybody. It makes a great deal of work for poor Mrs. Gowdy. She can't see to everything outside as well as in," said

Miss Wilcox, nervously conscious that her explanations amounted to an apology; it annoyed her. And now the coon in the kitchen unwittingly added to the embarrassments of the situation by shoving up the window-screen and flinging an over-ripe tomato in the general direction of the ministerial garbage can; it fell short, spattering seeds and pulp; the coon—she was a strapping, coffee-colored slattern—regarded it absently a moment while she wrung out a leprous-looking rag, sent a sharp glance toward the audience on the other side of the fence, and slammed down the screen, slouching back to her labors at a sink full of dishes.

"Mrs. Gowdy simply can't see to everything," Miss Martha repeated feebly. She awaited the other's further comment in something of a panic; but Mrs. Shields had none to make. Her gaze, as it roved round the unkempt enclosure, was one of complete detachment. She was turning away when melodious, preluding chords on the piano sounded from within the parsonage, and Mrs. Gowdy's pleasant soprano was uplifted in "Angels ever bright and fair." She sang with taste and feeling, but Miss Martha uneasily wished that she had not begun just at this moment; it was inopportune, somehow.

"That's some of that music you was scairt I wouldn't like, huh? Why, it ain't so bad!" said Mrs. Shields tolerantly. "Anyway, I never let nothing the neighbors does worry me much," she added, glancing again, perhaps involuntarily, at the Gowdy premises. "Live and let live, I always say. Oh, say, look what's coming!"

It was a little procession of the Gowdy children round the corner of the house, Thomas junior in the lead, shouldering a spade, and issuing bluff words of command; Florence came next, with a black silk petticoat, evidently borrowed from some much more mature wardrobe than her own, solemnly draped upon her; the twins were hauling the catafalque, that is, their Irish-Mail wagon, a shoe-box





"THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S VERY NICE," SHE MURMURED DESPERATELY

disposed upon it and covered with an unbelievably dirty towel; and Wilbur, straddling his kiddie-car, theoretically brought up the rear. In reality, he tooled along to suit himself, with erratic swoops and circles, carrying on an inarticulate, one-sided conversation the while.

They halted, after some shrill disagreements, at one of the bare, hard-trodden spots occurring sporadically among the weeds of the parsonage back yard, and Tommie was about to attack it with the spade when all hands simultaneously became aware of the uninvited witnesses.



There was an interval of silent staring broken by Wilbur, who, as has been seen, was a sociable soul, without sufficient field for the exercise of his gift.

"O, 'ady!" said he, steering up to the fence.

"My, my, ain't you little folks busy, though!" said Mrs. Shields genially. "Watch out, buddy, you'll get a sticker in your eye. What's he say?"

"O, 'ady!" cried Wilbur with vehemence.

Tom authoritatively advised him to shut up. "'Hello, lady!' that's what he's trying to say. He can't talk plain yet, he's only two and a half. We've got to be after him the whole time. It's fierce!" he explained gloomily.

"Well now, *I* think that's real nice, taking care of your little brother—"

"Icky eye!" interrupted Wilbur urgently. "Icky *eye*!"

Florence undertook the translation. "He's saying the kitty died."

"Oh, ain't that too bad! Poor kitty! What was the matter with her?"

"I don't know. She just died," said Florence indifferently. "We're having a funeral with her."

"You *are*? Well, I declare! And I s'pose mommer's singing that lovely hymn for you."

They eyed her in the wary fashion of children suspicious of the false interest of grown-ups. "No, she isn't. She's just singing," Tom said curtly. "I don't b'lieve she knows about the kitty even."

Here the auburn-haired twin precipitately entered the conversation with the information that the bird died, too. "It was a canary. It sang and sang, and then it stopped singing and died."

"Oh, my, you musta felt bad!"

"Ho, that ain't anything!" said the blue-eyed twin in a superior manner. "We've had lots of things die. Just lots!" He launched into large statements. "Everything we get dies! We had some white mice and *they* died, and we had a dog and *it* died, and we had—"

"Aw, shut up, we didn't any such thing!"

"We did so! Don't we, Flo, have everything die? Don't we, Reddy?"

"Aw, you're lying! Shut up, I tell you!"

Mrs. Shields intervened on the side of peace and propriety. "Now, now, don't you kids get to scrapping. You go ahead and have your funeral, and play nice and pretty. First thing you know you'll have mommer out here, scairt to death for fear some of you has got their neck broke, hollerin' like that."

"Aw, she won't hear, she never does," growled Thomas junior. And in fact, the voice and piano, now sweetly rilling arpeggios throughout all the keys in ardent practice, kept on undisturbed. Mrs. Shields retreated, joining Miss Martha with confidences uttered in a voice of polite caution.

"I expect them young ones are right nice-looking when they're washed up. They're all right, only I don't know as I'm keen for 'em to come over on my side of the fence. Of course, Mrs. Rev'rend, she's used to the racket and muss."

She asked whether she was to pay in advance, briskly announcing that she would while Miss Martha was still hanging in timorous indecision. The maiden lady moved in a haze of doubt and awe in what she considered the business world; out-of-hand offers to pay rent in advance might be one of its pitfalls for what Miss Martha knew. But in due time the check arrived, and though intrinsically an unhandsome document executed in weak, loosely flowing figures and handwriting with the signature "Tillie Shields" sidling downhill into the corner, it was negotiable like any other check. Eighty-five dollars! The dream had come true! Miss Martha was thriftily resolved not to spend it this first time, but it gave her a solid foundation on which to erect more dreams. Moreover, she took an almost equally solid satisfaction in replying coolly and competently to all inquirers, yes, the

house was rented; yes, very advantageously, thank you! Hitherto she had had to endure their discouraging sympathy; and now detected, in spite of the felicitations, the great fundamental truth that nobody is really glad when somebody else gets a house rented! Eliza Seabury was the one exception; Eliza was too blunt-minded and blunt-spoken for civil pretenses. She rushed up on the street one day, and opened the subject, or in a manner of speaking, committed assault and battery on it with: "Martha Wilcox, where on earth did you pick up that weird woman you've got in your house?"

"I didn't pick her up at all. She saw the advertisement," said Miss Martha, a trifle stiffly.

"Well, she's positively *weird*. I saw her the other day, and when somebody said she was in your house I nearly passed away. Her clothes! And those eyes rolling around like two buckeyes in a pan of milk! It's simply *weird*! Who is she, anyhow, and where did she come from?"

"She's a Mrs. Matilda Shields," said Miss Martha, sagely correcting that too

informal "Tillie." "I don't know where her home was originally. I understood she'd traveled about a good deal."

"Mercy, Martha. I hope you didn't take her without a reference. It would be awful if she didn't pay you."

"The bank said she was all right," said Miss Martha triumphantly. The bank's endorsement was her trump card; it left criticism without a leg to stand on. She was prompted to testify to Mrs. Shields' credit on other grounds. "She's been very nice about the house, not finding fault and not asking for anything, you know."

"What, not a thing?" Mrs. Seabury exclaimed on a high note of astonishment. "That old rookery! Well, of course, I don't mean it's not a lovely house," she amended hastily. "Only naturally, you've never spent any more on it than you could help, I suppose. It's weird her not wanting *some* repairs. She can't be much of a housekeeper. Maybe that's just as well, though. She won't mind living next door to the Gowdys. Has she ever said anything about them?"



A LITTLE PROCESSION OF THE GOWDY CHILDREN CAME ROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE



"I haven't inquired," said Miss Martha, stiffening again.

"Oh well, she probably will later on," Mrs. Seabury prophesied blithely; she was not a member of Saint Luke's congregation. "Unless she's a saint, she'll have trouble over the ashes or the garbage or the children or something."

Mrs. Shields, however, was apparently bent on justifying her claim to being "awful easy to get along with" if that phrase connotes living quietly and seeking no one's acquaintance. She went about domestic duties with an extraordinary zest, cooked, cleaned, ran up and down stairs endlessly; and spent hours in the garden applying her patently unskilled energies to weeding and trimming it, or motionless in some coign of vantage, watching the birds. Except for these robins and jays and an occasional squirrel, she had no visitors; and defeated expectations by never publicly falling foul of the Gowdy ash-heap, the Gowdy garbage, or the Gowdy children, whatever her private attitude toward them. Mrs. Gowdy, with characteristic sweet thoughtfulness—everybody acclaimed her as the ideal wife for a clergyman—introduced herself over the hedge after a few days with a smiling word or two about the other's courage in coming to live alongside such a houseful. "We used to be afraid our youngsters were a good deal of a trial to Miss Wilcox."

"I don't mind 'em only when it sounds like somebody was getting hurt," said Mrs. Shields, whereat the experienced mother began to laugh.

"Oh, children are always getting hurt, you know. Mine seem to be made of steel and india-rubber. They stand everything. Luella—that's the maid I have now—worries over them more than I do! She's so good with them, and perfectly devoted to Wilbur, especially."

Mrs. Shields looked at her uncertainly. "Well, Luella ain't always on the job, is she? I don't see how she can be."

"Oh, yes, she's very efficient. I hardly ever give an order. Sometimes colored people are like that, wonderful

with children and about the housework too." With other agreeable generalities, she moved away; and Mrs. Shields, after a speculative stare at the retreating back, shook her own overdressed head soberly, and moved away, too.

It happened that she did not encounter Doctor Gowdy until some time later, on an occasion which turned out to be more or less momentous. Pottering about among the flower-beds, she heard without heeding a piping excitement in the other back yard, and only looked across at last when a heavier voice was added to the children's. "Now, we must have a coop, you know, boys. They have to be kept in a coop," Doctor Gowdy was expounding. "Let's see! What shall we do? Oh, I'll tell you! There's that old peach-crate over there; you get that, Robbie, and I shouldn't wonder if Tom could nail some strips up the sides. Everybody must help, that's the only way to get along—" he kept on fluently in his trained, carrying voice, while the boys circled about, squabbling over his directions. Then, as he caught Mrs. Shields's eye, smiled with a gesture toward the basket in his hands.

"Day-old chicks. Wouldn't you like to see them?" And in the direct, hearty way which everybody so liked, without any ado of formalities, he came over, the children hanging on and hampering him. The basket was full of soft cheepings and movement; looking down into it, one got an impression of little round, animated, cuddling patches of brown velvet, striped with yellow, of little yellow heads and eyes with the bright fixity of beads. Mrs. Shields exclaimed delightedly.

"Aren't they cunning?" said the minister in sympathetic pleasure. "The kiddies and I—we're great pals, all of us together, you know—we're going to make a coop and raise them. First thing you know, we'll have a regular chicken farm!"

Mrs. Shields looked at his kind, eager face, at the basket of chickens, at the



"OH NO, YOU JUST FEED AND WATER THEM," SAID DOCTOR GOWDY BUOYANTLY

surging children, at the littered yard, and spoke diffidently. "Well, they're awful cute, but—I guess it's kinda work to bring up chickens, ain't it? I mean I thought people got all fixed for it, and didn't do nothing else."

"Oh, no, you just feed and water them," said Doctor Gowdy buoyantly.

"They '*do the rest*'—hey? Ha, ha!" He dropped to a confidential tone. "It will be good for the children. Teaches them practical humanity—Joe, Florence, stop it! You can't both of you play with the same chicken!"

Mrs. Shields returned to her gardening with an oddly dubious expression.



Judging by what she could hear, the coop was finally erected to everybody's satisfaction, and after an hour or so of vociferous children and chickens, the latter appeared to lose their charm of novelty temporarily, at least. There was quiet in both back yards; she was troweling industriously around the roots of a rosebush when Wilbur was brought downstairs from his nap, and released from the house; and directly his voice arose in gleeful squealings. "Chicky! Chicky!"

Mrs. Shields straightened up, listened a second, looked over the hedge. What she saw caused her to drop the trowel and fly around to the alley, bursting through the tumbledown gate into the parsonage grounds without ceremony. "Wilbur! *Wilbur!* Don't do that! Don't grab the chickies, dearie! No, no! Mustn't touch!"

"Make chicky go!" shouted Wilbur happily, squeezing a limp bit of brown velvet between his sturdy little hands. The coop was upset; he danced with joyful impatience among splintered slats and chickens. "Chicky *go!*" He threw it down and kicked it. "*Go!*"

The chicken made a difficult movement, then settled down motionless with filming eyes. "There now, see what you done! You've broke the chicky, Wilbur. Poor chicky, now it won't ever go any more!" said Mrs. Shields, instinctively adapting her words to the child's comprehension. "No, *no*, Wilbur mustn't play with chickies!"

"Chicky *go!*" screamed Wilbur. He was too quick for her; the chicken that he aimed a lusty kick at escaped, but losing his balance and recovering, he came down vigorously with his whole weight on another. "*Make chicky go!*"

All at once with dynamic suddenness, Mrs. Shields's aspect underwent an appalling transformation. Red spots flamed through the rouge on her meager cheeks; her eyes ceased to languish; they glared balefully. In a twinkling she became years older, a formidable virago, a hag! She

darted out a tentacle of an arm, and whirled Wilbur away from his pastime with a couple of stinging slaps. "You let them chickens alone, young one, you hear me? You won't, won't you? I'll learn you!"

Wilbur raised a long howl of protest, exerting fists and feet impotently; Luella appeared at the kitchen door alarmed and inquiring, and after one look, charged to the rescue. "Wha' you doin' t' that chile? Don't you dare tech that chile!"

Mrs. Shields hurled at her an epithet foreign to the vocabularies of real refined homes; the mulatto woman, in a fury, screeched a retort as flavorful; linguistically it was a battle of giants. Wilbur bawled between them; what chickens survived scattered, peeping wildly; the conflict assailed the very vault of heaven. At that pitch it actually brought Mrs. Gowdy from the piano and "Hark, the herald angels sing"; the rest of the children arrived in a scurry; the postman halted on his round, petrified; a stray delivery boy, lingering, impartially contributed his mite, "Yah-de-dah! Yee-i! Yee-i!" he yelled ecstatically, and drifted on, a ship that passed in the night.

Wilbur fled to his mother, bellowing more in fright and anger than pain; she received him with bewildered tenderness. "What is it? What has happened? Tell Mother where it hurts, darling!" She gazed round distractedly, seeking to interpret the blubbing and unintelligible references to *ady* and *chicky*. "What *is* he trying to say? Luella—?"

Luella plunged into dramatic recital with an effect of being all eyeballs and incredibly rapid jaws. "—An' Mis' Gowdy, nex' thing Ah heah'd Wilbuh hollerin' an' Ah come runnin' an' heah she was lammin' him lak he was her own chile! An' Ah ain't gwine tek no talk lak she done give me offa no white lady!"

"Hush, Luella, please—!"

"I'm real sorry I smacked the little

fella," said Mrs. Shields. Her ire had flickered out as suddenly as it exploded; she spoke in visible distress and remorse. "I didn't go to hurt him, just to make him mind. I only wanted to stop him stompin' and slammin' them chickens. I—I just plumb couldn't stand it. You look what he done, Mis' Gowdy, you just look. You wouldn'ta left him do that yourself if you'd been here."

Mrs. Gowdy clicked regretfully, viewing the massacre. "Tst! Tst! Why, Wilbur, did you hurt the chickies? Did mother's little boy do that? Don't you remember mother's often told you you mustn't hurt *anything*?"

"Make chicky go?" Wilbur suggested with reviving spirits. "Make *go*, mamma?"

"No, Wilbur, can't. My little boy must be kind to dumb animals," said Mrs. Gowdy in gentle reproof.

"He's too little, he can't understand, he don't know any better. It ain't any use *telling* him; there'd oughta be somebody after him," argued Mrs. Shields desperately. "I'm awful sorry, but I just *had* to make him quit it. I know I hadn't no right to, but—"

"Yes? Yes!" said Mrs. Gowdy vaguely but forgivingly. The older children stood around in a silence that conveyed a certain clannish hostility toward Mrs. Shields, yet no very lively sympathy for Wilbur. Luella retired sulkily, and Mrs. Gowdy looked after her with something as near anxiety as her placid countenance could express. "I do hope she won't leave!"

"Mis' Gowdy, I wouldn'ta done it, only there wasn't none of you round, and *somebody* had to!"

"Yes? Well, perhaps it would have been better to telephone in and tell me first. But never mind!" said Mrs. Gowdy kindly.

This episode resulted in a species of armed peace between the two households, or on Mrs. Shields's side at any rate. The others were either too magnanimous or too irresponsible to hold a grudge; they forgave and forgot even

before the last of the chickens had come to its end one way or another, that is, within the next twenty-four hours. Mrs. Shields resolutely ignored their fate; she cleaned, gardened, spread meals for the birds with her back carefully turned on the church premises, and it was only by accident that from an upper window she caught a glimpse one day of another slatted box not far from where the wreckage of the first still lay, and of the family gathered around, peering in, reaching down into it, exclaiming. "Bunny! Bunny!" they chorused. Plainly, another course in humanity was being inaugurated. "My God!" said Mrs. Shields aloud, and turned away with a despairing philosophical shrug. At intervals for a week thereafter, escaping rabbits scudded through her yard, or housed under the shrubbery, proceedings which she unaccountably never witnessed. "Your bunnies? No, I ain't seen none round here," she would assure the pursuing children with her meaningless smile; and when the animals were recaptured, exhibited none of the relief that might have been expected. But in a little while the incursions ceased; the rabbits were apparently disciplined to their prison. It stood in the same place, rain or shine, day after day, and the "Bunny, bunny" was heard with less and less frequency.

Perhaps sheer curiosity, perhaps some more creditable feeling at last overcame Mrs. Shields's self-enforced inhibitions; for one sultry afternoon when the family were all out on a swimming and picnicking expedition, conveyed in a parish-ioner's automobile, she guiltily slipped around through the alley, into the other yard. There was one rabbit left of the pair; it lay on its side in one corner of the stifling pen, breathing hurriedly. Mrs. Shields cleaned out the pan in another corner and filled it with fresh water; she put a little store of lettuce leaves alongside. The creature turned a lack-luster eye on her, without stirring. She stood a while contemplating it, or it might be some purpose slowly forming



in her mind. "For two cents I'd let you out," she remarked finally. "Only you're so sick and weak you can't get away. So *that* wouldn't be any use!" She pondered a while longer, then with an air of decision, marched back into her own house and sat down to the telephone. With her hand on the instrument, she seemed to waver, reconsidering; then with a defiant gesture, snatched the receiver off the hook.

A complacent patriot would have looked upon succeeding events as demonstrating conclusively an efficiency in public office which some other patriots are prone to question. Bright and early the next morning there presented himself at the parsonage front door, a massive, elderly, decent, badged official, and incontinently agitated rumors filled the air. Luella might be heard declaiming violently; Doctor Gowdy, Mrs. Gowdy uplifted mild, startled argument; everybody united in silencing the children. A caucus was held in the back yard; and then the officer departed. It was most melodramatic and intriguing; there were communicants of Saint Luke's, not to mention innumerable outsiders, who

would have envied Mrs. Shields her proscenium-box location, but she herself took no advantage of it, and it was without alacrity that she answered the doorbell when the officer visited her in turn.

He touched his hat. "Good-morning! Is this where the lady telephoned for the Humane S'ciety—?" He stopped short abruptly, staring, seeming to labor vainly with some stupendous fact well-nigh beyond his grasp. "Well, well, *well!* Look who's here!" he managed to get out, after a long minute.

Mrs. Shields did not answer; she stood before him, her bearing sullen, hostile, a little frightened.

"Look who's here!" the officer ejaculated again, apostrophizing the ceiling; then he brought his gaze down, and sent it everywhere, alertly exploring. "You living here?"

"Yeh. What's matter my living here? I gotta live *somewhere*. I ain't doin' nothing."

"Naw, I guess you ain't, Tillie, or everybody's heard before this," the other agreed amiably. "But say, was it you called the S'ciety, honest?"

"Yeh. What of it?"



"MARTHA, HAVE YOU HEARD? OH, WELL, I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T HEARD!"

"Why, nothin'. Nothin' 't all," said the official soothingly; a grin slowly worked its way across his features. "Only, it's kinda funny when you think about it, ain't it? Don't it strike you kinda funny?"

"It strikes me you was needed," said Mrs. Shields, glowering at him. "It strikes me you 'n your old S'ciety better get busy."

"Sure, sure! We're going to. Only the rev'rend next door, and you sickin' the authorities onto him—" Some obscurely humorous aspect of the situation overcame him; he propped himself against the door post, shaken with chuckles.

"When you're through—?" said Mrs. Shields with chilly venom.

"Oh, all right! All right, Tillie!" He wiped his eyes, saluted her with burlesque obsequiousness, and went off down the walk; at the street another convulsion overtook him.

Miss Martha Wilcox, meanwhile, in contented ignorance of all these happenings, dreamed on, spending the rent, recounting it and spending it over again, Alnaschar-wise; with apologies to herself, she did actually spend some of it, here and there. It fairly burned a hole in her pocket, and there seemed no harm in a few small indulgences; she had gone without so long! But now Mrs. Seabury descended on her, headlong as usual, this time with a face of portentous gloom.

"Martha, have you *heard*? Oh, well, I know you *haven't* heard! That's the reason I'm here. It just got around to me, and I didn't wait a minute. I've come right over to tell you, it's the part of kindness. I mean about that woman you've got in your house. You haven't heard?"

Miss Martha anticipated battle, murder, and sudden death. "No. What is it? Is she—?"

"Oh, nothing's happened to her! Goodness, it's a great deal worse than *that*!" She lowered her voice with cautious glances right and left though they

were alone. "Martha, it's just got out who she is! You know everybody thought there was *something* the matter, she was so weird looking. Well, she's *notorious*! The notorious Tillie Shields, that's what they call her. You said her name was Matilda. Well, that's who she is!" Mrs. Seabury concluded, leaning back in triumph.

For an instant Miss Martha was conscious only of acute vexation. "Notorious *how*, Eliza? What way?" she stammered, groping for objections, refutations.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, the way they all are!" Mrs. Seabury rejoined in sharp impatience. "Well, to be sure you've never been married," she added more leniently, and followed up this apparently irrelevant statement with others very much to the point. "She had a *place*—one of those *places*—in the red-light district, you know. It was a good while ago—I don't suppose she's really notorious any more, she's too old. But that's who she is, the notorious Tillie Shields."

Miss Martha, envisaging calamity, averted her mind in desperate unwillingness, desperate hope. "But how do you know? Who told you?"

"Why, Martha, it's all over! *Everybody's* heard! It seems she had a fuss with the Gowdy's cook over their cat or the birds or something—" Mrs. Seabury entered into graphic and approximately accurate details, winding up with: "And the officer used to be on the police force, so, of course, he recognized her right away! I *told* you you oughtn't to have taken her without a reference."

"But the bank said—"

"Oh, the bank!" said Mrs. Seabury scornfully. "She probably keeps a big account there, and that's all they care about. It's awful to think how that money was made, but that's nothing to a bank—Oh, nobody suspects *you* of knowing, Martha," she interrupted herself quickly, misreading her friend's silence. "Nobody would believe *that* of



you for a minute. We all *know* you didn't know."

Poor Miss Wilcox, in horror, found herself for a moment, wishing vehemently that nobody *knew*. All her castles lay in ruins; and there were those bills that had seemed so trifling, looming monumentally now! She must undertake the abhorrent duty of putting Mrs. Shields out; and where or when would she get another tenant? She went to the house, flinching in expectation of the encounter with this person whom she now classified with formless dread as *one of those women*; to be sure, previous experience had revealed nothing alarming about her, but now that Mrs. Shields knew herself discovered, it would undoubtedly be different. She did not answer the bell, and Miss Martha, worriedly investigating, at length came upon her in the back yard where she had just finished scrubbing and refilling the bird-bath. Leaning on the broom, she was awaiting the approach of a robin; she saw Miss Wilcox out of the corner of her eye, and made a slight arresting gesture. The bird came on, with a kind of wary confidence, his bright, sidewise glance fixed on her.

"He's just playing scairt. He knows me," Mrs. Shields whispered. "But *you* better keep back a second."

Miss Wilcox received a definite and most disconcerting shock. She had come prepared as conscious Virtue—and her logical opponent, conscious Vice failed her! The notorious Tillie Shields did not look in the least notorious; she looked like an ignorant, dull, good-hearted woman, old and alone, cheaply pathetic with her paint and her terrific trade simper. It was with reluctance and difficulty that Miss Martha began to state her errand, but before she was half-way through, the other understood.

"I s'pose Pete Maguire's been talking," she said with a flash of resentful conviction. "Anyhow, I had a hunch I'd get in bad, right when I was settin' there at the 'phone. I don't care! I'm

glad I done it. I'd done it, even 'f I'd known for certain!"

"I'm sorry I have to ask you to—to move—" Miss Martha began again, with miserable diffidence. "But I—I—"

"Oh, it's all right," said Tillie Shields, submissively. "I'll find some place to go. I always find a place, for a while, anyhow." Obviously she spoke in no intention of enlisting sympathy; it was a mere statement of fact. Yet Miss Martha was remotely perturbed; and now to her dismay, she saw the other's chin quiver, and two tears tracking down the paint.

"I—I liked it awful well here. Them birds—" She swallowed hard, bringing her features under control with an effort. "Ever'thing's been took good care of. If it hadn't been for next door—" She began to talk impetuously; it was a childishly incoherent, confident outpouring. "Miss Wilcox, you *know* how they do! Miss Wilcox, I can't *see* how folks can do that way! That rabbit had a great sore on its side! And Doctor Gowdy's a *preacher!*" Her voice rose in rebellious bewilderment. "He—why, he talks beautiful in church—I've *heard* him—"

So had Miss Martha. Fragments of the doctor's noble and touching utterances on the text: "*Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me,*" inconveniently returned to her.

"I *can't see*—" Mrs. Shields reiterated helplessly. And neither could Martha Wilcox. The puzzle was too much for her. Nobody, not even the notorious Tillie Shields, had intentionally done any wrong, yet the cumulative result of all their acts seemed to be heartbreakingly wrong, somehow; she herself, were it not for needing the income, could have let Mrs. Shields live there for nothing—but she could not let her live there for eighty-five dollars a month!

"I'm so sorry—!" was all that she could say.

# The Liberal Business Man Under Fire

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

I AM convinced that business liberalism will be one of the essentials of big business success during the next twenty-five years. I dislike to use the word "liberalism" in this connection. It is a rather battered and weather-beaten word; it has come to have, in many minds, all sorts of implications that one would never associate with effective business leadership; it has been captured by the arm-chair strategists and irresponsible doctrinaires; it has become the storm center of a motley array of antagonisms and prejudices. But it is, after all, a good word with worthy traditions. That it has now and then fallen into bad company is no justification for throwing it away.

I do not know of a better word for describing the sort of business man who, broadly speaking, is the opposite of the reactionary, the sort of business man who faces fresh problems with a fresh mind, who is more interested in creating a better order of things than in defending the existing order of things, who realizes that a private business is a public trust, and who has greater reverence for scientific method than for the traditions and majority opinion of his class. It is this sort of business man who will, as I see it, be best able to meet the challenge of the difficult time ahead; it is this sort of business man who will make the big business successes of the next ten or twenty years.

But, strange to say, despite the fact that liberal business policies will underlie large business success, the liberal business man will find that he will have to pay a very definite price for his liberalism. The business man who insists upon approaching the problems of business

and industry in a scientific and liberal spirit sooner or later brings down upon his head the criticism of important groups of his fellow business men. There is no use scouting the fact that the liberal business man is still a somewhat lonely figure in the councils of American business and industrial leadership. Invariably a few ultra-conservative business men wage a propaganda against the business man who attempts to accelerate the pace of progress, especially if he attempts to speed up that democratization of industry upon which social peace and efficiency must increasingly depend.

This opposition is the last thing we should expect from men whose material success, one would suppose, depends upon their being as ready to scrap an outworn idea as to discard an outworn machine. But the fact remains. And this "loneliness of the liberal" in business circles is a thing that must come in for careful consideration in any comprehensive study of the factors which will make for the arrest or advancement of both successful business and social progress during the next ten or twenty years.

The attitude which the average business man takes toward one of his fellows who represents the sort of liberalism that comes from a scientific study of business and social problems would furnish the clue for an interesting study. I wish that some one of our distinguished psychologists would give us a realistic study of how successful business men think and act. Such a study would, of course, have to begin with an examination of how successful business men think and act inside their own businesses, but this examination would be only the starting



point for a much needed study of how successful business men think and act when they work in the committees or control the policies of local, state, and national organizations dealing with issues of large social significance.

If the business men who were the subjects of such a study had conceived business in a broadly scientific way, it would be found that the qualities that had made them successful in business were the very qualities that would make them a creative and liberalizing influence in organizations dealing with matters of wide social concern to city, state, and nation. But I fear that such a study would reveal the fact that, in many instances, business success had been interpreted so thoroughly in terms of immediate profits that the qualities of mind which had brought the conventional success to the business men were qualities that later interfered with their public service.

We should expect that the man who had been successful in business would bring the spirit of the impartial investigator, the inventor, the innovator, the pioneer to any issue in any field. By all the laws of logic, the men who have been most successful in business should be the most progressive in matters outside their business. In the years of change and challenge that lie just ahead of us, I think this will be true, but to date the contrary has been true in a distressingly large number of instances. Certainly I cannot be accused of treason to my class for setting down the obvious fact that many conspicuously successful business men display an astounding lack of vision in the larger matters of social and industrial policy which lie outside their immediate businesses.

But it is not the merely negative conservatism of certain successful business men that I have in mind just now. I am thinking of the successful business men who take their conservatism very seriously when they serve upon the directorates of local, state, and national

organizations of business men and other social groups. I am thinking of the men who suspect any one of their associates whose thinking has gone at all in advance of their own of dangerous radicalism. Over and over again, in organizations of business men, I have seen groups of entirely honest and eminently successful men turn against and label as dangerous one of their fellows who was only reasonably progressive. I have seen such men display an utter inability to distinguish between sane social advance and revolutionary socialism. I think that one of the books we business men should keep always on our desks is a book of synonyms. It might help us to avoid branding straight thinking as radicalism.

I have seen groups of highly successful business men honestly oppose the most obviously elementary steps toward conservative social betterment. For instance, it is obvious that the only hope of arriving at a constructive program of industrial relations is through co-operation, through the getting together of the leaders of the employing group and the leaders of the employed group. It is in the council chamber, not on the battlefield, that we shall resolve the conflicts of industry. Industrial peace will not come as the by-product of a fight, but as the result of industrial statesmanship. This is the veriest primer logic. And yet the leaders of many of our national organizations of business men have steadfastly refused to sit down in conference with the leaders of organized labor.

The business men in these organizations who have insisted upon such a *rapprochement* have been in the minority. And by their insistence upon this essentially conservative and businesslike procedure they have succeeded only in courting the suspicion of their associates. They have been rewarded for their pains with a reputation for radicalism that hampers them for further influence in business circles.

The conservative business man ap-

parently does not realize that, if he were wholly successful in his opposition to his more liberal associates, there would be left no method of progress except revolution. As it is, his partially successful opposition slows down progress unnecessarily. If my contention—that the social progress of the future will be achieved through the development rather than the destruction of the business system—is sound, we must somehow succeed in reducing if not removing this opposition to the liberal business man which to-day characterizes the policy of so many business men's organizations.

As a first step we must make a real study of the motives and technic of both the conservative and the liberal business man. Maybe both are to blame for this socially dangerous schism in business councils. This does not, in any sense, pretend to be the basic study we need. I want only to put down a few conclusions that I have reached as a result of a good many years spent in the inner councils of business and in local, national, and international organizations of business men dealing with those larger policies of business and industry which root in and react upon social and political conditions. It may be that these conclusions will prompt someone to make the exhaustive study of the business mind which is greatly needed.

Now, it is the easiest thing in the world to write a fervent indictment of the static, tradition-bound, conservative mind. Hardly a week passes without an emotional broadside fired from some quarter at the conservative. Even if I were inclined to do it, it would be wasteful duplication for me to repeat this performance. Probably the most important study of the conservative mind that has been made in the present generation is to be found in James Harvey Robinson's *The Mind in the Making*. It is an intensely practical book. It explains to the conservative why he is conservative. And it is this sort of explanation rather than emotional denunciation that will

help us to clear up the misunderstanding which lies back of the opposition that the liberal business man encounters among his associates. We business men, if we are to survive and succeed in the future, will have to take to heart Mr. Robinson's appeal for the creation of "an unprecedented attitude of mind to cope with unprecedented conditions and to utilize unprecedented knowledge." But as I have said, I am not undertaking here the basic study which I suggest as urgently needed. I want, however, to make two observations about the fact and effectiveness of the conservatism of successful business men.

One of the reasons, I am sure, why many successful business men are predisposed to a conservative if not reactionary point-of-view is that they do not, as a rule, have enough social and recreational contacts with men of other classes, other interests, and other points-of-view. Even inside his business, the average business man trains pretty consistently with his own crowd, that is, with the administrative, the controlling, the directing group. He maintains too rigidly the conventional relation of the "boss" to the other groups in his business. And outside office hours, the average business man is too much given to spending his time in the hunting lodge, on the golf links, or in the metropolitan club, where, taken by and large, he meets only the men who share his point-of-view. This means that the average business man is carefully insulated from that social contact, that give and take of discussion with men of different social rank, different race, and different points-of-view, which is so necessary in checking up, correcting, and humanizing one's outlook upon life and its issues. The mental point of view that results from training too much with one's own class accounts, I am sure, for the fact of much business conservatism.

And one of the reasons why conservative business men usually succeed in their opposition to their more liberal associates is because the cause of conser-



vatism is invariably better organized than the cause of liberalism. In the average business men's organization it will be found that the men who approach the problems of business and labor from the stock market point-of-view excel their more liberal associates in the organization of a staff of secretaries, experts, and publicity men who help them dramatize and push their policy through the councils of the organization. These staffs of secretaries, experts, and publicity men are maintained as part of their business organizations by some of the abler conservative business men. These staffs not only function at the time of great national meetings but influence the public mind *ad interim*. The plain fact is that our conservative business men employ more machinery and more money for expressing and maintaining their point-of-view than our liberal business men employ, and they regard such expenditure as legitimate business expense.

But I should like to bring this discussion down to the individual business man and away from problems of organization and expenditure. From a life time spent in dealing with both conservative and liberal business men inside and outside business I am able to see at least six reasons why the liberal business man faces such persistent opposition at the hands of his fellows. Let me state them simply.

First, it lies in the very nature of things that the man whose ideas are a little in advance of the ideas of his associates will sooner or later find himself opposed and, if possible, set aside. As men grow older they are likely to grow more conservative. By the time they have achieved success they are likely to have lost some of their eager appetite for adventure and experiment. The liberal in business insists upon continuing experimentation, but he is likely to find that the majority of his associates who were his enthusiastic helpers in the working out of his first ventures are content with the measure of their first great

success and see no use in disturbing what is already a success by trying still other experiments. The story of the average business man's career is the story of a settling down, beginning with the willingness to experiment which resulted in his first success, and ending with a self-satisfied and routine administration of established methods. Now, it is inevitable that any business man who is always looking ahead for improved methods and broader policies is, by this very effort, going to make himself unpopular with the men who are satisfied with established things, especially if the established things are profitable.

This opposition to the liberal in business has nothing to do with the goodness or badness of his opponents. If his training has made him conservative, a "good" man is just as likely as a "bad" man to be the suspicious critic and determined opponent of the business man who aligns himself with new forces and new movements.

It is a problem in human nature that we are facing. As men grow older they are disposed to cling to the esteem and friendship of their fellows and shrink from any nonconformity that might jeopardize their reputations for good form in thought and action. As their youthful enthusiasms cool they have less and less desire to crusade for causes that will mature after they are dead, so they instinctively feel that their liberal associate and his ideas are to be discouraged, and, so far as they can, they rob him of any power to disturb them in their serenity and orderly procedure.

But when I speak of the liberal business man I am not thinking of the liberalism which has its roots only in youthful bravado, youthful willingness to take risks. That sort of liberalism, I suppose, cannot be expected of men as they grow older. I am thinking of a business liberalism that comes not from youthful enthusiasm but from straight thinking. I am thinking of the liberal business man who fights for progressive policies in business and in industry, not because

they afford an opportunity for battle and adventure, but because they are essential to the permanently profitable future of business as well as to sound social advance. We can, perhaps, forgive the established business man for feeling a little irritation at the sometimes intolerant and dogmatic liberalism of inexperienced youth, but what is there in the liberalism of straight thinking that evokes such opposition? This leads me to the observations I want particularly to make. The opposition to the liberal business man is not due entirely to the conservatism of conservative men. It is due partly to personal and psychological reasons to be found in the liberal business man himself. The last five of the six reasons I set out to state have to do with these personal aspects of the problem.

Second, the liberal business man has arrived at his liberal conception of business policies because he thinks more scientifically than his more conservative associates. He reasons more accurately from cause to effect. He succeeds more nearly than they in taking into account all the factors, human and material, that are involved in business administration. The scope and the scientific quality of his thinking enable him to anticipate conditions and to sense the policies that the business of the future will demand in a way which the average conservative and conventional business man does not and cannot. This means that, time and again, the liberal business man insists upon the urgent necessity of policies that his conservative associates have not yet visualized. His conclusions rest upon a hundred and one factors that the conventional business mind does not take into account. The upshot of the matter is that very often a policy that seems the most elementary common sense to the liberal business man is looked upon as the erratic theorizing of an impractical idealist by his conservative associates. The liberal business man's habit of prophecy is, then, one of the reasons why he so often gains a reputation for

impractical idealism and calls out the opposition of his fellows. As some one has suggested, to see what is ignored by all is a fairly sure way to be ignored by all.

Third, just because the liberal business man sees as imperative things that his conservative associates do not see at all, he often finds that his persistent fight for his policies is interpreted as obstinacy. They cannot understand his irritating insistence, in season and out of season, upon policies that seem to them, at best, only interesting theories. They are not mere theories to the liberal business man; they are inescapable deductions from facts that have been overlooked by the conservatives. He knows their importance to the business progress of the future, and a sense of obligation prompts him to wage an unceasing fight for their adoption. But what is to him a sense of obligation is interpreted by his associates as bullish obstinacy.

Fourth, another thing that contributes to the unpopularity of the liberal in business is the normal impatience of the liberal mind. The very fact that a man has broken through the conservatism which a business career tends to induce implies a creative quality in his mind. And the man with a creative mind is likely to be impatient with the slower mental processes of his more conservative associates. If he does not keep constantly in mind the facts that the success of his policies is absolutely dependent upon the co-operation of his fellow business men, he is likely to betray his impatience in a manner that will hasten and intensify the opposition that his policies would normally stir up. If there is any man in the world upon whom the obligation of tolerance and diplomacy rests heavily it is the liberal in business—and there is no man for whom it is harder.

Fifth, the liberal business man is, in many instances, largely responsible for his own defeat because he is singularly open to the temptation to neglect the



necessary advance work for his ideas among his associates. He is likely to trust too much to the intrinsic rightness of his ideas for their success. He is likely to overlook the necessity of undergoing the intolerable fatigue of persuasion. He is likely to thrust a new idea upon the attention of his associates with no previous explanation, and be ignored or outvoted because "safety first" is the rule that governs most people and because most of his associates are probably satisfied for the time with the success already achieved. As I have already said, the liberal business man is particularly susceptible to the two sins that he, of all men, should avoid—the sins of an intolerant spirit and an autocratic method. The liberal business man is likely to be intolerant because he cannot understand why the thing that has struck him instantly is not equally clear to the other fellow.

Now, the liberal business man must realize that he can work out his ideals only through human beings. He must realize that the first business of reform is to succeed. He is a democrat, and he must remember that the first law of democracy is that the leader agrees to go only so fast as he can carry his associates with him. It may be that truth crushed to earth will rise again, but it is the business of the liberal to see that truth is not crushed to earth in the first place. And this means that the liberal business man must be a patient teacher and good lobbyist. He cannot succeed by autocratic insistence upon his ideas.

Sixth, the constant opposition that the liberal business man faces often forces him into excessive concentration upon his ideals which makes him forget the normal courtesies and amenities of human relations, thereby confirming his opponents in their opposition. After all, there is no need and no excuse for sacrificing all of the things that make a man a congenial companion. You cannot imagine yourself getting chummy with Savonarola. I suppose the progress of

the race depends upon the occasional ministry of the man who forgets the amiabilities of life in his fanatic concentration upon his ideals. But most of the wholesome and progressive work of the world must be done by the congenial co-operation of men who do not get on one another's nerves. The liberal business man must, therefore, avoid an excessive concentration upon his particular ideas that will make him an undesirable companion for conservatives, either on a fishing trip or in the committee room.

I do not want to seem to dismiss this subject with a discussion of the art of being an agreeable dinner companion, but I do want to emphasize the fact that the liberal business man is obligated to see to it that his personality and his methods do not add unnecessarily to the normal opposition that liberalism always encounters. There are no general policies or adventures in organized effort that can solve this problem. It is a personal problem which the individual liberal in business must solve for himself.

I have, however, two suggestions regarding organized efforts that might clear the road of business and social progress a little. The first has to do with reducing the conservatism of the conservative; the second has to do with making the liberalism of the liberal a little more effective.

I have said that one of the reasons why many successful business men are predisposed to a conservative if not reactionary point-of-view is that they do not, as a rule, have enough social and recreational contacts with men of other classes, other interests, and other points-of-view. Now, I do not believe that the average business man is wholly to blame for his suicidal exclusiveness. As a people, we have given very little thought to devising ways and means for bringing all classes and all types of minds of our communities into contact. Men are not going to visit across the frontiers that separate social classes and divergent

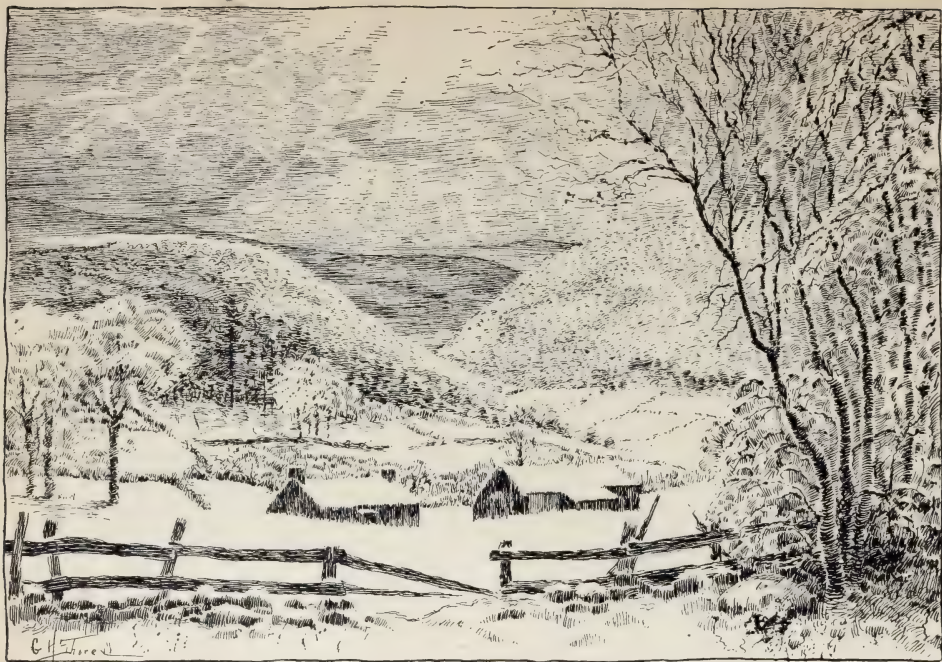
points-of-view unless special arrangements are made for such intercourse. It may be very narrowing, but birds of a feather do flock together. Now, I suggest that it would be invaluable if we could have in every community one club at least which aimed not at uniformity but at diversity in its membership, a club that afforded a common meeting ground for radical and conservative, for men of all social classes and of all races. Such a club, a club that would be a club of clubs, with a mass membership and low dues, could be a sort of social and intellectual melting pot for the community. This is the principle that underlay the organization and accounts for the success of the City Club of Boston, which has a membership of about seven thousand. But that is another story for another time. I am concerned here only to suggest that we should provide machinery for the sort of social mixing that will reduce the extreme cocksureness of conservatives as well as the intolerance of the radical.

Again, I have said that very often the conservative defeats the liberal because he employs better machinery and more money in support of his point-of-view. Now, I am aware of the sinister implications of propaganda by organized groups, but I submit that if the principles advanced effectively by conservative groups are too narrow to embrace the general public interest, they must, in the public interest, be opposed by liberal groups.

If the liberal minority among business men are to counter the activity of their more numerous conservative associates, they must duplicate the machinery used by the conservative majority. To do this liberal business men must have equally effective staffs of secretaries, experts, and publicity men, and must have access to equally adequate funds. Unfortunately, funds for the promotion of liberalism are difficult to obtain, for the general public does not see the need of such elaborate and carefully thought-out effort as clearly as the liberal business man sees it. As a rule, the public expects miracles to happen for the right. The liberal business man has learned from business experience that the right cannot depend simply upon its rightness for success. He knows that sound business and social progress can be achieved only by virtue of organized effort as carefully planned and as adequately financed as the organized effort of the conservative business groups. A clear recognition, then, that business liberalism must fight business conservatism upon its own ground and with its own methods is, I think, important.

The "loneliness of the liberal" in business circles must be carefully considered in any comprehensive study of the factors that will determine the arrest or the advancement of successful business and social progress during the next ten or twenty years.





MEADOWS AND GARDENS ARE REFRESHED BY THE SNOW

## The Treasures of the Snow

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

**S**NOW, according to the man of science, is "that form of precipitation of water-vapor condensed from the atmosphere which reaches the ground in a frozen and crystalline condition. Snow thus occurs when the processes of condensation and fall take place at a temperature below 32° F." The difference between this definition and all else that we know and feel about snow is a suggestive illustration of the immensely important difference between a fact of any kind scientifically stated and the significance of the same fact after it has long been subject to human associations, and artistically enriched by memory and imagination. With snow, as with most of the familiar but essentially mysterious

phenomena of our lives, it may almost be said that its significance for us lies chiefly in all which a scientific formula leaves out. It is the old story of Wordsworth's primroses by the river's brim. For the man of science, as a poet has wittily said:

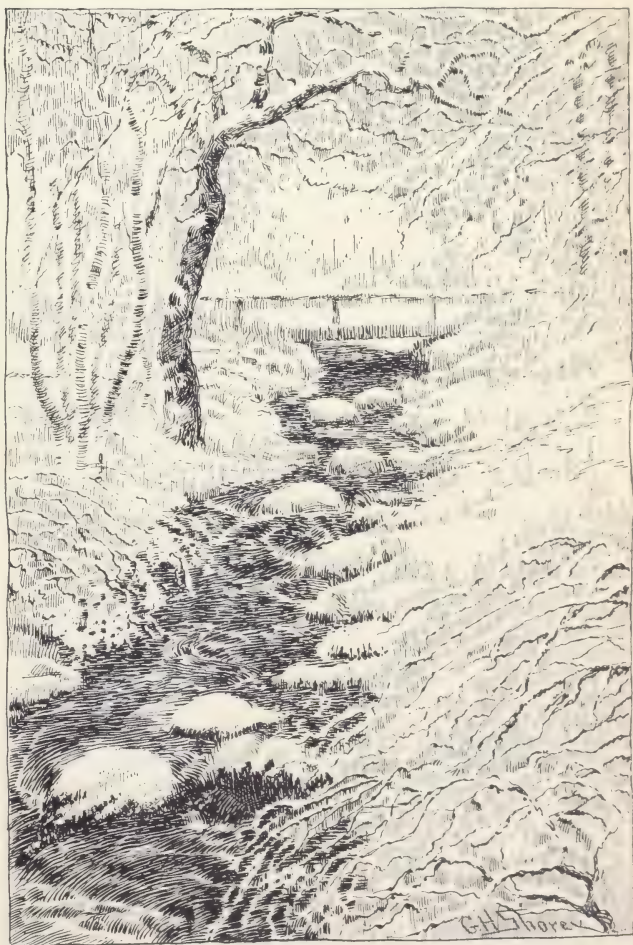
"Primroses by the river's brim  
Dicotyledons were to him,  
And they were nothing more."

Why does "that form of precipitation of water-vapor" known as snow affect us as it does? Why, in spite of the manifest inconveniences which it causes, its interruption of traffic, its annoying tricks with gas and water pipes, its destruction of property, the ruin it brings

to masculine hats and delicate feminine apparel, and, generally, its sportive disorganization of our civilized existence, why, in spite of the fact that it is, practically speaking, an unmitigated nuisance, is it so universally welcomed by old and young alike, and the winter that brings no snow regarded as a failure and a disappointment? That it is so welcomed, particularly in an age so devoted to material "efficiency," would seem to show that we are far from being as materialized as we think ourselves, and that the majority of us still remain open to broad poetic appeals, especially when they come in the form of some masterful display of the elements. It is much the same with great tidal waves, volcanic eruptions, or splendid fires, whatever destruction they may cause. Everyone in his heart hates to see a really successful fire put out, however much he may admire the dramatic energies of the fire-fighters; and when a great river bursts its bounds, and goes roaring abroad, with uprooted trees and frame houses afloat on its turbulent bosom, who is there that does not wish it well, and rejoice in its spectacular might, its gorgeous irresistibility, and arrogant defiance? It is too bad, of course, for the drowned or ruined householders. But, then, what a spectacle! What a heart-easing display of noble rebellion!

Of all such elemental insurgencies a snowstorm is the most popular. It seems to meet with something like universal approval. The elderly and responsible—in spite of their Horatian

*capitis nives*—are no less elated by it than the school children for whom it means snowballing and toboggans. In the most careworn breast it seems to release the spirit of truancy. No one minds whether "school keeps" or not. Everyone seems to regard it as a great joke on our solemn routine, and we read of trains from the west snowed in, and city transit disorganized, with scarcely disguised satisfaction. To complain of it is to sound poor-spirited, for snow is a privileged creature and its pranks are winked at as we wink at the horseplay of sophomores and freshmen. We regard it, too, with a curious tenderness, and it is a sort of sacrilege to speak ill of it. To say that one doesn't like snow is to



THE BROOK IS GRADUALLY SILENCED BY THE FROST



provoke a look of pained surprise, as though we had said that we don't like children. There must be something wrong with the individual who doesn't like snow! Doubtless, the memories of our childhood are largely responsible for this sentiment, in which, as in all such sentiments, there is probably a large proportion of kindly and valuable hypocrisy. Then in itself snow is such a gentle creature, so infantile, so frail and fairy-like. It suggests such purity, such innocence. There is something mystic and hallowed about it too. Francis Thompson has gathered up all this tenderness of our feeling toward snow in a poem, "To a Snow Flake," in which the very words have the delicacy and rhythm of the falling snow itself:

"What heart could have thought you?—  
 Past our devisal  
 (O filigree petal!)  
 Fashioned so purely,  
 Fragilely, surely,  
 From what Paradisal  
 Imagineless metal,  
 Too costly for cost?  
 Who hammered you, wrought you,  
 From argentine vapor?—  
 God was my Shaper.  
 Passing surmisal,  
 He hammered, He wrought me,  
 From curled silver vapor,  
 To lust of His mind:—  
 Thou couldst not have thought me!  
 So purely, so palely,  
 Tinily, surely,  
 Mightily, frailly,  
 Insculpted and embossed,  
 With His hammer of wind,  
 And His graver of frost."



EACH COUNTRY ROAD IS A WAY OF MAGIC

See what that scientific "form of precipitation of water-vapor," and those "crystals" which "belong to the hexagonal system," become in the hands of a poet, and who will deny that here the poet's beauty is the truest truth? In its individual flakes, in the rhythmic pattern of its fall, in the sculptured shapes of its drifted masses, in all its ghostly ways, the stealthiness of its coming, the strangeness of its whisper, and again the secrecy of its irrevocable vanishing, perhaps there is no beautiful thing in nature that has more visible beauty, combined with such suggestion of invisible significance. Its symbolic values are myriad in their variety. To it of all white things peculiarly attaches that mystery of whiteness of which Walter Pater has



THE HOMELY COVERED BRIDGE TAKES ON A STRANGE ASPECT

written, white things, as he says, being regarded as “but half-real, or material—the white queen, the white witch, the white mass”; not the least mystery of whiteness being that, like the white ray of sunlight, it includes in itself all color. “O what a power has white simplicity!” Wherever we find whiteness in nature we associate with it unearthly beauty, as with water lilies; or stainless purity, as with snow-clad mountain peaks; or supernatural fear, as with certain white

flowers in the spring woods; waxen, or alabaster shapes hinting at the whiteness of death, or the ghostliness of life. The gods are “white presences on the hills.” The sorcery of the moon is in her whiteness; and because she is a maiden, she is white. Whiteness is the color of all sacredness. Priests go clad in white, and sacrificial animals must be white without blemish. Wisdom is white in the beards of wise old men. But all such imageries of white, and



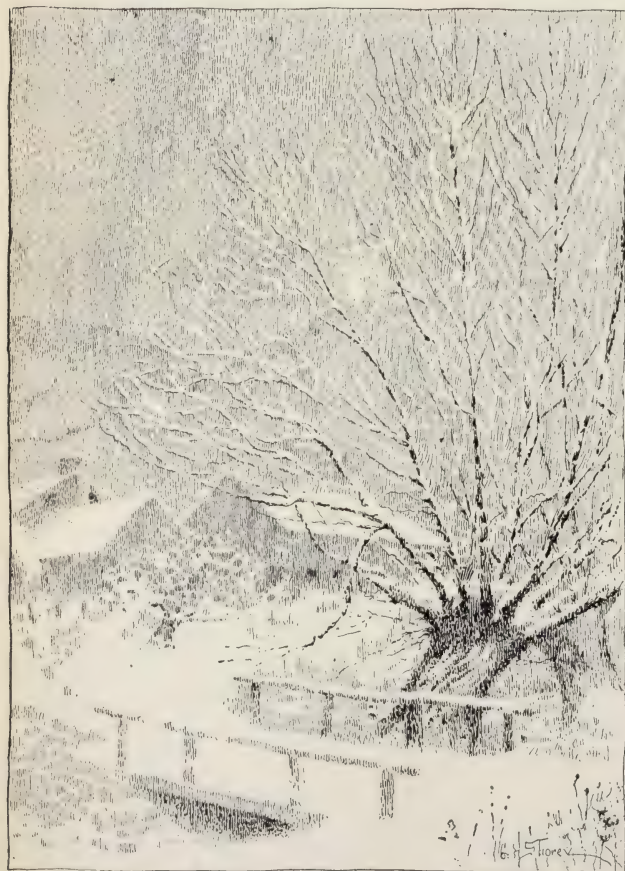
more, are concentrated in the whiteness of snow.

The most impressive of its symbolic uses are to be found in the Bible. Take that awe-inspiring picture of the Ancient of days in the Book of Daniel: "I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool." In the Psalms we find the far-flung sweep of the snow across the hills used to give a graphic picture of the devastation made by the Divine wrath: "When the Almighty scattered Kings, it was white as snow in Salmon." Again and again snow is used as a symbol of spiritual purification: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," cries King David in

one of his periodical prostrations before the Lord. "The just shall be white as snow," we are told. And when in the vision of Isaiah, the Lord pleads with the sinner, saying: "Come now, and let us reason together," He comforts him by the assurance: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And when, after the resurrection, Mary Magdalene and "the other Mary" approach the sepulcher, to find the Angel of the Lord seated upon the rolled-away stone, "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." But the most beautiful of all Biblical references to snow is that in the Book of Job, where the Lord, answering Job out of the whirlwind, completes the abasement of the man of Uz by that

series of picturesque questions, to which the foregone response is poor Job's utter insignificance. "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" Here snow figures as a sort of Divine ammunition, snow as it is driven in all-obliterating avalanches before the wrath of God.

But the beautiful phrase, "the treasures of the snow," has for us a broader, richer meaning than that of its immediate context; treasures of myriad visible loveliness, exquisitely delicate in fairy-like detail; as in its piled-up mountainous accumulations it suggests an amassing of gold and silver and precious stones in king's treasuries, its very substance seeming to our imagination even more



THE FARM HOUSE IS ISOLATED IN A WHITE WORLD

precious, as though it ought to have a greater value even in the markets of the world, being in itself so fair a thing, the value of some transcendental, un-earthly wealth, unknown to our mortal trafficking; the sort of value which only a child, or a poet, can assess. For children and poets feel themselves a sort of millionaire gazing on these massed treasures of mystic white crystals; wealth alas! only current in "Goblin Market," and the bourses of fairyland, where a child may buy its heart's desire "with a golden curl," or a poet pay his debts with a handful of lilies. After the child, indeed, the poet is able to make, so to say, the most practical use of snow, and the amount of snow annually employed in the production of poetry cannot be far short of the season's snowfall. This might be advanced as one answer to what Rabelais called "the greatest concern of Villon, the Parisian

poet," his famous concern as to "Where are the snows of yester-year?" Where are they? Well, the snows of all the years since poets first began singing have found one delectable lodgment at least which would account for much of them, in the bosoms of their ladies, from the far-off "ladies of old time," still immortally fair in those oldest poems which are still the youngest, to the latest syllable of contemporary rhyme, or futurist free verse. Though recent painters would seem to find every other color than white in the feminine bosom, the extremest rebel in verse has not yet, so far as I am aware, substituted verdigris, or ultramarine, for those traditional



RIVER BANKS BECOME CABINETS OF JEWELS

snows, and the lover, however modern, unless unfortunate in his choice of innamorata, would, I suppose, still abide by Ben Jonson's general statement:

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow  
Before the soil hath smutched it? . . .  
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!"

The best poets, at all events, in celebrating their mistresses, cannot dispense with snow. Among the varied beauties of his lady, Spenser enumerates "Her snowy neck like to a marble tower," and, when Campion sings of his lady's lips as



cherries, nothing but snow will serve him for the whiteness of her teeth:

"Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearls a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rose-buds filled with snow."

But such whiteness dwells in Herrick's "Electra" that snow is but one contribution toward it, and her hyperbolical amorist must needs throw in lilies, swans, cream, moonlight, pearls, "Juno's thigh," and "Pelops Arme of Ivorie," to approximate it, and even then, he says,

"such Whites as these  
May one delight, not fully please."

For Shakespeare, however, with that intensity which no other poet save Homer, or the poets of the Bible, are able to give to their simple similitudes, snow is enough, and the use he makes of it is one of the infinite examples of his imaginative mastery of words. No euphuist approaches him in his command of fantastic exaggeration:

"That pure, congealed, white, high Taurus  
snow  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a  
crow  
When thou hold'st up thy hand."

cries Demetrius of Helena, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

I thought her  
"As chaste as unsunn'd snow,"

says Posthumus in "Cymbeline." And, again, Timon in "Timon of Athens," denouncing gold—

"Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated  
snow  
That lies on Dian's lap!"

None of the suggestions of snow escape him. "O, that I were a mockery king of snow," exclaims King Richard in "Richard II.,"

"Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water-drops!"

And the power of snow even in its van-



APPLE TREES ARE EVEN LOVELIER WHEN WEIGHTED DOWN WITH BLOSSOMS OF SNOW

ishing provides him with this image of irresistibility in "Henry V":

"Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
Upon the vallies."

But to pursue the theme of the use of snow in literature would need a bulky anthology. Suffice it that, if all the snow in poetry were suddenly to melt out of it, the bulk of printed poetry would be amazingly shrunk, and take up far less space upon our shelves. So impressed has mankind been from the beginning with the phenomenon of this "wondrous strange snow." Its strangeness has never ceased to appeal to his sense of wonder, and, all too accustomed as we of the modern world have become to signs and wonders, so that already we conduct our transatlantic business by the genii of the ether with a deadening use-and-wont, and already scarcely look twice upon an airplane, yet snow retains for us its original marvel. So soon as it begins to fall, we are at once as awe-struck before it as the unsophisticated savage or the artless child. No other natural phenomenon is so thaumaturgic, or so fantastic, a magician. How, as with the waving of a wand, it instantly transforms the world about it, be it countryside or city, into something new and strange, literally super-imposing a dream-world upon the world we know, obliterating its familiar features, and making of it a phantasmagoric spectacle.

The Proteus of the skies that builds such aery fancies out of cloud has no such necromancy as this wizard that turns the solid earth into a dream. No city can be too modern or too ugly for his art. The prosiest warehouse becomes an enchanted palace, and apartment houses masquerade as Gothic fortresses with mysterious dungeons and keeps, and stern baronial towers, and Baptist chapels are transfigured into cathedrals of the Middle Age. For all their blocks and parallelograms, New York and Chicago turn at once into mediæval cities, and the invisible architect

would seem to have an especial love for Old Paris. Why, indeed, do we always think of Old Paris, so soon as the snow comes swirling round street corners, sweeping its drifts about commonplace doorways, and hanging roofs and gables with disguising hoods, and gargoyles? I suppose it is because there is so much literature in the blood even of the most unlettered, and the old winters of romance still subconsciously haunt our imaginations. Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* has, doubtless, left a deep mark upon us, and François Villon, particularly as Stevenson presented him in perhaps the most vivid snow-picture in literature, "A Lodging for the Night," seems still abroad for us on snowy nights, *par excellence* the poet and houseless vagabond of the snow. Some of us, too, are perhaps influenced in our fancies by that immortally frozen picture of a winter night in Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," that winter night, when "numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told his rosary," and "The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold," that night "ages long ago," when those "lovers fled away into the storm." And the fairy-tales of our childhood, in which snow plays so vivid a part, are, doubtless, back of all our fancies of the snow. Whatever the reason, a snowstorm in a city always brings with it a sense of romantic antiquity. Perhaps the fact of its disorganizing our modern methods of transportation has something to do with it, divorcing us from our customary civic conveniences, isolating us into individual effort, forcing us to plow our way where we are used to drive, making us realize how frail after all are the barriers we erect between us and the wild play of elemental forces, constraining us for a while to face the hardships and shifts of pioneers; in some cities, to leave our automobiles in the garage and fall back on the romance of the sleigh.

And what a world of romance is in the word "sleigh"! All the poetry of winter is in the sound of its bells, and how the child in us rejoices when the



opportunity compels us to resurrect it from the barn. Even in those cities or countryplaces where it has never ceased to be a familiar conveyance its effect upon the imagination remains fresh, and it not merely carries us on our sublunary errands, but, like Mr. Wells' "Time Machine," travels back with us into the old romantic years, when Americans still wore knee breeches and cocked hats and the Union Pacific was not even a seed in the most progressive mind. More than we realize, we all love thus to go play-acting in the Past. That is one reason for the universal love of log fires, a purely sentimental attachment; for as modes of keeping warm, they are surely very antique and unsatisfactory compared with those forms of heating apparatus which do really give out heat, instead of sending it up the chimney. But in their antiquity lies their charm, with all their suggestions of a romantic, and highly inconvenient past. They give us the feeling of being snowed-in, with wolves howling in the adjacent forest. To be snowed-in! Who has not thrilled at the thought—who that has not undergone the experience? And wolves—wolves in Old Paris on winter nights! Snow can even make us believe in wolves on Broadway. Such a marvelous playfellow it is. Yes, what a playfellow indeed is the snow! What gayety it brings with it! There are no games of the summer to compare in exhilaration and sheer fun with the games we can have in, and with, the snow. Snowballing still remains the most fascinating of all ball games, and what hilarity can match that which goes with the healthy ecstasy of an express toboggan? There is no purer laughter in the world than the laughter of boys and girls, and men and women boys and girls once more, engaged in that super-terrestrial excitement. And for solitary raptures, what can compete with the absorption of skating on a wide expanse of gleaming and creaking ice, or with the winged skill of the ski-jumper?

These are joys no summer can give,

joys to which tropic climes are unhappy strangers and outcasts. For some reason, too, snow seems to make everyone good-natured. No one gets out of temper in a snowstorm. Snow is such a cozy, comfortable, easy-going creature that it seems to lay a soothing hand on the most savage breast, and even when it works in company with a driving north wind, it provokes laughter rather than resentment. And in the country particularly, when it has ceased falling, with what a vast serenity it fills the world, as with that peace that passes all understanding! There is no picture of peace to match the peace that enfolds the landscape after a heavy fall of snow, with all the farmhouses cozily tucked in as with old-fashioned eiderdown quilts, and all the bleak hideousness of winter hidden beneath robes of ermine. How soothing it is to the eye and the heart oppressed by the forlorn spectacle of the ruined summer! Over all the dismantled disorder of autumn, all the unseemly rubbish of its cynical devastation, it suddenly throws the cloak of a beauty that not only makes us forget the sinister ugliness it covers, but makes us forget, too, and even cease to regret, the beauty of the world in bloom and its glory of living green.

The most inveterate enemy of winter cannot well deny that for sheer beauty, "unconfused of sense," the beauty of the snowscape more than equals that of any summer scene. Lovely as are apple orchards in blossom, or woodlands with all their varieties of foliage, these same trees are even lovelier with an unearthly strangeness, when weighted down with the blossoms of the snow, or transformed into fantastic arabesques of crystal. And no expanse of green meadow is fairer to the eye, or more inspiring to the soul, than the vast serenities of the white lawns of the snow. One is aware of something like a supernatural Presence of beauty, hushing and hallowing the whole scene, the very spirit of beauty itself, apart from any mere beautiful detail, a White

Dream of enthralling magic and deep awe. It is the beauty of trance, of things under the spell of an enchantment which does not belong to the world we know, but has descended upon it from regions of purity and peace beyond our knowledge.

But merely as an artist, what an artist is the snow, an artist mysterious as exquisite! In the very contours and rhythms of the snow, there is something peculiarly suggestive of the invisible agencies of the universe. As we watch it taking form and pattern, it seems as though some ghostly artist were at work, unseen, yet at our side; sometimes a musician registering long curves of unheard sound, revealing to the eye laws of a spherulic music, such as comes wafted to our ears in the stillness of starry nights. If we could but read this mystic score of his, it seems as though we might learn the secrets of interstellar space. Then what an amazing sculptor leaning out of the viewless air the snow reveals. What mighty, yet what tender modeling is his, and with what audacity his hand sweeps into existence shapes of majestic dominion and divine repose, hinting at an Olympus that no greatest master of Greece even has ever shadowed in his lordliest marble. And what an architect is he who builds such unimagined temples and fortresses, and airy bridges among the gorges of the hills; some ghostly Titan hugely wielding his masonries of ice and snow. Then, withal, what a multitude of minor artists are at work with this strange material that is nothing, after all, but frozen vapor: masters of diablerie to which the

weirdest Gothic fantasies are but prentice-work; masters, too, of so-to-say "goldsmith-work," artificers in filigree, and devisers of myriad toys and trifles exquisitely delicate, and of the quaintest fancy; as though the souls of dead Chinamen or Venetians, carvers in ivory, or molders of Venetian glass, were at play, turning the hollows of river banks into cabinets of pearl and alabaster and crystal. As, on a winter's day, one has stood and marveled at these strange *chefs-d'œuvre* of those mysterious invisible artists, so prodigally turned off, in such an infinite variety of shape, and with such an efflorescence of fairylike ornament, all this jewel-work and bijouterie of the snow, one must have reflected that even the coming again of the spring, with all her own fancies of flower and leaf, is a high price to pay for the vanishing away of such miracles, so strangely wrought out of the air for so brief a loveliness, and, as we visit the same spot in summer, we cannot but sigh, however beautiful the flowers that have taken their place, for those lost masterpieces we can find no more. Well might Villon have that great concern as to what has become of last year's snow, for he could have found no other image so poignant of the pathos and the irretrievable vanishing of all beautiful things. For nothing comes or goes so strangely as the snow, as nothing is lovelier, and no lost lovely thing is more utterly beyond our reach when once it is gone. One may gather violets sometimes in the December woods, but who has ever yet found a snowflake there in July?



# Shoes

BY FRANCES GILCHRIST WOOD

**T**ATTERED footgear spun through the doorway of a manaca hut and landed in a nest of fern at the edge of a Honduranian jungle.

"Look at the wreck! Don't expect an *hombre* to wear that, do you?"

A thin-faced American stood leaning against a palm trunk, gouging out an eye of a cocoanut. He regarded the broken army shoe thoughtfully. "Told you we'd have to be hiking to the Port to get a pair *pronto*. We've loafed round here long enough; might as well start today." He tilted his head, up-ended the nut, and the milk gurgled.

The voice within the hut came again, slowly, hesitating, with covert meaning. "Suppose we—go barefoot, Tommy."

A nut thudded on the grass. A man's voice thickened. "Peter Eldon, come out here!"

With a low laugh a young man stooped to pass the hut doorway and stood in the open. He lifted mocking eyes beneath a tousled crop of hair. "Well, padre, the confessional—again?"

Tom's cold eyes held no answering twinkle. Sharply the words rang out, a command: "Company! Attention!"

Automatically the other man's shoulders straightened, arms stiffening at his side.

Tom's voice was as hard as his eyes. "Peter Eldon, did you mean that? To go—barefoot? Do you mean—go native?"

The mocking eyes fell, the bantering voice turned sullen. "Oh, hang it all, Tom—what's the use! We've stayed here too long. What's the difference between us and a T. T. T. right now?"

The thin face went a shade whiter under the tan. "Tropical tramps!

Typical tr—" A quick glance down at his own ragged dirty dungarees and worse shoes. With sharp decision he stalked to the clump of fern and kicked the footgear from its center back toward the doorway. "Put that on! We're going to start for the Port—*now!*"

Sulkily the unkempt head bent over tattered leather, lacing up what remained of uppers and tying the parted soles to his feet with strands of fiber. Slowly he pulled the remnant of a campaign hat over tousled hair, got to his feet, and picked up a battered *machete*.

The other man stood waiting grimly. He lifted his own long knife to his shoulder, gunwise, and walked toward a trail cut into the bush.

A throaty voice reached them through green-laced walls of a neighboring hut. A slender Indian girl in gayly striped *huipili* stood before them, half barring their path. Her dark eyes challenged Pete.

"*Adonde vas?*"

Pete grinned. "To market, to market, to buy a pair of shoes, *chiquita mía!*"

Her own bronze unhampered toes caught and twisted the tough grass underfoot with all the dexterity of her simian ancestry. The full lips pouted, "*No necesitas!*"

Pete's eyes slanted in his comrade's direction. "Tommy says I do, señorita!"

Beautiful hating orbs followed Pete's and angry words pattered with the vicious impact of a tropical storm. Tom shrugged his shoulders, strode by the girl, marched to an opening in the jungle, and turned, his waiting holding a threat.

Pete loosened the girl's fingers from his arm and patted her hand, murmur-

ing mollifying Spanish into averted ears. Reluctantly he moved toward the bush.

"*Esperate!*" With a dart she was in the hut and out again, wrapping up tortillas in a leaf snatched in passing and pushing the bundle into the man's hands. A foreboding look darkened her eyes; brown arms lifted and tightened about his neck. "*No me olidas*, Pete—no me forgetting! Come back, Pete, to Lolita!"

The American boy bent to kiss her. At a sharp command he jerked upright and glared toward the waiting sentinel. Slowly he loosened the clinging arms and followed the trail into the jungle.

Tom strode ahead into the darkness of the green-sided, green-roofed tunnel, slashing at swift-growing lianas flung across the alley cobweblike, forever taking back to the jungle by night whatever man cleared by day. A drowsing night bird scuttered from underfoot with a startling whirr and disappeared into the green wall.

The path was wet and mucky in defiance of the dry season. Pete slipped, lost his right shoe, and swore. "You'll have to wait, corporal, till I turn cobbler again."

With his *machete* he hacked down a length of dangling monkey-ladder vine, found a couple of stones, and hammered it between them until he could strip apart the tough fiber. Again he bound the patches of leather into a semblance of covering about his foot.

"That your last pair, Pete?"

"Yep; one in Mexico, one in Guatemala, one here—a pair to a country."

"Same here! It's been over a year, Pete, since we crossed the Rio Grande after a job."

"Nearer two." Pete knotted the fiber firmly. "It's been fun—sometimes."

"Um!" Tom stared up at the chattering monkeys far overhead, well hidden in the dense green. "Um! Like knocking around France without the fighting."

Pete picked up his *machete*. "How far is it to this bally Port?"

"Don't know. All the Caribs ever answer is, 'Not too far!'"

"How are we going to buy clothes?"

"Work for 'em! They say there's a Commissary there."

The slashing *machete* swerved in its downward arc through the jungle dusk. "Watch out!"

Instinctively both men ducked as the black repulsive bodies of sleeping bats dropped with a severed vine and clawed their way into obscurity.

"I'll take a turn, Tom." Pete slipped ahead on the trail and took up the slashing; right, left; right, left.

"You going to take ship, Tom?"

There was a considering wait. "You mean—go back to the States?"

"Yes."

"I hadn't thought of it. Perhaps—"

A stray javelin of light filtered through the gloom overhead and picked out the knife-blade in its vicious flash. "Go back to 'our country,' Tom?" The young laugh was bitter. "Why? What's it done for us? Didn't we enlist to fight, get gassed, and die to make the world safe for bureaucracy? *I'll* say we did! And when we came back it told us to hunt up our lost job for ourselves or go to—well, Honduras!" With a smothered curse, "And that's where we went!"

The voice behind rose sharply. "Some of them didn't! They stayed there and they made good! We know it!"

"A lot of 'em didn't!"

"The ones that stuck did! And we drifted across the line into Mexico, hunting the job." Tom stared at the green wall. "Now we're—just drifting!"

Right, left, slash, slash; with blinding abruptness the trail ran out into a sun-drenched savannah. Beyond it the faint path followed a narrow saddle crest between bottomless barrancas, and through a gap in the trees glittered and sparkled a rippling sea.

"Gee, that looks pretty! Is it the Gulf?"

"Must be. Carrillo's the Port. Can't be many miles away."

They brushed through tall savannah



grass between curious mounds set in a hollow square.

"Queer-looking place. Set round like a plaza, Tom."

Tom surveyed the treeless plain. "Maybe it is. Remember what that explorer guy told us about up in Yucatan? Maybe this is a Maya ruin too. They were big people a thousand years ago."

"What happened to 'em? Did he say?"

Tom shook his head. "Said they weren't fighters. Maybe an earthquake wiped them out. Maybe a plague like"—he stooped to tighten a string, "like hookworm. None of 'em wore shoes."

It was easier going now, although the sun was hot and the hills precipitous, if it hadn't been for juggling elusive soles sliding everywhere on the down grade except under one's foot in the moment of need. Nearer the sea, they came upon outlying huts in long orderly rows, flanked with breadfruit trees and mangoes, cocoanuts and cotton plants; streets swept as clean as the dirt floors that bordered them.

Tom grinned at the dark-skinned naked children scurrying through the palm grove and diving into the surf. "It's a Carib village, all right. Spanish town must be the other side."

Within one of the huts a group of women was chattering, grating manioc roots, and baking the cassava. Pete rested his elbows on a window sill, smiled at the younger women and jollied the elderly one presiding over brazier and the hardening cake. He succeeded as usual, and divided his loot of one thin wafer with Tom as they walked up the hill.

Pink and blue plaster marked the beginning of Spanish town. Instinctively the two wanderers drifted toward the market, almost deserted at this time of day. A ranchero reined across the square and Tom stepped toward him. In the vernacular he asked about the Port, and the man pointed across the bay to long low buildings flanking the fruit dock of an American company.

"How far?"

"*¡Fiente y cinco.*"

The boy groaned. "Twenty-five miles more, Pete!" Again he addressed the ranchero, asking for work, a place to stay. With hostile contempt the man looked down at their rags, laughed in their faces, and spurred past.

"Darn him!" Pete whirled angrily on his comrade. "Don't ask 'em for anything! There's other ways—"

"Yes—beg! Wheedle it out of the women! There's nothing can sink so low"—the thin face was gray with misery and shame, "as a white beggar in a black country! Come on!"

Pete scowled; then whispered under his breath. "I didn't have to wheedle—Lola!"

The street against the hill straggled down into a dirty ill-smelling warren of close-packed houses, *tiendas* of all sorts and swarms of children of every shade. A rustle of low muttering followed the Americans.

"Pretty filthy, Tom. The jungle's cleaner than this."

The other man grunted and turned into a cross street that led to the sea.

"Here's the railroad track, Tom. Are we going to hoof it those twenty-five miles to the Port to-night?"

"We've got no money—no place to stay here!"

Pete glared across at the Port. "They're white men. If—" the boy choked over the words, "Damn it—if they look at us like these niggers and halfbreeds do, I'll break their necks!"

Aimlessly they turned from the tracks and wandered up the hill by the sea. On their right climbed a high stone wall; half way up an ugly stone pile thrust itself above the screen and scowled at the world outside. Impatiently a chain clanked behind the barricade and sulphurous Spanish scorched the air.

"The hoosegow, eh?"

Tom nodded. "We'll have to watch our step. Their best quarry is always a gringo."

A pierced and ruined wall angled

across the crest of the hill, its empty arches opening on sea and sky. Tom drew back, put out his hand with a quick word.

"Pete, don't you remember? This is Carrillo and that's the wall where Walker, the American filibuster, faced a firing squad. Don't you remember how he—"

Abruptly they had rounded the end of the ruin and faced an open plaza, flanked by the usual cathedral, prison, *cabildo*, and municipal guard quarters. Beyond the parade ground lay the open sea.

A bugle blew uncertainly. A loafing group straggled forward and strung out across the square, vivid in blue uniforms with ornate red facings, puttees of the stiffest, and below them, bare brown feet.

Unevenly they dragged through a casual drill. No two gun butts struck the stones at the same moment. No two gun barrels gleamed in the setting sun at the same angle. Bare feet shuffled irrespective of line, with or without orders.

The two Americans stood watching with the crowd gathered on the crest of the hill. Unconsciously and fervently Pete swore in an endless undertone of indignant protest at this travesty of an army, and Tommy grunted an accompaniment. As the squad padded across the parade ground toward the barracks in a final evolution, their countrymen withdrew admiring eyes and turned to scowl at the strangers.

A fat Honduranian looked them up and down and spat the word "Gingo!" with indescribable contempt. His neighbor laughed at their rags and added a scornful "T. T. T.!"

Pete's ready fist doubled as his face went scarlet, and he took one step toward assault and battery and certain arrest. At the next, he whirled sharply to the right at a command that rang like a bugle call. "Company! Attention!"

Stiffly the two Americans clicked the heels of ragged shoes together and faced

the lounging Honduranian Guard. With the spring of steel they snapped through the manual of arms with two nicked and battered *machetes*.

"Present—*arms!* Right—*shoulder—arms!* Left—*shoulder—arms!* . . . Parade—*rest!*"

The worn blades glittered in two parallel bars at every evolution; turn, wheel, right, left. The two as one loaded, fired; erect, kneeling, prone, through to a clocklike, perfect end.

"About—*face!* Forward—*march!*"

Tommy snapped out the last command as they turned their flat backs upon the populace of Spanish Honduras and marched stiffly across the plaza. A uniform of dirty dungarees, their arms an absurd *machete*, but the feet above the wobbling soles clicked in snappy precision over the cobblestones of Carrillo.

The fat citizen closed his mouth with a gasp of appreciation, lifted his hands involuntarily, and led the crowd in an applause that followed Company C of the A. E. F. round the corner of the ruined wall.

Left, right; left, right; they passed stockade and hoosegow, on down the hill to the railway track. Without a word they marched between the ribbons of rails that curved out of sight around the first lagoon. Under compulsion they shortened step from tie to tie across the bridging trestles, but the cadence of the march never broke. They passed the switches of the turntable Y and faced the miles along the shore just back of a cocoanut grove, the first long stretch toward the Port.

Left, right; left, right! With a hysterical chuckle Pete began to laugh as the impulse of emotion died down; but Tommy's stern face cut like a cameo through the fading light.

"We can't make it to the Port tonight, Tom."

"We're going to!"

"To take ship?"

"Yes—back to a country where soldiers *drill*—and wear shoes!"

Pete grinned. "It was fun to show



'em how, and hear 'em cheer." Again he chuckled, stumbled, his right foot crumpled under him and the boy was down on the road-bed, swearing in a resourceful combination of languages and patois.

"Darned thing flopped when I was half way through the drill; been crippling me ever since!" He gathered together the dismembered footgear and stared behind him along the darkening track. "See that fiber anywhere? It's lost off."

Slowly he limped back along the ties; Tom followed, searching through ragged pockets anxiously. Pete's hands explored his tattered coat, drew out a leaf-wrapped bundle and stared at it fixedly.

"Lola's—tortillas! She's the only one—who cares!" The boy's face set grimly as he stood, ragged, hungry, penniless, discredited before the world. Again he plodded back toward the jungle, picked up a shred of fiber and twisted it about his ankle. He faced the Port, lips unsteady, eyes down, as they tramped past a signal box by the switch. Again the unlucky shoe caught in a metal frog and tore loose, raking into the flesh beneath.

With a blazing oath Pete kicked off the dangling patches, stooped and jerked apart the fibers of the other shoe and stood up, defiant.

"I'm going—barefoot!"

"You can't, Pete! They're white in the Port! Here—let me tie 'em on!"

Peter Eldon swayed in the weird half-light. "I'm going barefoot—back to the bush—and Lola!"

Tom caught him by the shoulder. "No you're not! Come on—I'll help! I'll—I'll go to the—maybe there's a consul there!"

"A consul? *Our* consul?" The boy roared with bitter laughter. "You must think you're an Englishman! Say—" He bent forward in the dim light, staring into his comrade's eyes, "Remember the last time we wanted to buck up and asked an American consul—"

His laughter choked on a sob as he twisted against Tom's grip. For a moment they struggled before Pete jerked himself free, stooped for the tattered shoes, and ran through the palms toward the rippling water.

Tom ran after him silently, swiftly, but the barefooted racer outdistanced him, reached the shore of the gulf, lifted his arm, and sent the shoes hurtling. They disappeared in a splash, far out.

Tom checked him with a cry. "Peter Eldon—you—"

But Pete had turned and was running swiftly along the sandy beach back toward the jungle.

"Pete—Buddy—wait! I'll go barefoot—to the Port! We can—earn 'em! Wait—"

He tore along the beach, but the barefooted runner had disappeared in the quick shadows of a tropical twilight.

"Buddy—Bud—" The thin-faced, ragged boy leaned against the rough bark of a palm trunk and buried his face in his arms. Hurriedly a last red arc of sun slipped behind the waters of the gulf and it was night. Long-leaf palm daggers rasped and slatted against one another in the trade winds.

Ragged shoulders steadied only to be shaken again. With final effort they stiffened and the man walked toward the track. He stood between the rails, staring back into the jungle dark.

"I can't find him—now! It's got him!" The thin shoulders drooped, "If I should—go back—" He caught his lip between his teeth until the blood came, "I can't—I've got to—go on!"

Grimly he turned toward a distant hostile Port and plodded through the dark. Jerkily the sobs tore from his throat, "Just—for a—pair—of shoes! Oh—damn—shoes!"

Blindly a dim figure marched between the rails, left, right; left, right; steadily ahead toward the ship's wharf in ragged chafing uppers and flapping soles.

# Smackover, and Seekers of Oil

BY MAX BENTLEY

OIL—and Arkansas.

"Oil," said Franklin K. Lane, "draws railroad trains and drives street cars. It pumps water, lifts heavy loads, has taken the place of millions of horses, and in twenty years has become a farming, industrial, business, and social necessity. The naval and the merchant ships of this country and of England are using or being fitted to use it. The airplane has been made possible by it. It propels that modern juggernaut, the tank. In the air it has no rival, while on land and sea it threatens the supremacy of its rivals wherever it appears. There has been no such magician since the day of Aladdin as this drop of mineral oil. Medicines and dyes and high explosives are distilled from it. No one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Men search for it with the passion of the early Argonauts, and the promise now is that nations will yet fight to gain the fitful bed in which it lies."

It is oil that has put the state of Arkansas in gold letters on the financial map. It is oil that has made the south of Arkansas the busiest rural corner on that map and trumpeted the lie to the sort of thing you read about in *The Arkansas Traveler*.

Oil, like gold and diamonds, is the magnet that catches up that marvelous mechanism known as the human body, disarranging its inner works, throwing it out of time. Oil is the tide that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune—and to madness. Where oil is, there is more excitement to the square foot, more of expended brain and muscle and sinew, more money made—and lost, more lives made—and wrecked, than in any place

on earth where the goal is in the raw and not in the finished product. Where oil is, life is—raw life, lived tempestuously and unevenly.

Of such is the town of Smackover, State of Arkansas, disturbed from its slumber by a babel of voices and the shock of machinery—Smackover, for the moment a turbulent cross current in the heretofore quiet stream of life flowing through the placid basin of the willow-hung Ouachita. This sketch deals with Smackover—and oil.

Our train from Camden to Smackover was crowded to suffocation. It is always that way. Oil-field men are never still. At every stop the crowd thronging the station platform is either just getting off or getting on, apparently in balanced numbers. As the overloaded train whistles for the station everybody, whether getting off or staying on, stands in the swaying aisle to clutch at suit cases, or just stretch, every one looking expectant as if something unusual were about to happen—but what? It seems to be the custom in the oil country. If you don't fall in you're noticed, and to be noticed is to be stared at.

The shacks of Louann came in sight. Those men had seen Louann hundreds of times. Probably, they had come to dislike the little place in their restless, harried way; yet there was a rush for the car windows. Eager faces were flattened against the glass. Eager eyes peered through the gathering gloom of evening. Louann's business street was lighted with natural gas, hollow iron poles stuck into the ground connected in a primitive fashion with the surface gas line which is laid entirely through



the field, with a torch on top. The ghastly flicker revealed Louann's freshly painted welcome to the world: "Eventually, Why Not Now? Louann, the Town of No Regrets!" Shouts of derisive laughter swept the dimly lighted car. The buzz of conversation mounted to a roar. There were boll weevils, derrick builders, drilling contractors, drilling foremen, landowners, lease hounds, rough necks and oil scouts, all talking oil.

With a great creaking and jarring the train stopped at Louann to allow the expeditionary movement to proceed. The crowd inside surged for the doors, the crowd outside surged for the car steps. Through the jam along the platform darted a hatless, weeping woman. She was wringing her hands as she ran and casting an agonized and searching gaze at the car windows. Nobody noticed her. As the evening light fell, bravely in bloom against the bulked shadow of the hotel wall, and barely seen, a plum tree in rare white garment was signaling spring. Nobody noticed it. Beside the track a broken main was sending up a spray of dry blue gas, buzzing like an angry bee, fouling the atmosphere. Nobody noticed it. Nobody had time.

Men's minds were too fluid, fluid with the image of oil, only oil.

In due time the expeditionary movement was completed. We were ready to proceed, with new faces completely filling the car. Griffin next stop, then Smackover.

An odd thing happened. The roar of conversation suddenly died, as it often does in unexpected fashion, from no cause. Across the aisle a tired-faced little woman was talking to her rather overdressed daughter. The younger woman's face as she listened was drawn into lines of discontent and rebellious protest. In the sudden silence their conversation was caught up and projected the length of the car.

"Don't be hard on him, child," the elder woman was saying earnestly. "Don't harass him by complaining. Harsh words, like weeds, should be rooted from the garden of one's mind."

"But, mother——" the rejoinder was lost as the babel swelled forth again.

The train made two starts before it succeeded in getting out of Louann. At Griffin they coupled on five more passenger cars. These were filled in a twinkling. When we pulled into Smack-



MEN SEARCH FOR OIL WITH THE PASSION OF THE EARLY ARGONAUTS



CROWDS THROUG THE STATIONS IN THE OIL COUNTRY

over we had a twelve-car train. One-half the crowd got off; the same number got on. Where were those people going? El Dorado. My friend said the rough necks were too soft to sleep on the job.

"We are too close to civilization here and train service is too good," he said bitterly. "Camden is at the north end of this field and El Dorado is at the south end. They are good towns, old towns—hotels, fresh vegetables, good water. The big play right now is between the towns. These fellows work around Smackover, Griffin, and Louann. They make six dollars a day on the rigs; seven would be a big average for the field. Instead of sleeping on the job, they spend a dollar a day going to Camden or El Dorado at night and returning next morning. Result is, they are late on the job, sleepy, don't get steamed up until the day's work is half done."

My friend said he slept at El Dorado, too, and returned to the job next morning, but it was different with him. He was an employer.

"Us big boys make the wheels go round. Blame this oil field on us. We did it, with our money and our guts," he said with blazing directness.

It was a bitter point with him that the men were not truly living up to oil-field traditions.

"Why, they're bringing in their wives!" he declaimed. "Setting a lot of hens around here. This is no place for hens. To live here, to do this sort of work, you got to be a rooster, a big game rooster with a red comb. A hen will ruin a good rooster anywhere. This is a man's place and a man's job," he added. "An oil field is the worst place on earth for women. They ruin the men for hard work. Women are—are *soft!*"

He gestured in a way that embraced the whole car.

"A hundred men here and one woman, and she can kick up more trouble than all of the men put together. I know women, I guess I ought to. They develop a grouch when they have to rough it. Men can be depended on to get along together. Nobody minds a few fights; they sort of smooth things out. Match a couple of big game roosters: one is better than the other and that's all there is to it. Plenty of glory to go round. They're always good friends afterward. But women! To begin with, they come out here grouchy, and the more grouch they develop the longer it



stays with 'em. Start 'em to quarreling and they keep on quarreling. They—they expect to be treated like women!”

He broke off to fasten a malignant glare on the neck of the only woman in the car. She was a quiet little woman, inconspicuously dressed, crowded in a corner. If the fog from strong tobacco distressed her she gave no sign. If the strong language anon circulating thereabouts was offensive no one suspected it. Yet my friend positively glared.

“When we got to Smackover, did you see that lighted sign on Broadway?” he asked in a lowered voice. “It says ‘Baths for the Ladies—Fifty Cents.’ Baths!” he exploded. “Ha!”

A young woman entered our car and swept majestically down the aisle. She was followed by a rough neck bearing an enormous suit case. As she passed us he overtook her and touched her on the arm. A conversation followed.

“Just a few days more. We’ll be off the lease Saturday and I’ve got a job on Sweet No. 1. Things are better over there,” he pleaded.

“Huh! Stay here? Not me!” she responded acridly.

The young man lowered his voice and looked uneasily about the car. I listened uncomfortably. My friend fairly drank it in.

“Stay till Saturday, Bessie, and I’ll get work in El Dorado,” the husband was arguing, *sotto voce*.

His wife was determined to leave. She told the world she was “done with this hole.” She said it stridently.

“I’m tired out,” she affirmed. “They’ve picked me to pieces. What did they do when we burned out? Did any of your men bring me a rag to cover me when I ran out on the street in my gown? Did they offer to buy us a meal, and our money burned up? I tell you, I’m done. I’ve had enough. This is no place for a woman. I’m tired to death,” sweeping a challenging glance along the car.

A dozen men jumped to their feet. She dropped into the nearest seat without a “thank you.” With resigned mien her rough neck husband slid the suit case under the seat and deposited himself beside her. He was going, too, flying the job without a word to the boss, following his woman out of the wilderness.



SMACKOVER, ARKANSAS, ON A DULL DAY



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THERE WERE NOT ENOUGH PIPE LINES TO HANDLE THE FLOW

My friend leaned against me with a significant nudge.

"You see!" he whispered. We both cast apprehensive glances at the belligerent young female sitting stiffly in her seat, rebelliously refusing to accommodate her body to the swaying of the car.

"She's lying," my friend whispered. "This is a *good* place. She's soft and squealing."

It was night when we crawled into El Dorado—thirty-one miles done in two hours, ten minutes. El Dorado, a name to conjure with! El Dorado, linked in song and story with romance and riches! Smackover, a clown name, a name to laugh over! By what stretch of the mind could a name like Smackover be associated with oil? It reeked of the countryside. It suggested buxom cheeks, high boots, square dances.

Louann, the broken gas main, the

plum tree abloom, the incident on the train—the night had been full of contrasts. Everything about an oil field is a contrast. Incidents stand apart, like flashing many-colored jewels strung on a chain without rhyme or reason. Visit the oil field for observation and a study of the whole, and you get nothing. Judged from that angle, your impressions are confused and jumbled, you get no clear-cut conclusions. The country is too young, too fluid, too busy trying to find itself. Like the Englishman in America for the first time who tried to sum up his impressions and helplessly gave it up, "everything is so strange—so foreign!" But go into the oil field looking for raw life, and you can find it. You can find it in contrasts, and if you appreciate contrasts then you have come to know the essence—the real delight—of life. I am casting about for a better word. Contrasts is hardly strong



enough. The little English sparrow bearing across my window heavy-winged from the weight of the speckled tail feather in his beak is a living contrast between winter and the heretofore un-signaled spring. The Woolworth tower is a spectacular if obvious contrast. Deeper than contrasts, more vivid, more delightful, are contradictions. That's it. Contradictions is the word. Go to the oil field for contradictions. Seek them, build your own derrick and drill for them and what you will find, what you will

extract, will be richer than mere raw oil. It will be raw life.

Next morning we went out into the field, my friend and I. We went because we both had business. Oil was his business. Mine was contrasts; no, contradictions. Also, I wanted to find out why hundreds of derricks had been built along Smackover creek, and why thousands of men were forsaking the comforts of home life to hunt for oil. I wanted to find out what it was all about.



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THE TOP OF THE WELL BLEW OFF AND A BLACK STREAM LEAPED UPWARD



A CORNER OF SMACKOVER'S MAIN STREET, BRAVELY NAMED BROADWAY

What *is* it all about? What is behind it? What was it that made a quarter million men in dozens of oil fields forsake the comforts of home life last year and drill 17,338 producing wells, and nobody knows how many dusters, to increase our production by only 78,000,000 barrels? As for dusters (dry holes) the saying is in Texas that a derrick marks every cross section line. (Texas is the happy hunting ground of the wildcatter, may his tribe increase!) At \$20,000 per well, the cash-over-the-counter cost of those 17,338 actual completions was \$346,000,000, or \$4.50 for every barrel of two-dollar oil, two dollars being a fair average price the country over. This is giving the new wells all the credit for new production and altogether ignoring the hundred thousand or so wells drilled and producing through the past five years. As a matter of fact, if the average daily production per well in the United States is 4.9 barrels (and that figure is computed by the United States Geological Survey), the grand total for last year was obtained from 310,000 wells.

What mad logic justifies this chase after rainbow gold, when the money spent in producing last year's 78,000,000 barrel increase would have paid for all

the oil produced in this country in any year prior to 1917?

You might explain the promoter's interest. He is interested not so much in oil as in oil stocks. Rather than geological, his interest is academic except as it touches the human equation. There it becomes lively, psychological, human, and strictly to the point. His study is not of the economics of oil, but of the economy of making oil pay him big money at a small outlay of his own. Instead of analyzing the figures on cost and production, he analyzes the frailties of the human race and proceeds on the hypothesis of how far he can presume on the average credulous man, and how thick he can "put it on."

The driller's interest, moreover, can be explained. With him it is usually so much per foot (win, lose or draw) as long as the head man on the rig does not lose the bit and turn the whole job into an indefinite fishing expedition.

But the uninformed and uninitiated public with money to spend! Resorting to the vernacular, how and where do they get off? What is the lure in oil that induces them to "shake down" when, if the investment were something stable and tangible they would stop, look, and listen, and meticulously ex-



amine the title, or location, or the tax rate, and perhaps grudgingly hand over not exceeding one-half the sought-for amount?

Easy money! It must be that. A goal of easy money, reaping without sowing; gambling, bucking the eternal law of chance for stakes that, while they are large enough to stagger the imagination, are fleeting, intangible, and often unseen; and coupled with both, the spirit of adventure and conquest that forevermore will drive men on in every clime. What are the stakes?

Consumption! We cannot produce enough oil for our needs, even at \$4.50 a barrel. The factories must have oil, the locomotives must have it, now the ships must have it, every one of Mr. Ford's new automobiles must have it. Even now we are drawing on the world for our needs. It is true that last year we produced 62 per cent of the world's oil, but we consumed 69 per cent. Our

oil imports have jumped 106 per cent in five years.

How much oil have we? Last year we produced 550,000,000 barrels actually transported, not counting the quantity consumed on the leases for fuel and held in earthen storage on producing properties awaiting transportation. At Smackover alone 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 barrels are in earthen storage above ground, a prey to lightning, a carelessly tossed cigarette. Smackover appears to be sitting on a volcano, but nobody notices it. We consumed last year 587,000,000 barrels. To meet the situation we imported 125,000,000 barrels. We jealously held on to what we had, our exports amounting to only 10,000,000 barrels.

Last year was typical. While in January of this year our production reached the enormous figure of 51,000,000 barrels, we consumed 56,000,000 barrels. Imports were 7,670,000 barrels. At the rate we are going we shall produce



A PROBLEM IN TRANSPORTATION

620,000,000 barrels this year—our greatest production of all time—but we shall consume 672,000,000 barrels, and our imports will have to be about 90,000,000 barrels. While at the end of January we had 265,000,000 barrels as stocks on hand, plus the flush yield of 1,208 producing wells completed during the month, the fact persists that without important new production—without *constant* new production—we shall immediately face a dangerous condition in industry.

What is the answer? The legitimate wildcatter supplies a part of it with his pioneering into new fields which makes the nation his everlasting debtor. Smackover is his monument; likewise El Dorado; nearly every oil field is his monument. The stock promoter supplies the other part. He dangles the figures before an infatuated investing public. He presents them *per se* and blithely ignores such trifling side issues as cost, depreciation, and risk. They give him all the salve he needs for rubbing over the eyes of several hundred thousand Aladdins scattered through the forty-eight states of this Union.

En route to The Largest Oil Well in America, we followed the sinuous meanderings of Smackover Creek. It is a place of bogs and quaking swamp; a natural habitat of swamp rabbit and Arkansas "razorbacks" running wild; in summer a breeding ground for mosquitoes and other malaria-bearing pests. There are no main-line roads worthy of the name. Such roads as we saw were merely primitive scrapings. We crossed the creek four times in a mile, over corduroy bridges whose unplanned pine logs swayed beneath the weight of our horses and sank perilously as the truck that followed us rumbled over. As for the main-line road from Camden to El Dorado, a prominent citizen told us that two weeks earlier sixteen mules had drowned in one day in one mud hole.

"But why don't they fix it?" I complained.

His eyes twinkled.

"Ever read *The Arkansas Traveler*? Remember this one? An Eastern visitor put up for the night with a native Arkansan. He saw holes in the roof of his host's dwelling. 'Why don't you fix that roof?' he asked. The old man looked him over. 'Well, neighbor, when it's dry here that roof don't leak, and a man would be a fool to go out in the rain to fix it!'"

The big wells of Smackover have been brought in by agreement and not by law. That is to say, Arkansas at this writing has no such stringent offset law as is operative in older fields, although such a law is up for passage. So far as the law is concerned, drillers may sink their tests fifty feet apart. Yet the agreement between the oil men is stringently enforced by the weight of common consent. They keep their tests three hundred feet to six hundred feet apart. They go farther. They do an unheard-of thing: they swap drillers' logs. Fear of salt water has banded them together for mutual protection. Salt water has ruined more than one oil field in its heyday because some careless driller failed to incase his hole in cement as he went through the water sand. Water, of course, seeks its level.

In the matter of water infiltration, Smackover drillers have had a great object lesson through the disaster which overtook one of their number. Eddie Jones, one of the best drillers in Arkansas, made his test two and one-half miles southeast of the town. At 900 feet he brought in a gusher—not oil but water, fresh water. The water spouted in a six-inch stream 50 feet above the top of Eddie Jones' 112-foot derrick. It flowed 20,000 barrels a day. The well was completely ruined for oil, and abandoned. Fresh water of a fair quality being plentiful in Smackover Creek, Eddie Jones lost some money. If he had brought in his water gusher in many another field—for instance, in the Ranger field of semiarid West Texas—it would have made him rich. Around Ranger water is more pre-



cious than oil. Near Ranger lives a certain Farmer Jackson. When the rigs began going up about the little pond that gives his farm its water supply, Farmer Jackson straightway went into the concession business. He sold water rights to the drillers at five dollars per rig per day—no deliveries. As the rigs moved away, but still on Farmer Jackson's place, the worthy man went into the teaming business, too, and hauled water to the rigs at twelve dollars a day for his team. This was catching the drillers at both ends and the middle, too; and with twenty rigs going, the royalties from Farmer Jackson's little fifty-by-fifty pond were greater than the royalties from his oil. Critical times followed. The drouth came to the land. Farmer Jackson was in despair. Fate intervened, and it rained—a regular gully washer. The pond overflowed. That rain was worth thousands of dollars to Farmer Jackson. It was equivalent to restocking a merchant's barren shelves at no cost whatever for replacement, that particular merchant not having to go to New York for his stock, either.

There is another natural obstacle that makes the game worth the candle. Every well round Smackover strikes tremendous gas pressure. Near The Largest Oil Well in America is a crater six hundred feet in diameter and one hundred feet deep. The walls drop sheerly and reveal, as though it were a geological demonstration on a cosmic scale, the various strata through which the Arkansas bit passes, down to one hundred feet. Once it was a normal test entering the nineteen hundred-foot shale formation. But the bit touched a hidden gas chamber. Gas sprayed over the top of the derrick, and friction set it afire. The casing gave way. Explosions followed. The earth was tossed upward, and boiler, drilling machinery, and derrick disappeared as if by magic and were never seen again. The gas flow was estimated at one hundred million cubic feet a day—enough to supply the city of St. Louis. After seven months the monster is still

growling although subdued, still leaking enough gas to supply a city of 100,000 population.

You see The Largest Oil Well in America from the flank of a narrow and serpentine valley hemming in the bog of Smackover Creek. Sycamores and beech and ironwood grow tall and straight, and rustle a friendly greeting to the softwoods rooted below them along the creek. It is a pleasant view from this elevation, pleasant to the practical oil man because the outcroppings of a geological formation are so pronounced; and pleasant to the mere observer because he sees in this quiet and unmolested stretch of woods a "haven of peace amid the fierce warfare of the wilderness." The hardwoods are ragged with last autumn's golden-tinted leaves, and the trunks have a down-at-the-heel appearance with their scalings of old bark. As we went through, spring was as yet unheralded, even unobtrusively; except that the big red swamp rabbit disappearing under a wildwood tangle nearby moved with a cautious and labored hop. Before us and below, behind us and above, the view was marred or glorified, whichever you wish, by a succession of derricks that rose above the trees and stretched away to the farthest limit of the vision until, along the barren crest of the ridge, they resembled nothing except a few sticks planted in the ground tepee-fashion. We came upon this stretch of woodland in that interesting period between the going of winter and the coming of spring. Our eyes were unaccustomed, our ears were not "attuned to catch and interpret the myriad fluctuating noises of the wilderness"—had we but known, it was old mother Nature at work in that stealthy way of hers, undisturbed by the clamor about her, caught in the very act of packing away last year's garments, preparing her wood folk for their spring cleaning.

They had shut off The Largest Oil Well in America three days before. There were not enough pipe lines to

handle the flow. It had filled a thousand-barrel tank in twenty minutes; then, to prove that its performance was no flush-production freak, had filled three more tanks in exactly one hour. It had thrown a solid stream of oil from a six-inch pipe against a splash box thirty feet away, and burst a hole in the box. There seemed no limit to what the monster could do. They had shackled it not only because the pipe lines were unable to carry off the flow, but because they were afraid of it. The driller knew, too well, that in the gas chamber down there in the earth was a fitful compound of resistless strength even now straining against its man-made bonds. When we arrived the monster was still, but preparations were being made to open it up—cautiously.

They opened it up, cautiously, when they were ready. They thought they were ready. The driller waved an imperious signal; the chief rough neck on the rig swung a lever.

"Stand back, everybody!"

Gas, faintly blue and transparent, sprayed thinly from the flow pipe. The pressure became merely stronger, then tremendously stronger; the singing sound mounted the keys, higher, higher, until it filled the air with a warning shriek. Verily, a song of menace rendered in treble keys!

Menace, indeed! With an ear-filling roar the oil came. A six-inch stream shot from the pipe against the splash box. The pipe trembled, buckled, reared backward. Then, as we looked, rooted to the spot, came disaster. The top of the well blew off. Through every obstacle that man had assembled the ruthless monster tore its way to freedom. A jet-black stream leaped cleanly upward until it attained a height of two hundred feet. Far above the heads of the helpless pigmy earth-men it spread out like a giant parasol. The sun's rays caught it obliquely, turning its greasy green-black folds into wondrous tints of purple, and deep blue, and maroon. Before our eyes Nature had wrought a stupen-

dous painting and with a careless gesture wiped it out. As the oil began falling, the deep green of the pine trees was blotted away. On the instant they were turned a greasy black, and their befouled branches literally rained oil.

The owner of The Largest Oil Well in America had watched the proceedings from a convenient hillside. Sitting loosely in his saddle, hat pulled down, he had idly overseen the preparations. It meant a lot to him to save that well, but he gave no sign. He had wrung fortune from the earth, and here it had turned to misfortune. Well, he had known his danger and brought up against it every safeguard that man had thus far produced, and he could do no more. He could only lose—it is to his everlasting credit that, losing, he lost cleanly and gamely. He merely flung a leg over the saddle horn, pushed back his hat, and deliberately rubbed his cigarette to powder between his gloved hands. He called the driller.

"See that every cigarette is out, Bill, and keep the crowd back," he said. "That's all right about what caused it. We will talk about that later. That's history. Now let's cap it. We've got a job ahead. She blowed that Christmas tree to hell-an'-gone. That shows what's ahead of us. Go to work now."

They did go to work, and they capped it. Seventy-two hours later fifty men on the rig subdued the monster, brought it under control; but not until it had blown off enough oil and gas to pay for itself ten times.

Thus I glimpsed the fiber of the oil man. I thought of the cosmic forces that made the great crater and gave Eddie Jones his water gusher. I thought of the corduroy log roads and bridges through the swamp. I thought of Smackover's muddy main street bravely named Broadway; and I wondered, not that man was able to carry on here, but that Nature, for all of her proven power, had enough of power to check these determined men a minute. I thought of



a mule in a team I had seen that struggled halfway through a main-line mud hole and then had lain down to die. I thought of the patience and skill of the driver in passing along to that mule enough of his own spirit to make it get up and stagger on to the other side; and I thought how nonchalantly the man had done it. One was a mule, the other was a man. My friend had been wrong: women in the oil field were the least of its vexations. After all, history gives them a fair due, bless them! After all, it was natural for them to want to bathe.

Men are like children. They are responsive to trifling whims. On small provocation they will outdo even the famous Arkansas razorback in running hog wild. They plan a lot of things illogically. They do a lot of little things very badly—but whatever the world needs and wants man somehow will get. The furniture makers need a certain kind of rare wood that grows in the lowest swamps of the Amazon basin, and only there. It is infested, this place, with more reptiles, more winged mon-

sters, more death germs, than any other known area on earth, so they say. The round trip from the jumping-off place requires forty days, and they bring out the wood on their backs: a pitifully small yield for the effort consumed. But they bring it out. A mule will lie down and dumbly await death, but a man—never. Something attempted, something done, after all is the summit of man's ambition; not of certain men, but of all men.

Thus it is that in going to the oil field to study life, one stumbles on contrasts and contradictions, and in due time comes to a realization that they are but raw life itself, standing apart like those many-colored jewels strung on the chain without apparent rhyme or reason. The contrasts which add spice to the zest of life; the contradictions which epitomize the variableness of it, after all are but cross sections of life "as is"—and the reason they are more obtrusive and sharply cut is that, in the oil field, men live somewhat more carelessly, and therefore more impetuously, more unevenly, more vividly.

## "Thus to Revisit—"

BY ALINE KILMER

THAT arrogant fool, the moon, is loose on the world again;  
But what do I care for her touch or her vacuous face?

I saw her last night, the wanton! her head on the hill's dark shoulder,  
But I only smiled and shrugged and came back alone to my place.

Because she knows that the world is a maddening welter of blossom,  
That the air is warm and wet and heavy with locust bloom,  
Being a fool, she will think that I have repented my hardness;  
Soon she will come to look for me here, in my little room.

I have turned my back on the east that I may not see her,  
Lifting herself assuredly, knowing I shall be there:

By the time she has walked across the sky to stare through my western window  
Sleep will have sealed my eyes against her, my tears will be dried in my hair.

# Narrative of a Journey

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

*This is the first of James Norman Hall's series of articles on Iceland, which are to be a feature of the Magazine during the coming months. While written in Iceland, the following is really a retrospective introduction to Mr. Hall's narrative, in which the author of that idyl of the South Pacific, Faery Lands of the South Seas, contemplates his far leap to Arctic latitudes and some of the humorous vicissitudes in setting out therefor.*

I HAVE a friend who is compelled to live a lonely, shut-in existence in a gray old city on the Atlantic seaboard. His lodgings are high above the street, and the windows of his living room and library command a pleasant view of the harbor where ships are coming in and going out again to the four corners of the world. There he sits, day after day, week in and week out, watching the busy life of the waterfront and reading books of travel. He has a wide knowledge of this literature, and recently he made an interesting suggestion with respect to the writers of it.

"I think it would be an excellent thing," he said, "if the self-appointed wanderer for others produced some sort of credentials at the beginning of his narrative. This he rarely does, and the result is that a fireside traveler like myself is often far on some particular bookish journey when he discovers that he is in uncongenial company. The journey must then be abandoned after great waste of time and imaginative effort, and if ever he returns that way under more acceptable guidance, his pleasure is more than half spoiled by the memory of the earlier experience."

He then went on, half seriously, to say in what manner this so-called statement of credentials should be made. There should be a frank avowal of the reasons why the self-appointed wanderer had undertaken a task of such delicacy and responsibility, including a history-in-little of the experience which had led him to choose a particular country for his trav-

els. From this the reader would be able to decide at once whether or no he wished to accompany him farther.

I have often thought, since, of my friend's suggestion. If it were to be widely carried out in what apologetic vein all travelers would begin their narratives! For is it not absurd that any man should claim for himself the powers of just, balanced, sympathetic, imaginative observation necessary for this high calling of Interpreter? And many a traveler does claim it in a sense, I suppose, or he would hold his peace. Alas! what a dimly burning lantern he carries at best, as he wanders through strange lands! And it must be remembered that to those who have not visited them they may be dark places. They are seeing them, perhaps for the first time, only by the light of this little lantern which throws such grotesque shadows, not the least grotesque that of the bearer himself. He lifts it high, flashes it from side to side, and you who follow see the shoulder of a mountain blotting out the stars, or the flash of a pair of oars on a guessed river, or a detail of curious carving over a doorway, or the contour of a cheek where someone looks down from a high balcony. These fragmentary glimpses but whet the curiosity and arouse the interest. You lose patience with your guide. "Is this all you can show me?" you say. "No, no!" he replies. "Look! do you see that, and that?" holding his little light higher still. You gaze intently, straining the eyes in the effort to pierce the darkness



beyond, and all that you see clearly is the rapt, eager face of the lantern bearer. Then, although you are exasperated, disappointed, it may be that you feel some compassion for this showman. You realize that he has undertaken a task beyond his powers, beyond the powers of any man perhaps, and you follow him, resolved to be content with the little he may be able to reveal. You remember the bit of carving above the doorway. "That was worth seeing," you say, "and he held his light at just the right angle for the best view of it."

One likes to imagine at any rate, that the fireside traveler thinks thus charitably of his proxy, and there is really something to be said in his favor. He, too, has his rights—the right of his common humanity, of his limitations, of his moods. The great lantern bearers are few indeed. A host of the lesser kind, wandering like so many fireflies over mountains and plains, across lakes and deserts, through forests, and the streets of villages, towns, and vast cities, can throw but a wan light over such a country as America for example, or India, or China, and their efforts are but little more encouraging elsewhere. One should not expect too much of them and be grateful and tolerant at the same time. They may be given credit at least, for sincerity of purpose, and many a one explores some bit of virgin territory, and reveals in his own way the spirit of the place. This Spirit of Place, in the large sense, is capable of a thousand interpretations, and how it shall be felt by any one traveler depends upon as many accidents of time and circumstance. All men are in some degree sensitive to it whether they will or no. They may be practically minded men, verifiers of theories, or seekers after the most prosaic of facts; but as you follow them over bleak hills of statistics, or across interminable plains of speculation, you may come unaware upon a scene full of color and meaning and interest, which is ample compensation for the fatigues of the long journey.

But my purpose here is not to put the

case for all these bearers of will-o'-the-wispish lights, but merely in my own case, to carry out the spirit of my friend's suggestion: to explain—not that it is of the slightest consequence—why I happen to be in Iceland at this moment, and to describe, in some fashion the journey hither which really began a long while ago.

In one of Francis Thompson's poems, "The Cloud's Swan Song," there is a stanza which has for me a peculiar interest because of the picture, or rather the series of pictures which it first evoked. I was a very immature youth when I first read the poem, and caught but a glimmer of its meaning; but the splendor of the imagery, the sublime simplicity of certain passages filled me with awe and wonder. I read them over and over, and in particular the one stanza which so stirred the imagination. I don't recall the order in which it comes but the lines are as follows:

Of my wild lot I thought; from place to place,  
Apollo's song-bowed Scythian, I go on,  
Making in all my home, with pliant ways,  
But provident of change, putting forth root  
in none.

The vision which I saw upon first reading this stanza was not that of a pilgrim in the realm of the spirit, but of an eager, insatiable wanderer in space—over land and sea. I cannot hope to convey to others a sense of the glamour which enveloped him, or to picture the rich and varied backgrounds against which I saw his lonely, moving figure. Two of these backgrounds appeared oftenest in dreams at night, and in dream-haunted musings by day. In one I saw the crest of a far distant hill from behind which streamed an autumnal evening light. All the foreground was in deep shadow, but on the ridge, outlined against the sky, moved this figure, song-bowed as I knew, toward some goal at which I could only guess. In the other he was standing on an empty, sunlit beach, with his back to mountains which

rose to stupendous heights and stretched away to incalculable distances. In front of him, far out on the floor of the sea which seemed up-tilted toward the land, a ship was making in—a ship for which he was evidently waiting. I never saw him close at hand. He was always all but lost between an immensity of sky and downward sloping plain, or standing at the border of a sea which was more than a sea—some great water as boundless as his hope of change.

Thompson's poems came into my hands several years before I was ready for them, but I had been preparing since boyhood for the one stanza in "The Cloud's Swan Song." Those who have been born and reared in lonely little towns on the prairies will know what the preparation was, and they will understand why I was quick to find only a splendid literal meaning in the poem, a symbol—of what beauty—of the ideal wanderer. Henceforth that always moving figure rarely faded from consciousness even for a day. It became a promise of my own high destiny.

For it was to be a high destiny—so with the eagerness of youth I decided—none other than this: to wander over the earth in the flesh as well as in the spirit, as long as life should last. I would put aside all other desirable ends which might in any way interfere with this, count other ambitions as nothing, be content to reap no rewards but one which seemed best of all—a growing delight in the new and strange, an appreciation ripening as the years passed, of all the glories of the earth seen at first hand. I would rest here and there for some brief time, then move on toward vague and remote destinations. And after long periods of wandering, returning to old haunts I would look upon them too with unaccustomed eyes, and be there as elsewhere, "a stranger and a guest."

Who has not had, in youth, such dreams of freedom? Then the blood of nomadic ancestors beats yet vitally in

the veins, nor will it ever be wholly subdued for all the task-bound years which follow. Then one feels most keenly—as Maurice de Guérin has said—that in wandering one fulfills the true condition of humanity. His, surely, is the universal cry of boyhood: "The stream of travel is full of delight. Oh, who will set me adrift on this Nile!" Adrift has no terrors then, only the frightful boredom of immobility. And since it must be endured when least endurable, a boy seeks what relief he may. He gives rein to his world-wandering fancy which takes flight on the slenderest pretext and finds rich nourishment wherever it turns: in books and the pictures in books; in a crude scene painted on the back-drop of a village "opera house"; in the sight of a ticketed portmanteau standing on a baggage-man's truck at a country railroad station.

I remember a conversation I once had on this subject with a fellow countryman whom I met one misty November evening on a lonely bit of road, several miles beyond suburban London. That was his first visit to England, he told me, and he had spent two weeks in evening explorations of the environs of London, in the search for a particular view. His desire to find it was of much longer standing. It dated from boyhood in fact, and was born of a picture in a book—*Oliver Twist* I think it was. In the copy which he had read as a boy there was a picture of two figures seen but dimly in the gloom of late evening. They had halted for a moment at the corner of a road, and one, pointing to a faint glow which seemed to come from beyond the horizon, said to the other: "See! those are the lights of London!"

My companion of a moment was seeking that view. It would satisfy something deep inside him, he said, could he but find it. We walked on together for a little way, talking of the books we had read and loved as boys, and of the woodcuts and old steel engravings illustrating them which had such imaginative appeal. We found that we had owned several of



the same books, among them an edition of *Paradise Lost* illustrated with engravings from Doré's pictures. I asked him if he remembered the one in which the huge form of Satan lay, wings outstretched on a rocky hill, and immediately he quoted the text which appeared beneath it:

Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?

All through boyhood I unconsciously misread that quotation, for my knowledge of the text was confined to the lines which accompanied the illustrations. Many a long moment I gazed at the awe-inspiring figure with a sense of wonder at misery caused apparently only by indecision at choosing among innumerable directions for flight. To be able to fly at all was enough to make Satan himself an enviable figure.

But all of this has little to do with Iceland, except, perhaps, indirectly; except that years later—scarcely a twelve-month ago in fact—I was thinking again of that boyhood dream of wandering and how strangely events had combined to bring it to pass. Indeed, I had quite forgotten the dream in the reality which it so faintly foreshadowed. I was then making a sojourn on an island in the south Pacific, as remote a destination as might be wished. It was mid-afternoon, and very quiet in the village at that hour. Even the children had left off playing and were scattered here and there, fast asleep under the shade of the mango trees. Of their elders only one old woman was astir. She had come down to the river to wash some clothes, and the brisk thumping of her wooden paddle was the one sound necessary to accentuate the dreaming silence of the place. Having soaped and pounded and rinsed, she wrung out the clothes—some flowered *pareus*, and a brightly colored shawl—and spread them on the grass to dry. Then she too lay down in a sheltered spot for a long siesta.

A Polynesian village during the heat of the day is a drowsy place. The grass-

grown street is empty. You may sit for hours without seeing any movement there, without hearing a sound save when a gust of cool air from the depths of the valley stirs faintly the fronds of the palms. The booming of the surf far out on the reef seems not to be sound at all, but rather a part of the silence—a deep, measured breathing which disturbs the sense no more than the passing of a butterfly, or the shadow of a cloud moving across the high slopes of the mountains.

I too would have succumbed, no doubt, to the influence of sun and air had not my interest been deeply engaged in a book: Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*. I had been reading it at intervals for several weeks, and now skimmed through the pages, re-reading extracts from letters and journals, and fragments of biographical comment. Among these latter I came upon one which I remembered having marked in pencil years ago; and since it plays an important part in this trivial narrative I shall quote it in full:

Valuable indeed is the privilege of following Macaulay through his favorite volumes where every leaf is plentifully sprinkled with annotations of the most lively of scholiasts; but it would be an injustice toward his reputation to separate the commentary from the text and present it to the public in fragmentary condition. Such a process could give but a feeble idea of the animation and humor of that species of running conversation which he frequently kept up with his author for whole chapters together. Of all the memorials of himself which he has left behind him, these dialogues with the dead are the most characteristic. The energy of his remonstrances, the heartiness of his approbation, the contemptuous vehemence of his censure, the eagerness with which he urges and reiterates his own opinions, are such as to make it difficult at times, to realize that his remarks are addressed to people who died centuries, or perhaps tens of centuries, ago. But the writer of a book which had lived was always alive for Macaulay. This sense of personal relation between himself and the men of the past increased as years went on—as he became less and less willing to mix with the

world, and more and more thrown back upon the society which he found in his library. His way of life would have been deemed solitary by others, but it was not solitary to him. While he had a volume in his hands he could never be without a quaint companion to laugh with or laugh at, an adversary to stimulate his combativeness, a counsellor to suggest wise and lofty thoughts, and a friend with whom to share them. When he opened for the tenth or fifteenth time, some history, or memoir, or romance—every incident and almost every sentence of which he had by heart—his feeling was precisely that which we experience on meeting an old comrade, whom we like all the better because we know the exact lines on which his talk will run. There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or dinner to the company of Sterne, or Fielding, or Horace Walpole, or Boswell; and there were many less distinguished authors with whose productions he was very well content to cheer his repasts. "I read," he says, "*Henderson's Iceland* at breakfast—a favorite breakfast book with me. Why? How oddly we are made! Some books which I never should dream of opening at dinner please me at breakfast and vice versa."

There was an end of my own reading for that day. I fell to thinking of Macaulay, and in particular of the latter years of his life, passed so pleasantly in the companionship of his books. I could almost see him sitting at dinner—in what company? With Jane Austen perhaps, or Thucydides, or Samuel Johnson; and at breakfast, in dressing gown and slippers, with *Henderson's Iceland* propped against the coffee urn behind his plate. What was the peculiar quality of that book which made it more acceptable to him at breakfast than at any other time? I had never heard of it. But how rarely in these days one heard even the name of Iceland. Yet it had been a nation for more than a thousand years. From there had come the actual discoverers of America five centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. There too poetry had flourished and a splendid prose literature at a time when most of Europe was without either, and America still a wilderness. What could it be like to-

day, and what of the descendants of those ancient poets, sagamen, warriors, explorers?

No answer to these unvoiced questions came from the old washerwoman sleeping nearby. I smiled inwardly at the thought that whatever her dreams they were not crossed by visions of Iceland. Nor in fact had mine been until that moment; but now I felt a desire to go there, to see for myself a land lying as far to the north of the world's interest as these tropical islands to the south of it.

Of a sudden, remembering my pocket atlas, I went to the chief's house—where I was then stopping—to consult it. Here too everyone was sleeping, the chief himself lying in front of the doorway with his Polynesian bible under his head for a pillow. I trod carefully among the silent forms, arousing only a dog which rose languidly, yawned and stretched in a bored way, and lay down again. In a corner, under the thatch roof, a wasp was at work fashioning a mud cell for her larvæ offspring, and filling the room with the shrill droning of her labors.

"Iceland. Capital, Reykjavik (Pop. 14,000). Exports: fish, mutton, wool and dairy products."

That was all, and it was more than enough. I winced at the scant utilitarian description of a country so glorious in the history of civilization; nevertheless it gave a vague picture of the place fading again almost at once. I saw or thought I saw the gleam of a sail on a gray sea, bleak headlands in the wan sunshine of a winter afternoon, and a farmhouse looking smaller than human under the huge wall of a mountain. If a clearer picture were required—well, there was an excellent way of securing it. "And why not?" I said in thought. "There is nothing to prevent. If I choose, I can be walking through the streets of Reykjavik this day three months hence. Even from these remote islands the journey can be made, very likely, in less time than was needed in the old days to cross from Norway." It was impossible to remain quiet under the



impulse to action of these reflections. As I stepped over Teriaa, one of the sons of the chief, on my way out of the house, he opened his eyes and smiled drowsily.

"*Haére oé hía?*" (Where are you going?) he asked.

"*Haére ore haére*" (For a walk) I replied. But it is plain to me now that I was setting out on the first stage of a journey which has brought me to the little town of Akureyri on the north coast of Iceland.

Sitting by a bright fire looking out over the quiet waters of this mountain-girded fjord, it is pleasant to go back in thought over some of the details of the journey. I proceeded no farther that afternoon than to the upper slope of a plateau enclosing one side of the valley where the village lay. From that high vantage point I had a view of a vast area of palm-clad lowland, and of the sea for thirty miles around. The upper air was all in motion, washing the senses clean of languor and passing over the grass in ripples of green shadow. It was a delightful spot to dream of a journey, to plan for one; again, in the imagination, to set oneself adrift on the stream of travel which flows through such varied landscapes, sweeps such lonely shores. But it could not carry me, even in fancy, so far to the north as Iceland. I could not visualize a street scene in Reykjavik, or bring to focus the dim picture of the farm among the mountains. All the more reason, perhaps, for going there. But was it not foolish to think seriously of a destination so casually suggested? And would I not regret when it was too late, having left these islands where nature is so friendly to humankind? Here—no doubt of it—I had found real happiness. Day followed day, their passage scarcely noted, and marked only by variation in degree of loveliness. Time, even in human affairs, seemed the abstraction it really is. This was a good not lightly to be relinquished; and yet to hold it at the expense of freedom was to make the most

abject of sacrifices. Nor was happiness to be had for long if it were to be dependent on a miserly husbanding of it in one spot. Much better to believe, with Conrad, that it is "quaffed out of a golden cup in every latitude." To be sure it is, in Iceland as well as among these island solitudes. Well, I would go, without either forebodings or too sanguine expectations; and in order that there might be the greatest possible contrast between these chapters of experience, I would make mine a winter journey. I would travel through the country as opportunity offered, stopping at fishing villages, farmhouses, looking on at life, and getting as well acquainted as I might with the people in whose veins flowed the blood of the noblest of the old Northmen. Then I would return to these islands and think no more forever of that boyhood dream of endless wandering.

The shadows of the mountains had crept far to the eastward when I descended to the valley, but the highest peaks were still golden green in the last sunset light. The village was all astir now, and the smoke of the supper fires lay outspread in the cool air like a milky canopy, festooned from tree to tree. The gannets were flying homeward from their day's fishing far out at sea, and hovering within the shadow of the land, the man-o'-war hawks were waiting to rob them of the food they were bringing home in their gullets to their young. The children playing in the shallows of the lagoon forgot their sport for a moment as they watched the evening battle which always ended so sadly for the gannets. The superb flying of those strong-winged birds, their sudden changes of direction availed them nothing. The hawks were as skillful to pursue as they to evade. Now they are almost lost to view, now a thousand feet above the excited little watchers on the beach who are shouting to each other partly in French, partly in the native dialect:

"*Au-é! Ua ité oé?*" Oh! did you see that!

"*Regardez! Haïre mai ratou téinéi!*"  
Look! they are coming this way now!

In the quiet of this winter afternoon how clearly I hear their voices and the faint, disgorging squawks of the baffled gannets! In the village I hear a blithe shouting back and forth, the chattering of the mynah birds in the mango trees, and the old women scolding good humorously round the ovens where the bread-fruit and fish and mountain plantain are baking. And all of this is ten thousand miles away.

Ten thousand miles. It seemed a fabulous journey, because of the length of it perhaps, and because, on the whole, it so adequately met a boyhood conception of what a journey should be. Indeed, it would hardly surprise me if, at this moment, the mountains reflected in the calm waters of Eyjafjörður should suddenly blur and vanish, and I, waking to the song of an oriole in a linden tree, should find myself still a boy who had dreamed the whole of it.

It began with a seven-hundred-mile voyage in a trading schooner in precisely the opposite direction to that of Iceland. This mattered little, however. I was not pressed for time, and well content to have a last experience of island travel, storing up memories which would serve to while away the long winter nights in the high latitudes. During this time, in sunlight and starlight, while the south-east trade was driving us smoothly on our course, I sorted over yet older memories; and I realized, more clearly than before, that my conception of the Polynesian "*Spirit of Place*" had gradually changed. Often the brown-skinned islanders, for all their charm of manner and their childlike gayety, seemed no more than shadows, so dimly perceived that one was scarcely aware of them. One heard their voices, saw them dancing as they had done from old time, by the light of bright fires at night; or going about their work by day. But they seemed unreal; and yet an essential part of the background, just as the mountains were, and the sea—that lonely sea

across which had come others to take their places—to make the islands theirs, in some subtle way, more than they had ever been or could be the Polynesians'.

These others—all of them white men—I found as varied in character as they were few in number, but they were alike in their love of the islands, in their love of solitude, and in their extraordinary fitness for it. In a gregarious world, one is apt to forget that all men are not social by nature. Those who are can never, I think, fully understand those who are not. They can but look on from afar, wondering at the depth and richness of natures sufficient unto themselves, coming to the conclusion—in some instances, perhaps—that it can be neither depth nor richness, but some other combination of qualities which make their possessors objects of pity rather than of envy.

For my own part, I reached no definite conclusions respecting the white men whom I met during these years of wandering. But they changed, as I have said, my feeling about the islands, so that henceforth, whenever I see or hear the words, "*South Seas*," there will rise, immediately, pictures lonely and beautiful as before, but always in some way connected with these men.

But at length, emerging from the hinterlands of the Pacific, the memory of the islands almost wholly vanished for a time, leaving a sense of emptiness, of utter desolation. This passed, slowly, and in its place came the old sense of new life to be enjoyed. As I paced the decks of a north-bound steamer, there came afresh the realization of the privileges which are mine — anyone's — in this golden age for travelers. It seemed incredible that a little familiarity of use of those privileges should ever have made them appear commonplace. Spinning propellers, and the mighty engines animating them whose throbbing mingled with my dreams at night, offered splendid proof of the rightness of a mechanical age; so, too, a trans-continental passenger train moving eastward from San Francisco, bearing with it how many



travelers from remote corners of the world? The telegraph lines rose and fell like waves in the great stream of travel, and the horizons, receding before, closing in swiftly behind, gave one a sense of the very rotundity of the earth. At night, in my darkened berth, the curtains drawn, I looked out at the moonlit mountains and recalled to mind fragments of song, the weird song of primitive people, heard but a few weeks since; and I went forward in thought to the land "beyond the farthest Hebrides," which I would see, very likely, before the coming of the new moon.

So I dreamed of my journey, under the happiest of circumstances—in mid-course of it, with the landscape flowing past. The mountains gave way to the plains, and the plains were merged into the rolling prairie lands of the Middle West. And on the station platform at every lonely town there seemed to be as of old, at least one boy of ten or twelve, gazing wistfully at us as the train flashed past. I wanted to say to each of them: "Sonny, only the other day, on an island five thousand miles from here, I was sitting under a palm tree, watching an old Polynesian woman washing some clothes. The day after to-morrow—or thereabouts—I shall be in Iceland. Don't be impatient. Your time is coming. I used to stand just as you are now, looking at the trains."

It is as well, perhaps, that I had no opportunity to make these alluring confidences. I might have chosen the wrong boys. And maybe those prairie towns are not so lonely as they used to be, and the boys who live in them no longer the material from which the army of wanderers is recruited. As for the land itself, viewing it after long absence, it was hard to believe that anyone should ever want to leave it. What lagoon-fringed islands, set in the bluest of tropic seas, could compare with it in loveliness? The smell of meadow lands, of the warm, rich earth, the damp odors of tracts of woodland along the river bottoms, were like a fragrance in the blood, something

nearer than breathing. Even above the roaring of the train I fancied I could hear the song of the meadow larks and the old, cheery "Bob White! Wheat's ripe!" of the quail. Yet here I was, passing through this paradise en route to Iceland! It seemed absurd. Every road winding over the green hills seemed to beckon one away from such folly, and in the pasture lands groves of trees offered shade for meditating upon it till the moment of returning sanity.

While thinking of these things, I became aware of a huge signboard, half concealing just such a pleasant grove of trees, and the inscription on it read: CHICAGO INVITES YOU TO SPEND A WEEK. FORTY MILLION PEOPLE WITHIN A NIGHT'S RIDE. I rubbed my eyes and looked again; but there was no need for rubbing, no mistaking the purport of letters three feet high. Could it be true? Why the spoor of the last buffalo had no more than disappeared, and it was only yesterday—when I was a boy—that a band of Indians used to trek through our town every summer on the way to their camp on Squaw Creek. Forty million people! And twenty-five years hence—! I thought again of the lonely white men of the islands, hidden away in the depths of valleys, walking along empty beaches where the peace of vast solitudes of ocean lapped them round. Had they chosen wisely or foolishly in fleeing before this onward march of humanity? Well, no doubt that was a matter for the individual to decide for himself. The glamour of romance hung about those men, but were their lives, in truth, anything like so romantic as those of the men who were in the midst of this Arabian Nights Dream of progress? I looked about me at my fellow passengers in the dining car; listened to their conversation, and from this, fell to conjecturing what their lot might have been in other lands, in olden times when democracy was unknown. Some, I imagined, would have been in the kitchens of great houses, scouring pots and pans, or with brass rings around their necks, herding swine with

Gurth. There were others—unmistakably—whose names, as their lords and masters, would have been inscribed on the collars; whose names were still there, in a sense, and would always be. Yet here they were, all dining at the same tables. And where would my own place have been in the days of Cedric the Saxon? Perhaps I should not have worn a brass collar; but almost certainly my name would not have been graven upon one. Perhaps I should have been a lay brother, transcribing manuscripts in some old monastery; traveling, if at all, no farther than to the library of a neighboring monastery. Now I went where I would,

From Greenland's icy mountains  
To India's coral strand,

alone, swiftly, in perfect safety, with no one to question my right to do it, and with no bands of marauders coming out of the forest to string me up by the heels and jingle my small hoard of dollars from my pockets. To be sure, it was jingled out all too rapidly, by modern brigands of various sorts along the highways of travel; but in less high-handed fashion, and these modern brigands, in return for the privilege of extortion, performed for one a certain amount of menial service. They drove one to a station, brushed one's clothes, waited upon one at table. No doubt, in this glorious age of equal rights and equal opportunities for all, those who were willing still to be menial were justified in exacting tribute from those whom they served.

These reflections were interrupted by one of the least offensive members of this tribe, the Pullman porter, who was bowing before me, whiskbroom in hand. The train was pulling into the terminal at Chicago, and a few moments later, with a whole day of leisure before me, I set out to make a round of the bookshops, in a search for volumes about Iceland.

I began the search rather hopefully, for I knew that scores of narratives must have been written about Iceland, both

before and since the time of Henderson. This, I learned, was the case, but most of them had been long out of print, and were to be found, if at all, only in second-hand bookshops. Several times books of polar exploration were offered as substitutes, and one rather youthful clerk brought, in answer to my inquiry, a volume in a paper wrapper which had a picture, in color, of a walrus on an iceberg. By the middle of the morning, however, I had three books: Lord Dufferin's *Letters From High Latitudes*, and two of the old sagas—in translation, of course—The *Laxdaela Saga*, and The *Story of Burnt Njal*. Later, in a second-hand bookshop which was a marvel of orderliness, I added two more to my collection: a thin volume called *A Summer Holiday in Iceland*, and *Iceland—Horseback Tours in Saga Land*, by W. S. C. Russell. The young woman who brought me them said that mine was the first call for books about Iceland which she could remember, adding,

"You're not going there by any chance?"

I said that I was.

"But why, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Why? Why does one go anywhere?"

"Well," she replied, "I don't see why anyone does go to Iceland. I didn't suppose that anyone ever did. It must be a dreary sort of place. It's right under the Arctic Circle, isn't it?" Before I could reply she was called away to wait on other customers. I sat down under a lamp to glance through my new purchases.

The "Holiday" narrative was of less than one hundred pages, and had been privately printed, in England, more than fifty years ago. Turning to the first chapter, I read:

For the geologist Iceland doubtless has its attractions, but the ordinary traveler is likely to find an experience there disillusioning. A rugged, barren, treeless, sparsely populated country, under semi-arctic skies, life flows by—if it may be said to flow—with appalling monotony.



Here was a warning, certainly. One traveler at least had not found the golden cup the Icelanders drink from, if there is a golden cup. Although it alarmed me, I could not help smiling at the vividness of the description; and reading on, I fancied I could see the old chap who had written it setting out from England so hopefully, in fine, August-Bank-Holiday weather, promising himself the jolliest of outings. But the semi-arctic skies rained on him, snowed on him; the east wind brought a blanket of fog when he was half-way up Hekla, so that the ascent had to be abandoned; Geysir refused to spout for him, although he had waited three days in the rain. Nothing had gone well. There had been hardly a gleam of sunshine during the whole month, and it was impossible to remain within doors and windows which were hermetically sealed to prevent the entrance of fresh air. Furthermore, he couldn't endure the people, and they took snuff, "a disgusting habit." Although he had gone no farther from Reykjavik than to Thingvalla and Geysir, it was clear that he considered that too far by a very long way.

I turned to Mr. Russell's book:

It was five in the evening when we mounted the last ridge and looked down upon Hrúni. It was one of the fairest sights I have ever witnessed—the basin-shaped valley of verdure surrounded by lofty ridges, the thousand sheep scattered upon the hillsides and through the meadow, the group of houses which constitute the farm buildings, and the little church across the yard, the steam rising from some hot springs near the dwellings, the hundreds of haycocks waiting for the morrow to be taken to the stacks, the songs of the maidens driving the cows home from the pasture—a picture of prosperity and peace. Surely this is not Iceland, or else the name is a misnomer.

This was reassuring. I read farther:

It cost us an hour to pick our way across the hassocky bog, luxuriant with rushes, sedges, and cotton grass. . . . During our circuit we saw a flaxen-haired, barefooted lad seated upon a hummock with a book and a

bundle of plants by his side. A dog was with him and two others watched the sheep from distant points, reclining with noses between their feet with eyes alert for any change in direction of the feeding sheep. If a group of them started toward the mowing land the dog spoke once or twice, and if the sheep did not turn he trotted nearer and spoke again in a more determined tone. The sheep obeyed and the dog returned to his vantage point. I dismounted when the boy saluted us and shook hands with him and returned the Icelandic salutation. I examined the handful of flowers and noticed that some of them were partially dissected. Reaching for the worn and faded book I discovered that it was a *Manual of the Icelandic Flora* and that it was written entirely in Latin. A lad of twelve or thirteen years; his task, the keeping of a thousand sheep with no fences beyond the immediate farm enclosure; his recreation the study of botany through the medium of Latin. Of such boys are the Icelandic scholars made. . . .

At six o'clock in the afternoon we were welcomed in the guest-room. . . . That Icelandic welcome! It comes from the heart and the handshake conveys more than words can express. Hospitality was a sacred word in ancient Scandinavia and though but a filmy covering for hypocrisy in many more favored lands, in Iceland the essence is maintained. . . . Not alone at Hrúni did we hear and feel *Vel-kominn*, but in every household, from the humblest peasant on the borders of the desert to the homes of the highest in the land. . . .

In the evening . . . in a mixture of Icelandic, English and Latin we conversed till midnight. The library contains many volumes of choice literature, theological works and history. . . . The bedrooms to which we were assigned were models of neatness and comfort. . . . The quality of hospitality in these Icelandic homes is such as to make the stranger feel as if he were at home and it is all done so quietly, without any display. . . . Everywhere there is perfect safety, on the long trail, in the village, or on the lonely farm. All one has he may leave exposed in the sheds for days without fear of its being disturbed. Honesty is bred in the race.

It was an idyllic picture, but remembering the Englishman's narrative, I could not avoid the fear that Mr. Rus-

sell had been presented with a pair of rose-colored spectacles at the beginning of his tour. Was this picture of an Icelandic farm home typical? But if it were not, what did it matter? It was good to know that there are some homes of this sort where plain living and high thinking are joined as of old. The two books before me seemed to present the extremes of life in Iceland. One man found nothing that was of good report and the other nothing that was not.

By the time I had reached New York I had acquired a good deal of information from books, but had met no one who could tell me of Iceland at first hand. It occurred to me to make inquiries at the offices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation; but there I met with no better success. They could tell me of no Icelanders in New York, although I learned that there are between forty and fifty thousand of them living in America, chiefly in Canada, with smaller colonies in North Dakota and elsewhere. I was about to leave the office when the man with whom I had been talking said, "Wait a moment. It seems to me that I remember seeing something about Iceland in the new telephone directory." He made a hasty search. "Yes, here it is: 'Iceland Information Desk.' This is probably just what you want."

I thanked him and set out immediately on the quest. The address was easily found—an old brownstone front mansion on one of the streets west of Broadway, far uptown. The room, I thought, was precisely what it should have been for an Iceland Information Bureau, small, bare, containing no furniture excepting a deal table and two chairs. On the table were pen and ink and a single block of writing paper. Occupying the chairs were two men. One of them was of middle age, florid of face and rather stout. He was in shirt sleeves—it was a very hot July day—and briskly fanning himself with a newspaper. The other I knew immediately for an Icelander of the old pure

stock. He was a huge man, raw-boned, blue-eyed, and had a great shock of yellow hair which was parted in the middle. Neither of them offered me a chair, and remembering Mr. Russell's story, I noted this defect in courtesy not without disappointment.

"I suppose you speak English?" I said to the man in shirt sleeves who appeared to be in charge. He looked rather surprised at this.

"Well, I suppose so," he said. "What can I do for you?"

I told him then that I expected to visit Iceland shortly and had come to him for some first-hand information. Among other things I wanted to know about boats.

"Boats? What do you mean, sea-going hacks? They don't have 'em any more. Take a taxi, or you might walk."

I smiled at this pleasantry, although it seemed a little crude. It was disappointing to find that Americanized Icelanders are like many other emigrés to America, who, as soon as they acquire English, pride themselves upon a certain glib, facetious, irrelevant manner of speech.

"Yes," I replied, "I suppose I might if I had on my seven-league boots. But seriously, I do want some information, and it is surprising how few people have any knowledge of Iceland. I have made many inquiries and to no purpose whatever. Everyone thinks you belong to some tribe of Esquimaux, and live in igloos and eat whale blubber."

The two men looked at me in amazement. Then the elder of them said,

"See here! What Iceland are you talking about?"

"There's only one," I said.

"I know it, and that's right here in New York."

However, we were both to discover that there are at least two, one of them a country and the other a skating rink. We had a good laugh over the matter, and the man with whom I had been talking said, "Well, live and learn."



We've both learned something this afternoon, haven't we?" He went on to tell me that they had recently moved from Broadway, and were not yet settled in the new quarters. "But take this card," he added, "and when you

come back to New York, if you want a good place to skate you'll know where to find it."

As for the other Iceland, three weeks later I found it still in its old place under the Arctic Circle.

## Three Poems

BY W. H. DAVIES

### THE MEADOW

**L**EAFY with little clouds, the sky  
Is shining clear and bright.  
How the grass shines—it stains the air  
Green over its own height!  
And I could almost kneel for joy,  
To see this lovely meadow now:  
Go on my knees for half a day,  
To kiss a handful here and there,  
While babbling nonsense on the way.

### THE FEAR

**O**FT have I thought the Muse was dead,  
Nor dreamed she ever needed sleep;  
And as a mother, when she sees  
Her child in slumber deep,  
Wakes it, to see one sign of breath—  
So did I think of my love's death.

Sleep, sleep, my love, and wake again,  
And sing the sweeter for your rest;  
I am too wise a parent now  
To think each sleep the last—  
That you are dead forever, love,  
Each time you sleep and do not move.

### THE POET'S HORSE

**C**OME, show the world your mettle now,  
Come, come, my horse of wind and fire—  
Your Master rides no more alone;  
And say, when her young beauty's shown,  
Her weight with mine increased your power.

Come from that silver manger, where  
You eat the golden corn and hay,  
To give her mount, who is my Bride;  
Whose beauty makes her fit to ride  
Bareback through Heaven, and twice a day!

# Common Sense

BY HELEN R. HULL

"THIRTEEN gross large, seventeen small." Sheldon Thorpe set down the figures opposite *Stork safety pins* at the end of the long typed list. "Straighten up those boxes, Red." He pushed the green eyeshade up his forehead, moistened a finger, and flipped over the sheet. "That's all now but the toys." He glanced down the long aisle, honeycombed with booths; the eyeshade laid a sallow band across his patient, spectacled face.

"Toys aren't as bad as these flim-flams." The boy climbed down the step-ladder, rattled it together under his arm, and strode ahead of Sheldon. "Needles and pins and darning cotton and—pshaw!" He spat vigorously as he rounded the end of the aisle. Sheldon reached up to the light in its wire shield, snapped it off, and followed. At the far end of the basement gleamed another light. He saw it as he turned, and went meekly back to snap it off. Have to be careful about such items. Red was whistling and banging up there in the toy booth. Well, toys weren't so thick in a June inventory. Take Christmas now—

"This cheap stuff for kids is sure a crime." Red stuck a doll back into its box, and pawed behind the first layer of boxes. "Only nine of these X277. Got them in just last week, too."

"Nine X277. Good seller. What'yuh mean, crime?" Sheldon held his blue pencil firmly in the column.

"Five gross sketch books, B83. Crime to give kids such ugly stuff. Cheap and ugly. American made."

"Sells all right. They must like it. How many B84?"

"Sells!" Red clattered the short step-

ladder into position and mounted it. "That's all you think of. Twenty-eight—no, twenty-nine gross. Well, I'm through, you bet." He stretched an arm into the next booth, his curly bright head shining under the ceiling light.

The next fifteen minutes they worked in swift silence, save for the announcement and repetition of figures. Then Sheldon folded together the thin sheets, clipped them, and brought his fist down on them.

"That's done. Now I can work out the statements to-morrow. Say, Red, why don't you stay on? If I get moved to a bigger store I'd take you along. We work pretty good together."

"Me stay?" Red's eyes, very blue under their sandy lashes, were round with derision. "To-morrow night I'm a free man. I got cash enough for my fare to the coast, and a job on a sheep boat out of Baltimore."

Sheldon sat down on a box, staring up at the thin, gangling figure lounging against the ladder.

"You could work up, you know." The green shade with its sallow reflection distorted his face.

"God! What to? You sound like a mother. Keep a steady job, my boy, and work hard. I'm going to Paris, I tell you. That's the only place for an artist. And I'm going right now, before I lose my nerve and begin to worry for fear I won't be able to line my belly."

The narrow aisle, reaching back the length of the basement, bandied his words back and forth in the silence. At a footstep overhead Sheldon started, peering nervously up. It was outside, on the street; some late passerby. The basement ran out under the walk.



"How old are you?" Sheldon's hands dropped over his knees, long, thin, with prominent knuckles, white under the grime of stock-handling.

"Eighteen." Red straightened his shoulders. "Time I was getting down to real work. That night stuff at Chicago was good, but I want better than that. Real artists. I just stopped off here to see my folks and earn a wad to take me farther."

"I went to work when I was fourteen," said Sheldon. "In a grocery store." He stared at his hands; they looked limp, sick, something apart from him. "I used to play the violin, nights. You get over those ideas."

"I don't," said Red. "Folks want you to. Like I said—keep a steady job and settle down. That's what they tell you. Say—" he leaned forward—"you don't like this, do you?"

Sheldon lifted his head. His knees drew up slightly, as if his whole body made a horrible contraction, a wrenching of rejection. Round him flowed a faint odor, damp, dusty, of cardboard, paint, tin, caught there in the cellar, and holding him.

"Naw, you hate it. I've seen you." Red nodded wisely. "What d'you stick it for?"

"I've been sticking it for more than twenty years." There was something breaking in Sheldon, pulling apart like the strands of rotten rope. He liked Red—liked his funny, crackling voice; his thin, awkward body moving about; his impudent, casual ways. Red was going away. "You're young." He tried to hold those rotten, fraying ends together. "You don't know yet."

"Mebbe I don't know everything." There was in the strong thrust of Red's chin, a stubbornness not of youth nor of age. "I know a thing or two. I've been good and hungry. That's one thing. I've been crazy about a girl. That's another. I know I won't stick at a job I hate. I know I got to find out more about the way of putting down what I see. Look at you, there! You're a

bunch of limp triangles, all sprawling out with their apexes smashed together in your solar plexus, and that green light dripping on your face. I could paint that, and that shadow behind you, full of green. It would say something, I tell you. It'd say whether you liked sticking your job. It'd be more than you, too. It'd be all the other poor guys sticking jobs. But I couldn't get that green now. Like water, only thicker."

"I don't see any green behind me." Sheldon sounded irritated; he pulled the eyeshade up from his head and dangled it over a finger.

"You'd see it if I painted it. I can't tell it to you."

"Now that's funny." Sheldon's foot crunched on a bit of excelsior from a packing box, and he stooped mechanically to pick it up. "I remember I used to think that way about a violin. There would be a way of saying things." His fingers twisted the shaving.

"Why didn't you?"

"Why?" Sheldon threw aside the excelsior. The frayed rope had parted, the rope which bound him silent and humble. "I'll tell you! You think all you got to do is go ahead and do what you want to. You can't do what you want to. My mother hated music. Hated the sight of a violin. She thought it was an excuse to stay out late at night. A devil snare. My father—he used to play. I never heard him. He ran away when I was a baby. Left my mother without a cent. She worked—washing, sewing, nursing sick folks. Then one day she got word he was dead in Texas. She had to borrow the money to send for him and bury him. That's what doing what he wanted to did for him and us. I went to work then. 'Keep my boy from being like his father!' I'd hear her praying that at night." Sheldon stopped; against his eyelids he saw, instead of Red, instead of the shadowy, silent store, a half-opened door, a woman kneeling beside a cot, face turned up so that the cords in her thin neck stood out, and her voice—heavy with anguish—"Oh, Lord,



"I KNOW I WON'T STICK AT A JOB I HATE"

make Sheldon a good boy. Faithful, sober, hard working. Spare him. Keep him from the evil ways of his father."

"So I plugged away," he went on, slowly. "I thought if I hated what I had to do, that was a sign I was wicked. It would have seemed sinful to do what you liked. So I worked up—to this. When I'd feel half crazy, as if I couldn't stand it—she'd say I was bilious. My wife, too. She makes me take calomel. Calomel!" Sheldon laughed, and the booths along the aisle took his laugh and knocked it back and forth like a grisly toy. "When my head is full of wild notions. I think how if I set a match to this excelsior and sat here while it burned? Or I think how I could run through the store and knock the women's heads together where they're pawing over pieces of me. That's what it is, all this stuff. Spools and jumping jacks and knives and kettle covers. Me, scattered around in a million things. I ain't anywhere else. I can't stand it! Calomel!" He stopped; his thin lips seemed to stick together, dry and hot; he could

feel cold sweat dripping down his chest. And there was Red, listening to him.

"Whee—oo!" Red thrust his hands into the pockets of his overalls. "Say, I didn't know it was that bad! I thought you were just sorta fed up and sore on it all, needed a vacation."

"I ought not to talk this way to you." Sheldon's misery looked deeply out of his tired, sunken eyes. "But you're different, somehow. And now you're going off. I'd be all right, you know, if I didn't think. If I could stop thinking. There's me, working around, steady, and then there's another fellow, thinking, like a clock in my stomach what won't stop ticking. Lately the thinking's getting the best of me. And here on Wednesday this man's coming, Clinton. Firm representative. To look things over, and if they're o. k., to offer me a better job. Another store. More things."

"Turn him down, old boy." Red's voice was rough and friendly.

"I got to go on. There's my wife, Carrie, and the little girl."



"Turn him down and find something you want to do. God, you don't want to go clean bughouse, do you?"

"What do I want to do?" Sheldon flung out his hands emptily. "This is all I'm good for. And I ain't good for this."

"Selling jimcracks isn't all the world," said Red. "Take a look round."

"There's another thing." Sheldon leaned forward, his shoulders hunched. "I been looking at things, thinking. I had a notion—sorta nightmare, I guess—as if I tiptoed along past the side-shows in a circus. You know, the painted curtains they have to show what's in the sideshow tent? Only the tents are all empty. That's the joke. Empty. There are the curtains, bright pictures of what's in the tent. When you peek in, nothing there. Love, that's one sideshow. Being respectable. What the neighbors think. Common sense.

Holding your job. Making money. Nothing behind, only folks don't know it. Mebbe painting pictures is another."

"Mebbe it isn't." Red stood up, stretching. "I tell you." He laid his hand firmly on Sheldon's shoulder. "You come along with me. That's the ticket! Take a year off. Look around. We—you and me get on fine. I'd like a fellow along to speak English to. Beat it. Will you, huh?" He slapped his thigh resoundingly. "Now there you got it. To-morrow night. You could get a job on that sheep boat. Oo-la-la! Find a sideshow that isn't empty. Say, old boy, will you?"

Sheldon sat rigid. He felt Red's wiry, hard enthusiasm boring into his emptiness, gathering together the scattered bits of self.

"That's—" he ran his tongue over his dry lips. "That's what my father did. Ran off." Within him there went on a



"CARRIE, I WANT TO GO AWAY. I'VE GOT TO GO. OR GO CRAZY"



"GIVING AN IMITATION OF A HARD-WORKING MAN, EH?"

complete sundering of himself—the Sheldon Thorpe who worked along, diligent, silent—and that other feverish, thinking self. "I couldn't do that." The old Sheldon was shrinking into a crumb. "I've got money enough to leave for Carrie. I could tell her I was going."

"That'd spill the beans," declared Red, scornfully. "No skirt'll let go of a man for a year."

Sheldon got to his feet. The floor came up in lurches to meet him, as if he were drunk.

"I'll not ask her. I'll tell her I'm going, before I go crazy. It's too late for me to try the violin." He held his hands out, shaking. "They're used up on packing boxes and figures—stiff; but there might be something else—something a fellow could be interested in—"

"Sure there is!" Red clapped his shoulder. "Only—" he was doubtful. "If you tell her she'll keep you."

"No!" Sheldon's voice was a shout. "I won't sneak off. Here." He reached into his pocket, fumbled with a wallet.

"Here, you get me a ticket." He watched, not breathing, until Red had folded the bill and slipped it behind his watch. "Now come on." He stumbled over the filing board with the sheets of figures, kicked at it, and strode down the aisle, Red at his heels.

Outside the store he stopped automatically, tried the nightlock, and peered through the draperies of embroidery in the window to see that the office light still burned. Red watched him curiously, his cap twirling in his fingers. Sheldon turned; his feet were steady enough now.

"You'd like me to go with you?"

"Sure as blazes!" Red tossed up his cap, ducked to catch it on his head, reached out his hand for a quick handshake, and swung off down the street.

Sheldon set forth in the opposite direction. He would walk home, even if it was late. He left the business street for dimly lighted side streets. Never had he walked like this, head up, chest high; he could feel the darkness fall aside in



smooth waves, and his thoughts, random, inchoate, bits of the old Sheldon, bits of the strange new Sheldon, spreading behind him in a long wake. Only last night, as he had walked, he had thought but one thought, over and over: I wish I was dead. I wish I could die. And to-night!

He stopped a moment on the bridge across the river. He should think about Carrie and what he should say to her. Under him the dark water moved softly, and along the bank was the faint cheep of insects. There at the bend of the river he caught the swift reflection of a star. He went on more slowly.

River Park Addition. His house was down here. Funny, how wound up and twisted into one another things in life were. Six—no, seven—years ago this summer a real estate agent had plotted off this land and made a big sale. Sheldon's mother liked the advertisements. She and Sheldon had walked from the car line through the newly laid streets one Sunday, and Sheldon had pulled off the ticket on lot ten. That meant he claimed the lot. He had gone, the following noon, to the agent's office. Carrie was there, behind the desk, with smooth black hair and blue eyes. She seemed to take a fancy to him. And his mother liked her. Demure and friendly. Sheldon grimaced in the dark. He knew now. Another empty sideshow. Carrie wanted a husband, and a home. She was tired of working in an office. Well—maybe that was what women wanted. She had been good to his mother. Planning the house with her, taking care of her when she was sick. "Carrie's a wonderful wife, Sheldon" his mother had said. "Be sure you deserve her," just before she died.

And the little girl, Marjory—a quiet, docile child. Sheldon thought sometimes that she liked him, but Carrie "wouldn't have her spoiled." Yes, Carrie was a good wife, a good mother. She didn't want any more children.

Perhaps, after all—the leaves from the poplars of his own street whistled

under his feet; the dry spring was making them fall early. Perhaps it would be better, as Red said, not to speak to Carrie. She had so many ambitions: a bigger house, a car, a servant. "I've got to tell her," said Sheldon. "I can't sneak off."

Carrie was sewing, sitting close to the piano lamp with its new varnished parchment shade. She looked up, moistening an end of thread on her tongue, a series of regular high lights on her waved hair. Sheldon felt uncomfortable whenever he looked at those waves. Carrie had saved up for months the money for what she called a "permanent," and she hadn't cared for his confession that he thought smooth hair prettier.

"My! you're late," she said. Often her voice had little undertones of implications, even when her words were simple.

"Yes." Sheldon hesitated. He could talk better standing up—but he could lead up better if he sat down, maybe. He started toward the wing chair, but Carrie spoke quickly.

"You're probably all dust from your basement. Sit down there—" She pointed at a little imitation Windsor chair. "I cleaned every bit of the stuffed furniture to-day with the vacuum cleaner."

Sheldon sat down.

"Well?" She looked up from her sewing. "You might tell me about the reports. Are they good? Good enough to show Mr. Clinton?"

"I haven't made them out." Sheldon looked at his hands, spread on his knees. "We just finished the inventory."

"My! it takes you a long time, doesn't it?" She was whipping lace in place on a dress for Marjory, with brisk, snapping motions. "But you know it's been a good year, anyway. Clinton must do something for you. He hinted he would."

"I don't want him to." Sheldon drew one hand across his forehead, and stared at it, expecting to see it glisten with cold

sweat. "Carrie, I want to go away. For a year. I—I've got to go. Or go crazy. I've got a chance . . ."

Carrie dropped her sewing into her lap, her hands shut firmly on it; and Sheldon, even in the intensity of his absorption, saw with a flicker of alarm, that she was not surprised. She looked at him, her eyes as expressionless as blue china, her wide, thin mouth shut firmly.

"I wasn't meant for a storekeeper," Sheldon hurried on. "I can't stand it. If I don't go away, I'll smash, that's all. There's money enough in the bank for you for a year."

"Where"—her voice was quiet—"are you planning to go, if I may ask?"

"I want a chance to look round, to see what I might do." No use to explain more to Carrie. He had just to go.

"You mean you have nothing in view? Nobody's made you a grand offer, I suppose?"

"Nobody's made me any offer." Sheldon drew a long breath. "But I have things in view."

"Just when you begin to make a decent salary for your family, when you

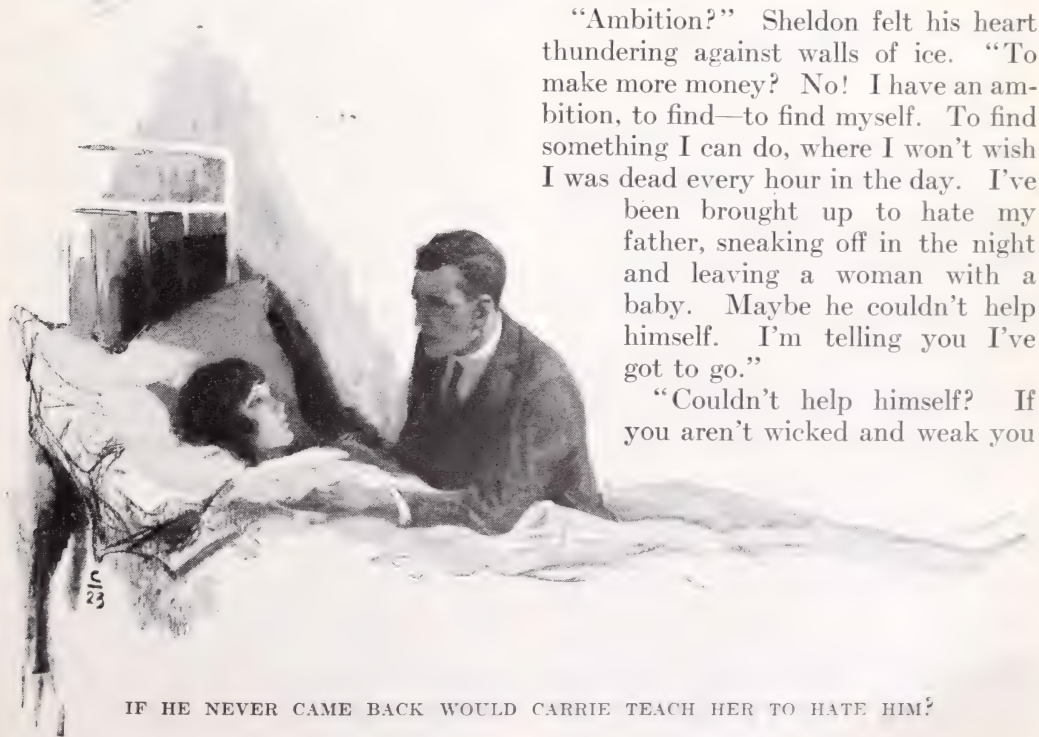
are going to have a bigger store offered to you, with all it means, you think you can throw it over. Where *is* your common sense? You must be crazy!"

"I shall be, I tell you." Sheldon shivered. What was there so formidable in the lack of surprise in Carrie's face? He had expected to find her impregnable, just because she was Carrie; but she seemed to be saying to herself, "I told you so!" She seemed to have lain in wait for him, traps set, guns trained, as if she had known that he would come home with these words, as if she had even seen him peering into the emptiness behind the sideshow placards. "I tell you I can't endure it any longer. I'm going away, to look . . ."

"Just like your father." Carrie folded her hands primly in her lap. "Your mother warned me. I've felt it coming. The way you've sneered at me. Picking at your food, and not eating. Sheldon, I won't allow you to disgrace yourself and your family." Her voice was unwaveringly clear. "I shall save you from yourself. Have you no ambition, no decency? Think of your innocent child."

"Ambition?" Sheldon felt his heart thundering against walls of ice. "To make more money? No! I have an ambition, to find—to find myself. To find something I can do, where I won't wish I was dead every hour in the day. I've been brought up to hate my father, sneaking off in the night and leaving a woman with a baby. Maybe he couldn't help himself. I'm telling you I've got to go."

"Couldn't help himself? If you aren't wicked and weak you







HIS HAND TOUCHED THE LATCH OF THE  
SCREEN DOOR

can help yourself." In each of Carrie's cheeks, just under the prominent cheekbones, flared a spot of crimson. "Perhaps you think I like what I have to do, day after day. I haven't complained, have I? I know my duty, and I do it, I hope."

"Do you hate it, day after day?" Sheldon stared at her, trying to fit that idea into place. "You don't wish you could die?"

"I'm not as wicked as that. Nobody likes what he has to do to get along. Here I gave up a good position to be your wife, and I've been as good a wife as I could."

"Well, there!" Sheldon was suddenly triumphant. "That's easy! You could get your job back again, while I . . ."

"For heaven's sake!"

Carrie's voice was almost shrill, but it dropped immediately into its controlled level. "Announce myself to the world as a deserted wife? Sheldon, what are you thinking of?"

"There's money enough without that. For at least a year."

"What do you suppose I've been working for? So that you could get ahead. No man has ever had so much encouragement. First your mother, and then me. You can't do anything else. You're too old to tackle a new kind of work, and anyway, you'd get tired of that too. It isn't," she added, with an undertone of sharp malice, "as if you were a genius. You have to plod along to get anywhere."

"You don't know what I might have been," cried out Sheldon, "if I'd ever had a chance!"

"I know it's taken you a long time to get where you can earn enough money to support your family decently."

"And you'd have me go on sticking it"—Red's phrase came back—"so I can buy you more stuffed furniture too good for me to sit on, and more—"

"Most men take some pride in what they can buy for their wives."

"Even when I tell you I'm going mad—that I may kill myself—"

"Sheldon, you're all tired out." Carrie rose quietly and stood beside him. "You come to bed. It's only when you're overworked that this weak strain in you comes out. You better ask Doctor Riley for a tonic. Something to brace you up." She laid her hand on his shoulder.

Sheldon shut his eyes a moment. He thought her fingers crept up to his throat, closed about it, choking him. Cautiously he lifted his lids—no, he could see her fingers, lying softly there on his shoulder.

"I can't take a new store, a larger one. I'll fizzle it."

"Nonsense." She brushed away his words with a light gesture. "Come on to bed. I've said all I'm going to. But you'll take the store Clinton offers you, and do well. We won't even discuss it any more. In the morning you'll have more common sense."

Sheldon stumbled to his feet and crossed to the dark bedroom. As he heard Carrie lock the front door and snap out the light, he laughed. She hadn't fooled him! Back of that calm blue gaze of hers, she was worried. She wasn't sure. Talk! God, he didn't want to talk any more. He'd said all he meant to say. He'd warned her. He laughed again.

He was still laughing, inside, at breakfast the next morning, a mocking, chattering laughter, like a flock of witless birds. Carrie, in fresh blue gingham, pouring the coffee, bidding Marjory to tell her Daddy all about the nice walk they had taken along the river; Marjory, her solemn little voice running on and on. When he left the house, Marjory was sweeping the poplar leaves away from the sidewalk with her ridiculous red-handled broom. Stock number G582, mumbled Sheldon. He watched her a moment. The slender neck, cream white, with a delicate hollow, under cropped dark hair, stopped the chattering laughter. It began again as he walked along, with the thought of Carrie hurrying into the bedroom where he was looking for a clean collar. To see if he had taken any of his clothes! He hadn't. Wouldn't need them, on a sheep vessel.

The long morning held a brief encounter with Red; Sheldon had followed him down to the basement. Red help up a strip of green ticket.

"Still want it?" he grinned.

"Yes." Sheldon touched it. "You keep it. I'll meet you at the train."

"Nine-ten she goes." Red stuck the

ticket away in a pocket. "Say, this afternoon I got to leave early. My folks—and there's a girl I got to see. You don't mind? So long as we're both skipping."

Sheldon knew he wanted Red there, every minute until he could lock the front door of the store behind him. But he nodded. As he climbed the stairs he heard Red's loud whistle retreating behind the stock shelves.

He would figure up the reports. Might as well leave things all clear. He worked steadily into the afternoon. Overhead, loss, sales. The figures crawled like insects under his eyes. From his office, slightly elevated at the rear of the store, he could gaze out over this fantastic representation of his past life. It's all right, he thought, if you don't look at it too hard. Take the matter of loss on goods, now. How serious he had been, teaching the feather-brained clerks to keep their goods fresh, not to let papers get wrinkled, or embroideries mussed. Those crêpe paper decorations on the walls—he'd worked like a fool to get them hung. And *what for?* A violent gesture of his hand sent a blot sprawling over his neat page, and he reached mechanically for a bottle of ink eradicator. The old Sheldon had taken all that seriously enough. It was all right, so long as you didn't begin to think.

"Well, well, how's the chief administrator?" The loud, cheerful voice was a hook, plucking him forcibly out of his circling thoughts. Mr. Clinton leaned over the railing of the office, his hand extended, his prominent blue eyes assailing Sheldon. "Giving an imitation of a hard-working man, eh?" His smile pulled his full lips back from uneven, small teeth. "Didn't expect me till tomorrow, I know. I got through early at Fenton, and burned up the road a little between here and there."

Sheldon was mumbling something, shaking hands, shifting chairs to make room for Clinton.

"I'm not ready for you," he said.



His thoughts were frightened minnows, darting about. It wouldn't make any difference, Clinton's coming to-day. Carrie wouldn't know he was in town. Sheldon could stay late at the store as he had planned. Clinton needn't suspect. Damn the man, why hadn't he waited until Wednesday! "Been figuring the turnover."

"Doesn't matter." Clinton lounged easily in the chair, knees crossed, a neat clocked-silk ankle swinging. "The firm knows what it's got in you. Mere matter of form, asking you for reports now, you know."

As he went on Sheldon listened to his deep, over-cheerful tones, and watched the startled minnows darting. "It's his silk shirts I hate, and his eyes popping out of his head. His patronizing ways—well, my little fellow, see how smart I am. Like to tell him—his eyes would stick out some if I said I didn't give a tinker's damn for the whole shooting-match."

"So there're these two stores in Class A," Clinton was finishing, "both in need of a good steady hand to jerk them up. One in Indiana, one in Wisconsin. Which would you like to try? The firm believes in your ability to take hold and pull them up. We haven't got the business from them they're capable of. It's the steady, quiet fellow like you that makes the fine manager."

"You better let me think it over." "He expects me to look grateful and impressed," thought Sheldon, while an echo of the chattering laughter of the morning rattled in his head. "To-morrow I can give you an answer."

"That's right. Talk it over with the wife, eh?" Clinton rose. "Then there's the matter of a little stock. You'll have a fine bonus, and the company likes its managers of Class A stores to hold enough stock so they have a feeling of belonging to the firm. Not much is available. I could arrange that for you. Well, I'll look around a little. Don't bother to come." He strolled off, his tall, thin body swaggering a little, his

protruding blue eyes searching out the pretty faces behind the counters.

"Belonging to the firm!" Sheldon's fists closed on the papers littering his desk. "I'll show 'em. Steady, quiet—bah! Be a good little boy, and see what we'll give you."

He was crouched over the desk, his face stubborn and white, when a voice at his elbow whanged into him. He lifted his head, to see Carrie, an effect of restrained fluttering over her features, even over her silk dress and flowered hat, and behind her, his Panama balanced on a finger, Clinton.

"Isn't this nice, Sheldon," said Carrie. "Mr. Clinton says he can take dinner with us. So lucky I dropped in. I came to rescue my poor husband, Mr. Clinton. He works too hard for your old firm." She pouted ingratiatingly up at Clinton. "He said he wasn't coming home till just awful late, so I came down to insist. A chicken in the fireless cooker. And now you'll take potluck with us—"

"I'm not through here." Sheldon eyed Carrie grimly. That demure, shy fluttering of hers was a great bluff. He knew why she had come.

"No hurry about this work now, old man." Clinton lounged beside Carrie. "Or is he such a demon for work that he can't join us in celebrating his promotion, Mrs. Thorpe?"

That shook Carrie's demureness for an instant. Her eyes leaped to Sheldon's face, hard, full of warning, of triumph.

"You've got it?" She turned to Clinton, her hands, neat and small in silk gloves, pressed imploringly together. "Tell me about it!"

"If you'll excuse me a minute." Sheldon swung the gate open. "Just sit down in here, both of you." He had heard the banging of the cash registers, which indicated that Miss Wilck, the floorwalker, was making her evening rounds. Time to lock the doors. The long, sultry day was over. He stood at the front door, to allow the few dallying customers to depart. Sudden bustling animation behind the counters: goods

jerked into order, noses being powdered, a chattering renewal of life at the prospect of escape. "Good-night, Mr. Thorpe. Good-night. Good-night." And back there in the office, those two. Suppose he walked out with the clerks, down the street. He had a vision of himself skulking in alleys behind the stores, hiding, and Carrie in pursuit. Where could he go until that train was due?

Miss Wilck pressed into his hand the striped canvas money bag. He had to put that into the safe. He didn't intend to run off as a thief. The store was empty now, silent, except for the two in the office. Carrie had a queer laugh, he thought. Pitched too high.

No escaping them at this point. He would have to go home with them. Plenty of time before the train, anyway.

"Pretty snug, eh?" Clinton settled himself behind the wheel in his roadster. Carrie giggled softly. She was peering about, hoping, Sheldon knew, for a glimpse of some one who would recognize her in the shining red car. The touch of her light silk made his skin crawl sluggishly.

"So good of you to spare us an evening," she was saying.

"Think of me having a chance at dinner in a home." Clinton swung out from the curb. "Home cooking! I want to get my teeth in that chicken you were talking about. Now tell me where I turn. Let's not get pinched for speeding, heh?"

"Isn't this an elegant car, Sheldon?" Carrie's ears were pink under the ripple of waved hair. "It rides so easy."

Sheldon twisted his hand away from contact with her dress. This was what Carrie liked. She should have married some one like Clinton. What kind of wife did Clinton have?

Carrie thought she had him now, wedged in that seat, dragged home to dinner, committed definitely. Nine-ten, Red had said. Not three hours away. He'd have to make a bolt for it.

A nice little home dinner. Carrie

spread her best linen, unrolled her best silver from its cotton-wool wrapping, made little darts to the door of the living room to cry out, "You'll starve, I'm afraid! But I'm hustling." Marjory came home from the neighbor's, stood shy and unwilling while Mr. Clinton tried to coax her onto his knee, stared round-eyed at his hearty, "Not old enough yet for that, eh?" and disappeared for her supper. "Will you see that she's in bed all right, Sheldon?" Carrie called to him.

Sheldon was thankful to escape the grind of talk with the guest. He stood beside Marjory's cot. She wanted him to make a bow of the wispy red ribbon about the neck of her fuzzy gray dog. How little she was! He fumbled with the ribbon. If he never came back would Carrie teach her to hate him? But he meant to come back. He wasn't deserting them. Just taking a little time to look round.

"Nice daddy!" Marjory flung her arms round his neck.

"Little pipestems." Sheldon touched her wrists gently, and patted the sheet into place under her chin. "You ought to get fatter."

He glanced back from the door. Funny little tyke, so solemn. "Think of your innocent child," said Carrie. He wasn't doing her any good, just sticking. If he could find something, could amount to something, then he might.

Carrie manoeuvred an aside as she carried the platter of chicken to the table.

"For heaven's sake, brace up! You make me ashamed, the way you act!"

Brace up, when all his being leaned perilously toward that nine-ten train, when time—two hours now—had grown more tangible than space, and he moved through it heavily, like a winded runner.

Clinton was spinning an interminable yarn about his first job with the firm, and Carrie listened, poised in admiring attention. Why couldn't they eat and



get through? He knocked a spoon to the floor and bent clumsily to reach for it, trying to extract his watch far enough to read the face. Eight. He'd have to allow a half hour from the house. No way to get a taxi down here. He couldn't run through the streets; someone would see him. That meant forty minutes left. Forty—what was Carrie saying?

"I suppose you never get discouraged, do you?" Her voice blurred into undertones of meaning. "Tired of your work?"

"A man can't allow that if he's going to get ahead, you know." Clinton was masterful, assured. "The game's to the fellow that goes straight after what he wants, with lots of pep, forges ahead to success. That's the American business man. He isn't tired. Discouragement belongs to the fellows that keep park benches warm. The Go-Getter! He's the man."

"It's just a matter of will, isn't it?" Carrie's glance pecked swiftly at Sheldon as she rose to clear away the salad course.

"That's the idea. Will and brains and pep. You're a wonderful cook, Mrs. Thorpe, if I may say so."

Dessert and coffee. Sheldon's tongue was swollen and thick, until he felt that another mouthful would choke him. Would they never finish? He couldn't bolt away from the table, when Carrie was so pleased about her dinner—humiliating her. Unbelievable, to be held fast by a web as frail as that—just manners. But he couldn't go. If he didn't make that train, if Red went without him, he knew, suddenly, that he would never go. It was Red's fire that had touched him into action.

"I wondered," Carrie was saying, "if I might suggest—" she deprecated astutely her daring in offering a suggestion to the great Mr. Clinton—"a little

vacation before Sheldon goes to the new store? He's been working very hard."

"Fine! Much better than interrupting the work there later in the summer. A little fishing trip. Or a motor trip—but you haven't bought your car yet, have you? Well—"

Vacation! Suppose he got up and said, "Keep your damned store. I'm through. I'm leaving." He couldn't move his thick tongue. They were all rising, now, going into the living room. Carrie had his box of cigars.

"No matches? Sheldon, dear—"

He plunged into the kitchen. The back door—if he had his hat. Could he start for Europe without a hat? His hand touched the latch of the screen door, jerked violently back at the sound of a step—Carrie, coming through the dining room.

"Mr. Clinton's going to take us for a little drive, Sheldon. I'm going over to ask Mrs. Purdy to sit here with Marjory till we get back."

She hurried past him, out of the door. He saw her pass the band of light from the living-room windows, saw her outlined in the rectangle of yellow from the Purdy's side door. She could see him if he ran out. He had to find Red! He'd wait till she came back, then dodge. Perhaps they'd chase him in that red car. But he might make it. She was laughing, the high, thin sound coming across the shadowy lawn. At last she turned and hurried back. Sheldon drew out his watch. Time, that dreary, lengthy track down which he had been running, spent and thick-tongued, had come to an end. Round and round jerked the tiny second-hand. Nine-ten, nine-eleven. Red had gone. Gone.

Carrie was at his side, catching his elbow in her hand.

"She's coming right over. Sheldon, isn't it splendid! Now come on, and do cheer up!"

# Marie Portinari

A PORTRAIT BY HANS MEMLING

*(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)*

**T**HE picturesque legend which made of Memling a wounded soldier seeking refuge in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges and painting the famous shrine of St. Ursula at the Hospital out of gratitude has been disproved by modern research. At the time Memling was supposed to have been unknown and ill in the Hospital, we now know he was a rich house owner; for his name appears in the Bruges' records as one of those who loaned money to the government of that commercial center. But comparatively few facts have been added in place of the popular tradition which long accompanied his name. His birth is vaguely placed between the years 1430 and 1440; he studied under Van der Weyden; he painted certain pictures at certain dates and died at Bruges about 1494, when the city itself was dying in importance. His fame began before he reached middle age, spreading through successive generations and centuries, until his life became almost legendary. His very name was lost at one period, though people seem never to have forgotten his pictures.

Memling's popularity rose from his skill in painting religious pictures which contained portraits of the people who gave him the commissions. Most of his subjects were the Virgin and Child with the Donor of the picture—one of which, for example, shows Jacques Floreins, grocer of Bruges, with his wife and their nineteen children, all kneeling before the Virgin.

But like the earlier masters, he painted small portraits, heads and half-lengths, for wealthy people. At Bruges he had a good market for such work, for the amount of business carried on in this ancient capital of the Dukes of Burgundy attracted many prominent people. The Cliffords of England and Joan of France, daughter of Charles VII, were among those who sought out the painter of Bruges. Here too came Thomas Portinari, agent in Flanders for the Florentine banking house of the Medici, requesting a pair of portraits. It is the picture of his wife which is here reproduced. Portinari patronized other artists, notably Hugo van der Goes, who painted for him the great altar piece now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. There one recognizes the sitter of Memling's portrait, wearing, it seems, the same beautifully wrought necklace which Memling has painted about her throat. Portinari's position in the world of his time was high; the fact that he commissioned Memling to paint his wife indicates how fully Memling was appreciated by his contemporaries.

It is not difficult to account for this popularity. Fromentin described his work as "one of those sweet symphonies which strike the ear with renewed charm as we listen to it more frequently." Memling evidently was of a tranquil nature. Even the people who sat for portraits reflect his personality almost as fully as they show their own. Furthermore, Memling gave more attention to the minute details of a face; he painted with more care and finish than had previous portrait painters of his period. The elegance of his work must have appealed enormously to the rich and courtly of his day as well as to simpler people. Probably the most famous portrait by Memling is that of Nicolaes Spinelli in the Antwerp Museum which contains an idyllic landscape in the background. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in addition to the portraits of both Thomas Portinari and Marie Portinari, hangs a powerful Portrait of an Old Man, like the other portraits, only attributed to Hans Memling, but wholly worthy of his skill. The Metropolitan Museum owns also one of the versions of the Mystic Marriage of Saint Catherine by this painter. This is The Betrothal of Saint Catherine; and it shows Memling's gracious character to a still greater extent than do the portraits.

ALAN BURROUGHS



# Changing Views of Evolution

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK, Sc.D.

WHENEVER the morale of mankind grows weak, whenever we forget our obligations and seek only our benefits—in short, whenever humanity sinks in ideals of life and conduct and grows selfish and succumbs to that ignorance which is always followed by selfishness and moral decay, those who protest against the study of causes spring up on every hand. They construe the beginning and end of all human thought to accord with some favorite dogma or catechism. Everything else is anathema. They appeared in great numbers on both Catholic and Protestant sides during the Reformation and after it—and see what a mess they made of it! They could not have been right since both sides were so addicted to murder. What kind of Christianity was that of the Thirty Years War?

After the enthusiasm and the beauty of the Renaissance, when humanity began to go backward again, losing its nerve and its ambition and its glory in lovely things and in grand adventure, the Holy Inquisition became active, and who is there to sing its praises to-day? On this side of the water, after the intrepid pioneers had settled the Massachusetts Colony and things began to be a little easier and responsibilities became fewer and purpose began to sag, there were uneasy souls who claimed to discover witches and then persecuted them. Different people and different dogmas, with different surroundings, but the same disposition as that of the Holy Inquisitors. To-day their kindred spirits are attempting to forbid the study of biology, and they would put us in irons and send us to prison if we expound comparative anatomy!

In 1809 Lamarck proposed the doctrine of evolution in his *Philosophie Zoologique*. His work fell immediately into disfavor because his contemporary Cuvier supported the generally accepted doctrine of special creation, and Lamarck became the butt of ridicule.

Just about fifty years later, in 1859, Charles Darwin propounded the theory again, in his *Origin of Species*. He laid greater stress on natural selection than Lamarck, but the work was an outline of evolution. Darwin was more fortunate than the earlier proponent because he had friends, or rather, supporters, among men of scientific scholarship. Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, Tyndall, and others developed the philosophy. In the face of active protest the subject received a hearing. During my own boyhood in the seventies the theory was in the air and widely discussed. It did not conform to the established dogmas of special creation, and from many quarters it was condemned as an invention of Satan. Clergymen in their pulpits grew very profane over it. That is, some did, while others did not. Henry Ward Beecher preached evolution with gusto and with marvelous eloquence, and he had an immense following.

Suddenly, as though it occurred overnight, a great change came over us. Evolution was almost universally accepted. It was swallowed, bait, hook, and sinker. Nearly everybody believed in it. Even those who had preached against it with anger and violence changed their minds, and declared themselves in favor of it. Professor Louis Agassiz, who was somewhat of a humorist, suggested that the earth had

been developed in six periods of time, in six infinitely long days; and this gave him nation-wide repute for piety.

How did this sudden change come about? History seldom tells us real causes. It does not tell us why the Fundamentalists won in the fifth century, and what caused the great awakening of mankind in the thirteenth, or the spirit of adventure and love of beauty in the Renaissance, or the dearth of art over nearly the whole world from the sixties to the eighties of the last century. Perhaps some day we shall have a History of Human Emotions and grow wise by perusing it. But the cause of this great change, this almost universal acceptance of evolution, is not hard to discover. It was not the sudden illumination we thought it to be. No; the great change came about because evolution, as construed by the laity, was an appeal to human vanity.

Evolution was universal. It included all life and applied to society and to us. Men differed from beasts by virtue of a special gift of soul, although this was hardly universal, because I recall a sermon by a fashionable preacher in which he comforted his audience by asserting that they would surely meet the souls of their pet dogs in the heavenly choir. Everything was accepted because evolution consisted in a great onward and upward surge, of which we were part and parcel. We were sailing along to higher spheres of loveliness and godliness. Our children would possibly be better than we, but that was because they were *our* children. We could sit still and twirl our thumbs, doing nothing, and yet remain part of the vast onward and upward sweep. Our complacent vanity was the basis of our faith. We were smug rather than enlightened.

Then came Weismann, and he upset the apple cart. "Acquired characteristics," said he, "are not transmitted. Evolution is merely a biological expression with many limitations." The substance of his contention is that number-

less experiments show that plants and animals which have been changed by extraordinary conditions such as war, or by laboratory experiment, or grown amid abnormal surroundings, revert to the original type in their offspring; that is, that such physical stigmata are not reproduced in later generations. At first there was a general protest against this. It conflicted with the notion of the great surge of evolution as we understood it, and with which we were completely satisfied. We pointed to steam engines and railways and telegraph and telephone and to modern industry with its sweatshops to prove that everything was moving gloriously forward.

Biologists listened to Weismann, and many followed him. There was surely something wrong in the popular concept, and Lamarck and Darwin passed into eclipse for a time. Weismann held to the persistence of the type, and in this respect he was right. We shall see later whether types are modified by acquired characteristics or not, but for the time being it was denied.

Then came along also Mendel's Law of Heredity which has demonstrated itself. Stated in its simplest form, in terms of unit characters, it is as follows: White Leghorn fowls, for instance, will breed only white fowls and black Leghorns only black. Crossings will yield in the first generation a mixed pigmentation, called "blue." These hybrids yield in the next generation a brood in which one half are black and white in equal proportions (*i.e.* a quarter are white and a quarter are black), and the remaining half of the brood are blue. Note, please, that this has to do with fowls just alike except as to color. Different unit characteristics do not pass on together. Thus, if a blond Nordic man were mated to a black Hottentot wife she would bring to their progeny so many characteristics besides pigmentation that they would all be negroid for a number of generations, even though mated with blond Europeans. But some would have light hair, others would have straight



hair, and still others would have blue eyes.

Now, in place of color, it has been suggested that we substitute the characteristics *superior* and *inferior*. This, I admit, is stretching a point, because it may take many unit characteristics to make up superior. But if we assume that the presence of some single unit character in abundance will establish superiority, while its lack will cause inferiority, then we may go on with our example. Superior will beget superior, and inferior will beget inferior. But, by cross-breeding, the first generation will all be mediocre, and the second will be half mediocre, one quarter superior, and the remaining quarter inferior. The rule of, first hybrids, and, second, 2:1:1 holds true in regard to each characteristic, but it becomes very complex as we proceed. We can readily see, however, that we can breed any characteristic into or out of a family if each succeeding generation be kept under control.

Where is the onward and upward surge now? Everything in evolution that appealed to human vanity had been eliminated. The great sweep is often backward and downward. The fittest do not survive always. As soon as evolution ceased to be compressible into an intellectual nutshell, as soon as we could not claim to achieve merit by doing nothing, the whole philosophy was discarded by the Fundamentalists who returned to their catechisms.

The fact is, evolution is too big a subject to be put into harness and driven. Weismann made a great contribution as to the persistence of type, but here again even the learned had got the idea out of its proper relation to other facts which have to be considered. We know that certain strains of inheritance are of immense value. It appears that the type will prevail, no matter what we do to it. Thus, if we cut off the tails of a thousand generations of mice, their progeny will continue to grow tails. There are many phenomena that

seem to emphasize the theory of the persistence of type. The records of eminent families and of criminal families in contrast, all go to prove that the strain is important; that blood will tell.

Having reached this conclusion, we must immediately begin to revise it and modify it, according to facts, because nobody can be at once profoundly scientific and at the same time complacent and cocksure. Evidence to the contrary has been coming along rather frequently of late. Last year we read a report of a family of white rats brought up on a whirling platform. The progeny of these rats walked in circles. A later family was trained to go through a long passage to get a piece of cheese when a bell rang. That is, the cheese became available at the farther end of a long and intricate passage whenever the bell rang. It required fifty-two separate ringings and feedings before they learned the trick and scampered through the passage to get the cheese. Then they were taken out and mated, and their progeny were put back in the cage with the long passage. They occupied it in place of their parents. But they learned that the same bell meant cheese available in five lessons against fifty-two required for the parent rats.

There lives in Chicago a man named Caspar Lavater Redfield who was first an engineer, always a mathematician and physicist, and who later became a patent attorney. He approaches evolution through the channel of mathematics. He has an unusual knack of gathering statistics, and arranging them. He has made a study of the power developed by exercise, and he devised a mathematical formula to represent the energy changes that occur from generation to generation in animals. He has applied it to the evolution of intelligence in man. He has sometimes had difficulty in getting a hearing, and occasionally he has displayed impatience.

Sometimes in reading his books and essays one gets an idea that his emphasis on the advantage of elderly over youth-

ful parents is out of proportion to other factors, but let us admit that his work has been and still is special pleading. For many years he was as one crying in the wilderness against too much Weismann. Of late he has ceased to be lonely. Many contributions are coming along which demonstrate that acquired characteristics are transmitted notwithstanding Weismann and his conclusions. We shall confine ourselves, however, to Mr. Redfield's arguments, because of the picturesque quality of his exposition.

Will you please open your dictionary, says he in effect, and look up the meaning of *acquire*? It means *to get*, and getting implies volition. The great number of stigmata and wounds and bendings and breakings which have been brought forward in proof of the Weismann theory because the plants and animals all reverted to type under normal conditions were not acquired at all. They were inflicted. They are mutilations, and nature does not recognize mutilations. There is no denying the importance of this note.

Now let us go on with the theory. Development, like growth, is the result of the expenditure of energy. The powers of all living things are increased by exercise of those powers, not otherwise. "A man cannot become an athlete by sitting still, no matter what he may eat." The powers within any living thing decline as activity is reduced. "An athlete gradually loses his physical powers when he takes up a sedentary life. A race horse retired to the breeding ranks gradually loses his racing powers." Power is gained by exercise and lost by idleness. When increasing power extends from generation to generation the improvements are due to something which occurs in the lives of the parents, through the exercise of that particular power to an unusual extent before the birth of the offspring.

We must be fed to be kept alive, but if we do not exercise we grow weak. When we do exercise we use up energy,

but whatever material or tissue we use up is replaced by an automatic process, and in this mystical engineering a liberal factor of safety seems to be allowed, so that the muscle or the organ or the power is increased over what it was before. Exercise builds up more than it destroys—all within reason, of course.

In the early days of the Republic it was considered immoral to run horses in races against one another for prizes or money, and the practice was forbidden by law. But when we make a law we never know what its effects will be. There was no law against trotting horses; the statute was against running them, and so there was developed the American breed of trotting horses. We note the evolution of this breed from the records. In 1818 Boston Blue trotted a mile in the unprecedented time of three minutes. A few of the consecutive mile records following were: 1839, Dutchman, 2.32; 1845, Lady Suffolk, 2.29; 1859, Flora Temple, 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; 1874, Goldsmith Maid, 2.14; 1885, Maud S, 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; 1892, Nancy Hanks, 2.04; 1907, Lou Dillon, 1.58 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 1912, Uhlan, 1.58. Here was the evolution of a new type within less than a century.

The winners were mostly aristocrats, but occasionally a dark horse of humble origin broke the record. They were by no means succeeding generations of a single family. Dynasties came and went like Royal Houses. But here is an observation, borne out by voluminous statistics, although contrary to the theory and practice of many horse-breeders: Race horses generally beget or bring forth race horses while they are racing, but after they have retired to the quiet life of the breeding stables for some time their progeny seldom show distinctive qualities of speed. The winners of a new generation, we may say, to paraphrase Professor Martin Fischer, are the progeny of hard-working parents of a superior type. The losers are the sons and daughters of retired best families. The inferiors do not start.



The qualities that led to winning were acquired by the sires and dams, and transmitted to their colts.

The story of Almont, a famous stallion, supports this assertion. He begat 200 colts that were used for breeding. Of these only 10 per cent were raced, because it was held that the remaining 90 per cent were too valuable to have their energies sapped on the turf. But the offspring of the 10 per cent that raced outranked as race horses the descendants of the 90 per cent that were kept off the track as 16 to 1. Almont lived 20 years. For 5 years he was in training; the next 5 years he raced, and the final 10 years of his life he spent in a workless harem. But within 2 years of his assumption of his idle estate he produced his last colt which, because of quality, has lasted in the horse history of to-day.

The study of many other sires and dams supports this thesis that acquired characteristics may be transmitted so long as the parents possess them, but after they are lost they are not transmissible. It may not yet be time to call this a rule, but we are justified in calling it a tendency.

Holstein-Friesian cows are constantly breaking the milk records. It has been said that they give milk enough to drown themselves! And the amount of milk increases as the number of calves increases. The standard for the Holstein-Friesian Association for pounds of milk given for 10 days after the birth of each calf is: 2-year olds, 354; 3-year olds, 432; 4-year olds, 511; and 5-year olds, 589 pounds. Records show that the probability that the first calf will be a good milker is only 1 chance in 2. The chances of the third calf are even. Of the fourth to the sixth calf they are 2 to 1; and of the seventh, eighth, and ninth, they are 3 to 1. In other words, the best milkers are born when their mothers are at the height of their milking powers.

Records of hunting dogs indicate that the progeny of good hunters become

good hunting dogs, but that the progeny of those that have not been worked with a gun are far less likely to be of value in the field.

It is the quality of his mind that is man's principal distinction. At birth the mind is of a low order, and its development is slow. If a good one, it does not cease to grow at maturity; it is better at 30 than at 20, and better at 40 to 50 than at 30. It would appear, therefore, that men of eminence would be likely to be the children of mature rather than of immature or very young parents, and statistics seem to bear this out. That is, the spread of years between the birth of grandparents and grandchildren seems to be greater among eminent men than it does with those who do not achieve distinction, provided always that among the parents and grandparents there has obtained a serious effort to use the mind. This is Redfield's principal contention, and he gives an immense array of statistics to support it. He holds that races deteriorate when the immature are prone to mate. The glory of Greece and Rome continued so long as their young men went off to the wars and did not return to beget their kind until they were mature. When the wars ceased the breed deteriorated, because they mated earlier in life. Here is a new theory for the Decline and Fall of Rome!

To acquire definitely any characteristic such as the ability to think constructively, or to solve problems, or to run fast, we require, first of all, a good organism. Next, except in case of prodigies, we require exercise of the organs, and for this we require a third factor—time. When we have these characteristics we may transmit them to our progeny, according to Redfield's statistics. Opposed to this is the theory that prodigies are the descendants of prodigies, but it is becoming more and more evident that wisdom will in time weave both conflicting theories into an harmonious whole. And, despite the

many books to the contrary, it appears that the original prodigy is invariably the product of struggle and effort—in short, of exercise, by its forbears. The right conditions and exercise will produce the desired qualities in a short time, in good strains, but it takes many generations to effect this with inferior strains. The advantage of being born late in the lives of parents and grandparents who are diligent in the exercise of their faculties is indicated by an amazing array of examples.

It is probable, however, that a considerable array of examples might be brought forward and prove the contrary.

We recognize the persistence of types, but we are coming to the conclusion that types are subject to both development and deterioration. It is becoming more and more evident that everyone is a trustee of his inheritance, and that this may be modified for good or for evil before it is passed on. It appears that the progeny of early matings in the human family are less to be wished for than the children of more mature parents.

Evolution is a vast system of philosophy. There is far more that we don't know about it than we do; therefore we meet contradictions and difficulties on every hand. But it is a wholesome and inspiring vision, because it reveals to us our obligations. It leads to profound reverence, but it does not adjust itself yet to symbols. It may not be summed up in the slogan that man is descended from apes, any more than religion may be summed up in the prohibition of alcoholic beverages.

Evolution teaches that we can breed any quality into or out of a family. It teaches that blood will tell, but it does not rule out the question: What are we doing to the blood within us? This will not remain constant throughout generations; it improves or it deteriorates, and the responsibility for this is upon every one of us as individuals, for we pass on to the next generation what we have.

The demand for plenty of cheap and feeble-minded labor to do hard but simple manual work does not accord with this philosophy. Such importations may cost future generations far more than they benefit us. The professionally unemployed in England were found by General Booth to be capable of two days' work a week, but no more. These are the descendants of early industrial workers who toiled from eleven to fourteen hours a day, and the strain was injured by overwork. It will require generations to restore the breed. We also injure the breed of the men who work for us when we press them to the verge of nervous collapse by factory systems that rob them of the chance of interest in their work. Evolution teaches also that idleness is a leading source of degeneracy; that every man and woman should have the opportunity to improve the strain of his and her own inheritance, and that there is no great onward and upward surge unless we strive intelligently to bring it about.

The great need of humanity in these days of wrath and selfishness and malice is religion. We need above all things a sense of divinity to enliven our consciousness of our obligations. Among those who think, some are so constructed, or have been so trained, that divinity is only made sensible through special acts of creation. Others are differently constructed, and they sense divinity within nature rather than external to it. There is no issue of integrity or of character between these two schools. But, however we do it, we must see the light for ourselves, otherwise we shall live in darkness with no alternative save of denial or hypocrisy, if freedom to seek the light is forbidden. The widespread propaganda of to-day to forbid the teaching of the theory of evolution, is more than a denial of rights; it denies to free men and women the opportunity to seek their obligations in order that they may fulfill them.



# What Four Million Women Are Doing

BY ELIZABETH BREUER

*The woman's movement has received a great deal of notice, but very little understanding examination. Even conservatively speaking, there are more than four million women in the United States organized, broadly speaking, to do good—good to themselves, to their communities, to their country. Most of us are unaware of the power and the scope of women's organizations, and this article is a summing up of the characteristics of the principal groups in this great woman stream. These feminists of America, in greater number, in greater power and wealth than any sister movement in other countries, are unique in that their whole activity is toward a humanitarian end—there is not one iota of self-seeking among them. And HARPER'S is glad to present an article which for the first time in our knowledge makes an attempt to estimate the spiritual forces which animate these women's organizations.—THE EDITORS.*

I ACCEPTED the invitation to the Rotary club luncheon because until that moment I had not known there was such a thing as a women's Rotary club, and I was curious to see what it was like. There we sat at the honor table, the president of the club, the county superintendent of schools, the city's treasurer, the state president of the women's clubs—all women, comely, substantial, worthy, and industrious, of middle age, with sureness written in each face. There we sat while the song leader, her ribboned hat slightly askew with excitement, rose from one of the many luncheon tables to cheer us into singing "Silver Threads Among the Gold." On her beaming face there was love and pride and enthusiasm, and she stood, her whole body lustily extended, her booming voice leading our uncertain sopranos. "There's a Long, Long Trail awinding into the Land of My Dreams," we sang again, the young private secretary with the wistful eyes, the lean secretary of the building company, the buxom proprietor of the flower shop, the lady candidate for the Senate, blond and beautiful like white marble, and firm of jaw. The final content of the "nightingales singing and the white moonbeams winging" wound itself into the secret heart of each woman, however divergent her indi-

vidual perceptions of music or life, the common longing reasserting itself as we trilled, "We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere in the West and let the rest of the world go by."

I thought how much Sinclair Lewis would have enjoyed this. It was a page out of the woman's *Babbitt*: except that I felt how much it would take the powers of sympathy and love rather than an attitude of satire to see that here was the whole round of a woman's aspirations to-day. Here she had stated her task for a long time to come—hers the heart-breaking task to combine her yearning for "some one like you, a pal good and true" and her pride and her achievement as a member of the Rotary club—with all it stood for of individual courage and fruition and the respect of her community and her group.

There are many women's Rotary clubs scattered about the United States, I discovered, and many women's chambers of commerce too; and there are thousands of women's clubs and women's organizations of every possible political and humanitarian complexion. With every avenue of material and intellectual achievement open to women, with the vote, through which every aspect of sex distinction may be purged from their activities as against the activities of men, why is it that the organization of

women apart from men continues and grows in emphasis?

We have in America the extraordinary spectacle of three, possibly four, million women acting in matters which are directly connected with the enrichment of the life of the nation through organizations that are distinctly feminine. We are so accustomed in rich America to large gestures and loose phrases that when we say three million women we immediately drug the imagination; yet nowhere on earth is there a social spectacle equivalent to this one of vast masses of women from one end of the country to the other, from lonely bayous to throbbing cities, educating themselves and using their education and their human experience to the end that this may be a truer democracy, where social injustice shall perish, where poverty of opportunity or of vision shall perish, so far as is in the power of the women to accomplish this. We have been so accustomed to women's organizations and have been so bored by them that it is a shock to discover, as one does in Washington, for instance, that the Women's Legislative Council, in which sits a representative from each large women's organization, is the most powerful lobby in the capital. Its reputation for disinterestedness and public service and shrewdness is such that any bill sponsored by it automatically (with due deference to senatorial omniscience) receives the cachet of responsible and sensitively attuned senators and representatives.

To the politician, who outwardly must grin and bear it, these women are a despair and a menace, because they will not stay put politically. Their only consistency is that they act in the interests of women. To the student of the woman's movement, aware of how specialized is the woman's movement in many countries, how weak and uncertain in most, how extreme in others, it is the sanity of American feminism that is unique, its power and its human variability of direction. This feminism

of America is a kindly affair, there is in it little opposition to man, or hatred of him. It is an affair of millions of women moving on to a mass expression whose individual reaction is a sense of the fullness of life. Women for a long time to come will develop—will organize and act as women in channels of their own, and not among men. For a long time they will compete with their own kind.

In a world in which the standards of masculine accomplishment prevail a feeling of futility is all that attends the career of the most successful home woman. The growing power of the woman's movement lies in the fact that within its scope women find compensatory activities which give them position and value in the community at large and enable them to battle more effectively for civic acknowledgment of their prestige and value in their own sphere. The emphasis of all the activities of women's organizations is on matters that will improve the position of woman in the home and in industry, in the sense of economic reward and independence that will protect and dignify her in her emotional investments in children and husband, that will provide security and honor for those concerns of the community which are an enlargement of her personal interests.

For women always the underlying sense of life is one of suffering, is one of inferiority. Children grow up, and they are not thankful. Husbands are a rich uncertainty, even the most loyal. For woman, unable to explain herself by systems of logic, rests always, beyond reason in the pain and the mystery of life, in the pain and mystery of the creative force which is vested in her. In America in recent decades she has had to cope with an industrial society which by its very ingenuity and by its very prosperity has deprived her of her tasks; and it is by tasks that she expresses herself. American women are trying to reconstitute this human living for themselves, they are trying to find



a human way out of the welter and chaos of a machine age, as step by step they gather up the wreckage of their normal concerns and follow their business as women out into the community life where it has become an object of men's specialization.

They first demonstrated to the country how effective was their organization for this purpose when through the Women's Council of Defense they put over with amazing success and celerity the Hoover Food program and every other governmental program demanding concerted action of enormous masses of people.

The greatest of these associations of women is the extraordinary Federation of Woman's Clubs, which in the last three years has increased its membership under the presidency of Mrs. Thomas G. Winter from one to two million members. It is an organization unique to America, and we have been so close to it that we have not given it the credit it deserves. Here is an organization which, broadly speaking, takes in every wideawake woman in almost every community in the country. There is no community so isolated that it does not have its woman's clubs to handle the civic, artistic, and social interests of the women, no community so small that it may not through its national channels keep in contact with the foremost cultural existence of this and other nations. The Federation has been censured for having too great an abundance of grandmothers in its membership lists. Well, grandmothers aren't necessarily doddering crones, quivering with senility. They can be, as indeed they are, in the Federation, rather young women, with a lively interest in the fine things of life, women who want to work, who want to know, who want to be of use to their country, to their communities, and to themselves. They are women with competences, for the most part, and with empty hands—women, who in their twenties, were marrying, in their thirties, occupied in rearing their young and managing homes

and husbands, and in their forties, all this is taken from them through the inexorable processes of nature and an age of specialization. Empty handed, their emotional crises over, with all their maturity crying to be used, what are they to do? "We'd commit suicide," said one of them to me, "if it weren't for our clubs. They give us something to do, they give us a renewed sense of our importance in life." Here is an immense organization which changes the greatest tragedy in the world, the tragedy of the middle-aged woman of to-day—the average, cheerful home-woman—into a serene accomplishment, into a greater fruition. And it is stimulating to realize that, once given the opportunity to release their energies and latent abilities, these average women become superior. A few months ago, at the Federation's council meeting in Atlanta, I was sitting with Corra Harris on the platform during one of the sessions. She looked long at the two score officers round us, and then down at the women in the audience. "These are no ordinary women," she remarked. "Look at their remarkable heads." Faces with power, and restraint and knowledge and suffering written in them. Placed in a frame of appreciation and service, all that was fine in them rose and dominated the picture of their personalities.

Moving in so great a mass, the Federation necessarily will express mass intelligence with all its faults and its virtues—with the wonderful saving grace that in all women there is a wistful hungering for beauty they have not known, which makes the heart ache when suddenly some expression of it breaks out in a chance speech or action. So if the woman in the Federation has not the aristocratic keenness of intellect that characterizes the League of Women Voters, she has something which to the artist and to the poet is far more important and more potent. She is a simple, modest woman, seeking in her own way for richness and beauty in life. She is trying to realize through her club

some of the dreams of her youth, and her club is a picture of that completeness for which she has sought in life, and which too usually is denied her in a life spent in the service of her loved ones. If she is happiest as a good citizen, there is for her the legislative department of her club with its ambitious program of work and study. But in the same club, if she yearns for æsthetic manna, she can hear an aria from "Tannhäuser" or a sixteenth-century *chanson* and have its place in the history of music made clear to her. Or if in her youth she painted "flower pieces," and they hang, faded in their frames, to remind her of her dreams, there is the art department through which she gathers the few pictures in her community together into a collection, and encourages and sends for loan exhibitions from the big art centers. It is a most important fact to the æsthetic development of America that, as a part of its program in this direction, the Federation in thousands of communities is encouraging young artists and young musicians by developing a greater appreciation in the community itself of what its youth has to offer, instead of starving it away from home through rejection and ignorance. The Federation is the great artistic audience of the country, and it is conscientiously developing its powers of appreciation to a higher plane. Inadequate sometimes, but authentic, is its striving toward the great kinship of beauty.

It is tempting to that sort of critic who wishes to bludgeon people into an immediate acceptance of certain—and frequently his own—style of art, to reproach so large an audience as this of the Federation for their subjection to other artistic patterns. Why creative writing of a quality which appeals to a scattered few thousands should be expected to be attractive to the hundreds of thousands in the Federation is hard to say, except that, being women and resting under a historical inferiority complex, they must be admonished and

reproved. Being women, and wishing to please, they are distressed by this criticism. They have not the self-assurance to answer, "I like what I like," which is the basis of a true enjoyment of anything, a picture or a pie. What is real art? Who shall say? A blacksmith gets as complete an emotion of beauty out of the ninety-eight-cent chromo, painted while he waited in loose-lipped wonder, as does the most exquisitely cultivated young man from contemplation of a Derain. Ezra Pound questions if there exist three hundred people in the world worth writing to—at the most a "half thousand exiles." But the women are scolded because their conception of art does not happen to be the one of the particular cultural cudgel-bearer of the moment. The women are scolded because they like to hear second and third and even fourth-rate British novelists and poets in preference to the same species of native origin, who are also languishing for the shekels of the chautauqua and club circuit. In this the club women are no different from the most advanced intellectualists in the country whose small magazines print the works of Englishmen and translations from other foreigners. This demand for foreign art arises from a need of transfertilization, which is as vital in the world of the mind as it is in the world of economics. And in the working out of this inexorable law the clubwomen are as authentic in their part as the modernist in his. To rest in your own strength and in your own and true quality of perception, but with a mind open to change, and flexible, is the most that can be expected of any person of culture. And in woman that quality of wanting to understand is active, because her appreciations rest in her emotional fixations, which are continually, and paradoxically, in a state of flux.

This attitude the clubwoman has, and how much more fruitful is that reaching out for the world's treasure than the bridge-playing of her more worldly sister—not that she does not play bridge



upon occasion or don breeches and trek out into primitive spaces. For she is a jolly, hearty person, and in cities and country places she is at once the society and club woman—conservative, but with the salty edge of progressive ideas eating into and warding off complacency. The club movement may have its periods of depression—as have nations and individuals—but its resurgence is certain because it is a genuine and permanent organism in a growing and young country. It will survive because its underlying aim is the development of millions of women into intelligent and emotionally-colored human beings.

While the Federation did not fight actively for suffrage, the enfranchisement of women brought to it a weapon they are learning how to use wisely through their civic studies. The peak of activity in this new and large school in citizenship is attained by the League of Women Voters. In the first days after their victory the women considered disbanding the organizations devoted to political emancipation, only to find after a year of indecision that they had a still more difficult task ahead of them.

It was Mrs. Catt who first saw that, if the vote was only a political tool, it was one which women must be educated to use intelligently. Here was a task leading to the more subtle emancipation of women, with none of the emotional exaltation attaching to it that had so colored the fight for the vote. With a fine imaginative intelligence the National Suffrage Association virtually went en masse into the League of Women Voters, bound in high honor to make good on its before-suffrage declaration that, if women were given the ballot, they would make a definite and constructive contribution to their country's citizenship.

"You young women have the hard work ahead of you," Dr. Anna Howard Shaw said to them just before they got the vote. "Our part was easy." Hard work indeed it is proving to be, but the politically minded women have more

than justified the existence of the League, young as it is. Headed by Mrs. Maud Wood Park, distinguished for her unswerving impartiality and her political astuteness, the League has steered an able course between the Scylla and Charybdis of partisan politics, and held straight to its course of training women on all matters which will make them effective citizens, to act as they will within their particular political parties, but to act as intelligent citizens always. Their political sagacity is honored by statesmen and politicians alike. The League has won the reputation of getting things done. It does not "resolute," and then fade away in a fog of benignant well-wishing to this or that legislative need. It studies and analyzes bills and propositions that affect the interests of women, or of the nation's government, and having come to a conclusion, it acts. How rightly it acts is evidenced by the fact that in Washington Mrs. Park is generally regarded as the most expert legislative tactician in the country. She is admired all the more by women that, charming as she is, with an extraordinary pale beauty and mental sensitiveness, she has never used this personality to sway susceptible law-makers on their human side. She has won out by the logic, the justice, and the necessity of the measure she, and with her, the Legislative Council, have advocated. The Sheppard Towner Maternity law, the Cable bill reinvesting American women married to foreigners with their original citizenship, the Social Hygiene and Federal Reclassification bills are some of the measures the League has furthered into national legislation. And in the states the work of legislative awareness goes on just as actively. The League bears almost the entire burden of pushing forward protective legislation for women, in their industrial and educational interests, in child welfare, social hygiene, in uniform laws, in efficiency in government, in legislating for moderate living costs. In every state it conducts study courses in

legislation on all these matters. As a consequence, experts in every branch of government respect the League and give it the benefit of their researches, and the League in turn gives support to forward-looking public servants.

At its last convention the League endorsed the World Court as the next effective step toward an association of nations, an endorsement concurred in by the most partisan Democrats and Republicans in its ranks, and immediately made its endorsement effective by commissioning Mrs. Park and a committee to go to Europe, study conditions there, and see what common ground of pacifist action they could find with the women of Europe. Armed with these findings, the League has begun its work for the World Court.

A spirited intelligence is characteristic of members of the League. They do not fear ideas. They are not afraid to face facts contrary to their interests as leisure-class women—for they are that largely. In the sittings of the League's last convention I heard discussions of our international policies, questioning of our drift toward imperialism, of the real difficulties of disarmament, that might even have won the approbation of Sir Auckland Geddes, so keen were they, so informed. I mention the British Ambassador because it was he, who at their Pan-American convention told them that, if they really wanted to be intelligent citizens, they must find out something about world issues in terms of hard facts, not in the easy terms of large gestures toward the uncertain heaven of idealism. The Ambassador, discounting the easy way to their favor, paid them the finer tribute of speaking to them honestly about the fearful condition of the world.

The annual meetings of the League are an auspicious event in national circles, and the great of more than one land, men and women, come before it to explain themselves and their policies, sure of comprehension, and possibly, of support. It was before the League that

Mr. Hoover came first, with the Administration's advocacy of a World Court; it was before the League that Sir Robert Cecil came: it was from the able leaders of the League that he learned American sentiment was for the League if it could be made to function in really vital issues, such as the Ruhr situation. It was the League which enacted a greater friendship between the women of all the Americas, and it is the League which through its counsel is training South American women in practical procedures of organization, giving them advice and support and encouragement in their projects.

One questions whether there are human beings with enough enthusiasm for the ideal of a complete citizenship in a true democracy to permit the League of Women Voters to grow and prosper. Already the clever district leader finds she must leaven her civics with tea parties, after the ancient manner of the Ladies Aid. She must humanize her politics and her legislative activity to make it palatable to large groups, but to the extent that she accomplishes this she has performed a truly noble task. In a country bulging with people careless of the unending vigilance which the healthful conduct of a democracy requires we can well be grateful for the existence of a watchful organization which realizes that the ultimate test of a democracy is the happiness and the freedom it brings to the human beings who comprise it.

If the League is an organization which aims ultimately to depersonalize woman into the perfect citizen, there is another and an aggressive wing of the woman's movement which attacks the problem from the opposite direction. It is the National Woman's Party, and it wishes immediately to depersonalize woman so far as legislation is concerned, and then to reconstitute her in her special functions.

The Woman's Party is regarded by many women's organizations as their common enemy, being as it is the radical



wing of the woman's movement in the United States. This attitude proceeds from the intention of the Woman's Party to remove from the statute books all laws which discriminate for or against women on sex lines, and that destruction accomplished, to create other laws which shall give necessary protection in industry, marriage, and other legal and social relationships, to men and women alike as human beings, regardless of sex, but regardful of the minimum of physical endurance for both. To accomplish this it seeks to tear down the whole body of protective legislation which has been built up through years of painful struggle by the majority of women's organizations, and the women's organizations are therefore fighting its program tooth and nail.

The women who have set themselves to accomplish this are young—and led by a young woman. "I don't dare mention Alice Paul's name aloud among my associates or I'd be anathema," said a woman nationally famous. "She's got no real party. But that lone woman sitting up there on Capitol Hill with her young girl organizers has made more trouble for us than an army. Those girls are good looking, they're witty and determined, and they've got fine heads on their shoulders. It's a pity we can't have them with us instead of fighting us tooth and nail."

I heard echoes of the fighting at every convention: at the Women's Industrial Conference, where logically they demanded a place on the program to explain their stand against protective industrial legislation; at the League of Women Voters' convention where delegates told how state legislators ignorant of the divergence of aim, espoused proposals of the Woman's Party, taking them as the will of all organized women.

Opposite the Capitol in the magnificent mansions which house the Woman's Party, the traditional feminism aroma of antagonism to men is still in the air. I understand Miss Paul frowns on short

hair as a symbol of a surface feminism which might misrepresent the aims of the Woman's Party; but the girls occasionally wave short locks to the conservative wind. By accident or fate, these bearers of the torch handed to them by an older generation are young, attractive, and enthusiastic, with the triumphant assurance of bearing ascribed to goddesses. By accident or fate, the young women the country over who are winning their spurs as writers, artists, actresses, doctors, lawyers, real estate brokers, are enrolled in the lists of the Woman's Party. I am hazarding a guess that it is not so much a clearsighted enthusiasm for the cause, as it is their absolute and worshipful faith in the genius and sincerity of Miss Paul which inspires them to leave homes of comfort and position to enter on the hard one-night-stand work of the Woman's Party. If married, they have a tendency to keep their maiden names; they have their own careers. Their splendid physique has not yet been depleted by their double burden of wife and career. The husband of one member was reading in the party's declaration of principles the clause concerning the separate identity of women in marriage. "What does it mean," he asked his wife. "I suppose," she drawled, with a twinkle in her brown eyes, "that you won't be mistaken for me, or I for you." "They'd even want us to bear the children," complains another masculine critic. Well, I don't suppose they'd object if that function were more equalized between the sexes.

Fifty years ago at Seneca Falls suffrage was only one of the many rights that little band of fearless women demanded. The emphasis necessarily had to be placed on the vote, but that necessity was deplored because in their eyes there were so many rights equally vital to woman's advance. The Woman's Party maintains it is only going on with the original program. It declares that:

"Women to-day, although enfranchised, are still in every way subordinate to men before the law, in government,

in educational opportunities, in the professions, in the church, in industry, and in the home:" and that the Woman's Party will work "to remove all forms of the subjection of women in law and in custom"; that woman "shall in every way be on an equal plane in rights, as she has always been and will continue to be, in responsibilities and obligations." Miss Paul does not hope to see all this come to pass in her day, but she is carrying on a program formulated by pioneers of an earlier day.

Miss Paul holds that economic independence is the next step forward. Yet it was profoundly significant that every reference to legislation intended to protect woman in industry in her interests as a mother, and in her home, met with prolonged applause from possessors of economic independence meeting in the Women's Industrial Conference, called by the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor in Washington last winter. Here were no theorists of feminism. Here were the daily practitioners of it, in final tests of hard reality. No delegate here, no workingwoman, talked of work as a "career." It was discussed in the light of a necessary evil. The facts which moved some hearers to resort to their handkerchiefs were statements of speakers that the ultimate end of motherhood, plus a day-long job, was enfeebled children—children dying in infancy, children deprived of their primal necessity, a mother and her mothering. Here was sympathetic comprehension of the fact that the great crises of childhood are psychological; that children wither and die without the sun of their mother's presence. Here was an understanding that a home from which the mother was absent, was an orphanage; and if there was no mention of the bloom of womanhood that is forever destroyed in the women who have day-long jobs it was because work for bread and a roof over one's head and for milk for one's children is the most absolute fact of life, a fact which overrules every demand of the soul, æsthetic or spiritual.

Another aspect of this concern with fundamental facts is the birth control end of the woman's movement, which has enlisted many women who fought for suffrage. Remarkable has been the gradual growth in effectiveness, and the concomitant conservatism of the woman who single-handed, in jail and out of it, with no money, no aid, fought for the legal right of a woman to control her own body. Margaret Sanger has been attacked by every variety and combination of hypocrisy and of vested interest, but with an astounding courage, she has come through to a mellow and steady effectiveness, her cause made respectable as women and men of consequence and position in the community came to her aid.

The control of a woman over her job, the control of a woman over her person, the control of a woman over her amusements, over her wages, the control of a woman over her family's morals, each of these has had some organization to make it a living issue. The Women's Christian Temperance Union with its enormous power has as its accomplishment the unquestionably large part it played in bringing about the Prohibition amendment and the permanent abolition of the saloon. The Young Women's Christian Association has written a record of nobility in achievement for women whose magnitude it is difficult to grasp. Beginning with her spiritual needs and not ceasing until every normal activity of a woman has been included in its program, that organization has done more to make life beautiful and happy for the American and foreign young woman than any other organization in the world. Animated by a true religious spirit which has discounted race, religion, and prejudice, if only there was the need to serve, it has stretched out the hand of love to women in every rank of life—actress, artist, factory girl, housewife, clerk. The woman in the Y. W. has stood for the interests of the working girl, for the minimum wage, when these interests ran counter to the financial interests of



her husband, and of her class. To attempt even to outline the story of the Young Women's Christian Association would cover more pages than I am given in which to consider the activities of all women's organizations.

Certainly this running survey of the larger women's organizations is enough to confound those critics who complain that in the two, three, or four years women have had political power they have accomplished little. What more could they do than this activity in every direction spelling development for women? An evidence of this growing consciousness of their rights as human beings to happiness and to self-interest is the remarkable progress of the Association of Business and Professional Women, an association for the secretary, the advertising woman, the doctor, the newspaper woman—an association through which women get the needed vitalizing experiences which come from comradeship alone. Here are women who, having made their way in the world, recognize that just to work is not enough—the abundant, the beautiful life lies beyond. These clubs have a prestige and a power rightfully won, especially throughout the South where the woman who works is still in the twilight zone of social recognition, in the South where a woman can yet be gossiped about if she walks out into the street alone at night. This organization has meant much to lonely business women who find through it pleasure and riches and friends. The association has been aggressive in promoting the vocational interests of women in co-operation with the Federal Vocational Bureau and with women's colleges, and has raised the standards of business women throughout the country.

From all this getting together women have learned a spirit of fair play. They have learned to discard the pettiness that is a necessary corollary of a life

hedged in by four walls and concerned with little things, which women could make important only by emphasizing them out of their true proportions. "It's wonderful to come to a convention," said a noted clubwoman. "No matter how much you love your family, you have a special kind of love for the women with whom you work."

And it isn't all hard work, it isn't all study sessions and legislative lobbying. The women have learned how to play together. They laugh more, and they see things more in their true perspective. No woman can persist in hugging her individual tragedy quite so vehemently to her breast when she is in company with many women with similar tragedies who have learned how to smile, how to become large and generous and aglow with life through transmuting their repressed love into some form of social activity, of social good.

The mass of sentiment in women's organizations tends toward legislative control of individual liberties, especially those liberties which spell harm to the propertied interest of women in their families and certain standards of virtue. On a convention floor this winter I heard a woman relate the progress in her state legislature of a law designing the return of truant husbands and their punishment, and a rustle of approbation attended her words. Surely the desertion of a family is a greater crime than stealing some plethoric purse. It is hard to explain one's repugnance to legislation for the permanence of man's and woman's affections, legislation which will blot the tragedy out of life, except by one's instinctive feeling that it will at the same time legislate the mystery and the ecstasy out of life which are its concomitants as well. But nature is resourceful and abundant, and what is denied growth in one direction springs up and flourishes in another.

# THE LION'S MOUTH

## THE THIRTEENTH GODDESS

BY HENRY B. FULLER

FAR to the north of the great town's center the vast stream of travel still kept up its flow. It was a Saturday afternoon in summer, and thousands were making the Grand Weekly Escape. Over a wide triple avenue, inclosed by a double row of tall new structures, the flood of vehicles moved on: motor cars, motor cycles, motor buses; and then more motor cars, and more, in close, endless succession.

One of these distinguished itself from all the rest. It was a huge and gorgeous affair. It out-chugged, out-sputtered, and out-honked any of them. Speed laws seemed to mean nothing to its occupants. Its windows and panels glittered like a celestial city perambulant. Its doors displayed spread-eagles and lions rampant. Its chauffeur was liveried in scarlet. Its running boards were of glittering brass. Its four headlights, despite the sunshine, were all aglare. Its windshield—but it had none.

All at once this car began to slacken its speed. It slowly grazed the curb, a few paces from where I was sitting. I was on a bench in a small park which interrupted, for a moment, the strong march of the tall new buildings. I was surrounded by nurse maids and babies, by rollicking, rowdyish, little boys, and by a small miscellany of loafers and loungers—a company similar, in fact, to the company I had left an hour ago in another park, ten miles to the southward.

"Stop!" cried a loud, imperious voice from within the car. A footman, in scarlet, like the chauffeur, sprang down and set one of the eagles into sidewise

flight, and a woman stepped out and walked straight toward me.

She was a tall, robust creature. She advanced with a sharp look and a masterful stride. She was dressed in broad stripes of black and red, and her gown was covered with gold sequins that glittered and jangled. On her head she wore a sort of small, close-fitting helmet. The usual crest, however, was replaced by a panache—one plume was red, one was white, and one was blue.

"Ah!" she said, in a loud, commanding voice. "So you have come to see It."

"Madame," I replied, as I rose, "I have come to see nothing. I have endured the hurly-burly of your metropolis for more than a week, and now I'm looking only for rest and quiet."

"Rest and quiet where *I* am?" she rejoined with a harsh yet complacent laugh. The crowd in the park came clamoring round her. The crowd on tires roared past over its triple roadway. "You shall see It all the same."

"It? What?"

"That." She pointed to the far end of the park. A small white cottage stood among the last trees. "Come." She strode along with a kind of masterful, compelling grace. I thought of the walk of Juno—or was it Venus?—early in the *Æneid*.

"Madame . . ." I began. "Or, perhaps, Goddess . . ." I continued.

"Goddess is right," she remarked succinctly. "Of the Greater Gods there were twelve. I am the thirteenth—and the greatest of all. I am Publicity. You may bow."

I bowed. We all do. But I cringed, and I almost shrank away.

"Ho!" she cries. "Nothing sinister about me, I hope? Nothing ill omened?"



"Oh no; no, indeed," I hastened to assure this exigent divinity.

She led me toward the house. It was as small and simple and humble and rustic as could be imagined. It had a cramped side porch, and a lowly kitchen was tacked on behind. On one of its white shingles somebody had painted a small, black bird.

"A crow?" I ventured.

"A crow!" she returned disdainfully. "A Raven."

"Ah!" said I. Now I understood.

"Come," she urged. "We will enter."

I hung back. Three or four cars stood in front of the cottage. Some visitors were going in. Some others were coming out.

"I'd rather wait a little," I said.

"Very well," she agreed. "But consider for a moment. Try to realize what I have done. This is one of my greatest triumphs."

She stood there, feet well apart and arms akimbo, addressing not only me, but the gathering crowd as well.

"Think how little I had to work on, yet see how much I have accomplished. An obscure tragedy, involving obscure people, in an obscure and remote village—yet what I have made of it! Why, this spot, seventy-five years ago, was as far away as the Canadian border. Motor cars—*then?*" she asked, as a tall green tower, crowded in both its upper and lower stages, rolled by. "Trolley cars?" she continued, as a long red vehicle rasped and clattered past, under an adjacent viaduct. "Neighbors?"—with a wide sweep of the hand toward a nearby group of apartment houses, just built or building. "Doctors?—in that forlorn, deep-buried hamlet? Roads?" she asked of the wide concourse, with its hundreds of vehicles rumbling and glittering by. "And in winter, with the one sole track a stretch of frozen mud, it was farther away than Canada—it was as far away as the Pole. Oh, that January!—no food, no fire: it was the Pole indeed!"

I shuddered, in the hearing of such "copy."

"Come, now," she said to me. The last of the visitors seemed to have left.

We stepped along and gained the narrow porch. "Plenty of callers to-day," she said, with high satisfaction, to the custodian. "That's good, good, very good."

She paused in the doorway. Her tri-colored panache waved in the breeze and shone in the sunlight. "I have made him the greatest and best-known of our poets," she said, "and the most accessible. Everybody worships and wonders. Abroad they translate and imitate. At home we chatter and gossip about those last days incessantly. Isn't that glory? Doesn't that show—results? Follow me."

She led the way into a small square room. On one side, a table; on the other, a simple fireplace and mantel-piece. "Here he wrote," she declared, "his final masterpieces. And here," with a step toward the fireplace, "her mother and her husband stood on either side of the cold emptiness and asked, with eyes, the wordless question, 'What can be done?'"

She pushed me toward the rear. Another small room. "The kitchen. Bare and empty now as it was then."

She seized me by the shoulder, swept me past the dead fireplace, and propelled me toward a tiny chamber on the other side of the house.

"And here . . ." she began complacently . . .

In this narrow place a serious woman who wore a long touring veil was making her last observations and notes. A large, well-fed man took up most of the space left by his wife and by an old-fashioned four-poster bed. "And now, Mary," he said, "if you've about got this cleared up we may as well drive on." They passed out.

My guide began to dilate. The great moment was come.

"And here, in this room," she gloated, "the young wife, ill and undernourished,

died. Yes, in this room, and in this very bed. And now, thanks to me, everybody can come; everybody can see. I have laid out a magnificent avenue past the very door. I have crowded it with public conveyances. I have let in the Light. . . ."

"Madame!" I cried. "Cease! And go! Take your beak from out my heart, and get you back to your office. Leave me, I beg!"

"Oh, if you feel that way about it!" She swept out in high dudgeon, her plumes grazing the top of the low door. From the porch I saw her take her glittering, jingling way to the waiting car. The scarlet footman sprang down and slammed her in; the chauffeur, behind his absent windshield, gave out a hoarse honk; and the machine, gasping and spluttering, turned about and sped toward the south.

## THE CASE OF "MY DAUGHTER"

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

**H**ERE is the incident. A young girl of the approved flapper type was sitting at the extreme end of the car. She was busily engaged with a piece of fancy work. I will wager that she was not conscious of herself or her apparel—except, perhaps, with the slight virtuous consciousness of being well dressed, according to her standards of dressing. She certainly gave no sign of being aware that she was the observed of every male passenger entering the car. Oh, yes, her "endearing young charms," fully set off by her manner of dress, were evidently noted, if for an instant only, and then dismissed for the superior charms of the morning paper! It was for me a bit of pleasant comedy—this absorption of the girl in her fancy work and the momentary start and confusion of the masculine newcomer.

Suddenly, at my side, from an elderly gentleman who had irritably dropped his *Times*: "Madam, what would *you* do, if a daughter of yours dressed like *that*?"

Now, what I do not yet understand was the manner and the spirit of my reply: "Why, I wouldn't do *anything*! There's no harm at all in that young thing. She only wants to be in fashion!" I said much more in defense of the subject. I experienced a great wave of tenderness for her and a determination to put her case so that she might not be misjudged. Apparently, it was all in vain.

"Well!" declared the old gentleman, with a glance expressive of indignant disappointment in me: "All I can say is, that I have three married daughters with daughters of their own, and I can tell *you*, they wouldn't stand for any such indecency as that. We Southerners evidently have different standards."

I am still wondering why I took up the cudgels for a might-be but non-existent human creature belonging to me—why, on the contrary, I did not reply, courteously, but with a finality: "Sir, I have no daughter." I might also have contrived to convey in stating this fact a certain pensiveness, which, I feel sure, my interlocutor would have approved. Instead, I am left with a hypothetical offspring of the unfortunate age, most difficult to deal with—a flapper! And, being a person of a peculiarly irresponsible type, I am astonished that I should have taken this problem upon me when it could so easily have been averted. Does anyone understand the psychology outlined in this incident? I have sometimes thought that my behavior was merely a sporadic variant of the feminism of the day—a little exercise, so to speak, in polemics, as though preparatory to some vaster adventure in the defense of "something or other."

## THE ANTIQUE BED

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

**I** HAVE one advantage over my wife in the matter of antique furniture. It is I who customarily drive the flivver. As most roadside antique shops are



clearly marked and I keep a sharp lookout ahead, it usually happens that we pass them at terrific speed; and sometimes, at the moment of passing, I may chance to be calling attention to the salient features of the landscape on the other side of the road. The thing has almost reached the point, I regret to say, where a shout of enthusiasm from me about a mountain view to the left is followed, on the part of my wife, by a surreptitious glance to the right to see whether there may not be a Chippendale chair in the offing.

You must understand that I am not opposed to antiques on principle. I have known some old chairs which were just as comfortable as new ones. If a dinner table will hold the dinner without collapsing and gives me room enough for my knees, I am not one to ask embarrassing questions about its age. And I enjoy a comely design as much as the next man. Yet this question of antiques puzzles me. My wife, who has been reading some of those books in which the author tells you how he picked up an utterly perfect Queen Anne egg beater in a tiny farmhouse in Vermont, and how he could hardly refrain from crying "Ooh!" in his sheer elation as he paid three dollars and seventy-five cents for it, declared the other day that there is a beauty, a satisfying quality, which time alone can give. I seized the opportunity for a word or two on behalf of my old white sneakers, which are in some disfavor; but she didn't see the parallel at all. Later, when she suggested turning in the flivver and getting a 1924 model, I reproached her gently. The new models, said I, are not the same. Consider the sturdy lines of the ancient body; the modeling of the radiator, so different from crass modern designs; consider the mudguards alone—perfect examples of the tinsmith's craft, and marked with dents which bring back the stirring events of the olden time. Who would have a new flivver when he can own an antique? But my wife was not

impressed, which seemed curiously illogical.

The other day, as we were bowling along a country road, she saw an antique shop first. "Here we are!" she cried, and began to speak of her wish for a bed to match the maple bureau in the guest room. It appeared that if we got a bed, then all we would have to do would be to pick up a couple of charming old chairs and an exquisite old table, and perhaps get some new wall paper and remodel the bookcase, and the room would be practically complete. I was in my most broadminded mood, so I set my foot vigorously against the lovely old wrought-iron brake pedal, and we drew up beside the shop.

It was called "Ye Olde Antique Shoppe" or something of the sort, and consisted of a dilapidated farmhouse bulging with junk. We saw an assortment of china and glass; a variety of lumber of various types apparently assembled in view of a possible coal-strike; a squad of dismal chairs which looked as if they had been through a severe mauling in somebody's cook's sitting room; several mirrors not quite as funny to look at yourself in as the ones at Coney Island, but good for a hearty laugh at shaving-time; and a few clocks indicating various incorrect times of day and decorated with pictures painted by the hired man. The gems of the collection were perhaps two dingy oil paintings of somebody's Uncle Hiram and Aunt Hepzibah, large as life and twice as vindictive. One of the books on the lure of the antique had said that under the stern forbidding exterior of our forbears was hidden away a love of the beautiful. One glance at Aunt Hepzibah was enough to convince me that the words stern and forbidding were well chosen.

"Good morning," said my wife to the lady in charge of the shop. "Have you a bed?"

I thought for a moment that she was overcome with a sudden lassitude and wanted to lie down, but the lady in

charge made no such mistake. She pointed to a number of posts and beams in the corner, leaning wearily against the wall.

As we dragged the pieces out and put them together, the owner of the shop laid out for us a program of work for the winter in case we made our purchase. To begin with, the bed-posts needed only to be sandpapered and varnished and rubbed with oil and refurbished in a few other ways. Then, of course, we must have some angle-irons made by a blacksmith, and the headboard repaired by a carpenter, and a spring made by (who would make a spring, anyway? One swallow doesn't—no, that's not it); and have the crack in one of the posts fixed, and I don't know what else. As the owner talked, I had an impression that all the community industries would have a busy season working on that bed. I'm not sure that even the plumber and the steamfitter weren't going to be implicated.

We were discussing the best cosmetics for bed-posts when I suddenly made a discovery.

"My dear," said I, "this bed is only five feet six inches long." I stood one of the sidepieces on end and looked over the top of it at my wife. "That ends it. If a guest of my size lay with his feet flat against the footboard, he would project from his ears up."

"But there isn't any footboard," said the shop owner amiably.

"Do you expect a genuine old four-poster to have a footboard?" asked my wife.

"I do," said I. "I expect any civilized bed to have a footboard. When there's a footboard you may have to tie yourself into a knot, but at least you know where you are. In a bed like this you're liable to get your feet frostbitten and never know why until it's too late."

"But the bed's so lovely," said my wife reproachfully.

"And our friends are so tall," I replied. "If this bed is for the guest room, aren't we rather limited in our choice of

guests? Napoleon would have adored it, and the Japanese, who are said to be a fascinating little people, would fit it nicely. Of course, if we knew any dwarfs intimately, they would probably regard the guest-room bed as one of those delicate attentions that mark the perfect host. But—"

"Antique beds are always short," interposed the presiding deity. Immediately I thought I understood the morose expression in the face of George Washington (six feet two inches) and the sad eyes of Abraham Lincoln (six feet four).

"You can always double up your legs," said my wife. "To hear you talk anybody would think there were no such things as knee-joints. What are knee-joints for, anyway?"

While I was trying to think what knee-joints are for, the presiding deity suggested that of course we could have side-pieces as long as we wished made for us by a carpenter. There was a generous air about her which suggested that anything up to eight or ten feet would be perfectly satisfactory to her. The open-mindedness of these antique dealers toward repairs to their furniture is one of their most striking characteristics. They continually suggest alterations and additions. "That would cut off very nicely about here," they say of a bed-post. "That would be very pretty to do over," they say of a chair. And they are strong for scraping; the minute you criticize the color of a piece of furniture they assure you that you can scrape it. They seem to think of their customers as little boys just aching for something to try out their new jack-knives on.

So it was settled. We bought the bed, or rather the antique fragments. From the first moment it was clear that we were in for buying something; far better the bed, thought I, than Uncle Hiram and Aunt Hepzibah. I made out the check as rapidly as possible, for I could see that my wife was beginning to cast covetous glances at a table which looked as if it had been left out in the rain ever



since the Boston Massacre. Better the bed than such a relic. So I whistled cheerfully as I staggered out to the flivver with bed-post after bed-post, and the flivver chugged merrily home.

Now we spend our evenings sandpapering the bed-posts. Then will come the varnish and oil (or is it shellac?), and the new side-pieces and the new spring and the new angle-irons and the repairs, and the carpenter's bill and the blacksmith's bill and all the rest of it. And when the bed is at last in place, enlarged to a suitable length, and our guests are stretching out their toes to the utmost with long sighs of satisfaction—will it be all over then? Don't you fool yourself. We shall have to get a table to go with the bed, and some chairs to go with the table, and some andirons to go with the chairs; and before very long we shall probably be deciding that the bed doesn't match the rest of the set satisfactorily, and we shall be off on another bed-hunt. As I said before, this antique business puzzles me a little.

But I try to keep cheerful, and so I sit down solemnly and look at the bed and conjure up pictures (as the books specify) of the long winter evenings in the New England kitchen, stately dames in kerchiefs, damsels and swains, the days of '76, the gathering of the minutemen at Concord, and that sort of stuff. I am not very good at conjuring, and the old-time romance comes slowly. But let us not lose hope. The process is educational. Who knows but that under my stern forbidding exterior may be hidden away a love of the beautiful?

"WE ARE THE MUSIC MAKERS . . ."

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

**T**IGHT rhymes, hard words, edged thought,

Acidity, acridity;

Pebbles—as jewels bought—

Strung with a bright morbidity

As reminiscent pricks

Of life's frustrated youthfulness;

The carbon of charred sticks

Scrawled in a blurry truthfulness;

Spray from the bitter founts

Of jejune egotism;

Vague thunders from the mounts

Of embryonic schism:

Edged thought, hard words, tight rhymes,

Precarious modernity . . .

New poets for new times:

No music for eternity.

## THE GLOOM OF HUMOR

BY FRED C. KELLY

**T**HOSE who know me as a carefree young fellow, inclined to whistle or sing in the bathroom, might be astonished to learn that I was not always thus. Time was when I was compelled to be a humorist, and life held little charm for me. Indeed, life became a downright nuisance.

I'll never forget the gloom of the day that the managing editor told me I was to do a daily funny column. He called me into his office and began to talk about a new department on the editorial page—a column or two each day of funny stories about everyday life.

"We want it to be the real thing in humor," the boss continued; "I should like to see it so funny that everybody would want to read it the minute he picks up the paper, and then, having read it, sit and laugh and chuckle for an hour afterward."

"He slapped his thigh in the exuberant manner of a village wit at a church social, and laughed himself at the thought of how side-splittingly funny he wished the new department to be.

"Who's going to write all this sprightly comedy?" I inquired.

"Why that's what I want *you* to do," replied the managing editor.

"Me?"

"You."

"Do you really think I can be so comical?" I asked weakly.

"It'll be no trouble at all," the boss assured me. "There are funny things constantly happening on the street corners, in the cars—all over town; in fact, in every walk of life. Simply write these funny things. If some prominent banker

says something funny to his wife at breakfast, write a droll paragraph or two about it."

"After all, it does seem absurdly simple," I conceded; "a funny thing happens and I merely write about it."

"Exactly."

That was about all of our interview. I walked out in a daze, went to my humble apartment, threw myself on the couch, and tried to figure it all out. Every picture, every piece of furniture in the room served to remind me of the happy days when I wrote sad, tragic, and gloomy things for a living.

I had an idea that I might keep going for about two weeks. Everybody has a few funny ideas in his system, I suppose, and, as nearly as I could calculate, mine might hold out a fortnight. I lived in the hope that the paper would know I had done my best, and would keep me on the payroll in some more cheerful place.

The desk where I was to write my droll stories of city life was by a window overlooking a dirty little cross street. I stared out at two colored chauffeurs and, at first thought I envied them their care-free life, with nothing to do but ride about in large, costly machines. But, on reflection, I knew that their lot was only a trifle better than mine. I recalled my inability to operate any mechanical device more complicated than a wheelbarrow, and knew that I might as well worry over humor as over machinery. Just then my eye rested on a street cleaner. Ah, I thought, there was the ideal job! Nothing to worry about. No chance of not making good. The street was dirty. He swept it. What could be simpler? How I did envy the man!

At the end of two weeks I was surprised to find that I still had a few ideas on hand. Things on the streets which I had never before noticed sank into my consciousness as worth writing. And one thing suggested another. It was simply an application of: seek and ye shall find.

Perhaps I could hold out another week. Gradually, I reached the sec-

ondary stage of my troubles. The primary stage was when I feared I couldn't hold my job; the secondary period was when things came so easily that I was heartily ashamed of myself and went to the cashier's window each Saturday with a hang-dog air. As my acquaintance and experience grew I got hold of more funny-story germs than I could handle. By the time I rode down town in the morning I had usually seen and heard or thought of enough things to fill my daily space. By noon I was always through work for the day.

Guilty as I felt, I kept right on taking the paper's money every pay day. My excuse was that the owner of the paper was so ridiculously rich that it served him right. I didn't like the man, because I thought there was no sense in any human having so much money, and, moreover, he wore little white chin whiskers that annoyed me. So I simply chuckled every time I thought of the joke I was playing on him and greedily accepted the money his gentlemanly cashier handed to me.

Time went on and I came to the tertiary or acute stage of my troubles: I had safely passed the period when I feared I couldn't find enough comedy, and gradually ceased to feel much shame over the ease with which I earned my pay—the fact is, I had successfully promoted several salary increases for myself on account of the supposed difficulties of my job; but the next stage was more serious. So much constant dealing with jokes and jests and quips and merry tales got on my nerves. I began, more or less unconsciously, to avoid old and trusted friends, because I feared they would tell me jokes and wish me to write them. I couldn't go into a restaurant without having some one—often a comparative stranger—come up and pour bits of pseudo-comedy into my ear. And yet if no one told me his jokes and comic adventures I couldn't earn my living; I *had* to listen. That was the tragic part of it. There was no way out; I had to smile a sad, sickly smile and try to



seem interested. It was the utter hopelessness of my lot that made life a burden. There were days when I was half tempted to go out and play golf.

Men and women from every walk of life got the impression that I reveled in all manner of rococo and primordial jokes. It was practically impossible to turn a corner without having a palaeo-cryptic jest flung into my face. Only a small fraction of all I heard were new or printable, but I had to laugh gleefully at one and all without regard to whether they were of the present or the pre-mundane period.

I even got tons and tons of puns handed to me. Men who didn't catch me on the street called me by telephone at my office or dwelling place. It just seemed as if when a man had a particularly bad joke and the neighbors began to complain, so that he had to get rid of it, he immediately thought of me.

One day a total stranger called me on the telephone. He could hardly make himself understood at first for laughing over what he was about to tell me, but when he got control of himself, he asked:

"How do you spell tide—the tide in the ocean?"

I told him and he continued: "How do you spell tied—when you've tied your shoe?"

I told him that also. Whereupon, he said triumphantly, with a shriek of laughter:

"*There's a peach of a joke for you—high tide and low tied! You can print my name with it if you want to.*"

They were not all that bad, of course, but they were bad enough.

I was obliged to give up every form of social frivolity, because if I went where people were gayly tossing the light ball of conversation, some one was sure to crowd me into a crypt and tell me of the perfectly killing things his uncle used to say.

What made the situation all the worse was that I doubted if I could earn my bread by any other means than humor. I had heard of men who got into ruts and then took correspondence courses or went to night school, and eventually changed their luck. For me, though, I saw no way out of the quagmire of humor.

Finally, however, I determined that something must be done. I yearned to go to a far country and begin life anew. Away from the old associations, I hoped that I might be able to brace up and follow something legitimate. I packed up my few belongings and went to another city among strangers. It was a long, hard struggle, but I read serious, ponderous books and sought out men who rarely smiled. After a time I began to relish my food and grew comparatively cheerful. For years I wrote scarcely a line of humor. I'm now completely cured.



## A Matter of Importance

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**T**O a coeval who said he found it hard to have any fun now that he had got so old, the reply of a fellow veteran was that he ought to interest himself in dying, since that was the most important thing which was left for him to do. And it is important. Next to living, our most interesting experience is dying. It takes us all our life to discover what we are and what we are born to, and we may well devote due share of our last period of experience to consideration of what is going to happen to us next.

We do not make very good work of dying. One reason is that when we undertake it we are apt to be out of health and low in spirits, and are liable to be in a state of pain or physical discomfort. That ought not to be, but so it is. We ought to go out like the last bit of candle wick when the last drop of paraffin is gone, with no more than just a flicker to say it is the end. And so it happens sometimes. But not many of us do so well. Most people die much before their time and (if they are useful people) before they can be spared or their companions are ready to part with them. That tends to make dying a good deal less enjoyable than by rights it ought to be. For really it is the crowning adventure of life, and we ought to come to it like a first-nighter to his seat, waiting with cheerful eagerness to see what sort of a new play it is going to be; instead of which the dying rarely show enthusiasm, and the surrounding ob-

servers are dolorous, for parting with people is an ill business if we love them, and even if we don't, we are awed by the mystery of death.

All these reflections because, after one gets along far enough in maturity, the people of his time whom he knows, or knows about, and who knew the world that he knew, drop off in ceaseless succession, keeping one reminded how very precarious and experimental our hold on this world really is, and how far what we call living is from being the whole of life. History is an obituary notice. It is all about the departed and what they did here. It would be still more interesting if it told what has happened to them since, and maybe in what we pious people call the Lord's good time it will. Undoubtedly, a great many of them improved their circumstances by migration. Most of us believe that, and surely we need to.

If we had better and more reasonable views about death and more confidence in it as something to our advantage, we would take life easier and with much less anxiety. As it is, we incline to take both life and death much too hard. We even worry about them sometimes. That is just like fishes worrying because they are in the water. Of course, they are in the water. At their stage of biological development where else would they be? We even worry about the prospects of this world, and whether it will be saved from the perils that crowd in on it just now. Maybe so; maybe not:



but why worry? Is it necessary that the world should be saved? Is it meant to be saved, and perfected as a residence for human creatures, or is it just a school, and unimportant except for what it can do for pupils? Is it better for the pupils as it is than it would be if safer and more comfortable? Is its whole apparatus, its buildings, its roads, its art, its literature, its institutions generally, of any great consequence except as they help the spirit of man to develop and come to his own? They may all become hindrances to that spirit—Saul's armor—and hold man back instead of helping him. Let us not worry about them! To man what is important is man, and not all the clutter of collector's junk and industrial apparatus that litters up this residential sphere except as it helps his development, as doubtless some of it really does.

The Earth will probably last our time. The notion that it is going to collapse under us has been offered for consideration for thousands of years, and has been considered and, at times, accepted on a large scale, and the date agreed upon, but it has never made good except in spots, as lately at Tokio. It is a bad bet. Never bother with it. The truth is, it looks now as if, before humanity had used up this globe and the useful deposits and fertilities it is stocked with, we shall have developed the ability to move out of it at will, and stake out new claims elsewhere. That's what we do, as it is, when we die, and some present indications favor the idea that our successors may do it presently without dying. Death ought to be popular as the opening of the door to a better place than this, better opportunities and a larger life. But it is not popular, not yet. It is too much associated with breaking of ties and the laceration of affections. And yet it is extraordinary how we accommodate ourselves to it. It is altogether a wonderful fact, but we are used to it, accept it, and almost ignore it. We have other things to do than to con-

centrate our minds on it. We have to live and do all that pertains to living, and, considerably, we let dying take care of itself as is recommended in Scripture. That is why so many of our friends who go do not get half the notice in their going they are entitled to. They ought to be written up. Everybody's life has been interesting if the story of it is really told. Of the great majority of people it is never told. Those who can tell it and know about it either have not time to tell the story, or have not the gift of narrative. Real obituaries that tell with understanding about the people of whom they treat are as interesting a form of literature as there is. They are condensed biographies, but the making and the printing of them is very haphazard.

Now at the end of the year if one had the death list of people he knew about, as we shall have it in the newspapers next month, how much there would be to say. Some of it would have been said in the back files of the newspapers; much of it not. There are people to whom as they go we feel like making a salute of farewell, just as we send flowers to a steamer when some one goes that we care for. For an example, think of Kate Douglas Wiggin, so blithe and charming a spirit, so delightfully articulate, so good a writer, so good a speaker, so kind, so pleasant, and such good fun. There was due notice of her when she departed, but that is past and we are lucky to have the written record she made of herself in her writings which still abide and will not readily fade out.

More lately there went away another writer, John Morley, a famous man, long resident on earth and a diligent sojourner here. He wrote much. He wrote well. He was a good man, a useful politician, an administrator of great integrity, a reformer who stuck to his principles. Doubtless "well done, thou faithful servant" has been said to him, but he did not know religion, and on that account was by so much less

inspiring and interesting and influential. It was curious. An agnostic all his life, and lacking the warmth and the vision that he was entitled to.

There died in September a lady whose passing the readers of this department should be told of, Mrs. Curtis, born a Shaw of the Boston family of abolitionists, and the widow these thirty years of George William Curtis, of *Harper's Weekly* and "The Easy Chair." After her husband's death she went on with life without any change of location, living in Staten Island, where they had lived together, going to Ashfield in the summer, as had been their habit. A remarkable woman with great continuity of mental attitude and habits of living. One who knew her writes of her to the "Easy Chair": "Very few of those who knew and admired Mr. Curtis knew his wife. She never went into the Great World. Visitors from that world found her at the Bard Avenue house on Staten Island, or at Ashfield, always the same—herself; in youth, beautiful; in old age, noble and of distinguished presence; chary of speech and always direct and to the point, genuine, with no nonsense; the same to the hired man and to neighbor Charles Eliot Norton; more interested in the calves and the drought than in literature or art, with strong opinions on politics and politicians and with simple standards and tests, applied without circumlocution. Beneath the surface of her lay depths of affection, fidelity, and devotion, and also a capacity for righteous wrath. Cruelty to a dog or horse or child roused her, not to speech, but to action, as many an unworthy parent or master on the Island had good cause to remember."

Mr. Curtis and his wife had complementary qualities. In him there was courtesy, grace, and eloquence; while she, much less articulate, was direct, indifferent to much that average women care for, and tenacious of habit and opinion. All her life she loved horses and drove them until her latest years;

and the mental picture of her that is most familiar is of driving with her husband about Ashfield or Staten Island.

Edward Dutton, the venerable publisher, who died in the same month well on in his ninth decade, had this same liking for horses and for driving, and one would meet him on the roads about Ridgefield, driving alone, when he was long past eighty. It was not by accident that he came to be the foster father of so many religious books, for religion was what most interested him, and knowing it, he was a good judge of what books really had it in them. Remarkably spiritually minded, he combined with that quality excellent business judgment, which he exercised more or less to the very end of his long life. In his interest in concerns invisible, his protracted capacity to deal with things mundane, his very long life and benignant old age, he was fit to compare with the late John Bigelow. In both of them spirituality made for longevity, as usually it does, for people who have it have a better understanding of life and take it as a rule more intelligently, more submissively and with less wear and tear than those who have it not.

As we write the Union Jack hangs out along Fifth Avenue in honor of David Lloyd George, who has come to make us a visit and communicate to us a few timely thoughts. Welcome to the lively statesman who has done so much so far in his animated life, and of whom no one can be sure that he will not do a lot more. What man in all Europe is more famous than he, or better known in these parts! And how did he come so? What has he got that has made him what he is? Of course, he was developed by years of aggressive, fighting politics, in Parliament and out, that constituted him a democratic champion in England. He had great talents born in him, a wonderfully lively mind, but besides that still something, the thing that John Morley did not have, a sense of religion, the power to see a little more than was in sight;



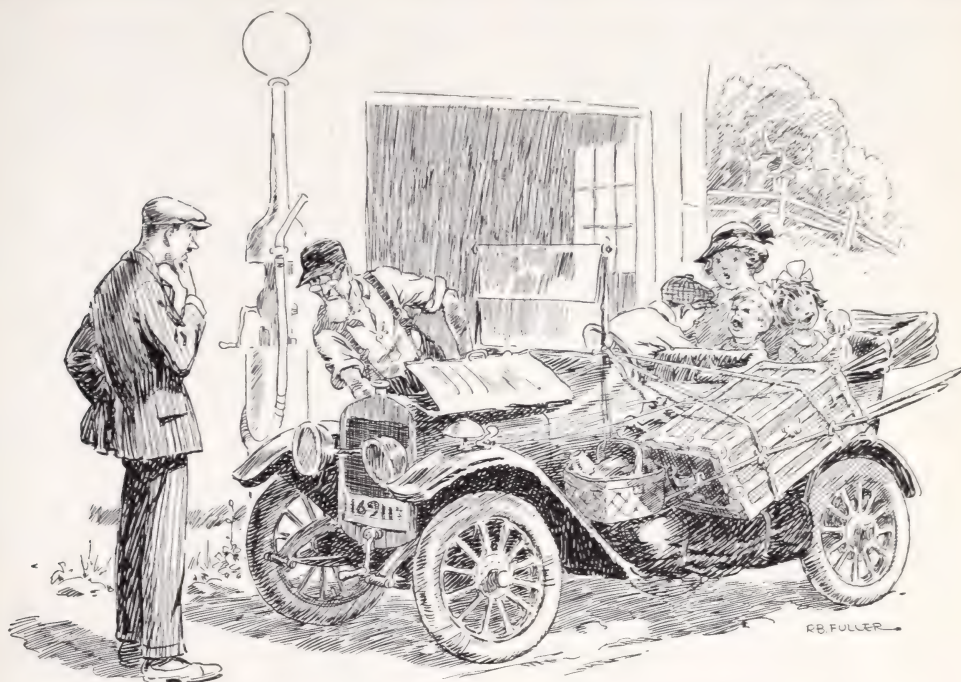
a spiritual endowment, an instinct, a vision that came to him doubtless out of his Welsh derivation. What made Lloyd George is what the pious people count on to make the leaders who are to pull the world out of its present quagmire and set its feet again in firm paths. It will not be done by mentality or by hard-headedness alone, though they will doubtless do their part. The Birkenheads are often useful, but they will never do it all.

The headlines in the paper say that Herr Stinnes is behind a plot to seize Germany and run it as one big mill, a plan for industrial feudalism under business barons. Suppose that were true, and suppose the plan could be carried out, it might mean prodigious production for Germany to use to buy her release; but does anyone look for true relief for Europe from such a plan as that? Hardly. It would mean salvation by salesmanship, and salesmanship is not enough to produce salvation on the scale now required. Immense production by Germany and corresponding salesmanship would still further dislocate the industries of every country in the western world, most of which are quite sufficiently dislocated already. Undoubtedly, Germany must work and save, but industrial feudalism under business barons does not sound hopeful. No doubt, industrialism will go on in the scheme of civilization immediately ahead, but it must go on as the servant and not as the master of mankind. Lloyd George would know that, for he has in him understanding of life. Herr Stinnes may not know it, for his understanding seems to be understanding of business, which would not necessarily include it. He may

think that men can live by bread alone, but Lloyd George knows that they can't.

What very crowded years these are! The world is being made over and we in the United States look on and wonder whether it is going to be a good job. We also wonder how long it will take and whether in the end we shall have to take a hand in it. New clashes come up every day. Besides the relations between France and Germany and England, which have invited observation for so many months, there are now relations between Greece, Italy, and France which call for our attention, and a mix-up in Spain which at least is worth notice though less agitating than the others. The continental countries for the moment seem to be turning to dictatorships. They have reached a point where their people think they need a strong man or where the strong man thinks they need him. It is very interesting, and even here at home we have matters to think about that are worth attention, a great deal of crime, violence, robbery, and dishonesty. But very quickly, if we are not ourselves robbed or murdered, we get to take all that as a part of the day's work and skip the details of it in the papers, or read them as we read fiction. The Fall elections may be interesting, and our Presidential politics in the coming year undoubtedly will be lively enough to hold our attention. We do not know yet quite what we have got in prohibition, but we wait in comparative tranquillity to find out. We are not excited about that, not very much excited for the moment about anything domestic, not even about taxes, though taxes nudge us regularly and never permit themselves to be forgotten.

# EDITOR'S DRAWER



"WHY, WHERE IN HECK'S THE DUODEENUM?" HE WOULD ASK

## Where Ignorance is Bliss

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

IN common with the rest of my neighbors who cannot afford a car, we now own one. It is a Blickensderfer Four, one of the earlier touring models. On my first two trial spins it tried to bury its head in the sand when other and heavier cars seemed to be pursuing it, and so we call it the Ostrich. That sandbank borders a very wide spot on the road not far from my home—a point I had selected as most convenient for turning round after short trial runs. But I am not telling the story I meant to.

A great deal of unnecessary gas is used up in trial runs by beginners. If a man would learn to run a car, let him first of all own it,

and then get into it and start out through his own native country, where he and the garage men speak the same dialect. The art lies in knowing the difference between an outlander's garage where only tourists are fixed, and one run by a native who fixes his own farm machinery in it, and mends eight-day clocks and phonographs and coffee-grinders. If he plays dominoes after lunch with his helper, or whittles, then I am sure of him.

We bought our second-hand car from a friend who had no desire to take advantage of our inexperience, so this is not the record of a bad bargain. On the contrary, it is an effort to show by a brief and expurgated ac-



count that any intelligent man, however unacquainted with machines, can tour immediately if he can get along with garage men. In my case, after learning what to push and what to pull and what to step on, during three runs to the sandbank and back, I placed my entire family and the dog in and about the vehicle, together with a trunk and sundry camp equipment, and started off for the summer. It was our plan to accept any New England destination with thankful hearts. Where the Blickensderfer died, there should we board and lodge; if no house were at hand, we should camp.

In all the trip my only real embarrassments arose from early efforts to keep garage men from discovering how little I knew about the entrails of my own machine.

It is true that essential parts of it now and then broke, or dropped off onto the road; but in one way or another we always reached the right sort of safety station.

"Huh!" the man would say; "a Blickensderfer."

"Yes," I would agree with a casual nod, but secretly admiring his Yankee astuteness. "Remarkably tough, aren't they?"

"Jest a mite more remarkable than they are tough. Model Sixty-six, ain't she?"

"Yes, indeed," I would say. Then he would open one of the trap doors in front and paw around. "She's a Forty-nine," he would call from somewhere inside. "Certainly," I would reply; "isn't that what you said?"

"Cylinders all firing?" might be his next question.

I would answer this with more deliberation. "Seem to be. I fired as many as I could find a while back, and they sounded all right." This, as well as I can recall it, was one of the earliest of these conversations. It was about then that the man grew silent and more attentive to his task.

"Why, where in Heck's the duodeenum?" he would suddenly ask, raising his head, and eyeing me grimly.

"Oh," I would say, turning accusingly to my wife, "I told you I heard something drop off! That must be what it was."

"Got a spare one with ye?"

"No; but I guess you can make a new one. Whittle it, or something."

"From the city?"

"I was born up here."

"Hiram!" he would call from the back door. "Let the roan stand, and fetch me

that piece of busted hay-rake down back of the corn crib." Then he would turn slowly back. "Waal, I guess mebbe I can."

They say it is a risky thing for inexperienced drivers to be at large upon the state highways. We took many back roads, and our narrowest escapes were from the skiddings and off-side drivings of experienced motorists that we met. I took no risks. Nothing could have tempted me to try to turn round on the road. In fact, we often went honking out of our way half across the state looking for a spot where I could make a complete circle, or else find room enough for experiments with the reverse. At an average rate of fifteen-and-a-half miles an hour, we toured upper New England, seeing more sights along the way than most tourists, and making more noise with our horn than anything that ever went through Vermont before on four wheels. I always honked at a turn in the road; going up hill I honked as I approached the top; going down I honked as I approached the bottom. I did it just as some men get the habit of clearing their throats while thinking what they will say next. If I didn't honk my wife or daughter asked me to from the back seat.

So much has been written in the papers about wives and daughters who drive from the back seat that one wonders how intelligent women can still bring themselves to do it. Either they are lost to shame, or they actually do not hear themselves. Probably the latter. For generations the funny papers have commented on the self-contentment of people from certain sections of Boston and Philadelphia, yet folk from those neighborhoods continue to make quite unconsciously the same old remarks. Since my trip I have been perfecting a little system of bell-pulls, to be operated from the back seat, such as a steamboat captain has in his pilot house. My wife and daughter can now ring twice to go forward slowly, and three times to go fast, and once to back up. By having the horn within their reach they can signal to other cars, and to me to go to the right or left; while I the more placidly can do just as I darn please.

So we traveled. Only once on the road have we broken some part that could not be replaced at the nearest native garage. It was one of the giblets—the gizzard I think he said—and a new one cost ten dollars. It came from Boston in four days by parcel post, and in the meantime we boarded at the

house of the man who owned the garage. I asked him, at the time the trouble occurred, how far it was to the next garage of the right sort. "Which way ye goin'?" he countered. "I don't care," I said; "we're just touring between garages." "Why don't ye stay here and board with us," he suggested, "an' I kin work for ye by the day."

Now and then I found an irritable one, but only temporarily so. Once, after a fairly long run to a small garage that I had heard of, I reached the foot of a very steep hill within four or five hundred yards of it. There, after certain incoherent mutterings, the car became wholly comatose. A heavily built man returned with me grumblingly down the hill. I tried to make conversation on the way. "I don't know what's the matter with her," I said; "but she's been rattling a good deal just lately."

"Yes, I heard ye comin' 'cross the valley," he said shortly; "your horn's automatic, ain't it?"

He made a brief diagnosis. "You want gas," he said; "at least that's what your car needs." I made no reply as we started back up the hill, and he wasn't satisfied. "Most anybody tries to run a car nowadays," he muttered. "Most anybody tries to mend 'em," I remarked. He let me carry the gas down to the car by myself, in a large can. When I finally appeared again, chugging along in my vehicle, he was sitting in the doorway of his shop reading a volume of Emerson. "Anything else the matter," he said, still grumpily.

"Asthma," I answered.

"I mean the car," he said.

"So do I."

"O, so you was bein' funny," he said solemnly, getting up and laying aside his book. "I'm never funny," I answered. "Godfrey, don't you believe it!" was his retort. He climbed in with me and ran the car a short distance. "There's nothin' the matter with this except senile decay," he stated; "oil her up and trust in God." Then he climbed down, and his grumpiness had departed.

#### No Witness

THE case concerned a will, and Tom was witness.

"Was the deceased in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?" asked the lawyer.

"I don't know," replied Tom.

"Oil's a sovereign remedy fer man, beast and auto. My wife says castor oil 'll cure everything from hiccups to homesickness. There ain't any charge except for the gas. Come again when there's more the matter with ye. When I heard ye comin' I thought it was a spavined truck, at the least. Then you come along. Sort of a great big cloud without any rain." We shook hands. That trudge down hill and back was now off his mind.

With all of this touring from garage to garage I have never been overcharged; not in New England, despite all that is said about the Yankees. I have sat half the afternoon in the back of a shop while the owner of it welded a small iron bar that had broken off my car somewhere. We talked politics and many other things while he worked. Then he charged me a dollar, and said I could have my money back if the welding didn't hold. "You never can tell about it," he said; "but if she's going to break she'll do it in the next five minutes, and if she don't then, she'll hold till the day o' judgment."

We had no really serious tire trouble in three months. One tire which lacked some of its epidermis at the start, and was running on its cuticle, was never changed at all.

Cynical friends say we had beginner's luck. I am inclined to believe it myself. If there really is such a thing I can still count upon it, for Heaven knows I am still a beginner. As I sum up the summer in my own mind, I recall the comment of another native garage man. He had examined my car and found that we had evidently been running along for quite a distance without something important—the chassis, or the differentials, or it may have been the engine—it makes no great difference which. "Well," he said, "you're like Congress, you keep runnin' right along and God takes care of you both." Then he spat thoughtfully. "But I prefer you. The longer Congress keeps runnin' the more we fellows lose, and the longer you keep runnin' the more we make. If you take the first road to the left you might git to Hank Hopkins's garage before dark. Good-by; come agin!"

"Come, come," said the lawyer, impatiently, "you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Well, sir," said Tom, dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."



## Presumption

A TEACHER in the foreign quarter had in her class a pupil so unruly that it became necessary to write to the child's father.

"My dear Mr. Stankovitch," the letter began.

The next day a very stout and very irate woman appeared in the class-room flourishing a paper.

"I will teach you to call my husband 'my dear!'" she cried, "Why, he say he ain't never saw you in his life and I believe *him*, you piece of impudence!"

## Wonderful!

THERE had been engaged a new maid, and the mistress was taking her over the house enlightening her as to the care of various treasures. At last they reached the best room. "These," said the lady of the place, pausing before an extensive row of masculine portraits, "these are very valuable, and you must be very careful when dusting them. They are 'old masters.'"

Sadie's jaw dropped, and a look of intense interest overspread her full-moon face.

"Lordie, ma'm!" she gasped, gazing with bulging eyes at the face of her new employer. "Lordie! Mis' Simpson, does yer mean to tell me dat you bin married all dose times?"



## Uncrowded Occupations

*Real estate agent demonstrating to prospective tenants that there is plenty of room to swing a cat.*

## A Pas Seul

AN Italian with a street piano had been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to "clear off." The piano man, however, continued to grind away, until finally the old gentleman had him arrested for disturbance.

At the police court the magistrate asked why the piano man did not leave when requested to do so.

"No undrastan mooch Inglese," was the reply.

"But," said the magistrate, "you must have understood what this gentleman meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms."

"No, not know," replied the Italian. "Thinka he coma dance to my music."

## Reckless Indeed

A COUPLE of old Yankees were discussing the doings in New York of a youth that had gone thither to make his fortune.

"Do you," asked Uncle Eph, "think the money young Silas made down in New York will last him long?"

"You bet it won't!" exclaimed the other old fellow. "He's goin' at an awful pace, I'm told. I was down in the general store the other night and young Silas was reported to me to be writing hundred-dollar checks and lighting his cigars with 'em."

## Poor Child

A COLORED woman in Birmingham, of great social aspirations, but withal not lavish of her money in attaining her ends, was accustomed to buy flowers for her functions from an old colored dame with a stand on the corner.

On one occasion the social aspirant said: "I wants a large quantity of flowers from yo' next week, fo' mah daughter's comin'-out."

"All right," replied the old woman, "Yo' is gwine to git de very best I has for the pore chile. What was she sent up fo'?"



FLAPPER: *Hello, Nickey, old dear, would you mind exchanging this sewing set which you left last Christmas for a silver cigarette case?"*

#### Not Exposed

THE youthful negro regarded his doctor apprehensively and asked: "What does yo' think is de mattah wif me, doctah?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "nothing but the chicken pox, I imagine."

Whereupon the boy grew even more apprehensive. "I declares to yo', doctah," he added impressively, "I declares to yo' on mah honah, I ain't been nowhere I could ketch dat!"

#### Parental Teachings Wasted

INTO a Southern police court had been haled for the fourth time a negro boy, charged with chicken-stealing. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said His Honor, "this boy of yours has been in court so many times for stealing chickens that I have come to look upon him as a regular visitor."

"I doesn't blame yo', jedge," said the father, "an' I's tired of seein' him here myse'f."

"Then why don't you teach him the way he should go?"

"I has showed him the right way, jedge," replied the old man very earnestly. "I has cert'n'y showed him the right way, but somehow, yo' honor, dat wuthless nigger keeps gittin' ketched coming away with the chickens."

#### Futurist Arithmetic

"HOW many fish have you caught, uncle?" asked some one observing an old darky fishing on the banks of a Southern stream.

"Well, suh," answered the aged angler, thoughtfully, "ef I ketch dis heah one I'm after, an' two mo', I'll have three."

#### Critics

JENKS and Williams were hotly discussing the merits of a certain book. Finally, Williams, himself a writer, observed: "No, Stuyvesant, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote anything yourself."

"Quite true," retorted the other, "and I have never laid an egg. Still, old man, I am a better judge of an omelet than any old hen in the state."



## A Good Advertisement

A CLERK in a retail store stayed out so late at night that he felt compelled to snatch naps during store hours. Being a relative of a member of the firm was all that kept him from being fired. The manager, finally becoming exasperated, remarked to his assistant that he had tried the clerk in five different departments, and in each he had snored contentedly in the face of customers.

The assistant put his wits to work. The next day the lethargic clerk found himself in the pajama department, and on the counter before him was a sign which read: "Our pajamas are of such superior quality that even the man who sells them can't keep awake."

## Real Thrift

ASCOTSWOMAN had been promised a present of a new hat by a lady generally reputed in the village to be quite wealthy.

Before the purchase was made the lady called and asked:

"Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. McPherson?"

"Weel," said the latter, "I think I'll tak a straw ane. It'll maybe be a mouthful to the coo when I' done wi' it."



"And bless mother and make her see a feller's point of view, for dad's sake and mine, Amen."

## Couldn't Hurt Him

AN exceptionally voluble beginner at golf was vainly endeavoring to make his first drive in good form. Pausing in his efforts, he espied, watching him, a small girl, holding by the hand a still smaller boy. Immediately visions of the dangers of flying balls flashed across his mind.

"You ought not to bring your little brother here," he cautioned the girl.

"Oh, it's all right, sir," was the reply. "He's stone deaf."

## A Conscientious Man

A CERTAIN mayor in the West, whose period of office had come to an end, was surveying, in a wise way, the work of the year. "I have endeavored," he said, with an air of conscious rectitude, "to administer justice without swerving to partiality on the one hand, or impartiality on the other."

## An Anachronism

WHEN some celebrated pictures of Adam and Eve were put on exhibition Mr. McIntosh was taken to see them.

"I think no great things of the painter," said the gardener. "Why, man! tempting Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that was na' known until about twenty years ago!"

## His Inheritance

THE school teacher had punished Tommy so often for talking during school hours, and the punishment had been apparently without effect, that, as a last resort, she decided to notify Tommy's father of his son's fault. So, following the department work in his next report were these words, "Tommy talks a great deal."

In due time the report was returned with these words after the father's signature, "You ought to hear his mother."



GRANDSON: "There, Grandma! That's the new Polo Field."

GRANDMA (determined to be interested): "Yes, indeed—is there anything prettier than a waving field of ripe polo?"

#### Not a Real Emergency

AN elderly colored woman in Georgia was arrested one day for stealing from a store. When the court opened the next morning the matron found the husband waiting outside, and she advised him to secure a lawyer for his wife.

"I kain't do that," said he, "I kain't afford it."

"Why, your wife told me that you had more than three hundred dollars in bank."

"So I has, but I's been savin' that up fo' an emergency."

#### Presidential Silence

AS silent as Cal Coolidge" is rapidly becoming a proverb. A Springfield *Republican* reporter who once attempted to interview him can vouch for its aptness.

"Do you wish to say anything about Prohibition?" was the first question.

"No."

"About the farm bloc?"

"No."

"About the World Court?"

"No."

The reporter turned to go.

"By the way," added Silent Cal, unexpectedly calling him back, "don't quote me."

#### Near to Greatness

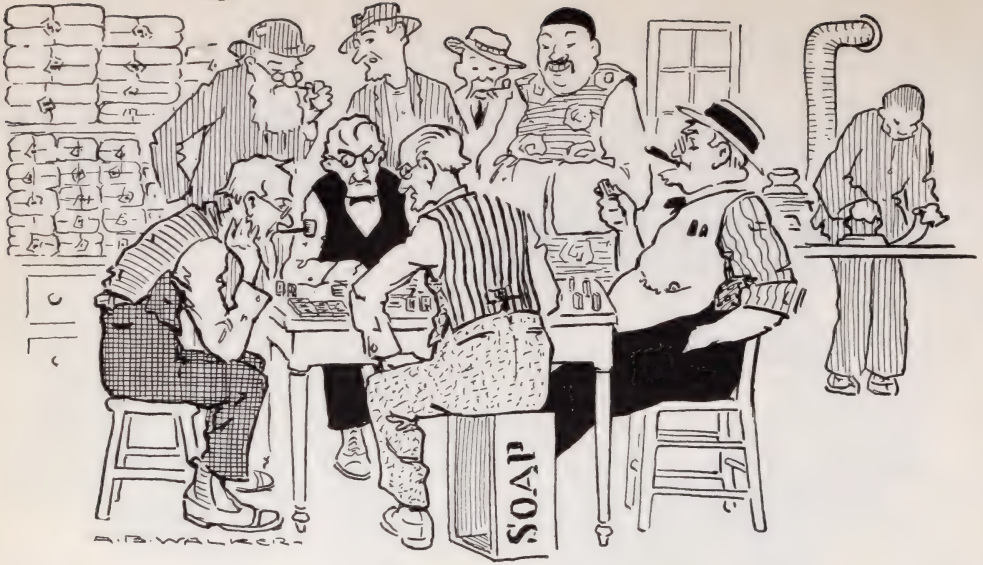
THE story is told that when a recent President was making a tour of the country he was entertained at dinner at the Governor's mansion. The unusual number of guests necessitated some borrowing of additional equipment from friends in the town. After the departure of the Presidential party the Governor's wife was eager that each one should know just what part in the President's visit she had played. Turning to her Chinese cook, she asked very solicitously if he had not saved a bone or something from the President's plate as a souvenir. Smiling and pleased the faithful servant replied, "No, ma'am, I didn't save anything, but I'll tell you what I did do. I just slipped into the dining room after everyone had left. I sat right down in the President's chair and it was still warm, ma'am."

#### A New Variety

THE famous explorer was telling of the wonders he had seen in his travels.

"Once in Africa," he said, "I encountered the most severe hailstorm in my experience. The hailstones were unusually big, varying in size from a half-dollar to seventy-five cents."





### The Yellow Peril

*The village checker players have deserted Sol Smith's Emporium and are now down at Charlie Lee's Laundry, playing "Pung Chow."*

#### Where He Was Lacking

**A**GENTLEMAN who had served two terms in Congress was making a campaign for a third term. In the course of a speech at the town hall in a village near the farther boundary of his district, he said:

"It is true, fellow citizens, that I have not always been able to do as much as I should like to do in the matter of internal improve-

ments in this district, but I have never lost sight of your interests for a single moment. You have no idea of the obstacles that lie in the way of a Congressman who tries to secure appropriations for public buildings, the improvement of navigable streams, and the like, for the benefit of his constituents; but I want to assure you, fellow citizens, that I have labored constantly in your behalf to the very best of my ability."

"We know it!" shouted an old farmer in the audience. "That's why we want an abler man!"



### Unsung Heroes

*Janus' Papa.*

#### Her Brother's Sister

**M**ARIE, who is seven, was having tea with a friend when a visitor called and took some notice of her.

"And have you any little sisters at home?" the lady inquired.

"No," said Marie. Then, after a moment she added reflectively: "But I have two brothers at home—and they have a sister—and I am it."







*Painting by F. R. Gruger*

Illustration for "The Journey"

IT WAS A TASTE OF EXPERIENCES NEW AND FOREIGN TO HIM

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

OL. CXLVIII

JANUARY, 1924

NO. DCCCLXXXIV



## Thackeray Writes to His Family

*A Group of Hitherto Unpublished Letters  
by William Makepeace Thackeray*

Edited by His Granddaughter, Hester Thackeray Ritchie

(The letters published this month, making up the second installment to appear in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, were written during the years 1847-53, the period of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, and the beginning of *The Newcomes*. At this time Thackeray made his home at Young Street, Kensington, with his two little girls, but traveled considerably in Europe and undertook his first American lecture tour. These letters have never been published heretofore with the exception of a few words from the letter of March 15, 1852, and portions of the last letter, which appeared in *Lady Ritchie's* introductions to the *Biographical Edition* of her father's works. These passages are included here to round out the letters from which they were taken. Further installments of new Thackeray letters will follow in forthcoming issues of the Magazine.—Editor's Note.)

*W. M. Thackeray to his mother,  
Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

The Reform Club.  
(1847)

My dearest Mammy, A line just to wish you—though I know it's a humbug—a merry Xmas. Next year please God, you shall have such a one really, and your old eyes will be gladdened by the sight of the children. They are meanwhile doing the greatest good to their father. That must be the poor dear old Mother's only consolation.

My prospects are very much improved and *Vanity Fair* may make me. The thought thereof makes me very humble and frightened—not elated.

Bess is great in the household affairs

and the best and briskest of all managers. She manages the children admirably; she gives me too good dinners—that is her only fault.

Mrs. Perkins\* is a great success—the greatest I have had—very nearly as great as Dickens, that is Perkins 500, Dickens 25000—only that difference! but we are selling out our edition very fast; near 1500 are gone out of 2000 already, and this is a great success for the likes of me.

God bless you, my dearest old Mother and G. P.† When you get this, Anny and her old dunce of a father will be at church praying heartily for us all.

W. M. T.

\* Mrs. Perkins's Ball.

† Thackeray's name for his step-father.



*To his sister-in-law, Jane Shawe.*

Kensington,

19 September, (1848)

I write a line just to shake you by the hand and wish you a happy voyage to your brother. I ought to write and thank him too for he wrote me the kindest letter about his nieces, and you will be able to give him a good report of them, thank God. If ever I make a decent drawing of the little women he shall have it; but I hope he will judge for himself in England before long, and to see him here, where those who have been good to my wife and children are always welcome.

Won't you write to us and tell us that you are well and happy? I hope you will do so, dear Jane, and after the grief of parting with your Mother for a little, enjoy a grand voyage and a sight of new countries and people. I wish I had the journey before me, and could see the place where I was born again.\*

It is about this time eight years that the Jupiter came into Cork with our poor little woman aboard.† My dear, I can't forget how tenderly you always loved her: and look over often in my mind that gap of time since she has been dead to us all and see that dear artless sweet creature who charmed us both so. What a whirl of life I've seen since then!—but never her better I think. "*N'est-ce pas mourir tous les jours*"—don't you recollect her singing and her sweet sweet voice? Her anxious little soul would have been alarmed at my prosperities, such as they are. She was always afraid of people flattering me: and I get a deal of that sort of meat nowadays.

Here comes Anny with a pair of letters of which Minny's is the best: and Anny's by no means overburthened with affec-

tion, but sincerity is the next best thing. The child has a very warm heart and would love you if she knew you. She says at the end of her letter, "Give my love to Uncle Charles,"—and I say so too. Give my love to him with all my heart. I wish him and you a good voyage. We have had a difference, I know how it began—but I hardly know what it is—and I remember that he and Mary were once very kindly and warmly disposed towards me and helped me and mine at the time of our greatest need. So give him my love and Farewell dear Jane.

*To his brother-in-law, Arthur Shawe.*

13, Young Street, Kensington.

May 27 (1849)

This is your niece Harriet's (or Minny as we call her) birthday—and as she was seated at the window yonder just now I made a drawing of her, and bethought me that you and Jane would be glad to hear about the children. Minny is 9. Anny will be 12 on the 9 June, and is a great sensible clever girl, with a very homely face, and a very good heart and a very good head, and an uncommonly good opinion of herself, as such clever people will sometimes have. Minny is very well for cleverness too as children go: and both have a great deal of spoiling and fondness from my Mother, who supplies to them the place of their own—now nearly nine years removed from them. She is at Epsom, very well. So you see there are pretty good accounts of all this family, including your brother-in-law the writer of the present: who is become quite a lion within the last 2 years, and is rather prosperous as times go. But though I am at the top of the tree in my business and making a good income now, near upon £2000 a year, let us say—yet it is only within the last few months that I have got to this point; and was abominably hit by an unfortunate railroad speculation of which I have still not discharged the obligation—so that I am in debt.

\* Calcutta.

† Mrs. Thackeray. After Thackeray's death, the Editor's Easy Chair of HARPER'S MAGAZINE wrote: "Can we ever forget that burly figure, that ringing voice, that wit and wisdom, without remembering the terrible picture of him sitting years before in the cabin of the steamer crossing from Ireland, and through the long night in which the ship struggled with the storm, holding his little child in his arms, while his wife, suddenly smitten by brain-fever, lay beside him? She never recovered from that illness, although she lived for many years. He lost his wife that night."

*To his daughter Anny.*

June (1850)

My dearest Nan, I am so busy with my work\* and so tired of writing that I can only write you a line or two. I'm delighted that you are so happy and that you enjoy yourself and that your friends are so kind to you. The way to have friends is to like people yourself, you see; and I hope you will have and keep a plenty.

I have been at home 3 whole days—think of that not going out at least not until near 8 o'clock to dinner: so that my work is pretty well advanced and will be done by Sunday evening I trust. Then comes printing and proof correcting and so forth, and by Thursday I hope to see you young folk again and bring you back. I must dine with the Chief Baron on the 31st. May. Or can Mrs. Fanshawe afford to keep you till Saturday? when I would come down and would take a small trip to the Isle of Wight or somewhere? Please Mrs. Fanshawe, write me a word on this subject.

Miss Trulock† has had a good offer of £100 a year and I'm afraid must leave us—there will be the business to do over again, the same perplexities botherations uncertainties. Why don't you get a little older and do without a governess? You will some day when you'll spell excursion with an S, not a T.

Don't make doggerel verses and spell badly for fun. There should be a lurking prettiness in all buffoonery even, and it requires an art which you don't know yet to make *good* bad verses—to make bad ones is dull work.

And don't scribble faces at the bottom of your letters to ladies—they shouldn't be done unless they are clever—they are not respectful or ladylike—do you understand? I like you to make jokes to me because I can afford to tell you whether they are bad or good or to scold you as now: but Mrs. Brookfield is too kind to do so: and when you write to her or to any other lady you should

write your very best. I don't mean, be affected and use fine words, but be careful, grateful and ladylike.

I did not dine till 9 o'clock last night and went to the Opera afterwards but the ballet bored me and I came away pretty soon. I think that's all I know. And so God bless you and my dearest Minikin: and our friends who receive you so affectionately, and farewell.

W. M. T.

*To his Daughters.*

(1850)

My dearest Annyminny, As I have not written a single word this day, I think I may have a five minutes' talk to your ladyships. You went to St. Mary's church‡ I suppose. I recollect it in the year 1817, when I was a miserable little beggar, at school at the Polygon, under an olivey little blackguard who used to starve and cane us. Times are changed since then, and you young women have not had much starving or scolding in the course of your easy lives.

Whilst you have been at church I have at least been doing no manner of work; for I have been at Richmond all day, dawdling in the sun under a tree, or making sketches for the Miss Berrys§ with my "gould" pen. The ease and tranquillity were very refreshing after the hard work of the past 4 or 5 days.

I looked about to see if there were tempting looking lodgings anywhere about. But the prices are very heavy for good rooms, and if Miss Trulock is going away, what the deuce are we to do?—A plague upon such misadventures. As I think over matters just now, I shan't be able to go to the I. of Wight with you, and I don't see why you shouldn't travel back as safely as you went. So you must please to write and say by what train you'll come away on Thursday, and the carriage and your Papa or else James¶ his Viceregent upon earth, shall be at Waterloo Station to meet you.

\* *Pendennis*.

† The children's governess, successor to "Bess."

‡ Southampton.

§ Horace Walpole's friends.

¶ Thackeray's servant.



I am going out of town tomorrow evening to stay over Wednesday, and to return on Thursday. Shall I get a new Governess, or shall I send you to School after the midsummer holydays? I do believe the latter would be the best plan, and then you'd learn something, as it is, ballottées from one Governess to another, now at London and next at Aix la Chapelle, your young days pass away without any larning—and in fine, I'm in a great puzzle concerning you.

That is all I have to say I think. It ain't very amusing or very wise, is it? Give my love to your Mrs. Fanshawe and a kiss to Totty: and remember young ladies that I'm always your affectionate father.

W. M. T.

*To his cousin, Mrs. Irvine.*

(1850)

Hélas, madame et cousine, je suis engagé à diner à Newgate avec les chérifs de Londres—nous irons voir les prisonniers, les treadmills, et les jolis petits condamnés qu'on va pendre.

Après je vais dans plusieurs soirées élégantes, (surtout chez cette dame, Miladi Gordon, que votre mari aime tant). Aussi je ne serai de retour à Kensington qu'à minuit, bien trop tard pour venir frapper à votre petite porte si tranquille de votre cottage si calme, où tout ce grand et petit monde sera couché.

Mes demoiselles sont guéries maintenant de leur chicken poek. Elles envoient mille salutations d'amitié à la colonie de Littl' Olland Ouse.

Adieu, Madame et chère cousine,

Votre affectionné,

Chevalier de Titmarsh.

*To his Daughters.*

Hotel de Suède, Brussels,

Sunday, 15 Sept., (1850)

My dearest young Women, I am so far on my way home and my journey has been but a dull one; only to Homburg and back again, where we stopped for 5 days pretty pleasantly, doing nothing,

reading novels, making sketches, seeing the people drink the waters and gamble at the tables. I tried my luck once or twice and think I won about 5 shillings altogether: but I'm glad I came, as it has given me what I wanted for my Xmas book.\* What I should have liked best would have been the society of Miss Anny and Miss Minny—no, of Minny some 2 years later.

In 1852, when I'm back from America and you are grown even bigger stronger and fatter than at present, please God, we'll make a tour together, and admire the beautiful works of Nature together. You may be very thankful, both of you, for possessing that faculty, the world is not half a world without it, and the more you indulge this pleasure the better you are. O, I saw such grand phenomena of sunrise at Cologne the other morning as I looked out of my window upon the river! It's useless to try and describe the scene in writing, but those magnificent spectacles of Nature are like personal kindnesses from the Maker to us—and make one feel grateful.

I wandered about this town yesterday, which is smaller but handsomer and richer than Paris, looking for something to buy for you young ladies: but I could hit on nothing that I thought would be useful or that you would like very much, and I daresay I shall come back empty handed.

On Thursday or Friday you may look out for me, I think—I shall try for the next 2 or 3 days to be quiet here (my companion leaving me today) and to come back with some of my month's work done. That's why I'm writing very early in the morning, that I may go breakfast quietly and have a quiet day's work afterwards. Meanwhile you two young ladies will go down on your knees at church, and say your prayers for me—won't you? and so good-bye and God bless all.

W. M. T.

If you get this on Monday I should

\* *The Kickleburys on the Rhine.*

an answer. It will be here by Tuesday afternoon: and I shan't go till Wednesday evening or Thursday.

*To his mother,  
Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

March 15, (1852)

My dearest Mammy,

I was going to write on this very little sheet of paper when your letter came in. M. de Wailly is the very man of all France I would like to translate me,\* but is it possible he can give as much as 5,000 francs to me?—there must be some mistake, I fear. Nevertheless I empower you to act, and get what you can for me.

I have given up and only had for a day or two the notion of the book† in numbers. It's much too grave and sad for that and the incident not sufficient. You will dislike it very much. It was written at a period of grief and pain so severe that I don't like to think of it, and am ashamed now to be well so soon and rid of my melancholy.

The house in the Square has been long since given up. It is delightfully comfortable but would cost £500 and I should be no better off. About Sloane St. must be my mark when I move.

I went and sat with poor old Miss Berry last night, and amused her with a comic story which I was quite astonished as I told myself, as I don't generally perform the wag or talk much.

Eyre Crowe is not Elliot's secretary, but mine for the nonce, and professor of drawing to the young ladies. I can quite utilize him and like dictating to him: and Miss Holmes‡ has arrived and been here 3 days. There's something very natural and good in her. She seems to me to play very soberly and finely; she says Minny takes to learning the theory of music surprisingly, and that they both may play very well, and

have been taught very well by Miss Trulock too, who is mortified at the new professor, but bears her mortification very kindly. She's a good woman. Poor Miss Holmes is not a lovely object to look upon, with red hair and nose, the lady of Babylon is scarcely more scarlet. I have told her she must come and give her lesson and be off without much talking, else she will be theologizing, but I shall be glad if the gals can be taught music by an *artist* who has the brains and heart as well as the fingers of her art. And so my little page is full, and I am my dearest old Mother's and G. P.'s aff'te W. M. T.

When Wm. Grey goes to Paris you'll have the use of the bag again.

*To his daughter, Minny.*  
Brighting,  
(1852)

My dearest Minnikin,

Kensington is so gloomy without certain young ladies that I can't stand it. How dismal it must be for poor Eliza, who has no friends to go to: who must stop in the kitchen all day. As I think of her, I feel a mind to go back and sit in the kitchen with Eliza! but I dare-say I shouldn't amuse her much, and after she had told me about the cat and how her father was, we should have nothing more to say to one another. . . .

I believe I am going to Birmingham next week with the lectures and then to Manchester and Liverpool, and then Steward: bring a basin. Well that will be over soon and my dearest children back to me, please God. Meanwhile young women you are in luck to have two homes and to be happy in one while t'other is being painted and made more comfortable. For I shall be immensely more comfortable when I have some money to leave you; and so will you too some day when you get it. I wish you may. Have you read—never mind. I won't go on with that sentence.

This place always makes me better you know, and I'm quite a different man

\* The translation of *Esmond* into French.

† *Esmond*.

‡ Music teacher.



to the individdiwidyouall who came down on Monday—and yesterday what do you think I goes to see? Another marriage—William Hankey, Esq.<sup>re</sup> to Cecile Charlotte d'Estamper, daughter of etc. Fanny was there looking very pretty and happy, and she sent her love to you and talked of both of you very kindly indeed and seemed to be as pleased with her father's marriage as he was, almost. Well, I think I shall marry Tishy Cole if she will have me, and say, "Tishia, my daughters are so anxious for me not to be alone no more that just to please them I appoint you Mrs. T." Then we will have the fly (the large one, not the brougham) from Ottways, and we will drive to the Starringarter at Richmond and Tishy shall take the head and you shall sit right and left of the table and we will have whitebait and fiddlediddlidyddledydie — there's enough of that.

Mrs. Yorke was so kind at Birmingham: almost everybody is: so was the Mayor of Manchester with whom I went to stay. It seems about a year ago, but it was only this day week: I spose the time that passes idly passes slowly, and I have not been able to settle anything since I came back, and I can't go out of the reach of London till my novel\* is through the press. I like it better in print than in writing and hope the public will like it too.

I think the Fanshawes are very likely coming to Kensington in my absence. Mr. F. is ill again, and London air does good to his *hashma*. I had written a long letter to Anny, but it is in my pocket and I don't think I shall send it. And O I forgot! There's one from the Thackerays on my table at home. And Major Bob is here, and what do you think? He has written a pamphlet and sent it to the president, who has acknowledged it very kindly; there's news! And so God bless and keep you my darlings and God bless Granny and G. P. says you don't know who. I shall be back home on Monday.

\* *Esmond*.

To his daughter, Anny.

(1852)

My dearest A.,

At last I get your 6 lines. I was coming to Zurich after Berlin and had hoped to have a week's quiet there with you all—but now, who nose where I'll go. Write to me at Berlin, P. Restante. Have you got my letters, Granny hers G. P. his from Lubbocks? Answer these queries, please.

I haven't had any news of my poor pocket book;† nor have I been able to write a word and scarce to stir in this heat; but I shall travel at night and sleep through it and not stop at the buggy Prague but go straight to Dresden and see if I can paint a bit. Here it has been like a little London, with fine dinners every day; only they are over at 7 and I go to the play or the opera. Nothing can be hospitable than Ld. Westmoreland.

I am glad I have seen the places, Tyrol and Salzkammergut, Munich and the Franconian towns, but there's no book to be made about 'em: and we 3 couldn't have made the journey comfortably: you 2 are too big to sit 3 on a side. Ah me, I wish I was back from America! My darling women must work hard in my absence and be able to play polkas and waltzes to set me asleep, *doucement* after dinner. It's too hot to move here almost: I read all day, and can't bring myself to write.

Last night I was at another open air play, quite as good as the first I wrote you about—and I saw the Authoress who admires my works. Mon Dieu qu'elle était laide! but her husband adores her luckily, and what matters, so long as he is 'appy? It seems about a year since I have been on my travels. I suppose it was wholesomest for me not to work: and I must soon get back to it and see what's to be done and fill up the hole made by the loss of the £90 in the pocket book. A week's work will do that easily.

† This pocket book had been stolen.

God bless my dearest Min and my little Nan and my dearest old Mammy and G. P. This is only to tell you where letter will find me.

W. M. T.

Wednesday, July 14.

*To Mrs. F. Elliot or Miss Perry*  
Hotel Bristol, Place Vendome,  
Wednesday.

Are your travels over? are you back in Chesum Place? Has K. P.\* taken her poor little holy day and sent her young people on their tour? Ours has been a very small one—to Calais which is very good fun and a great deal more French than Paris; to Spa which was very pleasant too but for the quantity of acquaintances and  $\frac{1}{2}$  acquaintances that as père de famille I did not care to make whole acquaintances; to Dusseldorf where we passed a couple of agreeable days among the painters; and then to Aix la Chapelle which disagreed with me as it always does. Here we heard of the death of Mrs. Robert Carmichael Smyth, my step-father's brother's wife, and thinking the family would be trouble, and my mother (who was touring too, we did not know where) would be sure to come to Paris, we came on last Friday. But there was no granny for the girls; she is to stay the month out at Heidelberg—the daughters are gone to stay with a cousin of ours Rue Godot where they are all very jolly together, and I am for a few days 'in boy' at the Hotel Bristol; haunted by No. 1† of Mr. Thackeray's new serial, which won't leave me alone, which follows me about in all my walks, wakes me up at night, prevents me from hearing what is said at the play, and yet seems farther off than ever. It seems to me as if I had said my say, as if anything I write must be repetition, and that people will say with justice "he has worn himself out, I always told you he would, etc., etc." But 6000£ is a great bribe, isn't it? Suppose I do wear myself out, and that

posterity says so, why shouldn't she? and what care I to appear to future ages (who will be deeply interested in discussing the subject) as other than I really am?

My poor friend A'Becketts death has shocked me. He has left no money and hasn't insured his life—Down from competence and comfort goes a whole family into absolute penury. One boy  $\frac{1}{2}$  through the University, and likely to have done well there I believe—another at a public school, daughters with masters and Mamma with tastes for music and millinery. What is to happen to these people? Had I dropped 3 years ago my poor wife and young ones would have been no better off. Yes, we must do the forthcoming serial work and never mind if it should turn out a failure. We went to see Mrs. Morton yesterday who has burned her neck severely while shielding her little grandchild—a little black eyed curly pated lazzaronikin Brinsley's daughter—that fellow would be a good character for a book—and his mother too if one could but say all one thought—but in England we are so awfully squeamish. Ah, if one's hands were not tied there might be some good fun in that forthcoming Serial—you see I always come back to it—in fact this very sheet of paper was pulled out for the purpose of writing a page only somehow it has taken the direction of Chesham Place and will be read I hope tomorrow by my bonnes sœurs. Are you all in London? Ah me! What letters I have written in this very room at this table some 5 years since. It is a nice quiet room—away from the noisy street. I daresay the Zouaves are playing their music in the Place Vendome at this very moment. Blow away trumpets! We saw the men yesterday. They are magnificent looking warriors, that's certain. The town is getting too handsome for them. I miss my old corners—my dining-places have disappeared and palaces stand in their stead: but the Palais Royal looking seedy and deserted consoles me: and one gets a good time

\* Kate Perry.  
† *The Newcomes*.



among the pictures at the Louvre, and with the pleasure of the girls. What shall I do, if any scoundrel of a husband takes away Anny's kind cheerfulness from me?

I have been twice to the theayter but can't sit out the playe—the Dame aux Camelias I could not bear beyond the second act: it is too wicked: and so is the Juif Errant—I had intended to go to a screaming farce last night but came home instead to think about the—Plague take it! Here is the Forthcoming Serial come up again! Well, you let me say whatever is in my mind, and you know of some people who are always there. God bless them all says

W. M. T.

*To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

Saturday.

(Autumn, 1853)

My dearest Mammy,

I only got last night the last proof sheets of No. 1 of *The Newcomes*. Doyle has been three weeks doing the engravings and they are not so good as mine now they are done. And I have been delayed by Governesses, and this morning comes a letter which may defer the Roman trip altogether: a proposal from a publisher to edit Horace Walpole's letters, which is just the sort of work I should like,—such as would keep me at home, pleasantly employed some evenings and pottering over old volumes (I'm flying from pen to pen to see which will answer best) of old biographies and histories.

When the imaginative work is over, that is the kind of occupation I often propose to myself for my old age. This and the Governess business may keep me 3 or 4 days more. But don't please be disquieted on my score. The little trip to Brighton always braces and benefits

me. If I dared to have 3 houses at a time I would have taken a lodging there for a fortnight. My good nature has kept me out of a fortnight's work here, for my visitors, the best of people, put me out of my way, and I can't write for them.

The girls especially Minny want a woman always with them. Three hours a day of Miss Tolmache isn't enough. There came a Ger-woman the other day: but well enough recommended as times go. But I found I couldn't live with her. There are some people, ever so many, who shut me up or drive me to my own room, and this would be one; and I must send her a congé and look elsewhere. Now that the Roman trip is doubtful, the governess is not so necessary perhaps.

We had a pleasant little journey to Oxfordshire—did the children tell you?—and as for that Brighton it's wonderful how it seems to answer with me. I found myself longing to get to work: and wrote a ballad\* there, day before yesterday, with quite a juvenile pluck. As for appetite, it is quite marvellous how that grows there. I wonder is Kensington unwholesome, or is it only fancy on my part?

Charles has been here hunting all over the house for fancied goods of his. What a strange mania! We have seen the poor Brookfields, and the moral I have come to is 'Thou shalt not pity thy neighbour's wife.' Keep out of his harem; and it is better for you and him. I send you a line only to tell you that I'm quite well. We shall let the Emperor go through Boulogne before we land there: and then may we have a couple of nice months with my dear old G. P. and Mother.

W. M. T.

\* "Organ Boy's Lament." The last poem he ever published in *Punch*.

(Further letters will appear in the February number)

# The Journey

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

OF course, it seemed, when one thought of it, incredible that they should be outward-bound on one of the large ocean liners, headed for France; but, then, that was just it—neither of them really thought of it. They were as unaware, as incapable, say, of being aware of such a detail at that moment, as a fly engaged in spinning continuously in sunshine is unlikely to be aware of the outline of the wings that sustain it. No; it simply floats and slumbers in space, then changes its place suddenly, delightedly darting from this to that new spot in glory. That is all. The wings are there; but no one thinks of them. They are not even visible; a faint blur in a golden glory, all the rest is merely ecstasy.

Poppa Whittaker was not a man to show his emotions or divulge his thoughts, except appropriately at any rate; but he really had no thoughts, no emotions, now. He was floating, as clearly as though he had had wings at his shoulders and were suspended in mid-air with his stout, somewhat short legs falling away at a slight angle as he soared.

A lank steward with slickened hair, and holding his little short steward's coat together, against the breeze, went up the deck on a leisurely unknown errand. Another followed, carrying a tray. The passengers had drifted away singly and in groups.

It was Poppa who, as one might say, first lighted. He lighted, as it were, on the ship's railing; came to himself, that is, and down to earth; and was aware first of a fat, comfortable hand that was his own—gripping the rail—familiarily his own—as was evidenced by the iden-

tifying ring of braided gold and silver that he had worn there, so long—ever since he and Momma became engaged twenty-six years ago.

"Momma," he said, and looked about him, "where have all the passengers gone?" Truly, soaring had been very pleasant. He felt the limitations of a firm deck under his feet.

"I don't know!" She looked bewildered. She appeared suddenly to have lighted also. Then she caught sight of the steward far up the deck, carrying the tray. "Why, I guess they've gone to dinner, Poppa. Did you hear a gong?"

"No," he said, and looked all around him. "They ought to ring one."

They steadied each other comfortably toward one of the companionways, and into a different and less glaring light and into and through a thick odor of ship's rubber. He was manfully occupied now with the business in hand, and looked about him with a fair imitation of sharpness, from this side to that. Ships are confusing. Was this the way to the dining saloon?

She was only too ready to trust him entirely in such matters. Outwardly she was absorbedly engaged in seeing that her feet did not slip, and that one hand kept its grip on the stair rail; but in reality she had left the earth again, and was soaring once more, in incredible sunlight. And if the whirl of her soaring and its meaning could have been translated into words, the words would have been these, over and over, droningly, half of them in a tongue whose pronunciation was but imperfectly mastered:

"*J'ai donné*—I gave; *tu as donné*—thou gavest; *il a donné*—he gave; *nous avons donné*—we gave;"—then over



again: "*J'ai donné*—I gave; *tu as donné*—thou gavest."

You see, it was very fortunate all the way through and well-fitting and coincident as a solved puzzle. All the pieces were there, so to speak. Not a one missing! Oh, she had thought for a while that the whole picture could never be completed; it seemed such an undertaking; but bit by bit it had been worked out. She began fitting it together, really at the time the boy had written those wonderful letters from France. From then she began to believe that he and she and his father would be in France together. And he, having been there before, knowing it so well;—why he had had two weeks leave in Paris, not to speak of all that he and his regiment must have learned jointly of France;—yes, he knowing France so well would lead them delightedly about, and show them. As a matter of fact, from her girlhood she had always wanted to go to France. Well, dreams come true!

The plan would take some money; but Poppa's hardware business was increasing very satisfactorily and the fruits of his years of conscientious labor were beginning to hang red-cheeked and ripe on the bough. Besides, what is money for, if not to spend!—and when one buys with it perfection, dreams, delight!

Perhaps at bottom of her plans was a kind of envy and uneasiness, too, that a son of hers and Poppa's should have so large an experience as a trip to Europe—on a transport—one of the American Army—and that his mother and father should know so little of the world. One must not get separated from one's children. That had been an insistent theory of hers for years. While giving a child every reasonable freedom, there must be care that the real and fundamental bonds are not broken. That had been her especial concern. That was why she had got the little tiny photograph case for Bob to carry in his pocket—with a picture of herself and Poppa—that was why she talked to him from

time to time about *her* father and mother; that was why, at the last, she had consulted Poppa about his giving the beloved old seal off his watch chain, the seal that had been his father's, to Bob as a sort of parting bond, and about even adding to it, herself, the ring of silver and gold, braided, which was a companion to Poppa's own. And Poppa, bless him, was ready to part even with the seal, of course, and not shocked at all at her wanting to give away to Bob the ring that Poppa himself had put on Momma's finger when they were married.

It seemed to him, indeed, a happy thought. Poppa was subject to the almost unadmitted superstition of his class; and he leaned rather strongly to the belief, without actually believing it, that the card case, the seal, the ring would serve not only as bonds, but as talismans of a sort. He had a feeling that as long as Bob carried these he stood a chance of coming back safe.

As for his wife's plan of going to France, he was pleased with it. He had had, at the time, a little uneasiness on his own account—to match hers—at having a son so much better informed than himself, as Bob was bound to be now.

So, the plan grew—the puzzle, if you like, as to ways and means and preparations! Oh, it was to be a happy picture, I can tell you, when it was completed, and every detail fitted into place! Momma Whittaker and himself and Bob—after all the unexpressed agony, yes, and pride of separation—seeing France together! So, Poppa leaned over Momma's shoulder, as it were, to fit a piece or two into the puzzle neatly, himself.

But the picture puzzle turned out to be not what they had thought it would be. They had thought that they and Bob were to see France together, Bob's sunny head everywhere just a little ahead of them, leading them. And Bob's knowledge of French "cross-eyed pigeon, by golly!" as Bob had gayly

written them, "but good enough, you bet, to get on with," would not only make their way smooth, but would add delight and humor beside.

Well, that was not the picture at all—mind you! As it was finally worked out, it was they two going to France two years after the war, not with Bob, but going to find him, in an uncertain way; and to stand in a northern field somewhere, where there were thousands of white crosses, and many unidentified graves—one of which was Bob's! That sunny head of his! Somehow the earth which held the dead could never seem to Momma dark after that. She had rather surprising sensibilities, and at times glimpses of a certain poetic vision of life; and she once got so far as to say to one of her neighbors:

"When I think of Bob's hair—and there were other boys had the same kind—looks to me sometimes as though it must be light down there."

This was reported by the neighbor to yet another neighbor, and then it was efficiently agreed between the two of them, that it was just as well that John and Esther Whittaker were going to have the trip. It would give them something real to think about:

"Once they've been over there, and seen the place where he actchelly lays, they'll think different about it. They'll stop grievin'."

But this was entirely to mistake them. They did not grieve. They really did not. Their sorrow was not as tangible as that. It had not so much reality. It was another world, utterly shut away from everyone but themselves, and in which

they had no language with which to communicate even to each other their experiences of bewilderment and loss. Instead they redoubled their mutual affectionate attentions and sympathies. Momma kept a closer watch as to the filling of Poppa's coffee cup. Poppa handed her the butter more readily; and sometimes offered her the sugar after she had twice refused it. They were closer together, and better understood each other than before, though they were more wordless. Poppa knew himself for the husband of a woman who had given her only son to "the cause" ("the cause"



SHE TIMIDLY TOLD SOMETHING OF THIS TO A NEIGHBOR



was a convenient and satisfying phrase), and Momma seemed unintermittently aware that she was the wife of a man who was the father of Bob and who was bereft of him. These summings up were enough for them.

Momma was fundamentally practical, as women are and men are not; so it was she who met the problem of how they were to get on in France without a knowledge of French. She made inquiry—she was a woman who always had available resources—and was informed that Americans were, in truth, now so many in France, and the French had picked up so much English that she need have no uneasiness; no uneasiness at all, really. Then, too, in their little home town was one very wealthy woman, the wife of a former brewer. This woman affected a French maid. Nothing was easier than for Momma to get in touch with her.

By the French maid Momma was advised to learn a few phrases—the usual useful ones.

“And then”—the little Frenchwoman lifted her shoulders high and let them down, and spread her hands palms out—“if you need anything and can’t get it, tell them, yes, *tell* them: ‘I gave my son to France!’ Just tell them!”

Of course the little Frenchwoman did not understand Momma. Momma would never use a thing like that to get favors for herself. The idea of doing so hardly penetrated at all, indeed. But she seized on the phrase as though it had been a key; not to any particular heart, but to the human heart at large, her own, everybody’s. She could already see herself looking into the eyes of French women who had lost more even than she had lost—and saying in full sympathy, “I gave my son to France.” But it would not be fair or suitable always to say my son. There would be times when she would wish to say “*our* son.”

So, that was the beginning. The French maid who like all French people believed a mastery of French verbs to

be one of the indispensable things to the universe, started Momma off in the traditional way, “*J’ai donné mon fils*—I gave or have given my son; *tu as donné ton fils*—thou gave or hast given thy son” (yes, that might be useful, too, “thou hast given,” Momma thought with vague practicality!)—and so on down!

The strangest thing, of course, about Paris, when they at last arrived there, was that it was not strange at all; rather it was blessedly familiar—home to them, almost. This came of their having lived in it so often with Bob, in their imaginations, and largely, too, from the information picked up so hungrily from the other boys, who had come back from France. Once the boys knew that Bob’s mother and father really wanted to hear about Paris they gave them plenty of it, and fancied they were in a way consoling them, as in a way indeed they were. So the bright boulevards, the lettered kiosks, the little iron tables, on the sidewalks, and the gay crowds and the brilliant liqueurs and colored wines blossoming like flowers here, there, everywhere, were all in one way very familiar to them. This is not to say that there lacked astonishments; but they were familiar astonishments in a way. They expected to be astonished, had been told a hundred times that they certainly would be. They were! They identified many things, the “islands of safety,” the strange postboxes, the stagey *gens d’armes*. They stood on the pavement at one side of the huge Place de la Concorde, and saw the conscienceless cabbies chase pedestrians as they had been told they did; and while the ethics or lack of ethics of it shocked them, they allowed themselves their amusement, like people of the world, and laughed.

“Don’t it beat all!” said Poppa, tilting his hat back a little and looking around with delight and amaze on Momma. And Momma beamed and said yes, that it did, truly; but added, remembering: “But Bob loved Paris! and my! I don’t wonder!”

Little wonder, indeed! Glorious place! And this in spite of the fact, too, that they were well informed about such things as went on at the Folies Bergère. Oh, they were people of the world, really, for the nonce. They would not have gone there, either of them, for anything you could have offered them; but they talked of it, and were glad they knew about it. "Think of women goin' on like that!" Yet they loved Paris in spite of this, and were loyal with a deep loyalty to France. France after all was theirs: "*J'ai donné*—I gave; *tu as donné*—thou gavest or hast given!"

They met with rudeness, oh yes! Sometimes with terrible rudeness; were sneered at, scorned, made fun of, were even once called "peegees" when Poppa grew righteously wroth over being cheated to the amount of fifty francs or more. Well, they recognized that, too! The returned boys had told them that—the French wanted the American money, all they could get of it! But do you suppose that mattered! Not at all! Not in the least! Have you seen a lover turn his eyes away utterly from his mistress's faults? After all, they loved France—France to whom in a profound sense Bob belonged. Bob had loved France. That for them was sufficient and final. France could not, as they conceived it, so behave that they would dislike her. As for France's growing dislike of Americans, well, it was not surprising when you saw how some of the cheap, vulgar American travelers behave. And the Folies Bergère? What, after all, had that, really, to do with France?

They had to accustom themselves to many things, to the ridiculous inconveniences, perhaps more than anything else to the awareness of that entire class so peculiarly Parisian: the demi-monde. They had heard of it enough, of course; but they could not have dreamed of its being so evident, so ubiquitous, so blatant. Poppa had heard more than Momma had—men like to be conversant with news of such things—but even he would not have expected quite so

many, so many beautifully or flashily dressed women and girls, young girls, openly, boldly, persistently eyeing the men. The boys who came back had not exaggerated! That funny round little, sound little Benny Milton who had said sufficiently, throwing the subject away from him amusingly with his left hand, "Lord, but they are a lot!"

"It's the demi-monde, all right! It's the home of the demi-mondaine!" said Poppa, with a mingled interest and incredulity, and a little proud of his use of the words. "There's one of 'em now! The demi-mondaine's a person here! By George! Look at her!" and he followed with his eyes one, very obvious, a coarse pleyer of her trade, and dreamed nothing of the many more subtle ones so skilled that they escaped his observations altogether, one two inches from him, already leaning toward him as she looked in the same window, who he did not even know was there.

"Well, now," said Momma, with happy finality, "we won't talk any more about them. Don't let's! It's a kind of a blot; but my sakes! it's nobody's fault. You can't help things like that! And look at those little cakes! Did you ever see anything so pretty! I don't wonder people love Paris. I can just see how Bob loved it! I never saw such interesting store windows!"

But she was not thinking of Bob at all at that moment, but with a strange almost unadmitted uneasiness of Poppa's interest in these women. It was as though an adding machine that you had relied on for years were to suddenly jump a wrong number. It was not *interest* that Poppa should have registered, but *disgust*. Then her own mind registered alarm, that she could have thought in this fashion at all.

Momma had had no need as yet, nor indeed occasion, to use her phrase, "*J'ai donné mon fils à la France!*" but it was very present in her heart at all times. She remembered often that this France, but for Bob, and the thousands of other splendid boys like him who had fought



devotedly for her, would not have had to-day her existence; and then she would remember again the brightness lent to the dark thought of death and the dark earth by even the memory of the gold hair of their heads, not to speak of the good solid gold of their hearts.

Yes; she had given her son for France, and there was need enough in her heart that France, bought at such a price, should be worth the buying. And it was, really! So she loved it, doted on it, clung to it. She recounted to her husband with delight any little kindness that was shown her, and there were many—by shop girls or trades people. "They are so nice, these French people! I like them!"

Their visit in Paris was practically over. Much as they had enjoyed it, they were both secretly glad to leave. Momma had a sense of vague unrest that was really at bottom disappointment. She had not yet found the fitting occasion for saying, "*J'ai donné mon fils à la France.*" But soon now—she thought of it with a stifling longing that was in part dread—they would be with him, standing there, she and Poppa, in the same field with him. Then they would leave him and go away, on a commonplace train, to Havre, and so home again; having been with him once more a little while, and for the last time, until in another world, she, new to death, groped her way darkly, confusedly to him; and he would come hurrying toward her, young and certain and shining as of old. It occurred to her, in the emotion of that thought, that she ought to be even thankful he had gone ahead of her and Poppa.

Everything else, interesting as it had been, would have been only a preparation for their standing in the same field with him. They were to leave in the morning. There were several errands to be done. Poppa was going out to mail the letter he had written to the steamship company, and there were several things he was to buy for her at the little chemist shop where they spoke English.

"I'll be back in a little while," he said, looking at her uncertainly, as he always did, when he left her, as though not quite sure he could bring himself to leave her, after all.

"Well, now, don't you hurry back," she said. "You take a walk along the Boulevard; you like that." She was not mentally articulate enough ever to have analyzed just why she said this, though she remembered later that she had said it. "This'll be the last night. I'll finish the packing and I'll go and hunt up the chambermaid about that package of laundry."

She was glad he was going. She even felt an only half admitted need to be rid of him; of everybody! She was like a mother who feels that she must sometimes get rid of all her children for a little while, to get room to think; and to-night under the influence of her immense and bereft and brooding motherhood, even Poppa seemed like her child. It was something that she herself could hardly understand, something that he for all his closeness to her would never have dreamed of. She only knew she wanted to be alone for a little while, because to-morrow she was going to stand in that field. She had read once in a book a sentence that had impressed her deeply at the time: "The dead, who only are our own." How well she understood it! Bob had never been more hers! Bob, and his bright hair, and his amusing, sunny smile. Gone while he was so young! Twenty-two, only. But hers! Unworn! Fresh! Boyish! Her lip quivered and then she drew in a deep breath, resolved not to pity herself; and began packing in earnest—almost with a lightness of heart—as one prepares for a festival.

Poppa mailed his letter; went to the chemist's shop; and then, after hesitating for a moment at the corner, decided he would take Momma's advice and have a last look at the Boulevard. He was even, secretly, rather pleased to be free and "on his own." Let him have a last look at "Paree" from a man's stand-

point. He seated himself at one of the tables. He would order a liqueur, the only one whose name and taste he knew. He determined on a pleasurable nonchalance with which to order it. He sat waiting, resting his arm on the table; his hat tilted back slightly, for coolness; the fingers of one hand tapping in unison with a slow, contented rhythm on the fist into which the other hand was folded. He would tell Momma about it all afterward, and she would be amused. Yet despite the pleasant sense of adventure, he had a subtle apprehensive awareness, too, of danger. What was he, Poppa Whit-taker, doing there by himself, unprotected by Momma Whit-taker, on the lighted night-boulevards of Paris, hundreds of miles—who knew how many!—out of his own orbit! Yet it was delightful. He would go back to his hardware business and always remember this. It was a taste of experiences new and foreign to him. So he began to float in sheer pleasurable emotion, but not so much like a commonplace fly in mere sunshine now, but like some larger winged creature of the night, a little dizzy, but determined in its circumvention of a brilliant globe of light. He gave a swift sidewise whirl and bumped against something; it was the thought that if one of these “demi-mondaine women”—that was the way he thought of them—should presume to



THE WOMAN'S SMILE WAS BEFORE HIM. GOD, WHAT A FOOL HE HAD BEEN

speak to him (she wouldn't, of course, but if she should!), he would show her, by golly, that she was up against a good old-fashioned hard-shell American, yes, and one who knew the world. He tightened his lips, pushed them out and drew them back rather grimly over this.

Then, before he was aware of it, almost, and he had the impression that it was done in such a way that nobody else around him was aware of it at all, a slender woman, who might have been about thirty-five, slipped into the chair opposite him with a kind of slithering, quite beautiful, but—this his alert apprehensive mind knew—at the same time a quite dreadful motion.



For a moment his heart leaped and actually struggled like a creature that finds itself suddenly caught in a spring trap. Then he found that to her polished and pleasant "*Bon soir, monsieur*," followed by "Good Eeven-ing!" he was returning a cool, quizzical stare. Then hardly to his surprise, he found himself rising, somehow to the occasion. The waiter appeared. Poppa looked at her, leaned back in his chair, and gave the table two slow taps with the fingers of his right hand.

"What will you have?" he said.

That "what will you have" was really, far and away, the greatest adventure of his life so far. All the steady, straining, conscientious years stood back of it. All of his success; all the hardware sales; all the shrewd but just bargains he had made; all the early hours, in younger years, when he opened the store every morning, rain or shine, himself; took the jingling bunch of keys out of his pocket, selected the familiar key, rammed it home softly in the lock and opened the door on that little mine of his, steel and brass and iron, all his, and because his, Bob's and Momma's; until finally the years had brought better success, larger sales, a good modern office with the most approved roll-top desk, and an office man who not only rammed the key home and opened the store, but had the roll-top desk dusted and ready and waiting. All this the just years had brought. Almost you could have seen them now, leaning forward with their pale, determined faces, peering, peering at him—at him! Poppa Whittaker! Truly! Well!—upon my word!

He never knew, could never have told you how it all progressed. But he knew at last that there he was—he, sitting at a table on a Paris boulevard, drinking liqueur with a woman, who was in her own subtle way trying to ply her infamous trade with him. Yet as sheer adventure it was curiously exhilarating, just as was the liqueur. She was very beautiful, really, when you came right down to it—yes, really beautiful, in

Poppa's eyes. The cheapness was not of a coarse order that he could detect. What he saw was a woman of what he took to be aristocratic lines, of what he took to be a social ease and manner, so that her attention seemed to decorate him like a distinction. The way she had of drooping her eyelids; and the slender white hands without jewels, now she had drawn her gloves off; all this had something supremely desirable in it. If he had had a daughter—he had always regretted he had not a daughter!—he would have liked her to be as graceful, as delicately choice. The brewer's wife at home had something of the same refinement, but nothing really like this. The way, too, that this woman looked here and there without a movement of her head; the way her lips had a hundred delicate ways and gradations of smiling!

Presently, she began playing for money; asking for it, really. She was disarmingly frank. He liked her frankness, not knowing it was her chief deception. He got to a point where he could even understand and sympathize, to a certain extent. She explained to him with what he took to be the simplicity of a child who trusted him, that life as she knew it was hard. (Yes! He supposed it was!) Since the war! She looked off as in a dream. "Ah, that ees a memory!"

His head whirled at that. Not that the idea was new. Sound little, round little Benny Milton had taken pains to explain to him one night while they smoked their cigars to the high stars that Paris and the Paris women sure had been a temptation to the boys coming from the trenches and going back to them; and Poppa had taken his cigar from his lips and held it while he said, "To the weak ones, you mean!" and Benny had taken his cigar from his lips to say, "Yes—of course." And Poppa had put his cigar back and patted Benny on the knee and said, "That's it, Benny. But not to clean boys like you." And Benny had put his cigar back and

had muttered, admitting his cleanness rather shamefacedly, "Well—no, rather!"

Good Lord! How long ago those cigars were smoked, though it was less than a year! And here was he in Paris himself—and her eyes *were* beautiful—by George! and here was he the severe critic. Suddenly, the way she leaned toward him made him faint. And what was she saying? The perfume she wore drugged his senses.

"An' boys are no-thing but boys; but a man—a man of the worl' who know, who un'er-stand; a man of the worl'—lak Monsieur!"

Poppa grabbed his hat and leaned toward her. It was really the greatest moment of his life. She swayed him perilously; he had never heard words sound sweeter than those that she spoke and lingered over "a man of the worl'!" Well, a man of the world she should see he was, by heck! He was going to handle this matter efficiently, with dignity, in the American way.

"Look here," he said, his heart going, nevertheless, like that of a debutante. "I'm not that sort. But I'm going to give you some money, see."

He said it even a little grandly and got out his bill fold.

This disturbed her visibly, and was not what she wanted.

"Not here," she said, and her glance like that of an alarmed bird, took in everyone near her.

"Yes; here," he said doggedly. He was already trying to get out of the fold some of the confounded French notes.

But she was not to be outdone by his clumsiness. Like lightning she had opened the silk bag she carried and had brought out a little vanity box and had taken out from it ostensibly to show him a lace handkerchief of exquisite workmanship.

"Madame will like it, I am sure. It belong' to one of the old families. What you pay for it is not dear; eet is cheap!"

She insisted on making the transaction scene outwardly a bargain. So much

money for so much fine lace. She put the handkerchief back daintily in the little box, snapped the lid to, and pushed the box toward him and put the money with a real art in her bag.

"My name is in there," she said softly. "I will go first. Do not follow. I will wait!"

Follow! Wait! Thank heaven when some moments later he got to the street she was not there. He made his way absorbedly as through uncharted space and came by subconscious direction to his hotel. Just as he came in sight of it, a slight form touched him—nowhere—everywhere. He drew back as from a snake. No! It was a thin, worn, clerk-like little man walking absorbedly also who had brushed him in passing. He thought he heard her voice, and felt her presence. He began to realize overwhelmingly what a fool he had been. She was following him, of course. He deserved what he had gotten; he, Poppa Whittaker, with a demi-mondaine of the genuine order following him in the streets! And she could easily enough make a scene, and demand more money, and say—good God—anything!

As he turned in to the hotel entrance, he believed that he did see her—halfway down the block alighting from a cab!

Poppa did not wait for the elevator. He went up the red-carpeted stairs almost on the run.

Momma was not in the room. Where was she? He felt a terrible need of her, and a frightful sinking sensation as if in a whirling world he had lost her.

He sank down in a chair dazed, breathless. The woman's smile was before him, almost as though she were there. She had said her name was in the box, with the lace handkerchief, and the box was in his pocket. What a fool! What a fool he had been; and what a fool now, to be trembling.

Just then he saw the knob of the door turn softly, slowly; and the door begin to open stealthily. She had followed him into the hotel and upstairs. He bounded to his feet, and as he did so



clenched his fists, flinging them upward, at once defence and offense.

"Get out!" he shouted.

Momma very nearly fell over backward. Then she ran to him. Out of his senses he surely must be to shout at her like that!

Poppa Whittaker sat down heavily. Momma addressed herself at once to the business of finding out just what had happened. Yet she would only let him tell the main facts—no detail. She felt older, older than he. Not that she had ever had any dealings with such women, thank heaven—but she had had dealings enough with *women* and with life—differently, differently, but she knew.

He felt as he always did under the necessity to tell her everything. He felt as if he would smother if he did not tell her all the detail; just what the woman had said. She waved it away.

"It isn't any of it important," she said. "My patience! Such things happen! But you don't judge a whole nation—"

He tried to get her viewpoint. She was right. She was always right. None of it was important. Now that he was safe, he could even begin to look on it as an adventure.

During the hours of the trip to the battlefield country he kept thinking of her, and was like a man shattered. Momma was somewhat shattered herself, but could not understand his being so.

"Aren't those fields lovely," she said; then did not know how she could have said it; these fields on which so much torment had been endured. Then she rebuked herself gently. They were lovely, after all; and fields are a peaceful place in which to sleep.

There was a small party, only about ten; several college women, an English curate with a round hat, fingering a small bronze crucifix with anæmic, restless fingers; an Italian woman with a long cape and wearing very high heels; and a French ex-soldier—you could not have mistaken him. Oh, yes, a soldier.

Momma stayed close to him, feeling bound to him. He was French. It was for his country that her boy had died. He stepped aside from the crowd and stood apart a little. She did, too, beside him. Neither of them cared to hear what the guide was telling the others.

The tears were running down Momma's cheeks now; down the French soldier's cheeks also. By chance she caught his eye; she wiped her tears away with a little quick motion and smiled. The moment had not come before. It had come now, perfectly and appropriately.

"*J'ai donné*—" she corrected herself and gave an inclusive glance to Poppa who was some four feet away. "*Nous avons donné*," she spoke slowly, "*notre fils à la France*."

A light flamed up in the soldier's face, surprise that was recognition, recognition that was surprise.

"*Vous avez donné—votre fils—madame?*"

She nodded, unable to speak.

He, too, was utterly unaware of the others now. He seized her hands and bowed over them, hurting her, almost, with the sudden weight of his sympathy.

"*Oh, Madame!—Madame!—moi je vous remercie—moi!—pour la France!*"

There was no need of exact understanding of words. What his worn face conveyed was abject gratitude, complete heartbreak, bottomless understanding pity! She would have liked to kiss him, like a son, old as he was.

Poppa came a step or two nearer, a little dazed, and looked at them.

"I told him," said Momma with another dab at her eyes, "about our having given Bob."

Poppa looked dazed, utterly uncomprehending. His eyes were bloodshot.

It was not until they were halfway across the ocean that Poppa's resolution broke down, and he told her what he had to tell her. It might be cruel, but that could not be helped. He went to her as a child goes to its mother out of



THEY STOOD LOOKING TOGETHER AT THE STRANGEST THING IN THE WORLD

utter necessity. For all his stolidity he was a high-strung sort and could not bear things alone. Then he told her. She thought at first that he was going out of his senses, but he gave her proofs.

They stood looking together—two people, on their return journey on a teeming liner, in mid-ocean—looking at the strangest thing in the world: a little lace handkerchief in a vanity box, really quite pretty. Poppa had opened the box so as to show her what it contained; a silver pencil, a small box of rouge; a tiny vial of perfume; a small powder puff—and five rings, the iron kind, soldiers' rings, made of a nail flattened and hammered into shape—all but one, unlike the rest, it lay there a perfectly live thing, woven curiously familiarly of silver and gold, braided.

She bore it as she had borne the boy's death. It had always amazed him that

she had borne that so well. She did not sleep much after that. The motion and thudding of the ship gave her a strange sense often that they were being rolled about terribly in the trough of the universe. At times when she slept she found herself saying, "*J'ai donné—tu as donné,*" then she would check herself and again be wide awake—in the midst of sea and apprehended sky and thudding, terrible engines.

"Well, anyway," said the neighbor who had been most concerned about them, when they got home—"anyway, they've had the journey; and they've seen France, and where Bob actchelly lays. Now they'll feel better, more reconciled and they'll stop grievin'."

Occasionally, in spite of himself, in spite of everything, Poppa remembers that experience on the boulevard as a great adventure.



## “Mother and Children”

A PORTRAIT BY CORNELIS DE VOS

*(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)*

**A**BOUT Cornelis de Vos the world knows little; and it knows still less about David Remeus, his master, Dean of the Guild of St. Luke in 1601. De Vos was then in his 'teens. By the time he had reached his early twenties he himself became a master painter and had some degree of success. We judge that it was no small success; for he became the Dean of the Guild at the age of thirty-four, and tradition flatters him with the story that when Rubens was rushed with too many commissions the great painter said, “Go to Cornelis de Vos; he is a second Rubens.” De Vos was also known to Van Dyck; for Van Dyck painted his portrait, as well as that of his sister, Margaret, wife of Snyders, the famous animal-painter of the Flemish School. Between fact and rumor then, one may well believe that de Vos was prominent in his own time.

The Italian influence did not make itself completely felt in Antwerp until Rubens and Van Dyck returned from their studies in the south. De Vos had already struck his stride; but he too fell under the spell of the imported art. He tried mythological subjects, such as “Venus Rising from the Sea,” “The Triumph of Bacchus” and “Apollo and the Python,” all of which are in Madrid. He painted historical pictures, like the “Baptism of Clovis,” now at Vienna, in reserved imitation of the style of the gigantic and dynamic Rubens.

In his portraits, however, he revealed himself as more individual and more sincere. If anything he leaned toward Van Dyck, Rubens' chief pupil—painting his sitters with dignity and their costumes with formal care. He probably took pride in making his portraits as elegant as good taste would allow. The “Mother and Children,” reproduced on the cover, shows the little family in its best clothes and company manners. The “Portrait of a Young Lady,” also owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, tells the same story of the artist's polite way of looking at people who sat for him. Probably de Vos' best portrait group is that one in Brussels, representing his own family (including himself). As though in so many words one there can read his character and see his refinement, his honesty, and his sentimental nature. He was a solid man, a “family man.”

To-day Cornelis de Vos is still overshadowed by his greater contemporaries, but actually he deserves more popularity than he has ever had, except in the first half of the seventeenth century. Rubens and Van Dyck distract one's attention from the many fine painters who worked during their lifetime. Among these de Vos stands out conspicuously because of his sturdy character.

ALAN BURROUGHS

# Protecting Civilization

## *The Physician's Duty in the Reorganization of Society*

BY STEWART PATON, M.D.

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MAN to-day faces what is probably the most critical and hazardous moment in the entire period of his development. He is confronted by a situation and an opportunity, both of which are unique in the history of civilization. The situation has followed a surprisingly protracted and startling series of dislocations in the ordinary course of events. The opportunity to take the lead in the reorganization of society has been created as the result of the urgent need in the world for a different kind of leadership in the management of human affairs.

A startling series of events has emphasized the fact that real leadership in human affairs should be expected only from those qualified to tell us how to use the human mind for constructive purposes. Physicians, on account of their opportunities for observing the behavior of human beings in health and disease, and of studying the various factors responsible for changes in behavior, are in a better position than the members of any other profession to assist people to make the best use of the constructive forces now required to stabilize, protect, and ensure the progress of civilization.

It can be nothing less than disastrous if the members of the medical profession should fail to recognize their relations to the present situation, or to seize the present opportunity to lead the way in the reorganization of society on a more substantial basis. Indifference to situation and opportunity may well be the prelude to a great catastrophe. If physicians are satisfied to follow the example of the majority of people, who are not

making any attempt to learn how to use their constructive forces effectively, they are virtually indorsing a form of social organization that to-day is responsible for the increase of physical and mental diseases on a scale which will ultimately cripple, if not destroy, our civilization.

To-day, the members of the medical profession are confronted by the greatest problem ever forced upon the attention of man. Man must prepare to know himself sufficiently well to be able to control the forces he calls civilization, or be ready to go under and drown in the stream which is now sweeping him along.

The war brought home to thoughtful persons the truth that, to be successful, any attempt at social reorganization must accomplish two things: an increase in the efforts to ensure the better protection of life against physical disease; and of even greater importance will be the more intelligent attempts made to understand and co-ordinate the constructive forces in human nature. For, if we continue to aim at the former, the prevention of physical disease, while practically disregarding the latter, disease will win the final and decisive victory. Only a sane mind can devise and carry into execution an effective plan for securing good physical hygiene. A heavy price has already been paid and the foundations of society have been shaken because the problems involved in the protection of the body have been treated as separate and distinct from those involved in the protection of the mind. In order to deserve at least even chances of winning the fight for civilization, physi-



cians must be prepared to show how much can actually be done now to direct intelligently all the powers of man, those of mind as well as those of body, in the constant struggle to adjust life.

The responsibility of assuming leadership in the effort to teach people how to use their minds, how to be peaceful and sane, and how to cherish constructive and creative ideas and ideals, rests primarily not with statesmen but with physicians. The rate of progress of civilization will be determined not by the members of peace conferences or of courts of arbitration as at present constituted, but to a very large extent by those who are familiar with the methods that have actually been tried and proved useful in bringing out the constructive forces of the mind. The prevention of disease and of war, together with the control of the destructive forces in human nature, depends upon such action as may be taken by those leaders of medical thought who have become interested in the problems of human behavior. If these leaders appreciate the nature of the existing world crisis, grasp the full meaning of their responsibility, and possess the intelligence to rise to the present dramatic opportunity, there will be fewer plausible reasons for affirming the decadence of European civilization or for entertaining doubt whether, by what we have actually accomplished, we Americans are entitled to inherit the land of our fathers.

The medical profession to-day is on trial. Physicians have an enormous task to show that they can organize as effectively to save as they did to destroy life. The armies of the Central Powers and the Allied forces during the war contained in round numbers 63,000,000, of this number 35,000,000 were killed, wounded, or in some way disabled, while \$300,000,000,000 worth of property is said to have been destroyed. These armies could neither have been assembled nor held together for active service had it not been for the assistance given by members of the medical

profession to prevent the spread of disease.

By the irony of fate the discoveries of men who labored to save life have thus made war possible upon the present gigantic scale. The past century undoubtedly represents the most remarkable period in the history of medicine; the list of discoveries relating to the nature of disease and to methods for its prevention, as well as for its treatment, forms one of the brightest pages that has yet been written in medical annals. It should not be forgotten, however, that these remarkable discoveries played a role of immense importance in developing the machinery which was so very effective as an engine of destruction.

Judged from the point of view generally adopted by the more intelligent public, the campaign to prevent the spread of physical disease in times of peace may be said to be successful. This success is, however, seen to be very limited when we recall the fact that there has never been any organized effort to save life comparable with that made by the members of the medical profession during the war to prepare and maintain enormous forces to destroy life.

Even under the conditions existing before the war, the results in the fight against physical disease did not give sure promise of final victory. The scales had not been turned decisively in man's favor. The relatively meager data available did not seem, when analyzed by statisticians, to show that man's effort to protect himself against the ravages of physical disease had been successful. The total rate of incidence of physical disease had not fallen so low as to justify the statement that it was being brought under control; and the assumption of the existence of evidence indicating that it would soon be possible to effect a still greater reduction did not bring much encouragement to those who remembered that in the estimates mentioned the scourge of mental disease had not been taken into account.

The moment that we consider the

question of mental disease the picture ranges decidedly for the worse. When we add to the deaths caused by physical diseases the number of persons who are unable to adjust their lives emotionally to the demands of actual life, we realize that this addition represents a menace to civilization far greater than war, as well as more insidious in its onset and more destructive to human energy and life.

Unless the medical profession becomes aroused immediately to an appreciation of the danger arising from their indifference to the problems of prevention and treatment of mental disorders, and to the still wider problems involved in assisting the average person to make good use of his mind, the chances not only of losing the effects of the discoveries made in the prevention and treatment of physical disease but of actually jeopardizing our entire civilization will be greatly increased. The campaign to find out more about our minds, and to apply the knowledge we already have, is the only rational basis from which the fight against physical disease can be conducted successfully. Good physical hygiene depends upon good mental hygiene. The control of syphilis, tuberculosis, typhoid, typhus, and plague involve primarily the cultivation of good mental habits. The fight against physical disease would doubtless have been far more effective had the members of the medical profession devoted more time and attention to the cultivation of the art of forming good mental habits and observing the precautions essential for clear thinking.

It will be a long step in the direction of obtaining conditions for peace more favorable than those now existing when the public begins to understand that the physician is in a position peculiarly advantageous to plan and direct the necessary organization to find successful solutions for many of the great social, economic, and international problems facing us to-day. He knows the bodies, and should know the minds, of human

beings. It is only because he has not taken the trouble to supplement his knowledge of what constitutes a sound body with reliable information as to what constitutes a sound mind, that he is not prepared to plan and organize a campaign to save much that is best in our civilization. He is coming to realize, however, that he cannot protect the body without first protecting the mind. In spite of the catastrophic events of the past decade, he is coming only very gradually to appreciate that, in order to understand the effective use of the body, a person must know how to use the mind, and that to use the mind to full advantage, definite knowledge of the body is required.

To-day, mind is recognized as an expression of the activities of the entire human organism, not simply of the brain and nervous system. The physician understands the parts and relations of the human machine, but he does not know the machine engaged as a living organism, using the mind to overcome difficulties connected with living. Like a good many other people, he is still inclined to think of the mind as a function merely of the brain and nervous system. He does not grasp the idea that the mind represents the reactions of the entire organism. This is a grave mistake that has been followed by very serious consequences. It has been responsible for the formation of incorrect ideas not only about the nature of our mental processes, but concerning the genesis of, and methods of treating, mental disorders.

It is, of course, necessary in order to understand the functions of a complex machine to know something about the structure and relations of the parts. We must see the machine in the workshop, but we must also be prepared to take it out on the road and observe how it runs. The physician, unfortunately, has been satisfied to remain largely the mechanician. He has taken the machine apart and put it together again in the garage, but he has failed to act as chauffeur. He has shown astonishingly little interest in



running the motor along life's highway or in making careful notes about what occurred when there were obstacles to be overcome. The old type of physician, now so rare, studied the personality of his patient, but unfortunately was ignorant of the new technic. The modern specialist is not particularly interested in recording what happens to the machine when reacting as a living organism, either running along a smooth track or over rough ground covered with ruts, or while engaged in crossing the Sloughs of Despond or climbing the Hills of Difficulty. Once the physician becomes as much interested in trying to regulate the mind as he is in studying the functions of the heart and lungs, he must be prepared not only to meet new problems but to assume added and far greater responsibilities. He should be ready to speak with the authority that is based upon definite knowledge, and not merely with optimistic eloquence, about the control of the emotional and mental symptoms responsible for the conflicts disorganizing the human mind. He should have practical suggestions to offer about methods of procedure to find peaceful solutions for many of the individual, national, international, and racial problems responsible for provoking the insane and audacious aggressiveness that makes life so precarious for a large part of the world's population.

Physicians, trained in the special psychiatric technic adapted to the study of human behavior, are really better prepared than are statesmen to give valuable advice at peace conferences in regard to the methods available for preventing the spread of the dangerous emotional and mental conflicts that disorganize human society.

The psychiatrist realizes, as perhaps no other person does, that fear is probably the greatest single enemy of mankind. Fear has produced the hideous spectacle of disorder in Europe. It has resurrected a world of barbarism and anarchy. Fear to-day increases the difficulties in the way of creating a belief

in the efficiency of law to produce order. We fear that the law will not be respected because our subconsciousness tells us the statutes were formulated to control the activities of imaginary human beings and not those of the people who meet in actual life. We cannot expect our laws to engender a law-respecting and law-abiding attitude of mind until they are based upon accurate knowledge of the real biologic needs of mankind. And inasmuch as so many of our laws take no cognizance of the deep-seated biologic necessities of living beings, we cannot wonder that, as Chief Justice Taft has said, there is a steadily growing disrespect for the present legal system.

Fear prevents man from recognizing his real self, and forces him to try to live largely in an imaginary world, so that the society he has organized is to a large extent a society adapted to the needs of an imaginary being. Whenever and wherever circumstances compel him to try to meet the conditions of actual life, interminable conflicts result. The constant fear of meeting his real self produces confusion and causes anxiety neuroses.

Think how this state of unpreparedness for life handicaps man when he is called upon to face critical situations. Quite naturally he is disturbed by the realization that he is unable to summon all the forces of his personality to aid in the struggle. He has a vague but a highly irritating sense of his inability. The best he can do in a crisis is to fall back on primitive traits and react to various situations in life much as did his primitive ancestors. They too were afraid of life. The present for them contained, as it does for us, many mysterious phenomena which they could not understand. Belief in magic and the miraculous symbolized their fears and illustrated how few hopes they had of finding by rational means the way out of difficult and trying situations. Modern men and primitive men are very much alike in the manner in which they

trust to luck and the miraculous to adjust their lives. When confronted by failure, both are driven by fear to find for their personal problems the kind of solution which makes thinking perilous. It is better not to think when the emotional preparation for thinking does not happen to be the kind that is essential for sanity.

As man does not know himself, is it any wonder that he is constantly dominated by fear? How can he be expected to know his own capacity and limitations if he is continually closing his eyes to the actual conditions under which he is compelled to live, and trusts entirely to primitive instincts and emotions to get him out of his troubles? We do not have to go far to-day to find in the discussion of municipal, state, national and international affairs many evidences that fear plays just about as large a part in our lives as it does in the life of the savage.

Throughout the entire scale of human relationships and in all classes of society, fear is often the chief driving force in the personality. Women, for example, in both savage and civilized communities, are driven by the primitive fear that they will lose their personal charm and attractiveness to adopt the use of paint and powder in order to make an appeal to primitive impulses in man. The fact that more money is spent for cosmetics than for education is evidence of the extent to which fear deprives us of our reason and keeps the veneer of civilization down to a very thin layer. Although the idea is at first rather startling, on reflection one begins to understand that connections do exist between such apparently trivial fears as those that lead women to use paint and powder and the other more easily recognized forms of fear that deprive man of his capacity to reason in emergencies. The fear of the loss of physical attractiveness in women represents one phase of the great human problem, while Germany's fear in 1914 of losing commercial supremacy represents another aspect. An-

other extraordinary illustration of the insidious, and far-reaching influence of fear is exhibited in connection with Christian Science. The belief in the doctrines of this Faith is the result of an effort to forget the unpleasant episodes in life that a great many people have not the courage to face. The Christian Scientist has excellent reasons for not wishing to believe in the existence of the body, as he has failed at some time to maintain control over very primitive impulses.

The real danger from fear is measured not by the object we fear but by the fact that fear, a destructive, disorganizing influence, is supplying the motive force in our life. The moment we allow fear to control our lives we are in danger. The theologian's fear of failing to save souls may be as dangerous a motive force as a nation's fear of not maintaining its commercial supremacy. The man who is driven by fear hands over to the savage, primitive self that lives just below the skin the regulation of life. This transference of authority under the pressure of disorganizing influences prevents him from bringing to the accomplishment of his daily task a well-integrated personality. He is the slave of impulse.

On all sides of us to-day we see evidence of the increase of the difficulties and dangers created by man's inability to find rational solutions for great problems. The cause of these failures in the majority of cases is undoubtedly fear. The capitalist fears the organization of labor that he does not understand; the labor leader fears the mysterious system of capital that is incomprehensible to him. The Christian fears the Jew, the believer the unbeliever; and all—no matter how different their formal and superficial expressions of faith may be—are driven by the same impulse that narrows character and seriously distorts the mental vision.

Like the savage, we are haunted by and made slaves to the impulses generated by fear of the unknown. To-day



in Europe, in the great tragedy being enacted there, France fears Germany; Germany reciprocates; both have a mysterious dread of England. Great Britain, too, has her fears, but fortunately, on account of climate, tradition, and constitutional characteristics, fear does not play so great a role in shaping British policies as in the case of other nations.

Fear is responsible for a great many of the bad mental habits that exert such a pernicious influence in our lives. American nervousness, to a large extent, is due to the fact that primitive fears within us keep us in a constant state of anxiety. We are nervous over the possibility of being misunderstood, of being left alone with our unknown selves, of not knowing how to occupy our time when the day's task is done.

When we have neither the inclination nor the intelligence to try to understand our inner selves, we are obliged to live largely in an imaginary world. Then when some crisis arises and strange, inexplicable impulses assume control we are forced to rely solely on legal restraints.

In this country, where we have an emotional interest in prohibition, and little intellectual interest in temperance, we have done very little to encourage temperance or to strengthen the habits involved in the rational control of behavior and conduct.

Events of the past decade have been productive of fears of what the future may offer. The public sense of security has been violently shaken. People are greatly disturbed by the unknown factors in human nature that seem to be constantly adding to the complication of modern life. There is no sense of real values based upon a knowledge of what people are prepared to feel, think, and do in emergencies. The questions of greatest importance are not even discussed. We may call a spade a spade when dissecting the personalities of other people, but we have a horror of pitiless publicity if it involves our inner self.

The constant pressure from within, the fear of the unknown, unrecognized self, are responsible for changing love to hatred, sympathy to suspicion, pleasure to pain. The unhealthy feeling of unrest prevalent in all classes of society represents an immense waste of human energy that might be devoted to constructive purposes. The general confusion and anxiety are increased by too much stress upon the obstacles lying in the path. We have heard quite enough from the prophets of evil who have no constructive program to offer. The time has come to ask if some one is not prepared to make reasonable and practical suggestions, which, if followed, will improve the present condition of affairs.

If it desires to do so, the medical profession is best qualified to indicate and draw up this program. Let physicians supplement their knowledge of the body with precise information about the activities of the mind, and they can lead in the great forward movement to reorganize society on a sane basis.

A brief mention of some of the essential features in this program is in order. The establishment of a research institute that would do as much to stimulate interest and provide opportunity for the study of the problems of human behavior, as has been accomplished in other fields by the Pasteur and Rockefeller Institutes would be an indication that man at least was making a rational effort to know himself. In the next place, in our medical schools provisions, at least equal to those existing at the Phipps Clinic in Baltimore, or the Psychopathic Hospital in Boston, should be made for studying the mind. These provisions should include opportunities for investigating not only the genesis and source of specific mental diseases, but also the mental processes of persons who are not subjects of such disorders. Instruction should be given to medical students and also to teachers, social workers, political leaders, statesmen, and all persons who have an immediate interest in directing human energy. Special

courses should be provided for instructors in our universities in order that they may be prepared to give every student before graduation some practical knowledge about his own mind, to assist him to find the place nature intended him to fill in life, and to aid him in making the best use of his mind. One of the objects the late Dr. Pearce Bailey had in mind when he established his Classification Clinic in New York was to train teachers who would be competent to give this kind of instruction.

Academic psychology, as taught at present, and in marked contrast to the new dynamic psychology, is of very little assistance in teaching us how to use our minds.

What will be the comments of future historians upon our present civilization when they come to know that at the beginning of the twentieth century students were allowed to graduate from institutions of learning without any knowledge of the characteristics which distinguish sanity from insanity, were generally ignorant as to the nature and genesis of obsessions and fixed ideas and of methods of preventing their formation, and did not even know how to go to work to curb pride, prejudice, and egotism, and to strengthen and co-ordinate the constructive and creative forces in the personality?

We do not have to go far in any direction to find plenty of evidence of the deplorable need for even elementary information about what can actually be accomplished in preparing the mind to take peaceful, constructive attitudes. The writer has in his possession notes of cases in which university students were assigned to Group A, as the results of the usual academic examinations and the Intelligence Tests, although at the time they passed these examinations their personalities were thoroughly disorganized by homicidal and suicidal impulses, or failure complexes. Cases presenting these symptoms are tragic reminders of the extraordinary indifference of the average educator to the task

of assisting students to understand the nature of the processes concerned in the organization of the personality. On all sides we see evidences of the urgent need in schools, colleges, and universities for physicians skilled in the art of studying the mind to assist students to measure their own emotional and mental organization and to acquire the habits best adapted to express their individualities. Think what an extraordinary comment it is upon the effect of the conventional attitude toward education that to-day not one in a thousand students graduating from schools or universities ever asks the question "What do I need to know about my mind?" And if they did ask the question the average academic psychologist would not be prepared to answer the question.

If a different attitude toward the study of the mind were maintained in our universities it would be possible to give opportunities to those who later will represent the nation at international conferences to familiarize themselves with the processes concerned in the genesis of the obsessions and fixed ideas that keep alive the feelings of discord and hatred dividing nations and races. We could be actually training people to recognize the forces in the personality that make for peace, and learn how to substitute these for those dangerous emotional currents that stifle intelligence and make us so often creatures of blind impulse.

We talk a great deal about peace, but, as a matter of fact, we do very little to deserve it. We indulge in riotous emotionalism, talk about outlawing war, and then do not take the simplest precaution to regulate the mind so as to strengthen its constructive forces. As far as the writer knows—and he has talked with several of the leading American statesmen and men of public affairs—there never has been a simple straightforward statement made of the essential characteristics that distinguish the peaceful from the belligerent attitude of mind. This should not be a difficult



thing to do, and a careful statement calling attention to the peculiar qualities of the peaceful and peace-loving type of personality should be a positive step in the direction of organizing a rational campaign for peace without arousing the sloppy sentimentality that so often and rapidly deteriorates into distinctly belligerent tendencies.

There is still another phase of this great human question that is constantly forced upon our attention. Professor Elton Mayo and other investigators have shown that there are to-day extraordinary opportunities in connection with industrial development for the services of well-trained and tactful students of behavior. The problems of capital and labor are human problems, and the solutions of these problems can be found only by those who have some knowledge of the actual biologic needs of human beings. As we have already pointed out, the difficulties in finding satisfactory adjustments of these great questions are due largely to the fact that neither the capitalist nor the laborer understands the nature of the human problem, and therefore are not competent to recognize the means to be employed in reaching reasonable agreements.

Think of what physicians, if they were so inclined, could do to assist opposing interests to agree in the settlement of labor or international problems. They could call attention to the fact that obsessions and fixed ideas are never removed by a direct frontal attack. They could point out the dangers lurking in fine phrases, and "optimistic eloquence," and could teach people how to cultivate a frame of mind favorable to the reception of peace-loving and peace-creating ideas and ideals. They could insist that the last thing to do in attempting to restore reason to a patient driven by insane impulses is to begin an argument about the ideas upon which the conscious attention happens to be fixed. The emotional difficulties must be removed before any change can be ex-

pected in the patient's mental attitude. Most of the conferences, economic, social, and even international, that are being held in the world to-day with the object of bringing about a better understanding between people, nations, and races, have had the contrary effect of intensifying hatreds, and crystallizing fixed ideas. Public debates, as they are usually conducted, generally close, and do not open the doors of the mind. Altogether too much attention has been paid to the conscious processes—the subjects of argument and debate—and relatively too little has been directed to what is going on below the surface of the mind.

The time has come for physicians to take an intelligent, enthusiastic interest in the study of man. Unless they do this, our civilization is doomed to decline. We cannot afford to put our faith in "Thou-shalt-nots." Real progress and creative thinking are only possible when the human mind is absorbed in evolving ways and means for doing and is not stupefied by the repressions engendered by Draconic excesses. We shall sooner or later come to realize that the present dependence of the public upon drastic legal measures to regulate human behavior is one of the most striking confessions man has yet made that he has not grasped the most elementary facts in connection with the organization of his own personality. Prohibition marks the victory of the emotionalists, and is a long step in the direction of the hopeless mediocrity that measures success in living by what a person does not do. This attitude toward life is the product of the neurotic sense of inferiority, fear of self, and deficiency of the creative spirit.

The physician is in a better position than the member of any other profession to acquire and direct the application of this knowledge in introducing a new era of law and order, based on the recognition of the actual biologic needs and potential capacities of living human beings.

If physicians had read the signs of the times correctly and had appreciated their own peculiar fitness to take a prominent part in the direction of human affairs, we should not to-day be looking about for men to assist in reorganizing our educational, industrial, and social systems so that they may satisfy the urgent needs of mankind.

Peace, prosperity and the progress of civilization are literally waiting for physicians to recognize not only that the sound body is essential for the sound mind, but that to know and understand the organization of mind is the first step toward securing a really sound body.

We need a race that is more stable emotionally, that does not fear to face the truth, that is more rationally materialistic in the study of man, that has intelligent appreciation of the dangers of wishful thinking, that recognizes that the only hope of our civilization depends upon man's interest and success in learning how to use his capacity to reason to better advantage than he now does. Is it or is it not the intention of the Medical Profession to assist mankind to acquire and apply the information needed to ensure the progress of civilization? The issue is sharply defined and cannot be avoided.

## Afternoon in Haiti

BY CAROL HAYNES

**S**ILENCE—the mango trees are motionless;  
 In the red heart of an Hibiscus flower  
 A humming-bird hangs with his quick wings hushed—  
 The hills are watching, and the empty road,  
 A scar of blinding white between the green,  
 Winds past the shuttered houses to the sea.

What are we waiting for? The palm trees know  
 Dumb sentinels against the sapphire sky—  
 The wind will touch them first, breaking the spell.  
 And they will lift their arms again and laugh,  
 And whisper to us of the coming clouds,  
 The wind that wakens all the dreaming town  
 Twisting the dusty Bougainvillæa vines,  
 Shaking the heavy yellow mangoes down,  
 Bringing us back to life until we turn  
 Our tired faces heavenward and feel  
 The swift, and sudden silver of the rain.



# The Cracked Teapot

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

FOR the twentieth time, Finderson, with an inconceivably swift glide past the kitchen window, convinced himself that the woman's husband had not yet left the kitchen. What ailed the man? A farmer dawdling about his hearthstone during the plowing season was a new experience. . . . Should he go on to the next farmhouse or wait a little longer? For his purpose one place was as good as another, and it was absurd to shiver outside in the biting northwest gale when all he needed was a warm kitchen cleared of men folk. Yet, a curious stubbornness of purpose held him to his original intention—he fell back again behind the futile shelter of the bee hives.

There was something malicious in the unexpectedness of the wind which exasperated Finderson: it seemed absurd for an inland valley, blossom-starred to a point of softness, to be raked by such a sharp-toothed gale. He had thought to find the tempest that had followed him from San Francisco routed by the hills, but, instead, the pools of tranquillity beyond seemed determined to draw in deep gusts from the sea. In his home country, March had always been a thing of brittle humor, harsh, but, on the whole, forthright; here in California, he told himself, nature could smile and stab in one breath.

After all, any countryside was for midsummer achievement. The most squalid city byway held infinitely more cheer and comfort at the other seasons. A slow dribble of well-chosen curses escaped him: What had possessed him to flee the vicious delights of the town in such sudden panic? He had faced police clean-ups before, in fact so often that his

reform technic was perfect. Any crook with human intelligence could rise above the most gigantic reform wave in existence; it was usually the rank beginners who fell victims to these noisy gestures toward civic purity. Could it be that he was growing old and jumpy? . . . Old! And he not out of his thirties! Yet the suggestion gave him a fleeting sense of weariness and he fell back in the tall grass, his half-closed lids upturned to the intense and biting sunlight.

A sickening nostalgia swept him. He wanted to feel the paved streets of the town beneath his discreet tread. What a place of supreme delight the city was, after all! Crowds, crowds, everywhere! Crowds intent on forthright wickedness or covert indiscretions; crowds ripe for dishonor or betrayal; crowds furtive and fawning, crowds bold to a point of insecurity! Crowds of suckers, crowds of fools, crowds of innocents! Crowds wary and wise and self-sufficient!

Back in the city, at this moment, he would have been standing apart, screened by a thicket of pretenses, watching humanity skim heedlessly by, waiting patiently to take aim and bring low a plump victim; sitting, to be precise, as was his early morning custom in one of the devil's playgrounds—a public square. If his pockets, under such a circumstance, were quite empty, it added zest to the game. There was a sporting quality in the speculation as to who among the throng would provide him with his next meal and whether he would break his fast at noon or evening. And the uncertainty of the means accomplishing his end added *its* note: Would he win by persuasion, blackmail,

or force? . . . Ah, yes, the town had its flavor! . . . At a farmhouse, one kicked one's heels together until the men were afield—beyond that, there were no intriguing uncertainties. If food were your object, you asked boldly; if you found plunder within reach, you threatened or grasped it without ado. In short, it was a tepid performance made tolerable by balmy weather; without this compensation, it became dull to a point of exasperation.

He peered up between a lattice, shaped by his fingers, at the interlocking boughs of a prune orchard in the final stages of its clean-white blossoming. Immediately above him thin lines of harried bees battled with the gale to achieve security for their hoard. Silly fools, piling up treasure for others! . . . Well, that was life—industry and plunder in a continuous ironic succession. He laughed slyly, with the satisfaction of a man who unexpectedly finds his philosophy reinforced and justified.

The wind, in spite of its bite, began to lull his senses, and, in a shivering drowse, he felt a sudden atmospheric vehemence fill the air with flecks of white. A blizzard! Could it be possible? . . . In answer, a shower of prune petals brushed his cheek and he opened his eyes wide to see the ground become frosted with conquered blossoms instead of snow crystals. For a moment he felt disappointed. Just how long had it been since he had seen snow fall? . . . Oh, yes, he remembered—that day in Minnesota when he had stumbled through a white hurricane to the first farmhouse. He could see the woman now, opening the door, blonde and cool to look at . . . pale eyes and skin and hair. He had been younger, then. *Cool to look at!* But her looks hadn't fooled him! . . . He'd almost forgotten her. Well, after all, the countryside occasionally did have promise in an off season. Especially when a man was young!

The clipped barking of a dog roused him. He sat up. The bark of the dog receded. Finderson came to his feet.

The figure of a man was melting into a swift distance.

At last the woman was alone!

She was younger than he had fancied—riply young, not blonde and cool like the woman in Minnesota, but dark and flashing. Her glance winged toward him boldly and fell suddenly in a flutter of instinctive fear. He liked this contradiction of manner: it fed his vanity, for one thing, and it carried a hint of pliability. She made a closing movement with the door, but he had taken care to thrust his foot against the jamb. He knew the tricks of the trade: with a woman one had only to achieve a hearing and the rest was easy. Besides, his appearance was disarming. Tatters and battered foot-gear and an unkempt beard might have served the passing generation of panhandlers, but Finderson was a modern, he believed in the psychology of clothes and safety razors.

She let him in, of course, but her eyes continued their alternate flashes of audacity and fear. In the end, boldness triumphed and she fastened a questioning gaze upon him. Aware of her scrutiny, he contrived an air of amazing ingenuousness. She brought coffee first and a plate of biscuit, lingering for a moment, as if to say:

"Well, why don't you tell me about yourself?"

But he was too clever; he knew the value of piqued curiosity. Instead, he began to talk about the weather. She agreed that it was cold for March.

"Cold!" he echoed. "Why, a minute ago I thought it was snowing—with the wind and the air full of prune-petals. I tell you it was a pretty sight! I thought I was a kid again . . . I made believe I was lost in a blizzard!"

The interrogative manner left her. At the first shot he had struck the bull's eye with this kid stuff! . . . And then the blossom talk—that always fetched a woman! Suddenly he was quickened out of his depression. This was the life!—angling for victims, watching them



nibble discreetly at the bait thrown out, taking care to hide in the shadows so as not to frighten them. He'd tell the world that the preliminaries were interesting!

She turned her back on him for the first time since he had entered, and he heard the click of eggs broken into a pan. She was talking, too. She's never seen snow fall. She often wondered what it was like. He must have come from the East—or the mountains.

He laughed. If she called Kansas east . . . *Kansas!* She seemed disappointed. . . . That was years ago he reassured her—since then he had been all over. . . . *Everywhere?* . . . Yes—everywhere worth mentioning.

She brought him the eggs swimming in pungent bacon fat and she sat down opposite him with her hands clasped upon the table, her lips parted. He knew these countryside women, hungry for news. He narrowed his eyes upon her. She drew away with a little flutter of the eyelids and he turned his attention discreetly to his plate.

"Yes," he repeated. "I've been everywhere—seen everything!"

She released a sharp breath. "Some folks get it all!" she said.

Pretty and unhappy! flashed through Finderson's mind. The prospect grew better and better. It might be worth his while to stick around for a few days. Of course, a lot depended on the husband. . . . He began to wonder whether man and wife had a joint bank account: that always made things easier. But it really didn't matter. The affair in Minnesota had gone through without that. But there the husband had been a dumb-bell—a poor creature.

"I don't suppose your husband needs any help," he broke out suddenly.

"You mean you want a job? . . . *You!*"

He mistook her incredulity for scorn. "Well, and why not?" he flashed back, tightening up his biceps. "Here, feel that arm! Pretty fit, eh?"

She put a hand, half timid, half bold,

upon the prideful swell of flesh, and her touch sent a tremor through him. He snapped his teeth together. He didn't like anything to unsteady him before he laid his wires. In his profession skirts should always remain incidental—a means to an end.

"You're fit enough," she agreed. "It wasn't that. But I don't believe you ever worked—not really."

"How do you think I get by?"

"Oh, I dunno. I guess you just kinda talk things out of folks. . . . You're the first strange man I ever fed in the kitchen. Usually I hand it out to them. My husband doesn't like me to go even that far."

His mind closed nimbly over this fact. Was the husband discreet or merely jealous? . . . At any rate, the woman had broken her rule. He'd scored in the preliminaries, anyway. He concealed his satisfaction under a cloak of emphatic approval.

"He's right!" he agreed heartily. "You can't tell who you're taking in. Look at me, now. I might be a thief, for all you know. Or—or worse!"

"Well, you wouldn't get much here!" she flung back with a laugh.

He glanced about. "No? . . . Why, I'd say you looked pretty prosperous, if you asked me."

"Maybe that's the reason. You see, Jim ain't one of the careless kind."

She baffled him, somewhat. He couldn't tell whether she was simple or extraordinarily shrewd. A little of both, perhaps, he decided. . . . Well, the woman in Minnesota was a good deal that way. She had wit enough to fool her husband, at any rate. . . .

"You mean he doesn't leave money lying around loose?" he shot out directly. "Well, some thieves ain't particular—they'd lift anything that ain't tied down. . . . I knew a bad man in Minnesota once who stole a farmer's wife!" He chuckled at the memory, regarding her through narrowed lids.

She stood opposite him with a gesture

of curious defiance. "Stole her! I'd like to see any man steal me, against my will!"

He roared mirthfully. "You don't mean you think he just picked her up and carried her away, do you? That wasn't his game. He kidded her and she fell for him. The husband bought him off—to get rid of him."

"Oh!" she said, midway between relief and scorn, "I thought you were talking about a case like this—a strange man coming to a farm house for food."

He looked at her with clear triumph. "I am—it began that way."

She flushed deeply. He felt a sense of power, as if he could make her dance to any tune he cared to pipe. . . . She turned from him, and, in a voice that seemed to betray a realization of unplumbed degradations, she answered coldly:

"That wouldn't be Jim's way. He'd plug the man who did him up full of holes."

Her words were puzzling. You didn't know whether she were warning or daring you. Some women were like that, Finderson thought again, mentally repeating the phrase. He felt vaguely that she was already defending herself against him. He liked the idea—it made him feel powerful. But the picture she was drawing of Jim, with her lightning strokes, was disturbing. Finderson was sure that, if he wished to stay on, it could be arranged. Help was always scarce at this time of year in the country. But that meant work. It wasn't often that he found a prospect worth even a pretense at industry. Yet something challenged him. It was as if she had said:

"My husband is a man, anyway. You couldn't get the best of him! . . . Besides, deep down, you're a coward!"

Yes, that was it: pride and scorn and a challenge all mixed in one. She was like a slack tide, full of uncertainties. She might turn in any direction. He began rapidly to sketch the possi-

bilities. Would the game be worth the candle? Instinctively, under the urge of this inward question, his eyes swept the kitchen in furtive appraisal. His glance trailed past the enormous range to the pots and kettles hanging in a straight line just under the north window, and, presently, it halted, briefly, significantly, as it fell upon the cupboard. He tore a thick slice of bread from the loaf at his elbow as he said levelly:

"My mother had a teapot like that once."

The woman turned. "Which teapot?" she asked.

"The cracked one—on the top shelf."

The start she gave was almost imperceptible, yet it sufficed. All that there remained to discover, now, was the extent of the hoard which the cracked teapot concealed. He found his vague speculations of the previous moment shattered by their sudden contact with a concrete fact. The prospect of immediate loot always sharpened Finderson's desire for tangibilities: he was not a man to let a bird in the hand go flying.

The woman turned away without another word. If he had wanted a confirmation of the teapot's office, she could not have given him a better answer. But her assumption that he would be dull enough to be deceived by silence piqued him and he observed in a louder tone:

"Well, perhaps my mother's wasn't just like that one. But it was cracked, anyway. . . . Every woman seems to have a cracked teapot somewhere about. . . . I always wonder what they use them for."

She faced him again. "What did your mother use hers for?"

He stared for a moment in silent surprise. He hadn't expected her to counter in this fashion. What was he waiting for, anyway? He narrowed his eyes, swiftly measuring the distance from cupboard to sink, at the same time calculating how many feet lay between



table, cupboard and doorway. . . . Would it be possible to accomplish the business without violence? Ordinarily, he would have hoped so, especially as the woman had fed him. But, somehow, quite suddenly she irritated him—she, with her questions! . . . He'd like to show her a thing or two! She wouldn't be so calm and insolent when he got through with her!

"You haven't answered me yet," the woman was saying.

Her insistence rather won him: besides, it would be diverting to give her a little more line before he pulled up. "What did my mother use *her* cracked teapot for?" he echoed. His reply hung unsteadily in the balance, but, finally, he broke into a chuckling little laugh as he said: "Why, she hid money in it, of course—hid it from my father."

"I thought so!" escaped her.

He felt an impulse to fly to the defense of his sex. "Oh, my father didn't abuse her—he didn't drink or anything like that. And he was a good provider. It was a kind of game with her, I guess. She just liked to slip it over. You see, she made a sly dollar here and there, selling eggs to the grocer or a chicken now and then to the neighbors. I used to think she got more kick out of spending *that* money than all the rest put together."

"Naturally," the woman assented dryly.

Her composure roused him afresh. Should he seize the cracked teapot without further ado, or stay awhile and worry her? . . . In the end he chose to stay and, at once he broke out brutally:

"I stole my first money from that teapot. When I found my mother didn't miss it, I tried again. In the end, I cleaned her out of every penny and bolted." He gave a hard laugh. "There's no training school for crooks like the home!"

She made an instinctive movement toward the cupboard. With calm insolence he began to take off his coat.

The wind outside was still shrieking and there was no necessity for immediate departure—the cracked teapot would be in its place an hour from now—next week, for that matter. Besides, he hadn't yet decided on a course of action. There were such infinite possibilities in sharing a woman's secret—the secret she kept from her husband. He sat down again, drawing his chair toward the stove.

"Suppose you bring me that cracked teapot," he drawled. "Come, now, don't be stubborn. I'd like to have a look inside."

She was shaking with mingled fear and rage, but she did as she was bidden. Finderson went back to the table again.

He lifted the lid, sprawling forward with his elbows on the table. She stood apart, her breast rising and falling in a sort of rhythmic protest. He overturned the teapot with a brutal movement. There was more in it than he had fancied.

"Well, well!" he chuckled. "You'd have a harder job explaining this to Jim than I thought. . . . Do you know, I believe I'll stay. . . . I think a few weeks of the simple life would just set me up right."

He could see that she was frightened—that she'd rather die, almost, than explain that cracked teapot to Jim, yet she kept up a deceitful bravado. He had seen his mother like that once, trembling upon the verge of betrayal. He remembered it as if it were yesterday. He had come in from some prolonged truancy to find her ready and waiting for him, switch in hand. The cracked teapot lay on the table and at one side a piece of silver glistened. "I'll learn yer to keep out of sight like this for half a day!" his mother had shouted at him. "Didn't I tell yer when yer went out this morning that Hattie Beals wanted eggs? I had to put on my things and run every step of the way there and back myself!"

She was quite beside herself with rage and she brought the whip across his legs with a vehemence he had never





*Drawn by W. K. Starrett*

HE WAS DEALING WITH A MAN QUICK TO SETTLE AN ACCOUNT



imputed to her. He backed into a corner and she followed close upon him, making the air hum with wasted lashes. In a last desperate remonstrance he had shouted at her, without the slightest hope of victory:

"If you touch me again I'll tell father! I'll tell father about that cracked teapot!"

From that moment he had her in his power. She hid the teapot, of course, hoping to blot from his mind the memory of her weakness, but the fact lay between them like an unsheathed sword. In an eye's twinkling he had become a successful blackmailer. He never had to mention the teapot again. But he grew to realize that every concession he wrung from her was traceable to a single source. By the end of the week he had discovered the cracked teapot's new hiding place, and before a month had gone by he had added thievery to his accomplishments. *A good training school for crooks?* . . . He'd tell the world it was. He didn't blame his mother—he didn't blame the woman before him. Their husbands? . . . No, he didn't blame them, either. But he'd like to see them slip over moral talk where he was concerned.

He heard the woman moving about in a nonchalant attempt to appear engrossed in her household duties. He had to admire her pluck—most women would have whimpered. She'd be harder to manage than the woman in Minnesota. But that only gave the game zest. As to her husband's readiness with a gun—well, he'd heard the wind blow before. Besides, there was a technic even in disillusioning husbands: it was lightning flashes of truth that induced violence—the reality standing out suddenly against a dark background of deceptions. It was different if one raised the light slowly as one turned up the wick of a lamp, letting the eye become gradually accustomed to the situation. Even the futile husband of that woman in Minnesota might have been nasty if he had been abruptly sur-

prised. Finderson knew how to get on with men—how first to disarm and then to despoil them. In many ways they were easier than the women.

He noticed that the woman was listening: the faint, far-away bark of a dog floated across the fields. She came and stood opposite him.

"That," she said, pointing in the direction of the sound, "is my husband coming back again."

The smile he threw at her had a wolfish quality. "He'll be surprised to see me, won't he?"

"You mean—you mean you are afraid?"

"Are you?"

"I told you at the start he didn't like me to feed strangers."

"You can't be blamed if a man pushes his way into your kitchen, can you?"

"You're really not going to stay?"

"I was thinking of it. . . . Is Jim hard boss?"

"Why, you don't suppose I'll let him hire you, do you?"

"How will you stop it?"

"I'll tell him you're a thief!"

He stood up. "Like you are!"

"It's my money!" she cried passionately.

"Why do you hide it—sneak it then?"

A dark flush mounted to her forehead. "Do you expect a woman to work for every nickel?"

"No—there ain't much difference between a beggar and a thief . . . But you could fight for it!"

"Fight!" she sneered. "That's just it!"

He laughed. "You're too lazy, of course. . . . Well, that's the way to figure it."

She took a step toward him. "If you make thieves of women, why that's the lookout!"

He fell back before her advance like an archer taking perfect aim. "What about making thieves of children? . . . Where do you suppose I got my first ideas about easy money? . . . Well,

*your* kid watches you drop swag a cracked teapot!"

He brought her apron up over her head with a quick movement that was shame, half reticence. He went toward her, tearing the covering from her face. The look she gave him betrayed her secret. He felt a curious impulse—as if the shaft he had sent flying toward her had been turned back on him. He turned awkwardly away, slipping into his coat again. The sound of the barking dog came nearer. He wondered what he had better do.

child! A boy . . . perhaps a girl. Somehow, the wings of his imagination sped upward for a fluttering moment, lighting on a vague, intangible hope, an impersonal hope that he could define. It had nothing to do with money and yet it was in every sense a part of his being—a sort of vicarious impulse toward perfection. It was like smiling at a babe. As wistful and irrational and full of faith as that—and almost as fleeting.

Instantly he felt ashamed of his weakness. Like a boy caught in an act of foolishness, he began to swagger again. He looked at the woman sharply. She recovered from her confusion, and her face had a new dignity as if she felt herself standing on firmer ground. But, he knew, even now, that her integrity hung in the balance. This knowledge completely recaptured his old impulse. What did he care?

The money, lying on the table, meant nothing. There were other farmhouses and cracked teapots. But he would not go up many a mile without a chance to check the general prospect before him. The thrill of the woman's touch still shook him, but his pride discounted this circumstance. He admitted difficulties, but tough propositions always had challenged him—won him. In town, among his associates he had been noted for his ability to put over the impossible. He wanted to get his teeth into the hide of inbred respectability. He liked to

pull people down to his level. . . . Already he hated this woman's husband—hated his complacency. He was a man who ordered his wife to keep the door closed against vagabondage, was he? . . . Well, one could see how she obeyed.

The barking of the dog came nearer and nearer. The woman was regarding him with a sort of anxious terror.

"Why don't you go?" she cried out suddenly. "Why don't you take the money and leave?"

"Money—I don't want your money!" he said with a sneer. "I want your husband to give me a job. . . . You act as if you were afraid to have me round."

She faced him desperately. "If you don't leave I'll lie about you!" she shrilled. "I'll tell my husband you insulted me."

"Try it!" he returned coolly. "You know what he'll say: 'What did you let him in for?'"

"But he'll settle with you first."

"Perhaps—but I won't have to live with him after, and you will. . . . 'Now, if you'd done what I told you,' that's what you will hear morning, noon, and night!"

"How do you know so much about it?"

"Oh, I've lived with married couples," he said, ironically.

"With—with that family in Minnesota, you were telling me about? . . . I knew you were that man!"

He answered with a venomous laugh. She turned suddenly white and sat down. A heavy step clattered along the low, rickety porch.

"That's Jim!" she said in a frightened whisper.

He threw back his head. "Call him in! I'm ready for him!"

She began to scream with diabolic vehemence—like a woman in the grip of a nightmare. The door flew open: Finderson made a quick movement toward his hip pocket.

They stood glaring at each other, Jim's head thrust slightly forward, a



pistol already in his hand. Every muscle of the two men was taut with instinctive hostility of males unsettled by a woman. Finderson had to admit that the man opposite him would prove an equal match, but he had worsted better men in his day. He was dealing with a man quick to settle an account but, once past the point of violence, one who would have the sense to think in terms of expediency. Finderson knew that he must direct his first move toward the drawn pistol. He was clever enough to keep his hand suggestively where it had flown at the first hint of danger—on his hip pocket, but he decided against anything beyond a hint of readiness. How could he get the woman's husband to put up his gun? . . . Quite suddenly it flashed upon Finderson that the unborn child was his strongest ally; upon the child hung the whole adventure; the child that would one day be watching its mother drop marital plunder into a cracked teapot. He spoke calmly, yet with the cautious lightness of a skater aware of the thinness of the ice. "This kind of a scene ain't the best thing in the world for the little lady, is it?" he drawled significantly.

Jim stared, looked at his wife, put up his pistol. Finderson had won the first victory.

The interrogative silence fell again; Finderson was determined that this time the woman should break it. Already, with his usual facility, he was framing replies to any charges she might make. The more desperate her claims the more convinced he would be that he had her in his power. Her weakness would be in proportion to the extent of her lies. He knew enough about innocence to know that it came pretty near being invincible. You couldn't confuse a man who hadn't trespassed. And she knew, as well as he did, that she couldn't bring a single charge against him. Beyond suggesting that she fetch him the cracked teapot, he hadn't even

given her an arrogant order. cracked teapot! It lay upturned on the table with its loot circling it. He wondered just what she *would* say at that. If she would only lie! . . . If she would only lie, both she and her husband were as good as delivered into his hands. He wouldn't even have to prove himself—the candor and fearlessness of his replies would save him, would win his husband over. The man couldn't see but he was telling the truth. It would be as simple as that. He had been accused too many times of such deeds—falsely or otherwise, not to keep the confidence with which one faces empty charges.

The woman would lie and Finderson would reply calmly, truthfully, to every accusation. The husband would question her then, his voice tinged with baffled suspicion. At this she would protest too much, become hysterical. Then Finderson would step in:

"It doesn't matter. . . . I understand. . . . It's her condition. . . . the oldest of ten—I know all about such things."

She'd never stand up under that. Jim would be embarrassed, ashamed, grateful. She'd fling herself out of the room, weeping. Then over a pipe the men would talk self-consciously of far-removed topics. He'd stay on the course—that was inevitable, for a week or a month—until he'd accomplished his twofold purpose. . . . Before he was finished with them both, Jim would be glad to come through handsomely. He wouldn't flash a gun again. The worst moment had passed.

The woman had risen, in a moment she would be speaking. Finderson's lip curled with satisfaction. They were to begin.

"I dunno what's the matter with you," she began. "I just had a sort of sick feeling. . . . I was that scared!" Finderson blinked in confusion. "This man wants a job! . . . I told him to wait."

That was the woman for you! Finderson never could tell about a woman





*Drawn by W. K. Starrett*

"NO, THIS HERE COUNTRY STUFF AIN'T IN MY LINE"



moment before she had been screaming out at him, asking him to go! Now, she was calmly giving in to him. Did she want him to stay or was she trying to confuse him?

Finderson could have predicted the husband's course down to a hair's breadth. "But this woman! Damn her, you'd never be sure of her!"

Jim was talking to him—asking him where he'd come from. Did he really want a job?

Well, he could play her game: he could confuse her with the unexpected. Besides, in the long run, a little urging from Jim would strengthen his position. . . . No, he didn't want a job. He just had been longing for a warm hour by the fire. He'd be moving on right away.

A nasty frown was curdling Jim's forehead and his questioning glance traveled between his wife and Finderson with unpleasant directness. Finally his eyes fell upon the silver coins encircling the cracked teapot. The woman saw it. What would she say, now? How would she explain the presence of the money to her husband?

"You don't want to forget your money!" She was talking to *him*, Finderson.

Finderson gasped. Imagine her having the wit to get around it like that. God, she was clever! . . . She'd have made a magnificent pal! For the second time she had disarmed him with an unlooked-for move.

"*Forget my money?*" he drawled. "Any old time! . . . That's all I've got between me and the sheriff." He turned to Jim. "I was just counting it up."

He scooped the coins loosely into his coat pocket. Jim's face cleared and Finderson knew that the implication of resources had raised him immeasurably in the other's eyes.

"That's a fool way to carry money," Jim commented. "Don't you realize how many crooks there are in the world?"

Finderson looked directly at the

woman. "You're right!" he laughed. "There's a new one born every minute." She flushed.

Finderson made a pretense of moving toward the door. The woman's husband took the pipe out of his mouth. "I like it fine, if you'd stay!" he exclaimed with some warmth. "It ain't often I run into a likely man. . . . I want to apologize for that pistol stuff. Of course, soon as I really seen you, I realized you was all right. . . . Then, when a woman hollers, yer kin see . . . And then the wife— Well, I guess yer know how things is with her."

He broke off in confusion and Finderson found the words that he had planned only a few moments ago rising to his lips:

"Yes, I understand. . . . I'm the oldest of ten. . . . I know about such things!"

"That's another reason I'd like yer to stay," Jim mumbled awkwardly. "I could pick up a lotta rotten trash—well, at a time like this I want to be comfortable about the man who's living with me and the wife—you know!"

Finderson smiled inwardly. The woman's husband was too easy! It was easier than that man in Minnesota. He glanced at the woman; she had the look of a fluttering bird charmed by a reptile, at once terrified and expectant. A sense of his power over the woman brought a chuckle to his lips. He liked the sensation of Jim's importunity.

"Oh, I guess I'd better be on my way," he murmured, continuing his pretense of departure. "I ain't much of a hand to settle down."

His eyes fell again on the woman. She had caught up the cracked teapot; she was holding it almost fiercely to her breast.

"Couldn't yer stay on for a couple weeks?" Jim was saying. "A woman even?—it would help out lots."

Finderson cleared his throat to answer and at that moment the cracked teapot fell in a shattered heap to the floor.

He stood motionless, the assent to Jim's final plea frozen. He didn't look at the woman—he didn't have to, she had spoken to him through the crashing sound of the smashed teapot. It was as if she had said:

"I've smashed it, do you understand, smashed it for good and all. Will you stay, now, and ruin everything? *I* don't matter and *you* don't matter and *Jim* don't matter, but *can't* you see—won't you see?"

Yes, he did. The woman was throwing her child to him—throwing the only thing that mattered out of danger. Would he catch it or let it fall? And,

as before, the wings of his imagination sped upward in a fluttering moment of vague, intangible hope, that impersonal hope that was a sort of vicarious impulse toward perfection.

"Not for a couple of weeks—a week even?" the woman's husband was repeating.

This time he *did* look at her, searchingly. Her answer burned through her glance like a candle's flicker—a sputtering flame of courage that grew steadily in power.

Finderson shook his head. "No. . . . I've got to get back to town. . . . This here country stuff ain't in my line."

## Gardening

BY ANICE PAGE COOPER

CLOVE pinks, carrots, poems, babies, dreams,  
 Growing things, that's all there is to this  
 Affair of living, digging round the roots  
 Of life to force its blooming or we miss  
 Its fullest fragrance. When we're young we make  
 A jungle garden where our blown desires  
 Curtain the stars, and all the tangled paths  
 Are cluttered with our dreams. But mid-life tires  
 Of purple-petaled ecstasy. We clip  
 And prune and straighten, cut new paths and hedge  
 Them in with nice precision, build a wall  
 And lock the gates before our children wedge  
 Their fingers through to lift the latch and play  
 Outside among the wildflowers and the weeds  
 And poison ivy. When we're old we dig  
 The deep earth with our fingers, bury seeds  
 Or lily bulbs or grass or parsnips, feel  
 The brown loam molder, touching with our hands  
 Life's sources. But when planting's over and  
 The greedy, kind, unhurried earth demands  
 Our bodies' dust to feed new roots, I know  
 I shall not be unhappy in that dim  
 Hereafter, if the Lord will let me farm  
 Some corner of the universe with him.



# An Autumn Sojourn in Iceland

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

IT is now late September and nearly three weeks since I came to Akureyri, the little capital of the North Country. I have taken temporary lodgings at the hotel, a two-story frame building which stands on a strip of land extending far into the fjord. The windows of my room look to the southward over the lower reaches of the fjord and the level valley-land to the mountains, whose peaks are already white with the first snows of autumn. Here I have spent many hours watching the cloud reflections on the water, the changing lights on the vast wall of mountain to the eastward and the shadows which gather in ravines and hollows, depth beyond depth of blue, each day a little earlier as the season advances. No doubt I should be more profitably employed. I have letters of introduction to people in the town which should have been presented long ago; and instead of seeking out a language teacher, I have been struggling alone and hopelessly with the intricacies of Icelandic grammar. But it is hard to forego this seclusion—the enjoyment of the exquisite feeling of loneliness which is among the first and best of the rewards of traveling in a strange country. Thus far I have but two acquaintances in the whole of Iceland, my landlady, and the woman who keeps the tobacco shop at the end of the street.

From without, the hotel has the deserted appearance of a seaside inn at the close of the season. The blinds are drawn in all windows but mine, for there are no other guests, nor will there be others, my landlady says, before next summer. Travelers do not come to Iceland so late in the year, and since

the war there have been very few even during the summer months. It is evident that I shall have the country to myself for purposes of winter exploration.

My landlady is a grave, silent woman. Although she has an excellent knowledge of English, she rarely speaks except in reply to a question. At mealtime when she has placed the food on the table, she sits with her sewing by the window, so quietly that I hear the click of the needle against her thimble and am ashamed of the clatter I seem to be making with the dishes at my solitary meal. When I have finished she dismisses me with a slight nod and I pass through the empty *dagstofa* and up the stairway to my room as noiselessly as possible lest I should disturb—I scarcely know whom or what.

The silence is not of the room only, or of the house, but of the street, the town, the land itself. I have been conscious of it from the day of my arrival in Iceland. It is like a presence, something one half expects to see as well as to feel and hear, if one may so speak. Sometimes when reading in my room I stop in the midst of a paragraph to listen, or during a solitary ramble I am aroused of a sudden by the croaking of a raven far out on the heath above the town, or the bleating of sheep on the mountain side across the fjord. I have heard these sounds elsewhere without remarking them particularly. Here they seem, somehow, to demand attention, and one measures the silence by them as one measures the immensity of a plain by the minute figure of a horseman crossing it.

What a trifling impression man has

made on this great lonely land despite more than a thousand years of occupation! The reason for this is largely, of course, the nature of the land itself. Only a small part of its forty-two thousand square miles is habitable. The interior is as barren of life, either brute or human, as it has always been. There, among the fastnesses of the glaciers, great rivers rise, flowing out of the very heart of solitude and emptying into lonely seas; rivers "unknown to song" and almost without history in the sense of man's relationship to them. The population even of the fertile valley lands has increased but slowly. Early in the tenth century, but sixty years after the first settlement of the country, there were fifty thousand inhabitants scattered around the coasts and along the valleys leading away from it. Today there are but ninety-five thousand and a fifth part of this number live at Reykjavik, the capital. During past centuries famine and recurring pestilence wrought great havoc, and in recent years many Icelanders have gone abroad in search of larger opportunities. There

is no immigration. It may be said to have stopped at the close of the Viking period. Iceland has never had attraction as a place to live for men from more favored parts of the earth. So it remains a land of silence and of vast empty spaces, such solitudes as were found by the handful of Celtic monks who were the first to view them. A thousand years hence it will still be so, and men who love the wild, rugged, more melancholy aspects of Nature will always find them here.

For it seems likely that if Iceland were destined to be developed, exploited in the manner of other countries, the process would now be well under way, and this is not the case to any extent. Except for the introduction of more modern methods of fishing and the increased importation of commodities from the outside world, life goes on very much as it did a century, two centuries ago. The land is still remote from the thought and interests of the rest of the world and altered scarcely at all by the industrial revolution of the past hundred years. Iceland spar is the only



REYKJAVIK HARBOR



mineral resource of commercial interest, and the supply of this is almost exhausted. There is neither coal nor timber, no factories, no railroads (all overland travel is on horseback), no cities unless Reykjavik may be called one. Akureyri, the second largest town, has twenty-four hundred inhabitants. Away from the coast there are no villages of any sort, only isolated farming communities lying in the valleys and separated from one another by great mountain walls, high tablelands, and vast stretches of desert country. One may travel from north to south or from east to west, when not following the customary trails, and cross the whole of Iceland without once passing a human habitation.

On my journey northward from Reykjavik I followed the great highway connecting the south and west country with the north. "The Great Highway" I had heard it called, and it is, in fact, one of the most frequently traveled routes in Iceland; but it would be hard to find anywhere a road which is less a highway in the modern sense. A few miles beyond Reykjavik it becomes the roughest of cart tracks, then, for the most part, merely a pony trail leading over moorland and mountain, across innumerable rivers and small streams and along valleys where, in many places, the paths have been worn through the turf to the depth of the horses' flanks. Sometimes after hours of riding over desolate ways, I came unexpectedly upon a valley, secluded, silent, filled with mellow sunshine, with a river winding by various channels through the meadowlands. The whistling call of the golden plover seemed the green-gold of the valley made articulate, and the faint honking of wild geese—the perfect voice of a lonely land—told better than the eye how blue the mountains were and how solitary.

Dismounting to stretch my legs, I would sit for a time with the whole of the valley outspread below. The turf-roofed houses were hardly to be seen

against the meadowlands, and the brighter greens of the *tuns*—the home fields around them were like patches of velvet not so broad as one's thumb-nail. I would try to fix the scene in mind, being sure there could be no other valley so beautiful as this, but there was always another and yet another, and for one that beckoned forward, there was one that called back; and at the high threshold of each of them the wind over the mountain pass blew cold and keen, reminding one how brief a time remained for the enjoyment of this late summer loveliness.

There is an element in the landscape here which satisfies more than the demand of the senses for beauty, a spiritual element for lack of a better word. But perhaps I imagine this. It may be merely the clear cold outlines, the economy of Nature in her effects, the lack of trees and of dense vegetation in such contrast to the overwhelming luxuriance of the vegetation on the islands of the South Seas which I had left so recently. It may be that I was weary, without having realized it, of tropical color and light and shade, and of man's never-ending, hopeless struggle with tropical Nature. Here too there is struggle, but against frugality, not prodigality—the sort of contest which will always appeal most to men of northern blood; and in Iceland the blood of the people is still the old Norse blood, unmixed with other strains since the Celtic fusion made during the ninth and tenth centuries, and their speech is that of a thousand years ago. A remnant at least, of what Madison Grant has called "The Great Race" is not passing in this environment, but holding its own under the stern natural conditions peculiarly suited to its survival.

What a sense of continuity in the national life the modern Icelander must have; what a sense of nearness to the men and women of the heroic period in his country's history! That they do have it, even the most superficial obser-



A TYPICAL TRAVELING OUTFIT FOR TWO MEN: FOUR RIDING HORSES AND ONE PACK-HORSE

vation makes plain. The farms are still called by the names given them a thousand years ago—pleasant, homely names, and rich with the accumulated associations of centuries: Hjardarholt, Herdholt, Hlidarendi, Reykholt, Oddi, Miklibær, Olafsvellir—there is music in them even to a stranger's ears. One can understand their appeal to a countryman to whom they are so much more than mere names. The ancient literature of the country is still universally known and loved. At every farmhouse where I stopped for afternoon coffee or to spend the night, I was sure to find in the *badstofa*—the living room—two or three shelves of well-thumbed books, for the most part the older sagas: *Njala*, *The Laxdaela*, *Egil Skallagrim's Saga*, *The Grettir*, *The Erebiggja Saga*, and many others I did not know even by name. And so little has the old speech altered that the children read these tales to-day almost as they were written down in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—as they were told in the great halls on winter nights at a yet earlier period. There is no need for the lexicons and explanatory texts

which make the reading of ancient lore so tedious a task for the children of other lands.

It is hard to realize that more than forty generations of men have lived and died since these farms were first occupied, for there has been little change. The old halls have gone, of course, and what forests there once were have been destroyed; but if its earliest inhabitants could return to Iceland now they would find the meadows they mowed still meadowland, and the rivers where they bathed or fished on summer evenings still running clear sweet water. They would recognize superficial details of the landscape which in most countries are obliterated or completely altered in a decade. How pleased the men and women of Viking days would be could they look down, as I have during this journey, over the places where they passed their happy, troubled lives! It would sadden them, doubtless, to find that the land itself has no memory of them, no more than of the birds which flew across the moorlands a thousand years ago—but no, this is not quite true. Some faint memory remains:



here and there a fragment of wall, the barely discernible outline of a temple site, a depression in the ground marking the spot where a booth once stood and trading was done when the ships had returned from Norway or the coasts of Britain. But the snows of centuries have fallen on these places, and the winds and rains have filled and leveled, so that a stranger, unless they were pointed out, would hardly suspect the faint outlines or the few scattered boulders to be evidence of the work of human hands.

Mine was not wholly, or for the most part, a fair-weather journey. All the valleys were not filled with mellow sunshine. Often they were overhung with clouds, which seemed only less solid than the mountain walls themselves. Sometimes a cold mist descended, followed by a long continued downpour of rain. Then, in all truth, I seemed to be passing through an empty land, or one peopled, if the word may be used, only by ghosts long bereft of their bodies, uttering forlorn foreboding cries with the voice of the raven. When the rain lifted and the gloom lightened a little, solitary figures were to be seen here and there, bent toward the earth, walking slowly, painfully, their legs stretched widely apart, swinging their arms across their bodies in curious fashion. I could only imagine them to be what they were: Iceland farmers mowing the last of the precious hay crop. The eye pictured them quite differently. Dwarfed by distance grotesqued by the mist, they seemed misshapen earth-spirits going about some business which had no concern with human kind. Upon passing one close to the trail, it was always something of a shock to see him straighten up, to observe the friendly welcome in his smile as he leaned on his scythe, to hear his cheery, matter-of-fact greeting. I had read much of Icelandic melancholy, and on those dark days, had no doubt of seeing evidence of it on every hand, but

if I may judge, after so brief an acquaintanceship with them, Icelanders are quite as cheerful as people in other lands. Certainly, they seem far less dependent upon sunshine for healthiness of spirits. Those who have written so much of Icelandic melancholy have, I believe, allowed the character of climate and country and their own sober thoughts while traveling these solitary ways, to color their conception of the people.

But it is easy to believe that melancholy must be a predominant characteristic of the Icelanders. They are of Norse-Celtic blood. They are thinly scattered over a lonely northern land which is surrounded by a gray northern sea. Both land and sea give them ample evidence of the mindless indifference of Nature to human concerns. As for the farmers, whether living inland or on the coast, their lives are very lonely, and they have no distractions except such as they are able to devise for themselves. Their summers are brief and cold, their winters long and dark, and for all their labor, they gain what most men would consider a scant livelihood. In the face of all this how can they be otherwise than sober, silent, morose in character? So I wondered often, while sitting in the *badstofa* of some isolated farmhouse, listening to the wind sweeping over the moorlands and the rain beating against the window panes.

Silent many of them are, in fact, and their hospitality is of the least obtrusive kind. Indeed, I sometimes thought it too unobtrusive. I came almost to dread the polite *Gerid svo vel* (If you please) with which, at the end of the day's journey, I was ushered into the *badstofa*, or the guest-room, but it came as inevitably as night and the door was shut as discreetly behind me. Then I would hear the muffled sound of retreating footsteps in the long dark passageway leading to the other living and working quarters of the family at the rear of the house; then, faintly, the sound of another closed door; then

silence, a solid block of it, enclosed by the walls of the empty room—empty save for my presence, silent save for the stentorian ticking of the clock.

One gets curiously distorted pictures of a strange country through reading books of travel. I have read many narratives of life in Iceland, and from these I was led to believe that the stranger is taken immediately into the bosom of the Icelandic family; that all doors, not that leading to the *badstofa* alone, flew and remained open at his approach. This has not been my experience. Thus far I have seen no more of the household life of the country than may be viewed through one closed door. If I were to leave Iceland now, what could I say to my friends who might ask of life in this remote country? "Well, the *badstofa*," I would begin; and "This I assure you, is a really accurate description of the *badstofa*" I would end. The reiteration of the word in my description would be like the redundancy of the *badstofa* itself in my experience.

Before I reached the end of my journey I realized that my loneliness was evidence of the most thoughtful courtesy. I am a stranger in a land where, with the exception of a few sea-coast towns and villages, there are neither hotels nor inns. When traveling it is necessary for me to stop at farm-houses, where entertainment is always willingly provided. But since I am both a stranger and a guest, my host for the night quite naturally assumes that I would like the same seclusion at his house I would require at an inn. Furthermore, thus far I know little or nothing of the language, and what could be more embarrassing than for two men, in the relationship of host and guest, to sit in silence, face to face, throughout a long evening?

There is yet another reason why my hosts were rarely to be seen. The summer was far advanced and every man, woman, and child who could be spared for the work—and nearly all could be spared—were in the fields from early dawn until the last light had left



OLAFSVIK—NORTH-WEST PENINSULA



the sky, In summer, when the weather is at all favorable, it is not unusual for the farmers to work at their haymaking from sixteen to eighteen hours a day. I was often in bed before my host had returned from the fields. Some writers have called the Icelanders lazy. Sabine Baring-Gould, writing in 1863, says of them: "In character, the Iclander is phlegmatic, conservative to a fault, and desperately indolent." I do not believe that the people have changed greatly, in character or habits, in the space of sixty years. If they have not; if the Icelanders I have seen are as desperately indolent as those of 1863, then it would have been a pleasure indeed to have seen some of Baring-Gould's industrious Englishmen.

Meanwhile I spent my solitary evenings studying grammar and phrase-book, eager to have done as quickly as possible with some of the essential spade work on the language. *The Englishman on Iceland* the conversation manual is called. That "On" made me suspicious at the time I purchased the book. Evidently it had not been prepared by

an Englishman. "Contains all that is necessary in conversation with the public" the presumptuous sub-title reads. It is of little value—what phrase-book could be? The Englishman or American on Iceland must content himself with asking such questions as, "*Hve oft gýs stori Geysir?*" (How often does the great geyser spout?) and with receiving such irrelevant replies as, "*Á hinum björtu súmarnottum er ekki kveikt á vitunum*" (On the bright summer nights the beacon fires are not lighted.)

I have also a French-Icelandic phrase-book, somewhat more useful, but giving it seems to me, far too much space to the exchange of mere verbal courtesies. Translations of typical examples of the more useful phrases are, "I am beside myself with chagrin at discommoding you thus" and "A refusal on your part would cause me infinite pain."

My dictionary was a more interesting companion. I spent many hours in the study of it, and was encouraged at finding so many words with a close resemblance to their English equivalents. *Fiskur*—fish; *hagl*—hail; *öl*—



HILL OF LAWS, AT THINGVALLA



AKUREYRI—THE PRINCIPAL PORT ON THE NORTH COAST

; *Jol*—Yule; *iss*—ice; *foolk*—folk; *ll*—to shout or yell; *kalla*—to call—ere were scores of them whose meanings were apparent even to a novice, any which I recognized at once as old friends: for example, *á eggja*—to urge, to exhort. To egg on of course! I had no idea that this is good ancient Norse, but had always supposed it a venerable slang expression, originating in the theater, very likely, in the old storming days, and that, originally must have been “to egg off.”

For all my language studies, I had ample leisure for a careful examination of the contents of the *badstofa*, beginning with the library, passing then to the colored lithographs on the walls, the old painted chests for bed and table linen, and the family portraits on the chest of drawers. The photographs, each in a small wooden frame, were arranged in rows. I enjoyed their silent companionship, and talked with them in the soundless, universal language which all portraits understand. There were grave faces and gay; fair-haired

blue-eyed girls of the finest type of northern loveliness; young men quite as handsome with well-shaped heads and well-knit bodies which their homely ill-cut clothing could not conceal; fathers and mothers in the midst of healthy broods of children; grandmothers with kindly faces, their white hair braided and looped up under their tasseled black-velvet caps; grandfathers, hale old men with many years of active life still before them; aunts, uncles, cousins—and all of this silent company with the heritage of good blood and the history of their simple wholesome way of living written plain on their faces. I searched in vain through many groups of family portraits for one crafty face, for one I should not like to meet in the flesh.

Then I would walk up and down the room, thinking of these people I hoped soon to know more intimately. How had they managed to escape the blessings of modern civilization? Climate and geographical position were partly responsible, no doubt, but there was more to the matter than this. Baring-



Gould was right, evidently, in speaking of their conservatism. I saw none of the innumerable mechanisms, the innumerable conveniences of the modern household which are indispensable with us: no phonographs, radio outfits—not even Sunday newspapers. I can't say that I missed these things greatly, but when I discovered that even artificial heat was considered unnecessary, it struck me that simplicity was carried a little too far.

There was never a fire in the living room, and often no stove to have one in. "What!" some one may ask, "Would you have had a fire in summertime?" Gentlest of Readers, the solitudes of inter-stellar space would scarcely seem colder, I think, than the living room of an Iceland farmhouse on a rainy August evening. I have but recently come from the tropics. My blood is still fruit-juice thin and my skin shrivels into goose flesh in these high latitudes. It is true that the Gulf Stream divides around the coasts of Iceland and flows northward. United, it might stand; divided, it falls a prey to the polar currents. Furthermore, it is spent and weary after its long journey and could hardly be expected to meet on equal terms the currents which have so recently issued from their caverns of Greenland ice.

It would not have occurred to my hosts that I was cold. They have no fires during the summer except in the kitchen at mealtime, and they would think it strange that I should feel the need of one. Men still fairly young can remember the time when there was scarcely a farmhouse in Iceland provided with stoves for heating purposes, and even to-day many houses are without them. In the country peat or dried sheep's dung is burned when anything is burned, and then, often, solely for preparing food. Icelanders are a hardy folk, almost as hardy as their ponies, many of which live out of doors all winter long without shelters of any sort.

I was a little ashamed of my desire,

of my need for artificial heat during evenings which are here considered warm and comfortable; and while shivering over my language studies in the *badstofa*, I thought of the thousands of Americans who would have felt cold as keenly, many of them more keenly. I believe it is steam heating, central heating of all kinds, which has brought us to this pass. The Icelandic indifference, his immunity to cold, has made me realize how much of old fashioned hardihood we body-pampered Americans have lost in the past few generations.

How insidiously the manufacturers of central-heating apparatus have carried on, in America, their propaganda of advertising! I used to be charmed by their full-page illustrations in the magazines; by the contrast between the snug, cozy interior—the little children in flimsy summer dresses playing by the artistic radiator—and the bleak winter landscape seen through the adjacent window. But I shall be charmed no longer. I shall long to open the window and throw the little children out into the snow before they perish for creature comfort. I will think how they will be even less able to endure moderate cold than their fathers were, and their own children less able still. The time may come when hordes of hardy barbarians crossing the ice packs, by way of the Behring Straits perhaps, will drive us out of our beautiful over-heated houses. Then we shall wish that central heating had never been applied to them, and the only survivors will be those who were too sensible to have it applied.

But the hour grows late. The empty hotel creaks and complains under the buffeting of the north wind. The fire is out in my stove and there is no more fuel. I have talked at great length and said little, and for this I ask pardon of any ghostly reader, or auditor, who may have attended me. But under the circumstances, how could these observations have been otherwise than vague and general in character? What do

w of Iceland after my one month  
urn?

will even go so far as to say, what  
I know of *badstofas*?

nother week has passed, a week  
at in almost complete forgetfulness  
the present world of reality. The  
ther being very stormy, I was so  
ish as to open a parcel of books  
ought for winter amusement, and so,  
ing seven days and nights I have been  
ling early and late, by daylight and  
plight, quite forgetting my duties as  
-appointed wanderer-for-others. I  
l parts of *Paradise Lost* again; and  
glake's *Eothen*, *The Travels of Mungo*  
k, Sidney Colvin's *Life of Keats*,  
radio Hearn's *Two Years in the*  
*North West Indies*, and Santayana's  
*Illoquies in England*.

This morning I said, "Come in!"  
sciously, for the first time this while.  
e little maid opened the door just  
le enough to admit her head, and so  
den is her hair that the first shaft of  
e morning sunlight striking it was

dissolved in a shower of misty glory.  
She was not aware of the beauty of the  
effect and said, as any other housemaid  
in Iceland might have said,

"*Á jeg ad qveikja í ofninum?*" (Shall  
I light the fire? Or as I still translate it  
in my English-thinking way, Am I to  
quicken in the stove?)

"*Já, gerid svo vel*" (Yes, if you please)  
I replied, as always, and she bustled  
noiselessly around the room, tidying  
the stove hearth, replenishing the box  
of peat, and every now and then flashing  
through the shaft of sunlight in a spray  
of gold. Then, having brought the  
breakfast tray, she bobbed a little  
curtsy at the doorway and vanished.  
Sitting before a brisk fire, drinking my  
coffee, I wondered whether my feeling of  
content were merely the result of crea-  
ture comfort. "No," I thought, "it is  
not that, and assuredly it is something  
more than physical well-being. Perhaps  
it is due to a growing consciousness  
that Iceland is a socially healthy  
nation. This simple thousand-years-old  
civilization is still solidly based on



MILKING TIME—A FARM IN THE NORTH COUNTRY



reality. "One feels that nothing can shake it down. Here machines have not dictated the terms of life. One never sees that sub-human type of individual more and more in evidence in other lands, particularly in large industrial towns and cities; and there seem to be few, if any, of those world weary, soul-sick folk who find life such a burden and make themselves so burdensome to others. America during the colonial period of its history must have been something like the Iceland of to-day."

Then, without anything having occurred to suggest them unless it was the crisp cold weather, these lines came into mind:

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall  
And milk comes frozen home in pail—

That was it precisely! The very spirit of the Iceland I am aware of although there are neither halls, in the strict sense of the word, nor logs to bear into them. But there remains here a sound, healthy spirit, something akin to the Elizabethan joy of life, and this good health is general, widely distributed, so that one can't help catching it.

But in the midst of my agreeable musings a motor car, of the ubiquitous type, came chugging briskly along the street as though it had been the familiar of the place since Viking days; as though Iceland—any land—had been created for no other purpose than to turn wheels over. I winced. Motor cars in Iceland! It was the first one I remembered having seen. But where are they not in these days? One meets them in the heart of Africa, mingling their odors with the smell of primeval mud; crossing the midmost deserts of Arabia; parked before the skin tents of the Laplander; lurching in and out of crab holes, under the coconut trees on remote islands of the Pacific, and driven by brown-skinned men whose knees are still calloused with kneeling before out-

landish gods of wood and stone. assuredly, one should have been prepared to find motor cars in Iceland though the winds of change blow moderately here. To forget for a moment that they blow at all, I started conjugating the old Icelandic verb *qveikja*: to light, to kindle, to arouse, to quicken, and this reminded me that my language studies had been wholly neglected during the week's orgy of reading. Even the pleasant conning of the dictionary had been discontinued. It was important that there should be no further delay. I would begin working once with Mr. Thorsteinsson, the language teacher.

My landlady was sitting by the window as I passed through the *dagur* on my way to the street. She replied to my greeting in Icelandic and the most important word I did not understand.

"You will have to translate, as usual," I said, a little ruefully. "I'm afraid I haven't made much progress this winter but I am on my way now, to see Mr. Thorsteinsson."

"I am glad," she replied gravely. "It is time you were beginning, and you really should make a serious effort to learn what you can of our speech since you are to be here all winter. What I just said was, 'It is very calm this morning.'"

"*Dúnnogn*'—does that mean calm?"

"Something more than calm. How shall I say it?—so calm that the plucking down of the eider duck would not be heard in the air."

I shall always be grateful for this chance remark. There was magic in it, and I saw with the senses of the spirit how still it was and how beautiful the little town could be on such a day. Had I really been thinking a moment before that it looked like a mining settlement or a nondescript pioneer town? The street was empty and the shops closed as always on Monday mornings until nearly midday; and shops and houses looked very small and bright with fresh paint, like those in a toy-shop window.



GULL FOSS, ONE OF THE LARGEST WATERFALLS

ng for some child to set the inhabi-  
about their picturesque affairs.  
down the fjord a fisherman leaned  
the side of his dory in an attitude  
reamy content, and the dory hung  
idair, or só it seemed, for not a  
e disturbed the surface of the water  
a luminous golden haze concealed  
mountains. Two ravens looking  
ser than their wont were flying west-  
l like last lost remnants of the night  
h the sun had shattered and dis-  
ed. I watched them till they too  
ed into pure sunlight, and "*dúna-*  
" sounded in the air like the music  
bell that has just ceased to ring.

walked slowly on, thinking of the  
ity of this and other Icelandic  
ls, and when I next thought of their  
amatical constructions and conjun-  
ons I was far beyond the town. It  
ned foolish to go back then, almost  
inal to waste such weather indoors;  
went on till I came to a sheltered  
ow high among the hills, overlooking  
valley and the whole length of  
afjörður. I spent the remainder of  
brief day there, watching flocks of

wild geese breasting the clear sunlight  
of the upper air, and listening to the  
silence of the land flowing out in a great  
tide to meet the silence of the sea.

The sun having no more than risen,  
disappeared behind the mountains and  
the sky gathered to itself fold after fold  
of filmy cloud that seemed to come from  
nowhere. The first stars shone dimly  
through, but before I was half-way back  
to town snow began to fall—the first  
snow of the autumn on the lowlands—  
small damp flakes, and still not a breath  
of air to blow them slantwise. They  
came faster and faster, whitening the  
ground, covering it to the depth of an  
inch or so; then the sky lightened  
again, and the last diaphanous veil of  
snowy dew floated gently down all tatter-  
ed at the edges. It was a glorious  
sight to see the peaks of the mountains  
emerge through the rents of it, clearly  
outlined against an apple-green sky.

I descended the moorlands to the road  
leading to Akureyri from the north. Dusk  
had deepened to night before I reached  
the crest of the hill above the town.  
From there I looked down on a splendid



transformation. Every house was ablaze with light; not a window square, upstairs or down, but patterned itself in the snow. I remembered then: this was the evening for the opening of the electrical station. There had been talk of it for weeks. My landlady, the barber, the book-seller, the postmaster—everyone in the course of every conversation was sure to say, "But when we have the new lights—" and I had not realized what it would mean, a little regretful that there would be no more yellow lamplight. But lamps require oil, and oil is costly and must be frugally used. Now, it was plain, everyone was to share in a universal alms of light, the gracious gift of a stream of water flowing down from the mountains. "And to think," said the old tobacco woman, "that we have lived so darkly all these years of winter nights!" Her little shop was flooded with light, and she almost garrulous in her excitement. "You see," she said, "one has only to turn this button!" and she showed me how it worked.

All the children in town were gathered before the window of the hardware store, where lighted chandeliers of many varieties and colors were displayed for sale. Fathers and mothers walked up and down in front of their houses, seeming to doubt them their own. Even before the bookshop window the light sparkled with diamond points in the snow. This was a little disappointing, for I liked the dim oil lamp which had hung there for so long.

Nevertheless, I stopped to note the list of volumes displayed. Beside the volumes in Icelandic—history, biography, and poetry—there was a copy of Saxo Grammaticus, a German Social and Industrial History, an Esperanto grammar, Dickens' *Bleak House*, in Danish, several of Stevenson's and Jack London's novels, likewise in Danish; and in English, an edition of *Swinburne's Poems* and Francis Bacon's *Essays Civill and Morall*.

This last in particular aroused my in-

terest, for it was one of three books I have been promising myself for years to read. Curious being reminded of an old promise in Iceland! "Nevertheless," I thought, "I had better not buy it, for I have been reading too much this week, to the neglect of my language studies." But it was just the size of my pocket, so I did buy it, and stopped under one of the new street lamps. In a glance through my purchase, I caught a moment to the following passage in the eighteenth essay, "Of Travel":

"If you will have a young man to show his travel into a little room, and in a short time to gather much, this you must do. . . . Let him not stay long in one place, or town, more or less as the place serves him; but let him change his lodgings from one end of the town to another, which will be a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the fellowship of his countrymen and diet in such places where there is good company of travelers. Let him, when he removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality that he may use his favor to see those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel and get much profit."

Standing under the lamppost, I thought to the end of the essay which is full of sound advice, as pertinent to the traveler of to-day, in Iceland, as to the traveler of the sixteenth century, touring the capitals of Europe "under some tutor's grave servant." A slight itching sensation in the soles of my feet may have been caused by standing motionless in the snow, but it seemed more like a warning of an approaching attack of wanderlust. I decided to proceed with my exploration of Iceland at once, as soon as opportunity offered; and as I fancy I am already embarked, watching across a space of gray wild water, the desolate life-barren headlands of the lonely coast moving slowly past.

# The Oldest Boarder

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

ou don't want to marry a person  
u don't want to marry him. Of  
e you can explain either way until  
re hoarse, but your explanations  
nothing to do with the matter.  
lo or you don't. And that is all.  
en Verona Chaffee's English but-  
Perkins, announced Colonel An-  
the pretty widow drew herself up  
full height and glanced in the pier  
which reflected her like a full-  
Sargent portrait. Despite all ef-  
to the contrary, Mrs. Chaffee was  
ing almost dangerously well. Some-  
was bound to happen to anyone  
lared look as well as that. And the  
that lay before Mrs. Chaffee was  
y difficult, because, besides not  
ing to marry Colonel Andrews, she  
not let him know she didn't want  
arry him. If their fine friendship  
to be saved, the question must  
be asked.

e knew that life would always be  
al and Sunday-fied with the un-  
ing Colonel. Verona liked the  
7-day-ness of life and people who  
ed her. Colonel Andrews didn't  
her at all; he was as complete as  
ramid.

at here he was advancing upon her,  
pous and impressive, but less pom-  
and impressive than he desired, be-  
e no one could ever hope to be half  
ompous and impressive as Perkins.  
nel Andrews hated Perkins. Still,  
Perkins could not quite spoil his  
ance when he was armed, not with  
word, but with a great bouquet of  
sian violets, such fatally romantic  
ers!

erona Chaffee fastened this offering  
ne belt of her thin tea gown and sat

down beside the amorous Colonel on the  
gay chintz davenport before her fire.  
Why hadn't she told Perkins not to  
light the candles? They flared too ex-  
pectantly. Well, anyway, the thin tea  
gown was black and the Colonel was al-  
ways saying how he detested black on  
women.

"I was thinking as I came along,  
Verona, that you are one of those dis-  
tressing people who get more charming  
as they grow older. If you keep on  
I shall soon be positively afraid of  
you."

He gave a predatory glance at her  
witchery—which was all the good the  
black tea gown did.

"I don't see any point in deliberately  
setting out to be an old bore."

"But to set out to be the opposite!"

"Let's have tea. I'm frightfully  
hungry, aren't you? How do you like  
my new English bell-rope?"

As she gave it an admiring pull, in  
marched Perkins with the tray. In  
grave absorption Colonel Andrews  
watched the careful reverence with  
which Verona's deft hands moved  
among her grandmother's violet luster  
cups and thin old spoons.

"I hope you don't waste these cups on  
your boarders," said the Colonel in a  
low voice, in case there should be a  
boarder within earshot.

The Colonel said boarder as if it were  
a polite word for leper.

"Why can't I convince you that I  
love my boarders?" Verona asked. "If  
it weren't for them I couldn't afford to  
live in this great delightful house and  
have Perkins. Ever since I was in kin-  
dergarten I have wanted an English  
butler. My dear boarders keep raising



their own rates until I am embarrassed. I always wanted to be one of a large family, and now I am. Twelve! Don't you envy me?"

"I worry about you!"

"So good of you! But why?"

"Cousin Henrietta" — his Cousin Henrietta kept house for the Colonel — "Cousin Henrietta says that all your towels and napkins and even your blankets are heavily monogrammed, and that you use your best silver every day, and that the cream at breakfast is so thick it won't pour. Cousin Henrietta says that you have so bewitched the men in your establishment that they voluntarily put on dinner coats every night."

"Since when did a dinner coat become a crime?"

"It's unnatural for boarders to want to wear them. Why, you've made this place such a paradise that every one in town is wild to come here and board, and you know it. I've heard about your waiting list! No exclusive club ever had a longer one. The brides are all jealous of your housekeeping. It's abominable of you to pour out all this wealth of love and beauty on a group of people who aren't related to you, when you might . . . Good Heavens!"

The Colonel, who had fought overseas, was none the less frightfully startled by the sudden and noisy bursting open of Verona's drawing-room door. But it was only Verona's oldest boarder who had come in without knocking. The oldest boarder never knocked, because he was too deaf to hear any permission to enter. The oldest boarder didn't mind being deaf because he was so proud of the fact that he was eighty-six. It was a wonderful piece of news that he triumphantly told every one. And he might well be proud, for with his thick shining white hair, his clear blue eyes and rosy cheeks and immaculate care of his person, he was the most ornamental part of Verona's menage. Better than that, he somehow made everyone feel as if his dear old grandfather had suddenly

come back to life and was strolling — so glad to be there.

It was this oldest boarder who begun the outrage of wearing dinner coats. The oldest boarder read the *York Times* from cover to cover every day, and zestfully put a neat paragraph check at the end of each paragraph he had finished it, murders and alike.

For years this oldest boarder had been head-master of a fine private school. When he took his daily walk he was always being stopped by middle-aged women whom he did not know, and fervently thanked for some kindness he had gotten he ever did. Like the dear privileged person he was, he confidently advanced upon Verona.

"Have you saved the last eight numbers of *Jones's Magazine*?" he inquired excitedly. So important was his question that he acknowledged the Colonel's invitation, not to say domineering presence, by a brief nod.

"I'm so sorry," said Verona, "I could always make the oldest boarder hear without raising her voice. "I don't subscribe to any magazines because you are always lending me yours."

The oldest boarder's face fell.

"Oh dear, I was saving up those copies so that I could read that last continued story all at once and not be all stirred up between installments. I left off reading serials at eighty. Some rascal has thrown my magazine all out!"

Verona expressed such warm sympathy, and was so lengthy about it, that at last the Colonel interpolated a missing, explosive military "Too bad!"

"I did so want to read that story," reiterated the oldest boarder, so bornly. He wouldn't sit down, wouldn't have tea, he wouldn't go. The oldest boarder wouldn't do anything but stand right there and wish he could have his magazine.

"I have preserved my back copies of *Jones's Magazine*, and I shall be pleased to mail them to you, sir," shouted

Colonel, who was more and more anxious to have Verona to himself.

"That would be too much trouble," objected the oldest boarder, his handsome old face beautiful in its gratitude.

"It would be no trouble at all!" howled the Colonel, sternly.

"I'm afraid it would."

"It *wouldn't*." The Colonel's voice broke in his effort to scream.

"Well, then, thank you, if you are *quite* sure!" said the oldest boarder, courteously.

This time he actually did go, and he closed the drawing-room door with a good hard bang to make sure it was shut.

"Isn't he remarkable—for eighty-six?" sighed Verona.

"It depends on what you mean by remarkable," replied the Colonel in a tired tone, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

It would require all his finesse to restore the cozy intimacy which the oldest boarder had shattered. Did he imagine it, or was there a gleam of humor in Verona's lovely eyes as she gazed so demurely into the copper depths of her tea? Well, if she chose, they would be silent. So they sat, mellowing with comfort, sipping their tea, watching her fire. But the Colonel soon left off looking at the fire.

"Don't you like me at all, Verona?" he asked. Happily it sounded like the next natural remark.

"I adore you, Colonel Andrews. Do you know, the only thing I dread about getting really old is the time when men don't drop in to tea? I like men callers just as much as I did at eighteen, and I shall hate it if they ever stop coming."

One of Verona's faults was being too general. She would say something suffocatingly delightful for you and you alone and then in the next phrase include the entire world. Verona wouldn't come down to brass tacks with anybody. She hated brass tacks. It was time she was made to inspect a few.

"It seems odd that as long and as well as I have known you we have never

discussed marriage," continued the Colonel. But this didn't sound like the next natural remark at all. Verona was too surprised by it.

"Marriage?" she asked, as if she had never heard of the institution. Then she became hurt. "My marriage to Mr. Chaffee?"

"What I meant was your possible marriage to some one else."

"Oh." Except as a last resort she wouldn't ring for Perkins. Meantime as one of her closest friends, Colonel Andrews deserved a plain statement.

"You have lost your wife and I have lost my husband," she said, seriously. "I wouldn't give up those ten years with Mr. Chaffee for anything. But with the knowledge I have of marriage first hand, it seems as if marrying again would be like— My goodness!"

Verona as well as the Colonel jumped this time as the oldest boarder burst into the room. The oldest boarder wore his fur-lined, sable-collared overcoat, and the bitter cold had ripened his ruddy cheeks to rich damask. In one hand he held a clean handkerchief with which he wiped away clear tears that the wind had forced from his bright blue eyes—his eyes seemed always an even lovelier blue than you had been able to remember—and in his other hand was a stout bundle of magazines bound together with a heavy cord.

"I knew I had no right to trouble Colonel Andrews with sending me so many magazines," he said. "There's a store where they keep back numbers and I hurried out and got the copies that contain the story I'm so anxious to read. I'm glad I got here in time to tell you, Colonel, to save you the trouble of sending me yours. Now I'll go right upstairs and begin the story. And Mrs. Chaffee, if you discover the rascal who threw away my copies, I'd thank you to tell me."

With a vague beneficent smile, sweet, not unlike a benediction, he left them, banging the door with all his might.

"I would give all I have to know that



"I could be half as wonderful at eighty-six!" Verona said. "Come, now, *dear* Colonel, you will have to admit that my oldest boarder is remarkable."

"*Very* remarkable, since you insist, Verona, but I didn't come out into this bitter weather to discuss boarders." It sounded as if he actually said *leper* this time. "May I have another cup of tea?"

He didn't want any; but he wanted her to do something exclusively for him.

"I'll ring for some hot water."

"I hate hot water." Hot water meant Perkins.

"If you hate it it would be rude to ring for some, even if I do want to use my nice new English bell-pull."

Seeing that Verona was about to lapse into another rhapsodic silence, the Colonel began briskly to talk. It was too late for any more pauses. If they were to get anywhere, out must come the brass tacks again.

"When your remarkable, oldest Boarder Emeritus came in the second time you were telling me what you thought about re-marrying," said the Colonel.

"I think that marriage, after one has tried it once, seems more of an institution than before one has tried it at all. There's so much more to it than merely falling in love. The habits that each one must get used to, the irrevocability of it, the possibility of incompatibility—"

She interrupted herself with a laugh.

"Why is it that whenever I try to be serious some mischievous imp gets hold of my vocabulary and doles out words all with the same endings? Irrevocability, possibility, incompatibility! *That's* what my youngest boarder calls crocheting Webster."

Colonel Andrews surveyed her with an intolerance that died almost before it was born. Why couldn't she have made her point without stopping to laugh at her faulty English? Yet it was girlish of her, and captivating, too, to try and be gay and serious all at once. She was so purely feminine, the darling!

"Please go on," he said.

"My feeling is that marriage is like being born or dying, it can really happen but once to anybody." And then she looked so serious that for the first time since he had known her, Colonel Andrews felt a little afraid of her. "I don't know why, but I feel that my marriage to Mr. Chaffee is something that must be kept inviolate."

Now no matter how sorely he was tempted, the Colonel had made up his mind before he came to say nothing against the late Mr. Chaffee. Chaffee had been a shy, morose man, not very well, who had held an unimportant position in an important shipping concern. Immensely tall, scraggly like an untrimmed oak, he had been conspicuous for his spotless linen in contrast to his ill-pressed, hairy, unkempt homespun. He was more like a great dog who should have been ranging moors than a human being whose natural habitat was the Chaffees' small apartment. Yet, in the face of far worthier rivals, he had won the peerless Verona.

"Some first marriages aren't marriages—they don't take," insisted the Colonel. "Half the married people you know have never been in love."

Why was it Verona seemed to be listening to him as from a great distance—as if she were on a mountain top, and he was vainly shouting from below?

"Verona—" he leaned toward her so suddenly that he caught her off her guard. "Verona, dear, I— Oh, my Lord!"

This time it was only the Colonel who started as the oldest boarder burst in for the third time. On the oldest boarder's benignant face was an expression that was half humor, half chagrin.

"When I sat down to read that story, I found out they forgot to give me the first installment," he said, helplessly.

The Colonel sprang to his feet.

"I will mail you the copy that has the first installment the instant I get home!" He declaimed it at the top of his voice, as if he were addressing a regiment.

"How?" asked the oldest boarder, misled by the Colonel's choleric facial expression.

"*I said—*" And the Colonel shrieked it over again. "*Or, if that won't do, I'll go home and get it now!*"

"Oh, no, not *now*," smiled the oldest boarder. "I couldn't think of interrupting you. But if it isn't too much trouble to mail it—"

"If I offered to mail you the *whole eight copies* in the beginning, I should think you might conceive of my being willing to mail you one copy, *now!*"

Strange, how, when he could make himself heard in any armory, it hurt his throat so to shout at the oldest boarder.

"You are very kind, Colonel."

"It isn't *kindness!*" stormed the Colonel huskily. He gave a peremptory wave of dismissal at the oldest boarder.

But the oldest boarder was afraid the Colonel didn't realize his gratitude, so he stood beaming, suffused with quiet happiness. He wondered if he had told the Colonel that he was eighty-six.

"The only thing that worries me now is the identity of the rascal who threw away my magazines," he said, gently.

Only the knowledge that deaf people hear what you don't want them to kept the Colonel from proposing to Verona under her oldest boarder's aristocratic nose. Three times now had this oldest boarder burst on them like a bomb.

"Well, I'll go back upstairs, if you don't mind," said the oldest boarder, with a parting smile of gratitude at the Colonel.

And being in good practice, he banged the door louder than ever.

"Does he often act like this?" inquired the Colonel, painfully clearing his throat.

"He never did before in all his life," said Verona. "That's what makes it so fascinating. Now his mind is at rest and he is perfectly happy. Really, he is a perfect dear."

"Humph!"

Verona nibbled another sandwich.

"Think," she said, "after eighty-six years of meeting people who make it their sole business to disillusionize one, my oldest boarder still believes that everybody is his friend. Sometimes I think he has made more of a success of life than anyone I know. Confess, even if you haven't exactly liked the three interruptions, that my oldest boarder is—"

"Don't you *dare* to use that adjective again!"

Having finished her sandwich, Verona picked up a tiny fire screen, a dainty, useless thing, over which she gravely surveyed the Colonel. He had the hopeless sensation that he must begin all over again. Moreover, his encounters with the oldest boarder made him feel as if he had lost ground. He was not half as near proposing as when he had entered with those violets.

Faint savory hints of roast lamb and mint sauce wafted through the great marble halls, and at length a more subtle whiff of something good which the Colonel associated with June fairly made his mouth water. Was it possible that this extravagant minx was giving her boarders green peas in the dead of winter?

"*And strawberry short cake,*" added Verona, just as if he had been thinking aloud. Then she began talking volubly, against time. "You know, it doesn't cost any more than any other kind of dessert! Why? Because I go to market and get bargains that won't sell! You see, my provision dealer keeps a few luxuries in a small glass case at his front door to attract the high-class trade. The high-class trade is attracted, but it *buys* the staples and I purchase the bait for a song!"

It was neither a subtle nor an artistic form of defense, this rampart of strawberries and green peas, but it was getting late, and the Colonel would soon, in decency, have to go. People don't propose to the accompaniment of dinner gongs. If the Colonel did start to plump the thing at her, she could still ring for Perkins. This probably wouldn't be nec-



essary on account of the splendid work of her oldest boarder.

Then, all at once, the odds began to go against Verona. First, Perkins stalked in, of his own accord, to take the tray.

"You didn't ring, Mrs. Chaffee, but I knew you must want me to take the tea tray," said Perkins.

"I never want you to take the tray until I do ring. However, since you are here, you may as well take it. In future, remember, Perkins."

"Yes, madam," said Perkins, magnificently.

With Perkins's exit calm settled over the house. It was the dressing-for-dinner calm. Everyone was arraying himself for green peas and strawberry shortcake.

"Verona!"

"Oh, yes, Colonel Andrews?"

"Why on earth don't you call me Francis?"

"I suppose it's silly not to, Francis." His name had never sounded sweet until now, when her voice caressed it, just by merely pronouncing it.

She crossed the wide room to light another lamp. Then, hoping to dispel the too intimate atmosphere, she drifted about, blowing out candles. But the new arrangement of lights was even more impelling than the old.

"Now the room looks as if I were setting the stage for the big scene, doesn't it, Francis?"

It was the only thing left to say, and she knew she must say something. The whole safe length of the room was, however, between them.

"Verona."

He hadn't followed her, he stood just where she had left him on the rug before the fire. He had thrown aside his too-impressive mannerisms. There he stood, straight and prepossessing, easily the first citizen of his town, respected almost to the point of being eminent. Who was she, indeed, to presume to refuse to marry Francis Andrews? She had no right to turn down a man who had, all

his life, served his fellow men. Yet she had no right to accept him when she had no love left in her for anyone but Chaffee.

For no one could guess the resolute nervous force she had steadily given out during those ten years of her marriage, ten unflinching years spent in establishing a morale in a man who had no morale. Because of his supreme need of her, she knew, without conceit, that she had made some one of Chaffee, not some one as the world knows the term, but some one in the sight of eternity. His death had left her too exhausted for anything but her own peculiar notion of freedom. None the less, as she had told herself over and over again, the Colonel's life must not be marred by "no" from so unimportant a person as herself.

"I can't think that you are deliberately trying to put me off," he said, quietly and with deep feeling. "Come over here by the fire, Verona."

Like a naughty child, she reluctantly dawdled across the room. It was too late to save him, when her only destination was his arms. Just three feet more of freedom and then the scene and that devastating "No." Now she was actually drawing her last breath of their friendship! Only one step more, and—

"Merciful goodness!" said Verona and the Colonel, in concert.

For with greater vehemence than ever the oldest boarder burst into the drawing room for the fourth time.

"I'm so thankful I caught you, Colonel!" he said, fairly breathless with happiness. "You needn't bother to send me that magazine after all!"

The oldest boarder paused to laugh irrepressibly.

"You see, I just happened to glance at the second instalment, and the minute I'd read one sentence, I remembered I'd read the whole thing, and gave away the magazines myself. *I'm* the old rascal! It's the first sign of dotage. Don't tell on me, will you?"

But he wasn't worried over dotage or being told on! He was just enjoying the

oke on himself and looking more picturesque than ever in his dinner clothes.

The fourth and most timely of all her oldest boarder's interruptions was too much for Verona, and she threw back her head and laughed aloud so contagiously that the Colonel gave up the effort to look superior and vexed. A rueful, reluctant smile stole to his lips. He passed his hand across his forehead with a curious sensation of relief. The spell that had held him was now somehow broken. Verona was very dear, of course, but she was so cluttered up with her oldest boarder, her unfounded enthusiasm for the late Mr. Chaffee, so keen for that swelled-up Perkins, and she so exaggerated the importance of trinkets like that English bell-pull that after all, perhaps it would be better to let things go on as they were.

"Isn't he *remarkable*—for eighty-six?" sighed Verona, who was gently patting her oldest boarder's left shoulder.

"He is the most timely human being I ever met," agreed the Colonel. "By the way, Verona," he added as he prepared to take his departure, "I have tickets for the opera, Monday night."

"Thanks, Francis, I'd simply love to go. I'll run in town in the afternoon, and you can call for me at my Aunt's, as usual."

"You really must have a second helping of peas," Verona was saying, a little later, to her oldest boarder. "No, they won't hurt you, they'll be good for you."

And she showed rank favoritism by serving the oldest boarder with twice as many green peas as anybody else.

## The Unknown Road

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

ONE road led through an April wood,  
And one beside a lake,  
But curving wide where a sign post stood,  
And a full mile backward from the wood,  
Was a road I did not take.

Pale new leaves were a silver smoke  
From censers of the trees,  
And something died, and something awoke,  
That went away on the wind like smoke,  
Or a dream's lost argosies.

There were two roads: one, through a wood,  
And one beside a lake,  
But love turned back where the sign post stood,  
That would have led me out of the wood,  
On the road I did not take.



# Mussolini—One Year After

BY T. R. YBARRA

**B**ENITO MUSSOLINI, chief and incarnation of Fascismo, has reached the first milestone in his career as master of Italy. A little more than a year has passed since the apostle of Ideals in Action, the arch-believer in fist, pistol, and knife as the most efficacious servants of right and justice, was swept into the premiership of his native land; since an army of his scowling, hard-fisted followers marched into Rome, defying moss-grown political traditions, and installed him in place of the hesitating statesmen who had sought in vain to govern Italy ever since the armistice of 1918.

One year has passed and Benito Mussolini is still boss in the land. His black-shirted Fascisti still stalk the streets of every Italian city, stick their fingers in every Italian political pie. One year after the march on Rome Mussolini and Fascismo are, apparently, stronger than ever.

But—how about their Ideals? How about those dazzling promises of sweeping reforms? How about Mussolini's threat of a political house-cleaning such as no nation had ever seen? If ever a leader promised, on behalf of himself and his followers, it was Benito Mussolini. Has he kept faith? Have they? Or is their sensational victory being used for the selfish ends which have sullied so many brilliant political triumphs of the past?

With a lively realization of the danger besetting flat-footed statements by an outsider regarding a most complicated situation, I would make this answer—it deals, by the way, solely with the record of the Mussolini government in Italian internal affairs and has no bearing on its foreign policy:

Benito Mussolini has kept faith. The majority of his followers have kept faith. Those among them not worthy of what is best in Fascista ideals are constantly in danger of being ousted from positions of authority, and from the Fascista party itself, because they have not kept faith.

"If Mussolini were to disappear from Italian politics at this very moment, he would have justified his existence," an Italian told me in Rome. "He has proved that one man, fighting single-handed against political corruption and pusillanimity, even though they be backed by centuries of tradition, can utterly defeat them—something which, only a few years ago, anybody in Italy would have told you was absolutely impossible. Yes, if Mussolini were eliminated to-morrow, the fruits of his work would live after him. He is a man. He has made good. He has thrown the fear of God into Italian politicians."

There you have it. That is what people are saying all over Italy. There are grumblings, to be sure, signs of gathering opposition. There are ugly little blemishes upon the record of Mussolini and the Fascisti as lords of the land—in their dealings with alien minorities and foreign countries, the tactics of the bully, the cloven hoof of imperialism, have been only too apparent. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that Mussolini has been in power but one short twelvemonth; the thought of that causes even his most enthusiastic admirers to grow apprehensive when they ponder on what may await him and his ideals in the near future. But, underneath grumblings and doubts and apprehensions, recurring constantly

n the talk of Italians and foreign residents in Italy of the most widely divergent political views, is the refrain: "Mussolini has made good."

Italy expects from him a tremendous lot still, a sum total of achievement which, perhaps, he is not superhuman enough to compass—but, be that as it may, he can certainly count, as he passes his first milestone, on an extraordinary degree of support among his countrymen. Italy—almost all of it, anyhow—still stands solidly behind Benito Mussolini. The anti-Mussolini political element is still scattered and weak and incoherent. His enemies still pipe a shy and feeble little song. Nor has one year of power sufficed to tarnish the ideals of Fascismo, which the Fascisti trumpeted loudly all over Italy through four years of struggle against Reds and Socialists, against government weakness and anti-government strength—the ideals of which Mussolini is the incarnation. They still stand. They still wage winning battle against partisan selfishness. They still shine brightly upon that dark continent of Europe where, many thought, Idealism had perished.

It was three and a half years after the birth of Fascismo that Mussolini seized the reins of government in Italy. In March, 1919, he and a handful of others, banded together into the first "Fascio," threw down the gauntlet to "Reds," Socialists, and everybody else who, to their minds, was threatening the welfare of Italy.

At that time—and for many months afterward—the enemies of the existing order, most especially the "Reds" or Communists, had things pretty much their own way. They reviled and spat upon soldiers returning from the front, scoffed at the Allied victory which Italy had helped to win. They extolled Lenin and Trotzky, talked confidently of a proletarian revolution which was to make Communism supreme in Rome, as it already was in Moscow. Strike followed strike, disorder was rampant,

the Italian government slipped from one faint-hearted compromise to another; it gave constant proof of timidity and vacillation.

In 1920 came the occupation of factories by Communist workmen, in defiance alike of government and employers. This was ended by a compromise between the workers and the Giolitti government which Italian Communism might well regard as half a victory. Italy, apparently, was headed straight for Communism, or chaos.

All this time, however, Mussolini and the Fascisti were active. When he began he had about fifty followers. Day by day their numbers grew. Members of many parties became Fascisti. War veterans, especially, tired of being insulted if they went upon the streets in uniform or with their service stripes, flocked to enlist under the banner of the newly-born group which declared that its sole aim was to serve Italy.

The "Reds," accustomed to violent methods in obtaining what they sought, suddenly found themselves confronted with men as rough as themselves—nay, much rougher, as the outcome of many a clash between Fascisti and Communists soon proved.

"You believe in violence, do you?" Mussolini told the Italian Reds. "Well, so do we! You believe in fists? So do we! In knives? So do we!" And he told the weak government of Italy, in speeches and newspaper articles:

"You have used constitutional methods and you have failed! I shall use unconstitutional methods and I shall succeed!"

In the summer of 1922 things came to a "show-down." The Communists called for a general strike throughout Italy. "If you quit work," the Fascisti told the laborers of Italy, "we will break your strike!" The strike began. The Fascisti, in their black shirts, sallied forth to make good their word.

It was a fight to a finish. Fascisti and Reds knew that the real test of strength had come—that he who was



victor now would henceforth be boss in Italy. The two real powers in the land stood face to face, while the nominal rulers of Italy—the Italian government—waited apprehensively on the side-lines, wondering what would happen.

All over Italy there were clashes between Fascisti and strikers. Everywhere heads were broken and blood drawn. In some towns the Fascisti took complete control of the government. They ran the electric light plants, sold food in the marketplaces, kept trains and street cars going. In Milan an Under-Secretary of State, a noted Fascista, himself operated a street car. All over Italy one could see railway engines driven by Fascista engineers—or else Fascisti, armed with a club, standing beside reluctant engine-drivers ready to knock them insensible if they refused to keep their hands on the throttle.

The Fascisti broke that strike. After a few days of testing Fascista strength and determination, strike leaders and strikers knuckled down.

Italy now knew who was her master. Less than two months after the end of the strike, the Fascisti made their famous march into Rome, swept the Italian government out of the way, installed their leader, Mussolini, as premier. Whereupon Italy, remembering his innumerable boasts and promises, looked up to him, with eyes in which admiration and skepticism were equally blended, and cried out:

"Now make good!"

Mussolini got down to work without a minute's delay.

First, he tackled the government offices. They were full of dry-rot and laziness. A goodly percentage of Italy's government officials considered their jobs pleasant sinecures, quiet little backwaters, where they could have long stretches of daydreaming without interruption from that vulgar thing, work.

In pre-Mussolini days persons visiting

Italian government offices on business bent continually had the "two-hat trick" played upon them. An official would come in, hang his hat on a nail in a conspicuous place, go to his desk, take out another hat, and disappear on some personal errand. Sometimes he would be gone for hours. But, when anybody came to the office and inquired for him, his colleagues, with the most innocent air in the world, would point to his hat, hanging on its conspicuous nail, and say:

"Just sit down and wait a minute. He *must* be somewhere about. There's his hat."

The visitor would wait. Half an hour would elapse—an hour. But every time he would grow impatient he would look up at the nail, see the hat, and wait some more.

Eventually the official would sneak in through a side door, tuck his unofficial hat away in his desk, dash out into the anteroom where his official hat was hanging, shake hands effusively with the visitor, and recite some rigmarole like this:

"Oh, so sorry to have kept you waiting, but, you see, I had a conference with the head of my department—most important conference, I assure you—and I simply could *not* get away!"

Through this pleasant Land of the Two Hats Mussolini swept like a tempest. It was not so much that he discharged officials—though he did get rid of some—as that he "threw the fear of God" into the ranks of Italian officialdom. He made it perfectly clear that, during office hours, officials must be at their desks. He convinced them that if they were paid to do a thing, that thing must be done. He strode up and down the government offices of Rome, reading the riot act to quaking secretaries and clerks. Ever since, the atmosphere in those offices, compared with their sleepy air of yesterday, has been pure electricity. Incidentally, Italian government officials don't keep an extra hat at their offices any more.

When Mussolini became premier there were fifteen government departments, each presided over by a minister, who was a member of the Italian Cabinet, each possessing a large staff. Mussolini decided that ten ministries would be quite enough for the job of running the country. So he took five of them—ministers, secretaries, clerks, doorkeepers, luggage and baggage—and either suppressed them altogether or merged them in other governmental departments. Devotees of political tradition shuddered their hands in horror—"surely," they thought, "the heavens will fall from the head of this audacious upstart!" But the heavens remained in their place. So did Mussolini.

He then cast his cold eye upon the Italian railroads. For a long time they had been a joke. Trains left late and arrived late. Their equipment was shabby; they were dirty and overcrowded.

Now, a year after the beginning of the Mussolini regime, a most remarkable difference may be noticed. "The Naples-Rome train used to be three hours late," I was told by a Roman who does much traveling. "To-day, though, you can set your watch by it." Great was the change which has come over the Italian railroad employes! Formerly among the most indifferent of workers, they now actually seem to take a pride in their work. There is a story of an Italian conductor, who, while going through his train one day last summer, found a passenger sitting with his feet on the cushions of the seat in front of him. The conductor was horrified! In the sternest of accents he reproved that passenger, bade him put his feet where they belonged.

"In the old days," said the Italian who told me the story, "any passenger could have taken out a knife and slashed the cushions to pieces without being stopped by the conductor!"

But now comes the cream of the joke. The man who had put his feet up on the cushions was a Fascista—a Fascista,

mind you, wearing the black shirt that proclaimed him a Knight of Reform, a Galahad of Unsullied Idealism! Surely, there is hope for the continued success of Mussolini, if, but one year after his accession to power, a follower of his is severely kept up to the mark by a conductor who, but one year ago, was probably a wild-eyed Communist!

A similar change has come over the Italian telegraph system. Formerly, in telegraph offices from the Alps to Sicily, many of the clerks believed that days were made for dreaming. They were enthusiastic for the Two-Hat Idea. Nowadays, though, no matter what their private opinions may be, they have become, outwardly, miracles of activity. Nothing shows the transformation effected by Mussolini in the Italian telegraphs better than this: A year ago the average time for getting a press telegram from Rome to London was twenty-four hours. Now it is three hours. And one telegram got through in fifteen minutes!

Wherever you turn in Italy you see evidence of Mussolini's drastic house-cleaning. Naples, for instance. Naples was notorious as one of the worst ports of embarkation and disembarkation in Europe—if not *the* worst. It had become an article of faith with passengers landing or leaving there, with merchants shipping goods to or from there, that the Neapolitan was incorrigible, that everyone dealing with him had to submit to knavery, extortion, and lack of organization.

Mussolini, though, decided otherwise. He attached a squad of Fascisti to the port administration, and placed it under the control of Admiral Milo, a Fascista possessed alike of firmness and idealism. Milo and his coadjutors achieved what had been thought to be impossible—they "threw the fear of God" into the Neapolitans. To-day, according to the very best of authority, embarkation and disembarkation of freight and passengers at Naples are accomplished with a promptness and efficiency which make



old-timers rub their eyes. One scowl from a black-shirted Fascista, and—lo! and behold!—the Neapolitans forget rowdyism, dilatory tactics, petty graft and insolence, and—get right down to work! The port of Naples is the new Italy in miniature.

The business element in Italy is delighted with the Mussolini regime. Italian business men, likewise the foreigner doing business in their midst, now look forward in their operations with a degree of confidence which they had not felt in years. What is true of business is true in other walks of life. Yet the strange part of it is that Mussolini takes unending joy in telling every section of the community that he does not and will not especially favor it. He goes to employers and tells them that he is not against labor. He goes to labor and tells it that he is not against capital. He tells peasants that he is no enemy of the landowner; he tells landowners that high-handed methods with the peasantry will find no backing from him. So far, Italians of all classes have shown eager willingness to believe in his sincerity. One year of power has not killed Benito Mussolini's idealism. One year of experience of his methods in power has not killed Italy's belief in him.

Proof of the change that has come over Italy under Mussolini is afforded by the drop in the numbers of the unemployed—last summer I was told that their total had fallen to less than one-half of what it was a year before. Another proof is the building boom which has started in some parts of the country, notably in Milan, the great Italian business center.

Before Mussolini's day Italian landlords were restricted as to the amount of profit they could make from hiring out premises to tenants. Whatever the rights or wrongs of this system may have been, the practical result was that building operations were well-nigh paralyzed. Few wished to gamble in that direction. The Mussolini government

promptly introduced a system of rent depending primarily on supply and demand, whereby landlords could get larger profits, but which, in turn, provided that disputes between landlord and tenant should go to a special committee. As a result of this, building began to shoot up at an astonishing rate.

Only a year ago Mussolini and the Fascisti were at daggers drawn with organized labor in Italy. Communist agitators had immense influence with the laborers and their unions; the seed of Communism had been sown right at the heart of the labor movement, and left in the ranks of labor chiefs and their followers. Yet now, little more than a year after the great general strike of the summer of 1922, Italian labor is showing marked willingness to collaborate with Mussolini. At a recent meeting of the labor unions voted to belong officially to no party. Reading between the lines this apparently means breaking away from the former Communist-Socialist control and giving the labor leaders free hand to join up with some other party. All signs, up to quite recently, pointed to the fact that this significant ultimate co-operation between Labor and the Fascisti. Incidentally, there has been a tremendous drop in the numbers of those who are members of organized Italian labor unions. Before the advent of Mussolini they totaled something like 2,000,000, whereas today the total membership is in the vicinity of 250,000—one-eighth of what it was.

Here is an incident which occurred last spring—six months after Mussolini had become premier—which illustrates the changed attitude of Italian labor.

In Milan there is an American who is manager of the Italian branch of a big American manufacturing concern. He employs several hundred Italian laborers. He has been on his job somewhat over two years; during the first half of that time he had the usual quota of trouble with his workmen. He was constantly wrangling with the heads of worker

legations, hearing dark talk of strikes. Then Mussolini took hold of the government. At once there came a marked diminution of "Red" talk among the workmen. They settled down to their jobs. All went pretty well through the winter.

But the first of May drew near, the classic day of Socialism. On that day Italian laborers had been accustomed to sitting work, parading beneath banners covered with revolutionary inscriptions, and listening to disheveled orators who denounced governments in general and the Italian government in particular.

Now, the Mussolini government had declared that, on May 1, 1923, there was to be "business as usual." Workers all over Italy were cautioned against staying away from their jobs on that day. But six short months of Mussolini had not been quite enough to eradicate old habits. The first of May, 1923, came around, and, though the majority of Italian workmen trooped to work, there were some who stayed away—among them a number of those employed at the plant managed by the above-mentioned American.

He communicated with the local union to which the absentees belonged. He pointed out that, by the terms of the agreement of 1920 between the Giolitti government and the workers, it had been decided that, whenever any worker struck without orders to do so from his union, he was liable to a fine. The union heads advised the American manager to fine his absentee workmen.

But they hardly expected him to do any such thing. After all, Mussolini had been in power only a few months; it was difficult to know just how seriously the workers took him, especially workers like those of turbulent Milan, accustomed to high-handedness and arrogance in dealing with their employers.

The American, however, was a man of nerve. When the men who had failed to appear on May first showed up on May second they found that they had not only lost the pay which would

have been coming to them had they worked the day before but also another half day's pay—which, according to the agreement between the Giolitti government and the unions, employers were authorized to assess against all men who, without instructions from their unions, refused to work.

Before deciding upon this step the American had received plenty of warning. There had been plenty to tell him that he could not "get away with it," that his action would cause such a hubbub that he would be glad, for the sake of peace, to remit the fine.

Yet nothing of the sort happened. The workers took their medicine with the utmost meekness. A scowl or two, a bit of grumbling and swearing, and then—back to their jobs, minus one and one-half day's pay! That was the net result to them of their little unofficial celebration of May 1, 1923.

Incidentally, at that same plant, there is no Workers' Committee now. When the time came for re-electing its members, or electing others in their place, the men stopped to think. Things were going quite smoothly. There hadn't been any wrangling with the manager for quite a while. "Why have any committee?" asked the workers. And they didn't.

Mussolini early recognized that one of the principal obstacles in the path of his complete success was the Fascisti themselves. He had been carried to power by a compact body of men, almost all of whom were men of action, born "scrappers." Unlike their chief, who combines love of a fight with remarkable brain-power, a goodly number of the Fascisti are more bellicose than anything else, more valuable in getting power for a leader than in helping him wield it.

Yet Mussolini could not very well say to these hard-fisted sharers of his victory:

"Thank you very kindly, my good fellows. You may go home now. I have no further use for rough-necks!"



He has compromised by pruning the actual fighting force of Fascismo down to a body, some 70,000 strong, who go about armed, live in barracks like regular soldiers. This corps is neither army nor local police nor national gendarmerie—it is called the National Militia; upon it Mussolini, so far, has been able to rely implicitly. Already, however, there are those in Italy who, remembering that other crack corps of Imperial Rome which eventually made and unmade emperors, are calling these seventy thousand Black Shirts "the Prætorian Guard."

As for the rest of the Fascisti, those who are not enrolled as its military element, Mussolini has found himself confronted with another very serious problem. It must be borne in mind that when he started out back in 1919 to "clean up" Italy he had a mere squad of followers, about fifty, in all. Between then and 1921, the years when Fascisti and their enemies were literally at each other's throats, the number of his followers rose to about 100,000. "Those who were Fascisti in 1919 and 1920 are the brand to whom I take off my hat," a student of Italian politics told me in Rome. "To wear Fascista insignia in those days was to invite sudden and violent death. Yet they wore it—every one of them—everywhere."

Since 1921, however, other elements began to join the Fascisti. Many Italians scented the coming victory. They hurried to "get on the band wagon." By the autumn of 1922, when the Fascisti marched upon Rome, there were something like 300,000 of them. A few months after the accession of Mussolini there were easily 600,000. Last summer there were close upon one million!

Now it stands to reason that great numbers of these are not sincere reformers at all. They are not men of ideals. They are not concerned with the spiritual regeneration of Italy. They care little or nothing for patriotism or justice or right. They think largely of

making a good thing out of being with the Fascisti. Mussolini is well aware of this. He has taken the measure of this horde of conscienceless opportunists. What is more, he is getting rid of them as fast as he can.

"There are a couple of hundred thousand men among the Fascisti whom anybody can have who wants them!" he grimly announced in a recent speech.

He is nothing if not drastic in his "weeding out" methods. Here is an instance:

It became apparent to Mussolini that the leader of the "Fascio" or local Fascista organization of Rome, and many of its members, were using the victory of Fascismo for selfish ends. They were "playing politics," giving friends good jobs. In doing so, however, they were reckoning without Mussolini.

One morning the leader of the Roman Fascio awoke to find that he had been discharged from his post. Nor did Mussolini stop there. He put in a new leader, of the old 1919 brand of idealistic Fascisti, and instructed him to find out what was the matter with the members of the Roman Fascio. The new chief reported concerning them.

"Fire them all!" commanded Mussolini.

The new leader fired them all.

"Now investigate each one individually," his chief ordered, "and take back only those who are worthy of still being Fascisti."

The order was obeyed. One by one the members of the dissolved organization came up for judgment. Some were thrust aside, some reinstated. The Roman Fascio went back to its work in an entirely new spirit. Mussolini had put "the fear of God into it."

Local organizations of Fascisti sometimes abuse their power without bringing down upon themselves the wrath of their chief, for, after all, he can hardly be expected to correct every delinquency of his subordinates. But it is

to say that, whenever he hears of such cases, he is ruthless in punishing the offenders. Italian newspapers teem with chronicles of Fascisti brought to judgment for misuse of power, rough treatment of rivals, and the like. Typical of the "weeding-out" era through which Fascismo is passing is what occurred at a little town on the Adriatic coast, where the post of government physician was vacant. The local "Fascio" went to the mayor, presented the name of a candidate who is an active member of the Fascisti, and signified in unequivocal terms that the wisest thing the mayor could do would be to appoint that man, irrespective of his merits, ignoring all the other candidates for the job.

It happened, however, that the mayor had a conscience.

"I will do nothing of the sort!" he told the local Fascisti. "I will investigate the record of each candidate and appoint the one who is best qualified!" The local Fascisti were greatly incensed. That wasn't playing the game, they objected; what was the use of belonging to the party in power if you couldn't hand out the choicest plums to your friends? They threatened to make things hot for the mayor.

But he was of that brand of Fascisti to whom one would like to take off one's hat. He investigated all the candidates, found that the Fascista was by no means the best doctor, threw him into the discard, and appointed a practitioner who was not a Fascista at all but happened to have a most excellent record in curing persons afflicted with disease.

Then before the enraged local Fascisti could carry out any of their threats he made a complete report of what had occurred to the Central Committee of the Fascisti, which mounted to laying the facts before Mussolini.

Fast as the telegraph could bring it came the answer:

"Fire the whole gang!"

As in the great city of Rome, so in the

little town on the Adriatic. The local Fascio was dissolved, reorganized, and put back to work with the "fear of God" in it.

There is no question about one thing—Mussolini is the big boss in Italy to-day. After months in the premiership he can boast that nobody has eaten into his supreme power. The best proof of this was the Padovani case, still fresh in the minds of all Italians.

Padovani was the leading Fascista chief of Southern Italy. He had stood shoulder to shoulder with Mussolini in Fascismo's great fight, contributed materially to Mussolini's victory. Also, he was the idol of his followers in the south.

But after the Fascista triumph, Mussolini and Padovani disagreed on whether the Nationalists should be admitted to co-operation with the Fascisti. Mussolini wanted to join forces with them; Padovani was emphatically against such a step. The Nationalists, he said, might be all right in Mussolini's north; in the south, though, they were largely composed of camouflaged Reds and Socialists.

All this Padovani told to Mussolini, but Mussolini was adamant; in the north and south alike, he insisted, the Nationalists must be admitted to co-operation.

"If they are," declared Padovani, "I shall resign!"

"No you won't," retorted Mussolini. "You can't resign!"

"Why not?" inquired Padovani.

"Because you're fired!" thundered Mussolini.

It was a daring move. There was danger that the Southern Fascisti, devoted followers of Padovani, might back their leader to a man, defy the audacious northerner, make him eat his words.

But they didn't. The South backed not Padovani but Mussolini. In Naples, Padovani's stronghold, as well as in Milan, the great fortress of Mussolini, Nationalists were admitted to co-operation with Fascisti. Once again the



remarkable political sixth sense of the Fascista chief had made it possible for him to look ahead, defy the probabilities, guess right.

Rocks loom ahead for Mussolini. Trouble may be storing up for him within the ranks of his turbulent Fascisti. Pitfalls yawn for him in Italy's relations with foreign countries. The opposition, now meek and broken, may gather strength as the months go by. Communists and Socialists, the "Popular party," and others now on the outside looking in, may get the requisite strength to shake his power. But, as he rounds out his first year of office, no individual or group or party in Italy even worries him. He sits secure, the strongest man in Italy, idolized by a host of his fellow-countrymen, respected by others, feared by men to whom fear of an Italian premier was, for years, a thing utterly unknown. When he goes out upon the street people run after his automobile, tossing their caps in the air, cheering him wildly.

If he continues to work primarily for Italy, to convince enough Italians that Italy's welfare is his main object, it would seem that Benito Mussolini could maintain himself as a leader for a long time to come. In all probability, though, he will have to seek help outside the Fascista party. Too many of the Fascisti, as has been already pointed out, are conspicuous for joy in rough-and-tumble fighting rather than for executive ability in government jobs. Yet, in finding non-Fascista co-operation, Mussolini is bound to encounter serious difficulties. Practically all the old-line politicians of Italy are played out. Everybody knows all about them, they are ticketed and pigeon-holed in the public mind; Italy has had enough

of them. Perhaps, in the long run Mussolini may discover enough new men of governing ability to enable him to carry on the government without recourse to the old-timers. Italians of reflective cast of mind shake their heads when they realize how Mussolini towers above those about him in ability. Can he find men of equal or nearly equal ability to help him bear Italy's burdens? That is a question which bothers all who have Italy's future welfare at heart.

In any event, Mussolini is not afraid to have strong men about him, as the little story shows:

Recently he asked a scion of a famous old Italian family, a dyed-in-the-wool conservative, to accept an important post in the government. The old aristocrat replied:

"Mussolini, I don't like you. I don't like your policies. I don't see how I can serve you. I refuse the post."

Mussolini said to him: "You are the first man who has talked to me that way. I like it. Now listen:

"I know your career and you know mine. We have just one thing in common. Throughout our lives, we have put the good of Italy above all else. If you come into my government, what I will ask of you is not that you serve me but that you serve Italy. Now will you accept the post?"

The two men looked each other in the eye.

"I accept," said the old aristocrat.

If Mussolini can continue enlisting that sort of aid by that sort of method there is truth in this line, inscribed under a picture of him which is being sold all over Italy:

"Italy's ship of state still battles against the tempest, but is it without pilot? No!"

# The Glory Hole

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THE life of Jeanie McIntyre was divided into two worlds. One was the fairy story that she had built around herself. She laughed at her own story, but she wove its intricate and shining web at night as she lay in bed, and in the daytime, even while she was sitting in the marble palace of her story, she would play with the dream as one might embroider a many colored tapestry.

There was a princess who was imprisoned in a marble palace, and as though in a mirror there came to her the knowledge of far-off worlds. Singers chanted in many languages the songs of their countries. Wise men came to the princess and told her the histories of magnificent empires long since dead. Young poets sang to her in strange rhythms their loves and despairs and the beauty they had found in life.

Outside of the palace were the people of the princess' realm. These men lived underground. In the darkness of the earth they dug for treasure. In caverns far below the fields they lay on their sides, chipping away to find the riches embedded in the heart of the earth, or they stood in water to their knees on their treasure hunt. The precious things they found were not for them. They were slaves, but she, the princess, was conscious always as she walked along the roadways that night and day men were forever at work in the cramped spaces of dark caverns from which water dripped. They blasted the bowels of the earth, searching always for the riches in which they shared only as they gave them food and shelter.

This dream was all part of a guilty unacknowledged feeling of Jeanie's that she was made of finer stuff than the other

people in Belleville. This feeling of superiority was why people in books seemed more alive to her than those she met every day. Tim Dugan, for instance, the secretary of the local who came to talk with her father about union matters at least four times a week, had no more reality for Jeanie than the shadow of a vine across a window shade.

It was this hidden feeling of superiority that made her keep young Austen, who wanted to marry her, at arm's length. Jeanie always dressed daintily and moved daintily, but when she was with Austen she would exaggerate this fastidiousness, so that he would feel she was unobtainable—so that he would never guess how hot her blood ran when she was with him.

Her feeling of superiority included even her father and mother whom she loved.

Jeanie felt as if centuries divided her from her mother, who was a proud, fierce old woman dressed always in gingham dresses which covered her from head to foot. On Sunday she put on a stiff black silk. Her people had moved to Kansas from West Virginia because of a feud. Mrs. McIntyre was a silent woman, but when she spoke about union matters it was with a quiet sort of violence which always shocked Jeanie.

The part of Jeanie's life through which her body moved was ordinary enough. The white palace was a library set in a neat lawn, an absurd classic building of marble which a rich man had given to the bustling town of Belleville. Jeanie's father was a coal miner, and so were the other "slaves," for Belleville was the largest town in the coal fields of Southern Kansas. Boys called on her; she went



with them to the movies and dances and had a good time like other girls.

From Jeanie's dream had sprung a fixed purpose. Out in the world were the places she read about and the people who wrote and read the books she loved. Some day she was going to find them. By sacrifice and thrift Jeanie was making a golden key to open the door of her marble palace.

In the meantime while she was saving her money, Jeanie sat all day in the white marble library. She gave out books to little boys; she advised little girls what to read. Rush hour was always just after school. Then the library was crowded with young minds searching, like Jeanie's own, for adventure. There was a boy of twelve who took out only books about the inviolate north, with its frozen glories, who read continually about the intolerable heroism of the men who turned their vessels north and south. An old bank president, who was a trustee of the library, had crowded a shelf with these books. Hall was there, Kane, and the bitter story of Greely.

Jeanie McIntyre, the imprisoned princess, showed her limitation that she didn't recognize her fellow prisoners.

There was something in the tantalizing smell of fall one day, with its flocks of migrating birds, which made her want to throw the books off the shelves and run any place where the things happened which she read about, some place where she didn't know what the face of tomorrow was like, some place where she didn't take the same trolley after work which went past the same gaunt tipples of the same mines; for Jeanie wove like a shuttle from her home to the library and back again.

Monotony had her by the throat. The rush hour was over. She got a book of poetry and began to read. To-day reading didn't help. Nothing would help except getting away.

A man in overalls strolled into the library. He had a gay way with him and walked as though he loved life. He asked Jeanie in a shy fashion,

"Have you anything by Carl Sandburg?"

"I beg your pardon," said Jeanie. "did you say *Carl Sandburg*?" The man threw back his head, and laughed in a friendly way. Angry blood rushed to Jeanie's face at his laugh.

"You think it's funny for a workin' man to be reading Carl Sandburg?" he said.

"I don't think it's funny for a workin' man to be reading anything," she answered, trying by insolence to punish the man who had dared to laugh. "My father's a miner and he's read more than you're likely to have read yet."

"Oh, your father's a miner?" said the man. The way he looked at Jeanie told her she had quickened his interest. "Where does he work?"

"He's worked at Sherman 19 for twenty years."

"I work at Sherman 19, too—on the night shift."

She went to get the book the man had asked for, disappointment gnawing at her, for he had seemed different from anyone she had known, and he was only a coal digger after all. He followed her.

"Your hair's a lovely color," he said. He spoke in an absent-minded matter-of-fact sort of way.

Jeanie turned on him. "People who come to this library don't make personal remarks to the librarian," she reproved.

"I beg your pardon," he said coldly. "Your hair shone so red in the sun that the words popped out." Then he paused. A long silence. A silence full of the anger of their opposing wills. "*Why on earth shouldn't I have said that?*" he demanded. "Why shouldn't people say what comes into their minds about one another? You—I liked you when I came in. You sat there sulking with life. You brightened up when some one wanted to read a poet you liked, and now because I say what I think, you act like a prig."

Scowling, he took the book and made out the formalities that told his name was Hearl Farley. His mouth still in an ill-tempered line, he slammed out of the



*Drawn by D. C. Hutchison*

“WHY DON’T YOU TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOURSELF?”



library. Jeanie felt diminished. She felt guilty of some deep indelicacy. She got a book for old Mrs. Diggs, and a Henty book for Hob Allen, her eyes blinded with tears, her feet heavy—she had defeated life which had offered her something she hadn't known how to take.

When she went outside it was as if the sun had risen again, for he was waiting for her. He hesitated, fought for difficult words, blurring out in the end,

"I came back to say I was sorry for making such a row—you had a perfect right to mind a stranger talking about your hair." Jeanie laughed aloud, with the warmth of life that his presence brought her.

"Let me walk with you," he begged. The tone of his voice made him seem young and even timid, but Jeanie knew that, for all his humbleness, there had been a contest of wills between them, and he had won. She was on a different footing with him than she had ever been with any man. Her heart beat hard with uneasy excitement. It was like skirting the edge of a high place or like having the current of a river get you.

Now a strange thing happened to Jeanie McIntyre, the imprisoned princess. Walking beside this man who had so shaken her complacency, the doors of the world opened. She saw her city for the first time. There was a great jostle of life in the streets. Cars from the interurban followed one another swiftly. Miners got out of them. They were big, splendid men, and their eyes glowed through the darkened pallor of their faces. Girls, too, got out of the cars. These girls had beauty and grace. They came from work, some of them, some from school in the country seat. Life ran hot in their young bodies.

The streets of the town were lined with stores full of fine dresses, with stores which shone with bright enamel ware—the familiar street was like a string of jewels. The crowd that surged up the street, good natured, jostling, was a river of life. Its heart was youth. All the

people of the earth had gone into making it. Work had made mighty men and vigorous girls.

A few years ago there had been only flat prairie here. At the bidding of corn and corn and man's greed and man's creation, cities and towns had been born. Life poured through them as hot blood through the body of a young runner. She thought, "Do I see this with my eyes—or with his?" Had he loaned his body or given her his eyes to see with his brain to understand with? She looked at him. He held his head high watching the town intently as it unfolded its heart, telling its story by its stones and bricks, enumerating the needs and desires of its people by its store and by the men and women who crowded the streets, telling of what human stuff it was made.

Farley and Jeanie were out of the town now.

Lavender haze folded the horizon. Flocks of black birds whirled from the cane. A group of miners, young fellows swung past at a hearty gait, dinner pails clanking. They walked with the stride of strong men who have the will to embrace life.

The setting sun struck the sumac until they were glowing bushes of smoldering fire. Motors purred by, freighted with youth; the high-pitched laughter of the boys and girls in them trailed out behind like banners of strident colors.

All this was the background of talk such as Jeanie had never heard—gay talk that sped along, a boat in a fast wind. He knew her books. He had seen strange countries.

Farley had released the princess from her marble prison.

He broke the current of talk to look at Jeanie, flaming nimbus of red hair, cheeks flushed, blue eyes dark with excitement. Life poured from Jeanie. He sensed something hard under her loveliness, and this pleased him. So he broke the swift flight of their talk to say,

"I like you; do you like me?"

"Yes," Jeanie answered.

"Do you like me a lot?" Jeanie took her head.

"You're not telling the truth," he said. "When I came into that library on chance and saw you sitting there instead of a stiff old lady, why it seemed a minute my heart stopped. Then, because I said your hair was lovely, you turned into one of these mean girls I'd rather die than talk to. You knew I wasn't fresh. You knew what I was like, just as I knew what you were like. You won't do that again with me, will you?"

"No," Jeanie answered. She had a feeling of having had roughly taken from her all the little protecting shams that were like clothes to keep her from prying eyes. She had been tied and bound by a thousand knots, and now she was set free. She was still in Belleville, but she had traveled thousands of miles. She looked back on the girl who made her feel the conventional reproach as some one she had known long ago.

"When you get home can't I come and see you for a while."

She answered lamely, "They'd think it queer me bringing a man I didn't know."

"Why can't you just say, 'Mother, there's a man who's working over to Herman 19; he came for a book and we got into talking, so I asked him in?' Or 'You want to wait a conventional set time before you ask me in, Jeanie?'"

Again she felt shamed and in the wrong. The current between them was broken and this was like the murder of some beautiful winged thing.

In silence Jeanie opened the front door. Her mother sat there, a massive block of a woman.

"This is Mr. Farley," said Jeanie.

Hearl went up to Mrs. McIntyre with outstretched hand, sure of his welcome. She liked this fierce, proud old woman. She wanted to stand well with her, but she moved for him no more than a rock on a granite mountain side. She liked to know something about folks who came to her house, and she was suspicious of strangers.

Jeanie lay awake a long time that night, contemplating the swift glittering stream of life into which she had dived. Now she came up for breath. This meant thinking of Hearl Farley. Surprisingly, what flashed out at Jeanie was his ugly scowl.

Then Jeanie discovered the Glory Hole. It is the place we hide the things we don't want to know about those we love. Farley's menacing scowl she put in the glory hole. After that, thought was easy. She began to tell herself stories about him. In all her dreams she had never imagined a prince in disguise would take her from her imprisonment.

This was the last time she made up stories about the imprisoned princess. To-night she dreamed her heart empty, for the disguised prince had known her from the first moment.

When he told her next day, "You know, Jeanie, I'm not a miner," she had a sense of his repeating something he had told her a long time ago. "I'm making my way through the country, getting work and I'm going to write a book about it." He explained as if it was a confession. "Darn the people who write books! People like your father and mother are the only decent sort!"

After this Hearl came every day to the library. He would sit and read until closing time, filling all the place with his big presence. Every evening he walked home with Jeanie, taking her farther and farther out into the world with him. Sundays he spent all the afternoon with her. Some nights there was no work, and he could come back after supper. Then he would stay exasperatingly long to talk with her father and mother. He thought they were wonderful. It seemed he would listen forever to Mr. McIntyre about the time the "room" fell in on him, or hear her mother talk about when the women all came out in 1903, and a mine guard shot a hole through her apron, and how when Jeanie was born they had been evicted and lived in a tent. There was no end to his questions



about the union. He seemed to enjoy these old stories better than Jeanie's company, for he would wait and let them talk and talk before he'd say,

"Do you feel like taking a stroll down the road?"

She hated his attitude toward her father and mother, that deferential, admiring attitude as if there was something unusual about them. Then suddenly things in her mind came together like the forming of a crystal. *He liked them not because of their honesty and goodness, but because they were people he could put in a book.* He saw her mother and father not as friends but as copy. She wanted to stand in front of them and scream, "Keep away! keep away! They don't belong in a book. They belong in life."

He was going to write another book to put on a shelf about her father and mother. When she saw him lounging down the road so at ease with life, all the adventure in her ran out to meet the adventure in him, and she shoved into the glory hole the knowledge that her father and mother were copy, that Tim Dugan was copy, that all the people he knew were all copy grist; even to his union card, even to his faithful attendance on union meetings. And all these people who were going to be copy liked him.

Only Mrs. McIntyre remained unsubjugated. She "hadn't taken to him." It was as though she saw through his pretense. She was as unreconciled as the day of his first visit. Jeanie put into the glory hole that she respected her mother for this. "Don't you see he ain't worth spending your time on? I know *men* when I see 'em. I warned your father about that stool pigeon of the vice-president of the local," she warned Jeanie.

"What's wrong with Hearl Farley?" Jeanie flashed.

"Oh, nothing," her mother answered shortly, for if she knew men, she knew women also. She had spoken too late—if it would ever have done any good.

But Jeanie persisted, "How do you know he's no good?"

"I'll tell you one way," her mother said. "I was coming along the pike day and a bunch of coal diggers coming off the shift were laughing themselves sick. One was saying,

"'He hollad like he was havin' twimon, when we run in expectin' he deen', nothin' was wrong but a wee ro has battered his head, an' him aroarin'."

"They was all rockin', laughin' hard—'twas your fine young man that was laughin' at."

A high red stained Jeanie's cheek. She had some damaging knowledge. Hearl that gave her a certainty that her mother had told her the truth. She knew as if she had been there that they were talking about Hearl.

All her men had a high physical courage. It was a necessary part of life. Then Hearl Farley came along with his big way of owning the earth, so Jeanie put this knowledge out of her mind. Women have to do this to keep on loving men, and men must do it to keep loving women. In love there is always the glory hole where all unlovely things are stuffed away hastily as a bad housekeeper throws garbage in a corner. There in the hidden place, this knowledge festers and ferments. Jeanie kept in the glory hole Hearl's mean and small injustices that sometimes leaped out at her like vicious, yapping dogs; how much she hated his reason for liking her father and mother; his screams when he was hurt; his ugly look when a swift anger overtook him. How she hated that look. His patronizing way of always putting her in the wrong and always proving himself gloriously right, she shut away.

One Sunday Jeanie and Hearl went down to the creek. A big row of walnuts hung over the water, and the smashed open the heavy green husks the nuts and stained their fingers brown. He dared her to wade in the brook taunting her with conventionality. She waded, splashing in the cold water. The wind whipped Jeanie's red hair round her white neck.

Life had a glory that day. It was as joy had been mounting higher and higher in Jeanie until it seemed that something must break in her heart. When they had on their shoes and stockings she ran down the road, laughing at him over her shoulder. Her unbound hair a mantle round her, free herself, careless of passing motorists.

He caught her with easy strides. His arms were about her. She held her face up fearlessly to his kisses.

"Oh, hang it all, Jeanie," he cried. "Here I've fallen in love with you, and didn't want to fall in love—not for years and years, and you've fallen in love with me. I'm going to be moving on soon, and I've got to take you with me—hang it all! I hadn't planned life his way at all."

"What makes you do it then?" Jeanie mocked.

"Oh, Jeanie, I can't help myself. I knew I was done for the first day—if I stayed. I ought to have gone on then, but I couldn't. You're not like any girl I've known. You're real the way your father and mother are. You're like a bush covered with flowers that's grown out of the prairie."

He was so contagious in his happiness that even Mrs. McIntyre softened toward him. Old Mr. McIntyre loved him like a son.

So Jeanie began to get her wedding things, and gave up her place in the library.

She was in Belleville one day shopping with her mother, when suddenly her heart lost a beat.

Hearl was coming down the street with a girl named Birdie Burnsell, a girl with big dark eyes that stuck out like the eyes of a moth. They were laughing and talking together as if they knew each other well, and they turned into the pictures, so absorbed they didn't see Jeanie and Mrs. McIntyre.

Her mother gave them a long look and walked on in silence. The silence

endured. Jeanie couldn't stand it any longer.

"Why don't you say something, Ma?" she challenged.

"I haven't anything to say you'd listen to."

"Say it anyway." Jeanie challenged again, her bright head held high.

"It's only that if it was me I'd not buy another wedding thing. A man that takes up with a girl like that is no husband for you, Jeanie."

Jeanie's heart was filled with bitterness. She knew all the girls would be laughing and gossiping among themselves that the man she was engaged to "went out with" Birdie.

Again she felt small and diminished. She turned these thoughts furiously from her mind as one might have swept out a room incredibly disordered. But when next she saw Farley, he saw through her pretense of indifference as through a window pane.

"Jeanie," he said, "sit here by me. You're angry with me because I was walking with Birdie Burnsell."

"I don't care whom you walk with," she flared.

"That's not true," he answered. "You care whom I walk with, and every bit of me cares whom you walk with. But I'd rather die than keep you from talking to any human soul you wanted to, and I'd rather die than be kept from talking to anyone I want to. Life isn't meant to pen people in. Love's not meant to do that. We do such things to each other because people have in the past—but *we* mustn't."

She wanted to cry out to him, "But it's the sort of girl this is. When I talk to men you don't like you don't stand it, do you? It's the hurt to my privacy I mind." But the words wouldn't come.

Instead, she said with hard bitterness, "If you think I'm jealous you're mistaken. I hate having you like that cheap sort of girl."

He threw his coaxing, reasonable tone away like a petulant child breaking a dish. "If being in love with you means



having my acquaintances censored, I'd rather jump in the river and be done with it," he cried. "You don't know anything about Birdie Burnsell. You've listened to a lot of gossip, and the gossip only means that Birdie loves life. I love men and women who love life!"

It was a sordid quarrel and, more than that, it made Jeanie feel as though his hand was tight round her heart, squeezing the life from her, and she loved him and there was no escape from that hand which held her heart, squeezing it dry.

Next time she saw him he had forgotten all about it and Jeanie forgot, too. She forgot her mother's warning and Birdie. She forgot everything but being in love. She didn't quite forget feeling trapped.

There was so much about him she never understood. "Why don't you tell me more about yourself?" she'd say to him.

He'd lie on his back under a tree and let the warm October sun pour on him, an animal sunning himself.

"Oh, because I don't like to think anything but about you now. I'm happier than I've ever been—let me be happy. Can't you, Jeanie?"

"I'd like to know every little thing about you. Just as you know everything about me."

"You're like a swift clear brook, a swift brook with eddies that can drown people," he answered lazily.

"Oh, I'm not like that," Jeanie protested.

"You don't know in the least what you're like," he answered. "No one of us does. But there's one thing sure, you're not like what you think you are. You think you're gentle and sweet, don't you? Better than other folks in Belleville? You've read a lot, Jeanie, in your library. See those sharp, little, pointed teeth of yours? Pretty little teeth—they're the mark of the wolf. I love you because of the savage things in you. When you hated my going out with

Birdie, I loved your hard pride. You're like your mother, Jeanie—like a rock."

"I'm not like my mother—not a bit," Jeanie protested. He went on as if he hadn't heard her.

"Outside you're soft and sweet, inside you're all the fierceness of your mother. We're a cruel, bloodthirsty lot, and you're like the rest of us. I wouldn't love you if you were what you think you are."

"Tell me about the other girls you've liked," she asked.

A black, angry look came over his face. "Oh, hang them, hang them all! I won't think about 'em!"

"Oh," said Jeanie. "Oh—you speak as if you hated them."

"Don't you know that the line between love and hate is slender as a spider's web? That's what makes people murder people they love," he asked fiercely. She shrunk from him because she remembered her own anger that had burned her with fire the day he had gone to the pictures with Birdie.

Now she knew with certainty there was some one he hated. This knowledge wouldn't be put away. It was there always, a venomous lizard crawling round her heart. Her mind stretched out into the unknown which surrounded him, feeling as with blind hands for the menace of which he would not tell her, and which threatened their happiness.

She came in from shopping one day and as she opened the door the very feeling of the house told her something was wrong. She could hear it in the tone of her mother's voice and in the sound of Hearl's as he answered. When she came in they stopped talking and both stood facing her.

There was a strange girl in the room. She sat in the big chair crumpled up in a heap. She made Jeanie think of a bunch of stale violets. She was like something that had started out in life delicious and sweet as flowers, something which should have faded in a tender fashion. But this useless pretty thing had been trodden under foot in mud.



*Drawn by D. C. Hutchison*

MRS. MCINTYRE SAID TONELESSLY, "SHE'S HIS WIFE."



She was damaged irreparably—a derelict.

No one moved or spoke for a long time. Then Mrs. McIntyre said tonelessly, "She's his wife."

Hearl stood with his arms folded, looking with contempt from one woman to the other. At last the girl explained to Jeanie.

"He'd have had his divorce for desertion in another three weeks if I hadn't found him—but *he can't get it now*. It's not because I want to be married to him, or because I want his filthy name. It's because I hate him! He's the only person I ever hated. But him with his lectures and his holy ways—God, I hate him!"

Mrs. McIntyre went out of the room and came back with some blackberry cordial.

"Here, drink this, honey," she said. "I don't wonder you hate him—he'd ought to be shot."

There was some feeble point of contact between the two, for the girl threw herself on Mrs. McIntyre's bosom—Jeanie would as soon have thrown herself on the rock of Gibraltar for comfort.

"I don't want him, you know," the little creature continued, crumpling up still more. "I wouldn't take him back as a gift."

"*How she hates him*," thought Jeanie. "What an awful thing to hate a man you've loved!"

"I'm simply not going to let him get a divorce. You wouldn't in my place either. Not if you'd been left as I was."

Jeanie wanted to cry out, "I don't care about your divorce. He's my man. I don't believe you." But she couldn't. The door of the glory hole was open and the dead festering things there spoke for the girl.

"He left me flat," the girl said in the matter-of-fact way of some one reading a time table. "He got furious one day—you know how he does—and cleared out as if I'd had the smallpox."

That was her experience of life—people cleared out if you had the smallpox. A foul wind from the glory hole repeated

in Jeanie's ears, "He got angry—you know how he does."

The girl got up slowly. She walked as though she'd been stabbed in the back. Mrs. McIntyre went out with her and left Jeanie and Hearl.

"That woman has no lien on my life and happiness forever," he said calmly and reasonably. "I had a perfect right to get a divorce from her."

"Why didn't you *tell me*?" broke from Jeanie. Torture had wrung the words from her.

"There's got to be a place in a person to tell things to," Hearl answered. "You wouldn't have understood, Jeanie."

He had her in his grip again. She wouldn't scream at him as she wanted to, "You didn't tell me because you were *afraid*!"

After he had gone her love for him gathered itself up to protect him. She had to go on believing in him and loving him if she were to exist. She carried her love for him in her hands as though it were a bowl filled with clear, bright water which must be brought to a wounded man.

So she carried her love until he came to see her again. He looked at her with the sulky air of disapproval she knew so well.

"I suppose it's good-by, Jeanie," he said accusingly. "If you were a brave woman—if you'd loved me—you'd not let this separate us."

"It was you're not trusting that's separated us," she cried at him. "If you'd told me everything I'd have loved you anyway. I loved you enough to give up everything for you—*everything*, do you hear?"

He looked at her appraisingly.

"*They all say that*," he said.

Then Jeanie knew why the girl hated him. That one little sentence left her for memory of Hearl Farley all the things she had put out of her mind, all the things that made her feel trapped, all the things which had made her mother distrust him.

The worst of it was she'd always

own this about Hearl. She'd known he was like this, and she'd put her knowledge out of sight. She felt as if she'd escaped just by a miracle. The dark place which she wouldn't look at in her mind had realized all the knowledge there was concerning Hearl Farley.

After he had gone away from Belleville she wanted only one thing, to be free of the memory of him. But she couldn't be rid of him. She hated him. He couldn't reach the sweet waters of indifference to quench the flame that was in her. You don't get through with people when you stop loving them, she found out. They're like black dogs following you. That must mean you love them still.

Now he was like poison which she must breathe night and day—day and night. This hatred was like having something nearer and more intimate than the blood in your veins; something closer than your own thoughts.

The days passed by and the weeks. Hearl was gone, and he was still there, poisoning all of life. There was no road to forgetfulness. The spoiled, unclean thing in him that had spoken the words, *That's what they all say*, poisoned Jeanie's life.

How she came to talk with her mother she never knew. She found herself asking one day,

"Does one ever forget?"

Her mother rocked grimly back and forth.

"There's one thing that helps forgetting. There was once a young fellow courted me. He left me for a married woman who lived down the pike a ways from us. 'Leave him lay, her husband'll fix him,' said my father. But Miller never did. Seems like his eyes was sealed. So one day your uncle Aaron Wakefield met him coming from the place in the woods where he used to meet his lady love, an' he shot him dead."

"*Shot him!*" cried Jeanie. "Your brother shot the man you loved?"

"Of course, he shot him after the shame he'd put on us—with everyone in

the county waitin' for our wedding and my wedding clothes done."

"What happened then?" asked Jeanie.

"What you might suppose. The Far-num boys, they laid for your Uncle Aaron, but Ma was porely, her heart warn't good for much, and it fussed her terrible never to know if your grandpa or the boys would ever get home again when they started out, so we moved to Kansas."

"But what about *you*?" said Jeanie. Mrs. McIntyre rocked for awhile.

"Then I met your father," she said steadily.

For a moment Jeanie, who had read all the modern poets, Jeanie, the imprisoned princess of the marble palace, so far above the men who grubbed underground, Jeanie, to whom the sages and the wise men had spoken, understood what her mother had felt. The old bloodthirsty desires that live in all of us, the secret desires of the race to whose clamorous calls we close our ears, scorched Jeanie McIntyre.

From far off she heard her mother speaking.

"There's nothin' so awful as to know that you've squandered your love on a man who's no good, for it's like being burned alive. There's nothing on earth so black as to be tied to a man when you've found out he's no good. The thought of him wouldn't leave me by day nor yet by night. Worst of all, I'd have soft moments when I'd 'a' taken him back if he'd wanted me, and I knew in the end he'd want to. *Fear the softness and goodness of your own heart, Jeanie!*"

"You don't need to worry about *me*," Jeanie threw back scornfully. "He'll never be back. He's forgotten—even if I haven't."

Her mother looked at her speculatively. "He's not a man put off easy from anything he meant to get. And while you can hate a man, you love him still."

Jeanie got up and walked out into the darkness of the spring night.



She loved Hearl—and she wished he were dead.

She knew well enough what peace her mother had felt when her Uncle Aaron Wakefield had killed her faithless lover. She was gathered up in a passion greater than any passion she had known, which cried aloud for Hearl Farley's death. She walked down the road with the desire of death in her heart, hugging it to her as a precious thing. A thought stabbed like pain through her concentrated desire.

"I am like the women I read about who kill their lovers. If he were where I could kill him I should not do it, only because I should be afraid. I am like those women who murder, only I am a coward." This knowledge stripped Jeanie McIntyre naked. Her spirit stood before her desirous of murder, only her pretty hands were coward's hands, so she was doubly damned.

Aaron Wakefield with his barbaric code of honor, her mother with her solemn triumph at her lover's death,

how much cleaner they were! As she walked down the road the light of an arc lamp fell on a man, lounging along as if he felt happy and at ease with life.

At the sight of him Jeanie stopped breathing.

"Jeanie," he called softly. "Oh Jeanie, I was coming for you. *She's let me get the divorce!* She said she couldn't bear not to after she'd seen you. Are you brave, Jeanie? Are you coming with me? You'll have to run away, you know."

As through a pin hole she peered behind the obscure curtain of the future she saw herself loved a while, patronized, thrown aside. He would look at her with the evil look of hate with which he had looked at the girl. The pin hole closed.

He was the door of life, and she loved him.

"Are you coming, Jeanie?" he asked again.

"Yes," said Jeanie.

## Long and Lovely

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

LONG and lovely, cool and white,  
She lay beside me all the night.

Long and lovely, hushed and warm,  
She touched me, thigh and breast and arm.

My body was one tremulous sense  
Of her slight body's eloquence.

I was a drowned man, in the sea  
Of her immaculate melody.

Drifting slowly down to sleep,  
I longed to laugh, I feared to weep.

While hushed and lovely, cool and white,  
She lay beside me all the night.

# Between the Lines

BY LILIAN LAUFERTY

*The author of the following article has for more than ten years conducted a personal inquiry department in one of the most widely circulated metropolitan newspapers. Perhaps no one in America has been the recipient of so many intimate confessions and appeals or has reviewed a more bewildering array of human tragedies. She has been the recipient of hundreds of thousands of letters, and her pseudonym, if it were given here, would be recognized by readers everywhere.*

WE who sit behind our desks in newspaper, magazine, or syndicate offices reading the thousands of appeals which come to us, and generally to us as courts of last resort, can succeed in our work only in terms of an honest interest in humanity and its problems, a sturdy pride in the confidence shown in us, and an humble desire to meet our opportunity and obligation wisely and well. Ours is an informal social service work. Because we are not officials demanding confidence, it is given us the more freely; because we offer suggestions rather than orders, human nature feels no impulse to defy us; because we are hidden behind the modern smoke screens of large organizations, confession to us becomes impersonal and so practically uninhibited. The thing with which we are occupied and preoccupied is the opportunity for serving those who are too close to their problems to gain a perspective on them. The underlying thought which defies us to be anything less than humble and honest is, "There but for the grace of God, go I."

So for ten years I have been trying to make constructive suggestions to the heart-sick, the brain-fagged and the ghost-ridden who have laid their problems before me with the touching and sometimes terrifying assertion, "I'll do whatever you say." The average day's mail brings one hundred letters, but the number has mounted to eight hundred.

Twenty per cent of my letters cry out desperately against loneliness, the "welt-

schmerz" from which most of us suffer; but no two letters express their longing in precisely the same terms. Almost as great a percentage deals with the gap of misunderstanding which lies between foreign-born parents and their American-born children. In one day ten Italian girls may write their protests against the surveillance under which they are kept. They want to go about to dances as Mamie Casey and Rosie Schloss do; they want to choose their own husbands, not sit at home sewing for dower chests which will go to men whom their fathers or uncles select. In each letter there is an individual protest against old-world custom; each girl stresses a different phase of the situation. Ten Polish or Lithuanian or German-born mothers may write that same day to cry out against the lack of respect which their boys and girls show their parents and the traditions of their race; again ten problems, not merely so many statements of the same question.

So the first thing I learned to read between the lines of my day's mail is that humanity is a many-faceted thing. It is individualistic—and not rubber-stamped. Though all the Babbitts in the world wore gray suits and read detective novels and preferred their film heroines with blond curls, they must still differ in their reactions when trafficking with the unusual; no two of them would make the same statement of the problem of a seventeen-year-old daughter enamored of the chauffeur; no



two of them would raise precisely the same objections to the match or acquiesce on exactly the same terms.

Because I so firmly believe in the philosophy implied in Ruskin's, "If the heart sinks, the boat sinks," there is one thing I always try to put between the lines of my reply to those who ask my advice. That is hope. The courage to go on, the hope which inspires that courage, and the intelligent use of God-given powers are the best equipment for conquering defeat, so the other thing commanded and demanded by the responsibility of being arbiter of thousands of human problems each year is not advice, decision, nor admonition. It is perspective. That, in short, is the universal, if unconscious, plea of all the letters I read: "Give me a perspective on this problem. The cyclone is whirling me round so fast I can't see what's going on outside the storm-belt."

But I am getting ahead of my story and on toward the conclusions I have drawn from my survey of human documents. Before we "conclude" it might be a good plan to begin, and to give the letters a chance to speak for themselves. So we must now indulge in a motion-picture cut-back to account for the recipient of the letters as well as for her day's mail.

One August day ten years ago when there were no wars or international debts to crowd the front pages, an astute and hard-pressed city editor decided that he would have to follow a few unimportant-looking leads in the hope that something better than the fillers he was using might be revealed. My assignment was to see if there wasn't a story back of the drowning of a famous young swimming champion a few days before, in shallow water, and so near land that he might almost have walked in. "Cramp," said his friends; his family had said nothing so elaborately and stubbornly that the editor concluded they might be hiding enough to fill half a column, or more if I could manage to get hold of some good photographs. I

was given certain instructions, and, armed therewith, I set off for the tenement where Sam C., the pride of his district, had lived with his mother, father and two younger sisters.

I climbed four flights of stairs to the C. flat at an hour when the father and sisters would undoubtedly be at work. It was the stricken mother, foreign born and dazed by the tragedy, who was most likely to give me the material for a "sob-sister story." When the door opened a reconnoitering crack in answer to my timid knock, I pushed through brazenly and faced a stooped, prematurely old woman in neat print. As her eyes questioned me with dumb hostility, I pulled out the tremolo stops in my voice and cried:

"You must be Sam's mother. I had to see you. I couldn't keep away. I want to talk about him—"

It was a dastardly trick, and it worked.

As I let my voice trail away on the implication that I had cherished an unreciprocated passion for Sam, his mother threw her apron over her head and began to sob. Shame for what I had done might have driven me out of the cluttered little red-plush parlor I had invaded, but I had to stay and comfort the mother I had been sent to lure into the witness chair. And the more gentle and contrite I was, the more I became the outlet for the expression those dry eyes and tight lips had been craving.

The mother talked; she poured out her heart. Sam had been her boy until that girl came to turn him away from his own people. To his mother Sam had brought his medals, his prizes, until that girl came to make him ashamed of his people and their ways. Never would she consent that Sam should marry outside his religion; never would he do what his mamma said he shouldn't; but that girl wouldn't leave him be; she had him almost crazy while he couldn't marry her and couldn't give her up neither.

The mother got out Sam's pictures, a record of loving pride in her oldest-born

om fat baby days to muscular championship ones; she showed me his new blue serge suit and ox-blood shoes and the straw sailor he had planned to wear next Sunday when he took his mamma and not that girl to the Athletic Club. Now he would never wear it. Dead he was now; dead to his people he should anyway have been if he married that—foreigner.

The whole story was indicated. Between the lines of the mother's revelations there was a column at least. I ran it I read too clearly.

Back to my paper I fled to confess that I had seen Mrs. C., but that I had no photographs, and there wasn't a story I could write. The astute editor looked at me out of probing ice-blue eyes and sent me in to the Chief. Into the sanctum went my tangled reactions and firm determination to keep faith with the old mother I had tricked. I made myself clear to the Chief—clearer than I considered it efficient to be. I tried to gird myself to join the army of the unemployed; I wondered how I could meet the statement that I owed my first loyalty to my paper; it seemed almost as if the presses were stopping and waiting with empty maws for the story The Girl Reporter would never write. "The Girl Reporter" went out of print and existence that day, for she was sent to her desk with a sheaf of letters under her arm and the words of the Chief ringing in her dizzy brain.

"If you are so much interested in human problems that you can't see when they are news, go out and study these letters. They are all that is left of a feature which used to bring in two hundred and fifty letters a week and is down to about thirty now. The department is yours if you can bring it back to a hundred letters a week. You don't know a story when you see it, but maybe you'd like to try to prevent a few of them from happening."

I have tried! But the front pages continue to blossom in headlines recording suicides, divorces, and murders. Settle-

ment workers, however, do not resign their positions or lose faith in humanity because reform schools and prisons continue to hold their sad quotas. They go on striving to reduce the quotas and to find the solvent for some of our social ills. I go on reading my hundred letters a day, and hoping I may be the channel now and then through which faith and hope and new courage will flow into a sad heart.

The letters which came to my desk for the first month were a heritage of the "thirty a week." Trivial, jocose, or even obscene at first, presently they began to yield to an attempt to make the three editorials a week (which are included in the department) honest discussions of human interests and not always of heart-interest. Long, careful analyses instead of two-line snap-judgment answers began to bring their return in earnest, thoughtful letters, and then one day there came an amazing document with a self-addressed stamped envelope enclosed for reply.

"I'll bet you put this in the wastebasket before you've read ten lines," it said. "I'm nineteen and I tried to commit suicide, but they yanked me back to the world I wanted to get out of, and here I am working as maid in the house of a woman who thinks she can handle me for the probation officer. But she can't. I have red hair and a terrible temper. And I don't see why I should go on living if I don't want to. Men are horrible and women no better. My father was an artist of a good family which disowned him for marrying my mother, who was his model and a nobody. He broke my mother's heart before he died. But it was not till he was gone that she had me trained as a toe-dancer. She died when I was fourteen, and for five years I have been bucking up against the fact that men are brutes and that there is nobody you can believe in. Next time I try to get out of this ugly, foolish world, I'll make a better job of it. I wouldn't have bungled this time if the hospital and court had minded their own



business. You can write my story if you like. I'll send you further details if you are foolish enough to be interested. Madge."

Taking my cue from the girl's letter, I mailed her a ticket to New York, a time-table, and a nonchalant: "Get permission to be at my office as near three as you can make it on Thursday. If that is not your free day, write me what day you can come."

Madge (which, of course, isn't her name) appeared at three on Thursday. She said she liked my peremptory note; she liked my not telling her she was a poor, dear, sweet child, which she knew she wasn't. When it became evident that she had an amused toleration for me, and had decided to see what I could make of her, she was brought to New York, put under the care of a young nerve specialist, and provided with various jobs, from which she industriously ran away. She always came back to me to report, for she had promised that if ever she determined to depart from the stage of life she would give me due warning, and I had promised that if I could not persuade her to stay, I wouldn't actively interfere with her going.

For twenty-four hours after Madge lost her position in a hospital where the young physician had induced her to go for training, she was a "missing person." When I came home from the "shop" two evenings later I found Madge on my living-room couch in a little huddle of desperation.

"I'm a failure," she moaned. "I'm bringing the most terrible discredit on you. I've prowled around the Palisades since they fired me. But I had to come back and tell you—as I said I would. I'm no good at all. I made chicken broth in the same pot another nurse had used for peppermint tea. And I didn't wash it first."

I couldn't even smile, for Madge pointed to the library table and ended with a lethargic:

"So I got that out of the bottom of my trunk. You know why."

"That" was a small pearl-handled revolver. I managed to pick it up and examine it with a slightly scornful air. I trumped up a laugh and suggested that I was starved and thought it would be a good plan to go out to dinner first and discuss our plans afterward. Madge said I was heartless. But she came along to dinner and, after declaring that no one in her state of mind could touch food, she ate half a broiled chicken and a few accompanying trifles. Then I explained the girl to herself curtly and concisely:

"You have the theatrical temperament. It is high time you used it to some advantage. If you must have the center of the stage, earn it, don't steal it by fake attempts at suicide. I've gone on believing in you for six months though you haven't taken the trouble to justify me. You've thrown away every job Dr. R. and I found for you—not because you couldn't make good, but because you didn't want to. Suppose you get yourself a job."

"All right," said Madge meekly.

Bullying her worked well; the pearl revolver was disposed of via the janitor. Madge went quietly to sleep on my living-room couch, and within three days she had a place in the chorus of a new musical comedy. A year later when she was doing a solo bit in a road company the amazing girl sent me this letter.

"I've jumped the show. The enclosed money I've saved to repay what you and your friends spent on me. I made up my mind when I could cancel the debt, I'd say good-by. I never wanted to see Dr. R. again, for I know I could be as big a fool as my mother was. So I'm cutting myself off from all who know him—even you. Don't worry. You've bolstered me up to stay if I keep away from him. I'm going to change my name and get new work. I'll make good, but you won't hear from me again. You acted as if you liked me, but I have too much respect for you to believe you really could care enough for a person like me to miss her. I'm doing this not to

worry you, so don't worry. If I got to thinking of quitting again, I'd play fair and give you a chance to feed me up and argue me down. Thanks for everything. Good-by. Yours sincerely, Madge."

That was all. There never was any more. To this day I am not sure whether the affection Madge scorned would have held her in safe harbor, or whether her fear of it sent her on to real achievement. I often wonder—and hope.

As Madge's story may have indicated, it is no *Comédie Humaine* I read, but more often a record of tragedy. It is set down on a scroll of varied pattern and hue. Every day I deal with enough individualities to make up the cast of characters for a Thackeray novel. The college professor and his cook; the farmer of Saskatchewan and the dancehall girl from Saskatoon; the cash girl and the president of the corporation which doles out her nine dollars a week; the captain of a great battleship and the sailor who hasn't found a sweetheart in any port; the light-of-love who lives just off the Avenue and her drab old mother up in the Bronx; the banker whose wife spends twice his income and the wife of the bank clerk who won't give her a tithe of his salary—all these pass in review in the day's mail.

A strangely assorted caravan winds before the eyes of one it dare acquaint with facts because she is not a fact of daily existence. Sometimes it is what writers try to conceal rather than what they confide which gives the clue to solution. In rationalizing facts, denying them, or protesting too much against them, the whole truth may be revealed; sometimes the seeker after advice manages to convey by a gesture what she would never put into words.

It is not often that I am permitted to read the end of the story I am urged to help write. Generally, just before the final installment, my collaborator disappears from my day's mail and mental horizon. Sometimes there is a glimpse of coming tragedy that might be averted

if only the right word were said, the right thing done, the right expert—doctor, lawyer, preacher, or friend—called in consultation.

But when letters are signed, "Constant Reader" and the problem involved cannot be discussed in the public prints, there is nothing to do but put a little "box" at the top of my column and say that if "Constant Reader" from Weehawken or White Plains will send his address, we are sure we can make a helpful suggestion. Sometimes there is no reply; sometimes a dozen "Constant Readers" telephone, but they are from Brooklyn or Bronxville and want to know how to take iron rust out of white damask or whether the man precedes the woman down the theater aisle.

One day I had twenty frantic pages from a woman who wrote that she was in love with her employer, that he was her mental and spiritual mate as well as the one man in the world for her. She couldn't steal him from his wife and children. She couldn't go on without him. She gave no address, but the story she outlined showed that she was desperately in need of friendship. She ignored all efforts to reach her. A few days later the front pages carried the story of the double suicide of this girl and her employer in Central Park.

At moments like this society, my work, and human nature itself might seem atoms in a whirlpool of futility if life were not sure to offer one of its unfailing contrasts of courage or cheer. On the very day when I read of the tragedy it seemed my impotence should have managed to avert, along came the first of a series of letters from a girl who wrote happy little accounts of the kindness she observed all about her every day—of the motorman who lifted a baby out of the street car; of the policeman who escorted a blind man across the street; of the lame bootblack who always had a cheery good-morning. These sagas of kindness were always signed "Kid" (which is the one actual signature employed in this chronicle). One day I



wove them into an article, hoping the unknown would respond to the implied invitation to become a more definite figure on my horizon. But it was not until over a year had passed that "Kid" came in and told me her story.

"I was suspected of forging a lot of checks when I was temporarily in charge of the pay roll at our factory," she told me. "They were not quite sure, and I'd been there two years and had a good record and was only seventeen when it happened, so though they wouldn't believe me innocent they said they'd give me a chance and keep me on. I had to work there under a cloud. I couldn't tell my mother, for it would have killed her. I couldn't tell my father, for he would have gone down and killed the boss. I had to find some way of bearing it, so I decided to look around for some one with worse troubles than mine and try to cheer her up a bit. Then I thought how terrible it must be for you reading about people's troubles all the time, so I decided I'd try to lighten the gloom with a few accounts of sunshine. I found it easier to stand my own worries because I thought I might be making things easier for you. And I made up my mind I'd never come in and bother you with another hard-luck story. I wouldn't have come to-day, but yesterday the man who forged those checks confessed."

Sherlock Holmes might have failed to deduce the motivating cause behind "Kid's" letters—but even Watson could have read between the lines something of the fine courage and cheer and faith in humanity with which the child made her heroic stand alone against suspicion and lies, and waited, with her head high, for truth to prevail.

Many letters are sent to my department merely because it offers an outlet for expression. In similar case a Chopin might write a nocturne. Sometimes such a letter may be sent in the hope of having resolution fortified, sometimes it wants its judgment verified so the other person concerned will see that my correspondent "is not such an idiot after all!", often it

is impelled by the fairly normal desire to get into print. Whatever the gesture it has to be ignored, since the avowed purpose of all columns of advice is to help those who need help rather than to give publicity to those who can mint a sorrow into a telling phrase. But even the letter which merely gestures may reveal the man behind the flourish. This is what happened when D. P. wrote that with his wedding day less than a month off he had been arrested for a crime with which he had no connection. His new home was furnished and waiting when circumstantial evidence crashed down to connect him with an ugly crime committed by a group of wild fellows with whom he had allied himself in the day before he met his sweetheart.

"Jane says she thinks I'm innocent," he wrote. "But she says that if I'm found guilty she will break with me, and her folks would never stand to have her waiting for a man who had been sent up for what I'm accused of doing. I'm madly in love with her and she has always seemed devoted to me. I can't imagine ever putting another woman into the home Jane and I planned. But if I am acquitted, how can I marry the girl who is ready to desert me if I'm sentenced?"

A day or two later a second letter came from D. P.

"Don't bother about my first letter," it said. "I was sure of myself within a short time of writing to you. So I sent Jane a letter telling her that I didn't care for her any more, that a girl who wouldn't stick to a man she thought guilty wouldn't make much of a hit with me, but that one who would desert a man she considered innocent reminded me too much of the proverb about rats and a sinking ship. Don't print my letters. I'd rather our friends thought I jilted Jane than to have them know the trick she played on me. It would queer her for life."

I believe in D. P. The man revealed in his letters is not a criminal. His final protective attitude toward the girl who

ed him is that of a thoroughbred. . . .  
 afraid Jane will never let him get  
 away.  
 Most letters, however, do not lift the  
 burden of decision from the shoulders of  
 the figure behind the column of news-  
 paper print. They tell as much of their  
 story as they are willing to acknowledge  
 and are consciously aware of, and then de-  
 mand clear direction for reaching an im-  
 perfectly indicated Ultima Thule.  
 "Don't tell me to sacrifice my pride,"  
 commands the dignified man who is re-  
 sisting against the fact that a second-  
 er has found the chink in the wall of  
 his hitherto impeccable wife's reserve.  
 What he does not say is, "Find me a  
 miracle whereby I can have both pride  
 and love. Let me go on loving myself  
 too much to risk one atom of my vanity  
 and carefully hoarded emotions."  
 Turning on life and seeking the ugly  
 cause behind so many of these puzzling  
 effects, one outstanding thing appears to  
 be responsible. It is fear one reads be-  
 tween the lines of so many tear-stained,  
 scribbled, imperfect human documents.  
 It is fear that stalks always behind the  
 longing for a miracle to banish human  
 discord and evoke harmony from discord.  
 Though facts elude expression and  
 words whip moods up the beanstalk of  
 chance and change and out of reach,  
 reality peers from the unexpressed. The  
 reality behind a grim percentage of my  
 letters is that humanity is afraid of the  
 circumstances it has set in motion;  
 afraid to do something, afraid to do  
 nothing; afraid to trust to chance, to  
 human nature, to its own view of the  
 situation it has created. Humanity  
 hesitates at the crossroads, and hesitates  
 here, doubtful of its destination, afraid  
 to go west for fear the eastern path is  
 the one that leads to happiness; fearful  
 of going north for fear the southern  
 route would agree better with its health  
 and disposition.

When letters are dark with the  
 shadows fear casts it is sometimes im-  
 possible to find the road, or finding it,  
 to persuade my correspondent to take

the path leading from darkness to the  
 sunshine which may be shining just over  
 the hill. There was a boy who wrote me  
 nine years ago, and who remained  
 "X. Y. Z." until he became, too late, an  
 unforgettable presence, the symbol of  
 humanity which never knows or cares  
 that only a little reef walls the breakers  
 of a black sea from the peaceful blue of  
 a harbor where a frail bark may ride to  
 safety. X. Y. Z.'s first letter told that  
 he was a clerk in a law office and had  
 appropriated a thousand dollars of the  
 firm's money to his own use and the  
 wooing of an expensive lady, whose  
 opera tickets and caviar-alligator-pear  
 dinners other men were clamoring to fur-  
 nish. Facing discovery and the conse-  
 quent gray of prison walls, the boy  
 pleaded for some miracle to make his  
 forty dollars a week meet both the orchid-  
 daceous tastes of the siren and the need  
 of restitution. His document revealed  
 far more than its meager words set  
 down.

"I can't go to prison. I'd lose Miladi.  
 I'd die of shame if the folks back home  
 ever found out that I'm a thief. I can't  
 see how to pay back that thousand dol-  
 lars, but I must, and right away, for the  
 firm is bound to find out that it's gone.  
 My day of reckoning is near and I don't  
 know how to meet it. Do you?"

Between the lines of a ten-page letter  
 which repeated over and over again in  
 varying keys what I have transcribed in  
 a paragraph, the boy was revealed as  
 proud, ashamed, longing for some one to  
 tell him he wasn't actually a criminal,  
 frightened of life itself, tenacious of his  
 gnawing fox—a small-town Samson  
 shorn by a city-spewed Delilah.

The little "box" in the daily column  
 asked X. Y. Z. to communicate with me  
 at once. He sent a sheet of paper giving  
 a room-number in a cheap hotel and the  
 information that he would call for the  
 next two mornings seeking a letter in his  
 box. "But don't try to see me. I won't  
 face anyone who knows. You can't help  
 me by trying to force yourself on me,"  
 he concluded.



A letter went off special delivery to X. Y. Z.'s furtive address. I might have broken the law of anonymity which then shrouded my work; but I was not sufficiently schooled in reading between the lines to know that what I must do was break the law that half-mad boy had set down because he was afraid of everything save what he should most have feared.

The letter offered a solution worked out with those who stand ready to make a newspaper column a real rod and staff to comfort them whose needs can be materially met. We would pay off his debt to his firm. We would sponsor X. Y. Z. and his future honesty. If he dreaded the moment of revelation to his firm, I would make his confession for him, make it in terms of my faith that he had learned how to walk by stumbling and picking himself up again. He could name his own terms and time for repaying our loan. Hard work and fine things lay ahead and they would fill his life until he found real love—a star flower, not a dust flower. We were his friends because we too had known loneliness, the difficulty of getting your bearings in a big city, and because we felt sure his fine future was his to make.

A few days later one of our reporters laid upon my desk a soggy blue, special-delivery-stamped envelope with my initials in the corner. It was addressed to X. Y. Z. at his obscure hotel.

"Harry! You didn't—" I gasped, scenting a hoax which would send the whole city room tintinnabulating.

"I was sent for," said Harry, staring at me somberly. "Bob was my roommate in college, my frat brother. They got me to identify him and send word to his folks down in —. Don't you hear me? I got that letter off Bob's body in the morgue."

With wavering finger I sat tracing my way along the triangle of the envelope's sealed flap. Harry went on droning out his account of the sister who was coming to take Bob's body home and what a ghastly business it was for a fine family.

"I hadn't seen him for months until I saw him—like that," protested Harry. "Guess he was as busy as I am. Work too hard, most likely. Think that was it, brain fag, I mean, or do you know any reason why he should have quit?"

"Did you read my letter?" I temporized, my heart in my throat as I visualized a possible double spread if Harry were steeped in traditions of loyalty to the news rather than to the "fine family" waiting at home for Bob's body.

"It was sealed when I found it. Couldn't bring myself to open a letter Bob hadn't read. But why under the sun was he writing to you? Couldn't he have spilled whatever was on his chest to an old pal?"

"People sometimes write to me for lack of anything better to do," I contrived.

"Sure they do! There couldn't have been anything special on his mind or I would have known of it. The heat or overwork must have got him," said Harry, and went off to find a real story.

But I shall always wonder why "X. Y. Z."—Harry's Bob—did not read that special delivery letter and whether he would have found in it a glimmer of the light he had lost. Perhaps he had read between the lines of fate's decree that he must give up his expensive lady and found it easier to give up life itself. Who knows? For sadly enough there are some who are afraid of everything except death; they choose the grim solution to the problems of which they are weary; lacking the quiet courage to fight back an inch at a time from the abyss to which they have stumbled, they find only the flare of energy to rush on into the unknown.

Impatience, skepticism, a lack of sustained energy with which to plan a campaign and work it out detail by detail and effort by effort, are too often indicated in the letters of those who turn to us of the newspaper columns for the solutions they need to find for themselves if they are to learn how to meet life's next problem. Like children who

ok in the back of the book for the answer to a difficult example in arithmetic, they have not realized that it is only the answer" they find there—not the method of solution. So we who take our work seriously, solemnly even, strive to point toward the choice of paths lying before our correspondents, and to indicate where those paths appear to lead. We know that we are not oracles, not even umpires, but merely referees, so we try not to say, "Go here—or go there." Our mail would be infinitely less, no doubt, were it not for the jerky, staccato tempo of to-day's living. Since our correspondents find so little time or inclination for discovering "durable satisfactions" or for quiet, measured thought, there is seldom a note of peace and serenity in any of our letters. Even when doctors, preachers, lawyers, or teachers write (as often they do) to suggest that our departments should deal with some problem to which their attention has been called, they arraign to-day's lack of moderation immoderately. When flinging jeremiads at the jazz complex, it is easy to fall under the spell of that blaring, jerky, but altogether indignant tempo.

The smooth activity which is life itself, as it goes down dale to plod up hill again, shows now and then in some fragmentary letter from one who has found serenity and longs to show others the way. But to leap from pinnacle to pinnacle or flounder from morass to morass seems to be to-day's concept of pattern. Nor can my correspondents be classified as apart from the normal social group. Their callings and stations in life are so diversified, their number so great, their difficulties so similar to those which beset the people I meet at work or at play, that in reading the numberless letters of the last ten years, I feel I have been given a chance to study a fairly typical cross-section of life. What those letters reveal may well speak for us all; they tell what goes on in the apartment across the hall or the house next door.

The fear of loneliness rather than the

pang of being alone sets men and women searching for the adventure which so often turns out to be drab and dingy when it is not sordid and cruel. The fear of scornful laughter or of puritanical judgment makes them lie and cheat and steal rather than face an honest accounting. The fear of being unpopular, or bored, or seeming different or dull, the fear of failure, of poverty, of age—all these minor fears crack the whip and drive humanity into the fear of life itself. Afraid of inhibitions and of the primitive self who might dart forth if the barriers were torn down, is it astonishing that indecision rules the ghost-haunted and that bravado masks as courage?

As revealed in my day's mail, those we name "our wild young people" are not so brave as they pretend, nor yet so flaming and insurgent as they are called; rather they are frightened reactionaries impelled by fear of the "chaos and old night" in which they saw the previous generation stumbling about. That older generation reveals a fear of the ghosts it has been unable to lay and a terror of the unknown, transcending the accustomed fear of penalties and shackles. So it cries out to each young Columbus that the world is probably flat after all and that it is not well to adventure beyond the frontiers of the explored. As long as age and youth do not speak the same tongue, nor see from the same angle, they will doubt each other, and so evoke misunderstanding with all its train of fears.

Afraid to seek new standards, to appraise untried values, or to explore our own mental labyrinths, we refuse to discover the truth that would set us free. This lack brings hypocrisy to add to the confusion; for those who cannot bear pain in the hope of growing through enduring, are afraid also to inflict it honestly. So fetishes and lies enmesh bemused humanity. Who fears to look Medusa's head squarely between the eyes cannot see that it is no more terrifying than poor Yorick's skull. Yet how many of us face facts?

But in spite of these revelations of my



*Tragédie Humaine*, I am not worried over humanity—only concerned! Ten years ago a brilliant, kindly woman writer said to the Girl Reporter I was then:

"Don't be surprised that so many of the little nine-dollar a week shop girls go wrong. (Note—we antedate the Minimum Wage law!) Be surprised that so many of them go right."

So perhaps we humans all do surprisingly well!

Whatever of tragedy and hopelessness my day's mail has been revealing for ten years, it has also revealed so much of love, of gratitude, of generosity, of tenderness, of eager groping, of fine ambition, of fierce yearning to do right, and of glorious power to "come back" from degradation and crime, that the bitterest misanthrope would find himself awed and humble if he could be permitted to read those human documents. The longer I pour over my letters the more I believe in humanity—its basic honesty, courage, fineness, and nobility; but I do not believe in the mist of lies with which we have let our fears veil our potentiality—our reality. "Our common problem—yours, mine, everyone's" has been voiced so simply and completely by Arthur Christopher Benson that I have come to feel almost as if his words are my thoughts made vocal when he says:

There is one step of supreme importance from which a man must not shrink, however difficult it may seem to be; and that is to search and probe the depths of his own soul

that he may find out what it is that he really and deeply and wholeheartedly and instinctively loves and admires and desires. . . . There is always a direct and inner revelation from God to every individual soul; as strange as it may appear, this is not always easy to discern because of the influences, the ideas, the surroundings that have been ways at work upon us, molding us, for good or for evil from our earliest days. We have been told that we ought to admire this and desire that, until very often our own inspiration, our true life, has been clumsily obscured

Because men shrink from the task of probing their own souls, because they even fear it, columns like mine have their place in the house of life. All the "first-aid bureaus" are built on certain simple facts. Folks are folks; they emerge gently and cloudily from their own generalities; their revelation is meagre background. No social-service work can afford to be literal-minded; every social-service worker must be impelled by the love that is the fulfilling of the law. If we of the newspaper column help in some small degree to discover that "true life" so obscured by living, have we not eluded the fakir heritage of Delphi and worked our way into the social-service class?

So as I try to discover the real man between the lines of my letters, I have come to believe that behind the several veils of silence and mystery with which we veil ourselves, lies the true humanity the humanity we must all strive lovingly to free—man in the image and likeness of his Maker.

# The Eliots' Katy

BY MARGARET DELAND

## PART II

### CHAPTER IV

OLD Van Horn's small gift to Katy went right into the bank for Lissy's "learning." By and by her father's purpose fired the child's own ambition, and she really did very well in her public school; in a surprisingly short time she was able to write: "*Deer mamma I am in Clas 2 It rained Sunday I have a new hat With lov Lissy Ruth.*"

Katy could not read these letters, but her lady had read them to her, and put them away in an old cigar box, and every Sunday afternoon pored over them, picking out a word here and there; "aint it woonderful a little thing like 'an write?" she used to say, proudly. Katy's monthly reports went into the cigar box, too; Mrs. Jones sent them, and she was as ambitious for the child as Katy herself; and she did her best to counteract Katy's unfashionableness by inculcating many things to which Lissy's mother was quite indifferent.

"But I won't let her get vain," Mary Jones promised: "I've got her learned to po'try my mother learned me, and make 'er say it whenever she puts on her best dress:

'What, looking in the glass again?  
Why is my silly child so vain?  
Does she think herself as fair  
As the gentle lilies air?'

"at," said good Mrs. Jones, "will keep her from vanity. But honest, Katy, between you and me, she *is* pretty!" She really wasn't—*very*; she had sunken and hazel eyes, like Katy's, but they

were sad, not merry; and she had the same burnished brown hair; but instead of Katy's fresh, rosy plumpness, Clarissa was thin, and rather badly freckled. However, it was a good little face, and the Eliots liked her—for Ruth carried out her plan of inviting the girl to visit her mother, so they had a chance to observe, not only her looks, but her personality.

"Nice little thing," James Eliot said; "and I rather think a good mind."

"Yes; but I wish she was more demonstrative to Katy," his wife said.

"Katy is practically a stranger!" her husband reminded her.

Certainly "demonstrativeness" was all on Katy's side! While Lissy was still a child, and Mrs. Jones, in the summer vacation, sent her down to Old Chester, all spick and span, and very conscious of her "best clothes," Katy, running from the kitchen to meet the stage, hugged her almost to death the minute she arrived, and Lissy, smothered in those big arms which trembled with love, looked frightened. During the two weeks of her visit she played with Marion, was taken into Professor Eliot's study to "look at Miss Myggie's picture;" ate in the kitchen, shared her mother's room, was very polite to Katy—and somewhat afraid of her. However, except for this childish shrinking from a stranger's affection, the yearly fortnight was a happy experience to little Lissy, and the whole situation was simple enough. It was still simple even when she was fourteen, and Ruth Eliot said to her husband, "She says she wants to be a school teacher. That will mean she can support Katy in her old



age—but Katy never thinks of *that*! Do try and get her into the Academy, Jim, as a working student."

He tried, reluctantly; and succeeded, with misgivings. "Do you think she'll really be any happier when she's crossed the *pons asinorum*?" he asked his wife. "That's a fine thing for a school master to say!" she retorted. But he only said dryly, "Perhaps it's because I'm a school master that I say it." However, as a result of his efforts Lissy, at fifteen, went to boarding school—and simplicity vanished! At first, school life was all an eager happiness to her. The Academy was, she said, "grand! Swell," she told Mrs. Jones, describing the pleasant dignities of the dining room; indeed, her appreciation of certain decorums made Jim Eliot say, "She takes to finger bowls like a duck to water!" And just in proportion as she "took to finger bowls," life ceased to be simple to her—for she remembered the Eliot kitchen! As she grew in self-consciousness she shrank from the Old Chester pupils—though it is to be said for us (little snobs as we were!—as all girls are;) that that kitchen made no difference to us; we loved Katy too much to think about her personal habits—except Lucy Hayes! She was witty about Katy's shining shawled head; but Lucy would have made fun of the Angel Gabriel! By the end of the first term Lissy was sophisticated—and ashamed. Professor Eliot felt the unhappiness of this before his wife did; and when, in midsummer, the child came to make that customary visit, "Will she eat with us," he said, "or with the pelican?"

"Katy will decide that," Ruth said, courageously. She really wasn't very courageous, but she spoke to Katy in the most matter-of-fact way: "Clarissa will come into the dining room with Marion, Katy."

Katy gave her an amazed look. "*Lissy*? set down along with the master?"

"But, Katy, she and Marion are school mates, and—"

"No, mum. Thank you kindly. Lissy must keep 'er place."

Lissy, listening, looked at her mother and turned very red. . . . It was August and hot. The stage had arrived at the end of time, and Katy, crimson and perspiring, hurrying to get her kitchen to right for her beloved guest, heard the whir and, dropping her scrubbing brush, ran out to the gate; even before Lissy could step down from the stage, Katy caught her in her arms—straining her to her breast, and kissing her loudly. In the house, she put her big hand, smelling of soapsuds and the scrubbing bucket, to the child's hair—the only very pretty thing about Clarissa—and said, "love, you do look fine!" Tears stood in her eyes.

It was then that Ruth came out to the kitchen to greet the visitor; and when she made that suggestion about the dining room, and saw the tremor that ran through the girl at Katy's honest civility, she suffered—for the lark, not the pelican! The pelican did not need sympathy; she was one broad smile and happiness.

During that uncomfortable fortnight Mrs. Eliot took pains to talk to the silent child—about the weather, or the garden, or her clothes; and Lissy, with that simpering smile which Mrs. Jones had taught her was polite, said, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am." Professor Eliot went out to the kitchen several times, and was jocose as to Latin and algebra, and Lissy smiled—more easily—and said, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." Marion, egged on by her mother, said, "Come on, Clarissa! Lucy Hayes is here, and we'll play croquet;" and Lissy, not smiling at all, said curtly, "I don't want to." So it was that she sat alone in the spotlessly clean kitchen; saw Katy eat, with gross enjoyment, food piled on the blade of her knife, wince when she found her mother's arms suddenly about her, and turned her face away and shut her eyes under quick smacking kisses. . . . It was at the end of the third day that she said, "It's awfu

it with your knife." Her little thin twitched with disgust.

Oh, I can't take time to fuss things o a fork," Katy explained, good redly; and added, with her big, y laugh, "an' what's a fork, any- but a knife split up?" Yet, proud her girl should be so "fashionable," did essay a three-pronged fork, guffing loudly at its futility in regard to

was a week later that Lissy sud- y burst out: "Why don't you wear s?" Then, in a broken, panting th, "I want to go home." er mother, taking up the ashes from range, looked around at her, open thed; "What's that?" Clarissa was it. Katy carried her ashes out to the el, and came back, beating her dusty

hands together; she was bewildered. "Don't you like bein' with momma?"

Lissy said, in a strangled whisper, "I don't like it . . . here."

"Don't like it? 'ere?" Katy's rosy face puckered with her effort to understand. "What do yer want? Visitin' your momma in a fine 'ouse, an' eatin' all the food you can cram into your belly—an' the best of food, too, for I cook it meself!"

Clarissa didn't say what she "wanted"; she just ran upstairs to her mother's room and locked herself in. Alone, she sobbed furiously for a minute; then went over to the window and knelt down, her elbows on the sill, her quivering chin propped on her clenched hands. "I'll never come here again! I'll work in Mercer next summer, so I won't have to



A GLISTERING WHITE CLOUD LIFTED LIKE A DOME



come. Maybe I can get a place in Dunbar's store." Out on the lawn she could see Marion and Lucy Hayes, playing a game of croquet which she had declined to join. "If Lucy sees mamma's feet, I'll die!" She dropped her face on her arms, and trembled . . . She was only sixteen—poor little Lissy! When did sixteen ever see the loveliness of Love? But sixteen (acquainted with finger bowls!) will see the knife blade, and hear the grammar. "People will know she's my mother," the suffering child said.

The sky was deeply blue; in the west, behind the green shoulder of the hill, a glistening white cloud was piled like a great dome; below her window was the rosy fragrance of some late-blossoming shrub. Lissy, lifting her tear-stained face, looked out of the window, and for an instant Beauty made her forget the scorch of mortification in her little breast. "It's pretty!" she said. Then she heard the voices of the two girls, and set her teeth. "After I graduate at the Academy I'll go to that State Normal School Marion is going to. I'll be a lady. I'll be a school teacher. And I'll say mamma isn't my—" She paused. The only thing that Katy had really instilled into her child was truthfulness. Clarissa was afraid to lie. "I'll say she took care of me when I was little. *That's* true. Then people will think she stole me. Well, maybe she did? I'm not like her. Except my hair. I'll—I'll cut it off! I'll say I was named for a great English lady; that's true, too. Perhaps I'm a relation of hers? Oh, why doesn't mamma wear shoes?"

When she came down stairs that night for her supper she was sullen with pain, but Katy, disturbed at that outburst of discontent, was overwhelmingly tender, and loaded her plate with an incredible and revolting abundance of food; after supper, still conscious of the child's inarticulate pain, she put her arms around her, saying, "What ails you, lovey dear? Tell mamma! Mamma'll make everything right fer ye. Do you want a finger ring, maybe? Girls is that way! I'll

buy ye one fer—fer a dollar!" But Lissy turned her shrinking face away.

It was after this visit that James Eliot said to his wife, "Ruth, it's a tragedy. Those confounded finger bowls have into Lissy's blood, and she looks down on Katy; a pigmy, contemptuous Antæus! But all the same, the pigmy has more brains in its little finger than Katy has in her whole body. Did you ever hear that 'the generation which is wiser than its predecessor, is weaker'?"

"Horrid idea!" said Ruth.

"Well, when I'm President," said Professor Eliot, "I shall make Congress pass a law that children shan't know more than their parents; they shan't have finger bowls, so to speak—*unless* their fathers and mothers do! I told Doc Lavendar so, and he said that would keep Marion down on our level. I admitted that's she was beginning to be mortified at my old-fashioned ways; I asked me yesterday why I didn't wear a standing collar. And I bet she thinks your voice is too loud."

"Nonsense!" said Ruth.

"Marion!" her father called into the dining room, where Marion was studying, "don't you think mamma talks rather loudly?"

Marion, in an embarrassed voice, called back, "We-ell—"

Jim Eliot shouted with laughter. "There! What did I tell you? Every child criticizes its parents, and disproves of them. Otherwise there would be no 'progress' in the world! So you want 'progress'—"

But his Ruth only said again, "Nonsense!"

## CHAPTER V

The experience of that visit left a scar on Lissy's mind. Just in proportion to "finger bowls," so to speak, became part of her life, she brooded over her mother's habits. When her second summer vacation came she held to her purpose of working in a shop in Mercerville. She really wanted to earn money and pay her own board, but—"anything





THEY WAITED AT THE GATE FOR THE STAGE

ep from going into that awful kitchen!" e said to herself. Katy, listening to rs. Eliot reading the letter in which arissa announced her determination to work this summer at Dunbar's dry oods store," was proud of her purpose, at anxious about her health: "I anted to fat 'er up, mum," said Katy; 'I've money enough to pay 'er board Mary Jones!"

"She can come down for Sunday now ad then," Mrs. Eliot said, kindly; that will do her good;" and Katy eamed. It was when the first Sunday sit was imminent that she made an ger offering of love to her girl. . . . Lissy's question: "Why don't you wear oes?" had not been answered by the tort, "I don't, because I have to buy oes for *you*!" Even to herself, our ear Katy could not say a thing like at. But, nevertheless, as she thought over in her slow way, the question ouble her. "Well, next time she

comes," she reflected, looking at her bare feet, "I'll put on me shoes." But before she came (cringing—poor Lissy! —from the prospect of even two days with her mother) Katy had an inspiration; her big, clumsy shoes were not like those her darling wore; she would buy a pair of buttoned boots—"like Lissy's!" Tight, pointed toed, high heeled. It was a spiritual pinnacle. So when her girl arrived, there she was, hobbling about, groaning sometimes under her breath, but enduring the pain of being in the "fashion" with the gay gallantry of Love.

"Miss Myggie'd be laughin' at me, wouldn't she, mum?" she said to little Maggie's mother; "she was the sensiblest child!" Then she laughed loudly herself; "well, serves me right; shoes like that is foolishness!" She said this because she had just had an ugly fall on the cellar stairs, and Ruth had run to help her get on her feet; "I caught me



'eel on the step; but Lissy likes 'eels!" Her sweet eyes smiled, though she was holding a corner of her apron to her mouth; "I would curse if you weren't here, mum; I've broke me tooth." She spat out some blood, and laughed again; "'tain't anything, but it will look bad."

It did!—but she forgot looks when Lissy came into the kitchen. "Momma's in style," she told the girl, triumphantly, holding out a large and suffering foot for inspection.

Clarissa said, listlessly, "Yes," then saw, behind the sunshine of Katy's smile, the ugly emptiness of the missing tooth—and frowned; she wouldn't have been young, if she had not given the shrug which Youth affects to show superiority. Marion Eliot, seeing the lifted shoulder, was angry enough to tell her father about it:

"She isn't sweet to Katy! I'll choke her if she's nasty to Katy!"

"My dear," said her father, dryly, "would you be sweet to your mother, if she couldn't read or write—and if everybody in Old Chester knew she couldn't?"

"Of course, I would!" Marion said.

"Well," Professor Eliot said, "perhaps you would. Youth is very noble now-a-days. But, personally, I don't like to think of the strain upon my own filial piety if, in my college days, I had seen my beloved mother eat with her knife."

"But, Jim," Ruth remonstrated, "think what Katy has done for that girl!"

Her husband looked at her, amused but hopeless. Apparently his Ruth could not understand that nobody loves because love is appropriate. As for Youth, it loves (when it does; which is not often!) only because its pretty, pitiful foolishness is met by understanding and respect. Youth would not be Youth if it knew gratitude; and, of course, it never thinks of bloody feathers plucked from a pelican's brave breast; or of passionate feet hurrying over a frozen road; or of service rendered by rough hands with blackened nails. But a knife blade

between kind lips will stab the love of a sophisticated Youth, almost to death. . . . "It's irrational to expect Lissy to love Katy," James Eliot said; "but she doesn't admire her, she ought to be choked—as Marion suggests."

With a view to encouraging admiration, or at least of lessening Lissy's obvious disrespect, Ruth Eliot tried to make Katy look a little less what she was: a peasant! strong and sound and unself-conscious as a tree. To that end she openly begged: "Mrs. McGrath is sending her daughter through the Academy, but it means such rigid economy for her that I am trying to get some discarded clothes for Katy herself," Ruth would say. "I can't give her mine—wear them to rags!" she explained, laughing. She was able, in this way, to get several "discarded" things, which made Katy's wardrobe truly terrible. Once she secured a bonnet—which saved buying a new shawl for Katy's bunched brown head. But there was a grave moment when the bonnet arrived because Ruth, rather pleased with her achievement, happened to repeat what she had said of "Mrs. McGrath's needs. Katy, standing before the mirror trying the bonnet on, turned and looked at her lady with startled eyes. "But h'ain't 'Mrs.,' mum!"

"Katy, dear, that doesn't make any difference."

Clarissa's mother stared, open-mouthed. "But, Mrs. Eliot! Don't you know you mustn't tell wrong stories? Why, we go to 'ell if we do that! Me lady at 'ome told me that when I was a little thing. Promise me you won't do it again? Why, love, if you wasn't in heaven, with Miss Myggie, I wouldn't want to go there myself!"

The quick tears stood in Ruth Eliot's eyes; she had nothing to say. What could she venture to instruct such tenderness? Katy's Calvinistic God might be a devil (to the Unitarian Eliots), but such as He was, He had made Katy McGrath, who never forgot the little dead



ild of another woman. Ruth could ly say, humbly, "I won't say it again, ty, dear. It's no matter about the Mrs.'"

"Of course it h'ain't," said Katy, eerfully; don't give *that* a thought, um. But—you won't be tellin' wrong ories any more—if I may make bold say so, me love?" Then she surveyed rself and her bonnet in the mirror; t's plain like, mum, h'ain't it?" (It is, Ruth having surreptitiously reoved some inappropriate flowers!) I'm thinkin' Lissy'd like it better with plume? She's so stylish—is Lissy! ut never mind!" she added, quickly, arful that she had seemed ungrateful; I'll wear it as it is; and maybe, some y, I'll buy a plume;—but me shawl ore comfortable!" she insisted, with r rosy smile that showed the sacrifice a tooth for Love.

So this was how things stood the June at Lissy, eighteen years old, and look- g forward to the State Normal School the fall, graduated from the Academy. was a great occasion. Katy was to go o the Commencement exercises, and see e crowning of her toiling years. She nd Professor and Mrs. Eliot (Marion as graduating too, so the whole family

had to be on hand!) were to take the morning stage for Upper Chester. For months Katy had planned for the Day. "I'll wear that bunnit," she told Ruth; "Lissy don't like me shawl. Girls is that way; silly!—except Miss Myggie. Do you mind the night she pinned me shawl over 'er 'ead, just to tease me?" Then she looked at Ruth: "Smile for 'er, lovey!" she said, with kind command; "but I *won't* put them strings over me ears! It h'ain't sensible; what would I be coverin' up me ears fer, when I want to 'ear every word any of the big bugs says to Lissy? I'll put 'em be'ind me ears." She faced, too, the ordeal of the buttoned boots; they had been worn only on rare and suffering occasions, so they were still shiny and squeaked loudly. The question of her dress had worried her, "fer I can't get me a new one, with Lissy's white frock to buy— an' ribbons fer it, and 'er clothes for next winter to get," she confided to Ruth, who, in a burst of sympathy (which she afterwards regretted) begged a dress for her—a worn black silk with green satin stripes. When Katy, beam- ing, tried it on, Ruth—seeing what she had done—was in despair. "Oh," she thought, "why *did* I do it?"



THE GIRLS, LIKE A FLOCK OF PIGEONS, WENT FLUTTERING ABOUT



She said something like this to her husband, while they waited at the gate for the stage, and Katy, who had grown rather fat in the last few years, came teetering down the path in her sad shoes, to stand respectfully behind them, her face shining with soap and happiness. Katy, at forty-two, was really very pretty; not even her "fashionable" clothes could dim the brightness of that English complexion, and the shine of the laughing hazel eyes, and the gleam of the burnished hair. But Ruth, turning to smile at her, said, under her breath, "Oh, good *heavens!*" for, without taking her lady into her confidence, Katy, to honor Lissy, had bought in the village the plume for which she secretly longed, and added it—a pert purple cheapness—to the sober bonnet, the strings of which pushed her ears forward in a truly "sensible" way. As a further adornment, the old gilt locket with Lissy's picture in it, had been pulled from the warm shelter of her heart, and was displayed, on a new shoe string, upon her breast; and she had pinned up the silk skirt in scallops all round the hem—the ugly fashion of a few years before. Ruth, seeing these indignities to simplicity, was ready to cry. "Where *did* she get that feather?" poor Ruth thought; "she would have been sweet in her new calico and her little shawl!"

Professor Eliot, putting on his glasses and looking down the road so that he need not look at Katy, said, "It is ridiculous, dear, but sublime! But—poor Lissy!"

Katy, thinking he was concerned at the lateness of the stage, said reassuringly, "It'll be comin' in a minute, sir. An' Lissy 'll be at the door lookin' for us!" My, h'aint it 'ot!"

When the coach arrived, and they went jogging along the dusty road in the blazing sunshine, to Upper Chester, Katy, on the front seat, tried to conceal her own fear that they might be late. "Lissy may think I h'ain't comin'," she said anxiously to Silas, who had driven our stage for fifty years; "she'll be

worryin'! Can't you 'urry them 'orses No—don't whip 'em! That would be cruel."

They were not late, although Mary Jones had arrived from Mercer before them—in her best dress, all ruffles, ribbons, bustle, and in black kid gloves which, before the day was done, would whiten in the palms, split across the backs of her perspiring hands! also, she had a pink fan, with mother-of-pearl sticks, which she used incessantly—sometimes with fashionable languor, sometimes with agitated swiftness. She was waiting for Lissy's mother at the entrance of the Academy. "Me God!" said Katy, looking at her with awed eyes "h'ain't you stylish!" Mrs. Jones was as excited as Katy herself. "I thought Lissy'd be at the gate to meet us," she said, "but she ain't. I guess she's at her books. . . . Katy, ain't you got any kid gloves? An' say, I d'know as I like that skirt on you? Ain't you kind of fleshy for it?"

Katy had a moment of dismay, but forgot it when she and Mary Jones walked up the aisle of the chapel with Mrs. Eliot. During the exercises, when Lissy read her essay on "The Future," Ruth caught the big, faithful hand and squeezed it, and whispered, "Katy dear, she's wonderful!"

"Yes!" Katy whispered back; "oh, Mrs. Eliot, 'ow learn'd she is—I can't understand a word she says. Think of them little letters she used to send me—and now, why, it's like she was readin' a newspaper! Oh, Mary Jones, don't I wish me lady could know she's named after 'er! It would be a proud day for me lady!" Katy wept. And while she wept, Professor Eliot, on the platform watching Lissy—thin, sad, intelligent—coming up for her diploma in the white dress Katy had managed, somehow, to buy for her, said to himself, "Yes; 'learnéd enough to roast an egg,' I've no doubt!" But a minute later, he added, "Poor child!—poor child!"

Afterward, when the girls, like a flock of pigeons, went fluttering about, talk-

to proud parents, Lissy, very pale, to speak to Mrs. Eliot, then turned over mother, put out her hand, and said, "How do you—" But Katy's eyes were about her, and the "do" was gathered against her bosom. "Lovey dear—lovey dear!"

"Oh—" Clarissa said, in an agonized whisper, "*don't*." She pushed the encircling arms aside, and ran, panting, across the lawn to join some of the other girls, one of whom (of course she wasn't an Old Chester girl, or she wouldn't have asked the question) said, "Who's your friend with the purple father, Clary?"

"That's Mrs. Jones," Lissy said, faintly; "she—she was my nurse."

"No, I meant the fat one, who wept over you—*did* you see her 'diamond' eket?—on a shoe string!"

There was a second's pause—then Lissy said, "She's a—friend of Mrs. Jones."

Marion, hearing this truthful lie, gave her one look; then turned on her heel and darted back to Katy, standing in the throng with Mrs. Jones, in all the conscious isolation of her personality. Mary Jones was not unconscious of the isolation; fanning herself violently, she welcomed Marion with the angry and mincing effusiveness of one who wants attention; but Marion didn't notice her. She put an arm around Katy, and said hotly, "Come! We'll go and speak to Lissy!"

But Katy shook her head. "No, no! He's with the big bugs. Ladies and gentlemen. I wouldn't be mixin' in, me dear. An' I can't walk; me shoes is blin' me. Mrs. Jones and me just like to look at 'er. Say, now, Mary Jones, ain't it woonderful?"

"Yes," Mrs. Jones said, anxiously; but she hadn't ought to have two-buttoned gloves. The other girls has got three-buttoned; suppose they *did* cost fifty cents more! Either you or me would 'a give it to her! Say, Katy, let's go over and talk to her?"

But Katy had no desire to talk to

Lissy; "I know me place," she said, simply. Lissy must have known her "place," too, for she did not leave the "ladies and gentlemen" until the exercises were over and the stage was waiting; then she sought Katy out, and said, briefly, "Oh, are you going? Good-by."

In the stage, on the way home with the Eliots, Katy was very silent. "She didn't like me skirt," she was thinking. She was not in the least hurt; she was only sorry to have disappointed Lissy. "Maybe it wasn't fashionable enough. I'm glad I didn't walk around with 'er. She'd a' been uneasy about it. Girls is that way." Then, furtively in the darkness of the stage, she took off her shoes, and sighed with relief.

The Eliots had their opinion of Lissy's behavior, but they could not express it in the stage; in Professor Eliot's study, however, Marion burst out: "Mother! She *denied* Katy!"

"Well," Jim Eliot said, sadly, "I've been afraid for a good while that before we saw the end of this business, we would hear the cock crow twice."

"She thinks that vulgar Jones woman is better than Katy!" Marion said.

"Katy is certainly not 'vulgar,'" her father agreed. "Vulgarity is pretense, and Katy is as incapable of pretense as a cow! However, I suppose, Marion, that when you graduate, at the State Normal, and mamma and I come to Commencement, and I am in shirt sleeves and suspenders, and mamma has a purple feather in her 'bunnit,' you'll yearn to introduce us to your Class?" But when he and his wife were alone, he sighed: "Ruth, if Lissy had been left in Mrs. Jones's social circle this kind of thing wouldn't have happened. I have uncomfortable moments of wishing I had never put my finger into the pie!"

It was not only Katy and the Eliots who reflected upon Lissy's behavior: going back to Mercer after the festivities, Mary Jones had something to say about it: "I don't think much of that Eliot



girl's clothes; but your momma's clothes is something dreadful! That purple feather was pointin' every which way! I don't wonder you kep' away from her! I didn't like to be seen with her myself. I kep' sayin' to her, 'Keep your nose in the air! You're as good as they are!' An' what do you suppose she said? 'No, I ain't,' she says. An' the way she acts! No lady'd do it. When they give us our tea they didn't give Katy a spoon, an' if you'll believe me, she just put her finger in the cup and stirred it up!"

Lissy gasped.

"*Can't* you make 'er more of a lady?" Mrs. Jones said, in such friendly despair that she forgot her acquired h's—"I like your mother, Lissy. Mercy me! I've known 'er ever since we was girls at 'ome—though 'course she wasn't in my walk of life—*my* father was a bricklayer. But I knowed 'er, and was kind to 'er; but honest, Lissy, I declare I wouldn't like to walk the street with 'er! If she's goin' to look the way she does, she'd

better 'ave stayed at 'ome in England and not 'ave tried to better 'erself on 'ere."

There was another comment up what Lissy had done—her own. Also that night, in her little closet of a room in Mary Jones's hot tenement, smothering her thin, flushed face in her pillow, Lissy summed up the day: "What could I do? The girls would have known she was my mother. . . . If they'd heard Mrs. Jones's grammar, they would just have thought, 'Oh, she was Clara's nurse.' But momma—" After a while, exhausted with crying, she said to herself, "some day I'll pay her back all the money she's spent on me."

"Pay back!" Well, perhaps physical coarseness in one generation is transmitted to spiritual coarseness in the next generation; but, as Professor Eliot once remarked, "If I had to choose, I know which kind I'd rather live with!"



ON THE KITCHEN STEPS KATY WATCHED FOR HER ARRIVAL

## CHAPTER VI

That summer Clarissa's Old Chester visitation," as Ruth Eliot called it, was a climax of misery for everybody at Katy. It began badly. . . . In those days shops did not give vacations, and Lissy, who had a summer job as book-keeper at Dunbar's "Grand Dry Goods Emporium" in Mercer, could, to her great satisfaction, spend only one Sunday with her mother. She came on Saturday afternoon, and in the stage with her was a gentleman, and a rather pretty lady, who were coming, as Clarissa realized when she heard the directions from the stage driver, to the Eliots. But when old Silas called out, "Your jump-off place, Mister," and added, "Hey, Lissy, you gettin' out, ain't you?" Clarissa said, "No, I—I'm going into Old Chester." Behind the welcoming Eliots at the gate, she had caught sight of her mother, standing on the kitchen doorstep at the back of the house, bareheaded and handsome, and laughing with joy. "Oh," she said to herself, "they could see her hug me! I won't get out." The stage trundled on, and Katy, re-creating to her kitchen, said, disconsolately to Marion, who had come to speak to her on some domestic matter, "She h'ain't come."

"Oh, yes! She was in the stage," Marion said; "but she went on into Old Chester. Perhaps she wanted to see some one."

Katy instantly cheered up, and when her darling, in the August dusk, slipped artfully into the kitchen, she was so happy that she never asked why she had come into the village. "We 'ave grand New York company," Katy said, her eyes caressing the silent girl; "a lady and gentleman's come fer Sunday; you can get a peek at 'em when I go into the lining room with the peaches."

"They were in the stage," Clarissa said, briefly; "I don't care to look at 'em."

This was the cold beginning of poor Lissy's visit. The next unfortunate

thing was all Marion's fault. She told her father about it afterward, with contrition. "I got Lissy into the mess," Marion confessed. It seems that, like most Old Chester households, the ladies of the Eliot family went, after dinner on Sunday, to lie down and read (it was understood) *religious* books—as long as they could keep awake! But this customary pious somnolence never appealed to Marion, so she sat by her window with a novel. Well, looking up from her book, she caught a glimpse down the road of that awful little Lucy Hayes, who was evidently coming to call; none of us Old Chester girls really liked Lucy—she was so flirtatious, and so much better looking than the rest of us. "And she is a horrid fibber," Marion explained to her father. "I saw her coming, and I ran out into the hall and called down the back stairs to Lissy (I knew that for once she was in the kitchen with Katy), and I said, 'Oh, Lissy, be an angel, and tell Lucy Hayes I'm 'not at home!'"

"My dear, I'm afraid you're a 'reg'lar New Yorker,' like your mother," Jim Eliot said, chuckling; and certainly this social phrase had never been heard in Old Chester! (I always thought Marion Eliot, who had visited her mother's relations in New York, was putting on airs when she used it.)

"Well, anyway," Marion went on, "Lissy said she would; and she went to the front door and got rid of Lucy—which was all I wanted; but, oh father, Katy heard her, and she was perfectly *awful!*" Marion said soberly.

"Well?" said Professor Eliot.

"She just flew at Lissy for telling a lie; and she said, 'do you want to go to 'ell?—and me workin' me fingers off to get you learned?' Lissy just curled up! Oh, father, poor Lissy! Generally she makes me furious, because she sort of looks down on Katy; but now I'm sorry for her."

"I've always been sorry for her," James Eliot said; "but it strikes me, Marion, that *you*—"



"Oh, yes; of course; I was the one to go to hell. So I rushed down stairs and said it was my fib, not Lissy's."

"And then?"

"Well, Katy was very stern with me, too. She said it was crool to send that nice young lady away, coming so friendly all this distance this hot day to visit me. And then she said the same old thing, that if you told a lie you wouldn't get into heaven, and you stayed outside, in 'ell, with 'barkin' dogs.' Oh, how that used to scare Maggie and me! Of course I tried to explain to her just what 'not at home' meant," Marion said, looking very worldly; "but she couldn't possibly understand. As for Lissy, she was just *killed* with shame! She said, 'Oh, the company will hear you! *Don't!*' I must say I was afraid they would myself; Katy's voice was—was perfectly dreadful! And she said 'damn.'"

"Well," Jim Eliot said, "I believe the word is not unknown in New York. And, Marion, if your mother saw you on the edge of what she believed to be a precipice, even if it wasn't, wouldn't her voice be somewhat raucous in telling you to step back? And I'm sure I'd say 'damn!'"

Marion laughed, then sighed. "Dear old Katy! But I *am* sorry for Lissy."

Perhaps because Lissy felt the unspoken sympathy, she suffered less from this experience than Marion supposed. Her thin, sensitive young face had blazed with mortification under what she called to herself the "tongue lashing," but she felt that at least Marion saw that she, Lissy, was not vulgar! She felt sick when the outburst was over, and went upstairs to lie on her mother's bed, and count the hours until she could start for Mercer, and the shop, and Mrs. Jones—who, in spite of her grammar, at least knew how to eat, and dress, and was, in fact, "refined." When she came silently down to supper, Katy was all tenderness again. She had reproved her two beloved girls—Marion was only a little less dear to her than Lissy—and, her duty done, the tempest of wrath

passed, and her smile was perfect sunshine. She made waffles for their supper, and gave Lissy a quarter. "Ah, you'll remember, darlin'," she said, laying her big, loving hand on Clarissa's head, "never, never to tell a wrong story. What would I be doin' if you went to 'ell? Why, I'd 'ave to go, too, to take care of you! Promise me you won't."

Lissy, moving her head away from under the caressing hand, said, briefly, "Yes." She was tingling with disgust and scorn, and would not touch her plate of waffles, soaked with fresh butter, and covered with cinnamon and sugar. Marion, however, came running gayly out to the kitchen after supper, to fling her arms around Katy, and say, "Katy, will you make waffles for me in heaven if I'll promise not to fib any more?"

"Indeed then I will, Miss Marion," Katy said, beaming, and giving her a great, soft hug.

"But I shall leave word with St. Peter that I'm 'not at home' to Lucy Hayes," Marion teased her.

Katy, seeing that a joke was intended, laughed loudly; but Clarissa did not even smile. "Marion loves her," she thought, cynically, "*because she isn't her mother.*" She would have gone upstairs to the refuge of her bedroom, but Katy said, gently, "We'll be goin' to church this evenin', lovey." She had reproved her child; but she was anxious, and her own responsibility weighed upon her. "I believe Mary Jones h'ain't took 'er to church enough. or she wouldn't 'ave told that wrong story. I must tell Mary to get 'er a new 'at, then she'll be teasin' to go every Sunday! Girls is that way. An' Mrs. Eliot must be seen' to Miss Marion. . . . Come on along, lovey," she said.

When, in the quiet dusk, she and her girl started for prayer meeting, Clarissa walked in her usual silence; in the chapel, during the hour on the hard settees, she glanced once or twice at the serene and clumsy Madonna at her side. "That bonnet," she thought, despairingly, "is worse than her shawl!"





THE PRAYER MEETING

his is probably the point where  
 (sy's taste began to awaken.)  
 As they walked home, Clarissa still  
 ent, Katy talked much in honest  
 astfulness of her "savings." A sense  
 money, apart from its uses, had gradu-  
 y developed in her, and she made no  
 ret of her enormous satisfaction in  
 r bank book. "It's getting on to  
 ar hundred dollars!" she said, proudly.  
 Clarissa, listening, gave a little shrug  
 the darkness; four *hundred* dollars?

Why, she knew people in Mercer who  
 had four thousand dollars!

It was then that Katy suddenly  
 changed the subject: "Why did you go  
 into Old Chester last night, dearie? I  
 was waitin' fer you at the kitchen door,  
 an' I was afraid you had got stopped  
 from comin'."

"Oh, I just—thought I would."

"You 'aven't got a feller there, 'ave  
 you?" Katy said, in quick anxiety.

"Of course not!"



"I 'ad to ask you, dear, because you must be careful about the boys," Katy said, gravely; "you're so innocent, lovey, that momma must tell you: 'ave nothing to do with the boys, me dear."

Clarissa was dumb with anger.

"But what did you go fer?" Katy persisted, with cheerful curiosity.

"Well," said Lissy, still stinging from the humiliating admonition, "if you want to know: I didn't care to have those people see me . . . going into the Eliots' kitchen."

Katy stood still in the darkness, and peered at her daughter, open mouthed. "Didn't want our company to see you? An' what business would it be of theirs—them, a visitin' lady and gentleman, an' you comin' to see your momma?"

Clarissa was silent.

"An' where would they find a nicer kitchen than ours? *I'm* not ashamed of it!" Katy said, a little indignation in her voice; "we got a new oily cloth last month."

"It isn't the kitchen," Lissy said. Then she gripped her hands hard together, and the words broke out: "It's—*you*."

Katy said, faintly, "*Me?*"

"You look like—I don't know what!" Lissy said.

Katy was silent.

"Why can't you dress better?" Lissy demanded; "that bonnet is—hideous!" Her voice broke and choked. "Mrs. Jones dresses like a lady; why don't you?"

"Because," Katy said, with dignity, "I h'ain't a lady. An' neither is Mary Jones."

They had begun to walk on now, Lissy a little in advance of her mother. She had not meant to say this; a moment before the words had rushed from her lips, nothing had been further from her mind than to speak the truth. Now, it seemed as if she could not hold the truth back: "Oh, I am ashamed of you! Why do you look the way you do? And you eat so—awfully!" She sobbed aloud.

Again Katy stood still; she even

gasped, and put her hand up to her head; she was a little dizzy. She wanted to speak, to explain, to say that she couldn't have clothes like Mary Jones because Lissy had to go to school. She opened and closed her lips, but no sound came. In her mind she was saying "Ashamed? Why, I bought that plunk fer the bunnit, just to please 'er, and in the fashion!" She swallowed hard. "An' I *do* use me fork—when I think it." Then she called to Lissy, almost out of sight now in the darkness: "Don't be walkin' so fast, dearie. Momma can keep up with yer."

They neither of them spoke until they were at home again. Upstairs in Katy's room they undressed in silence. In bed lying side by side in the dark, the daughter, wide eyed, saw the night through; Katy slept heavily, and snored. But before she slept she felt Lissy's remorseful yet shrinking hand creep about her big, soft neck, and fumble across the old shoe string. "'Night, momma," the girl said; and Katy, turning over, caught her in her arms and kissed her hard, tears of relief gushing over her face. "She didn't mean it!" she told herself; "she h'ain't ashamed of me. She just didn't understand me cloth is the way they is, because I 'ad to go 'er learned. . . . I wonder would she like a gold bracelet? I believe I'll get 'one! Well, I'll 'ave to pay out 'alf a dollar; but if she's got a longin' fer it I'll see she 'as it."

It was after that that she slept in snoring peace. But Lissy lay awake, rigid with misery and disgust. The next morning she ran half way up the back stairs to hide, when she heard "our company" coming out to the kitchen to leave what Jim Eliot always called "the token of esteem" in Katy's cheerful expectant hand. But when the mother arrived for the departure of all the visitors—those of the parlor and kitchen alike!—Katy did not, as usual, go out to the stage with Lissy. She said good-bye in the house, then watched her from the window going down the path. She said

Professor Eliot say something to his  
ests; saw the lady smile and put out  
r hand to Lissy; saw the gentleman  
his hat to her; saw him help her into  
e stage; saw Lissy give a little bow—  
ust like Miss Marion would do! Me  
od,” said Katy, whitening, “*she’s a  
ly.*” . . . She sat down, breathing  
avily.

Later, when Ruth Eliot came out to  
e kitchen for the Monday morning  
unning of food, she found Katy very  
le, and all mixed up about preserving  
ttles, and the amount of sugar for  
ach butter. When, laughing, Mrs.  
iot straightened things out, Katy  
ghed a little, too; but she wiped her  
es.

“Oh, mum,” she said, “I’ll tell you  
at’s the matter with me; it h’ain’t  
at I’ve forgot about the sugar; but it  
st come over me: *Lissy’s a lady.*”  
e spoke with a gasp; the pallor  
her face made it curiously refined,  
en exalted. “Mrs. Eliot, mum, I  
ver dreamed of such a thing! H’ain’t

it woonderful? My Lissy—a lady! Well,  
I’m glad I got money in the bank, and  
can give ’er things proper fer ’er station.  
A bracelet, maybe, an’ a finger ring.  
But, oh, mum, what about me? I  
shame ’er! I must begin right now, and  
eat fashionable. An’ I *ought* to git me  
new bunnit; she thinks mine h’ain’t in  
style; but Mrs. Eliot, mum, I paid fifty  
cents fer that plume! But Lissy said it  
was—I mean, she said it wasn’t—’and-  
some. She felt bad about it. Girls is  
that way. But how can I buy finery  
fer meself, with seventy-five dollars to  
pay out fer her, in September? If I got  
clothes like Mary Jones, to keep Lissy  
from bein’ ashamed of me, what would  
’appen to me savin’s—that’s to put ’er  
through the college?”

“She never would be ashamed of you!”  
Ruth said, indignantly.

Katy looked at her in mild surprise.  
“Why, yes mum; she would—she’s a  
lady. She’d *ought* to be ashamed—else  
she’d know no different ’erself. Don’t  
you see?”

(To be continued)

## Country Girl

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM

**Y**OUR heart contains an ache that strides beyond  
The narrow wooden house in which you live,  
And every dreamless task to which you give  
The freshness of your limbs is but a bond  
Upon the restless slave within your mind.  
You dream of palaces where feelings spend  
Their naked splendor, careless of the end,  
And thoughts peer into men, no longer blind.

And yet the clear, green scene through which you stroll  
May hold a beauty that could purify  
The strivings and complaints within your breast.  
If you could find the white eyes of your soul  
And turn them on the lines of leaf and sky,  
You might discover power long unguessed.



# The Greatest American Artists

BY WALTER PACH

ONE has to reverse a certain popular proverb when one comes to apply it to art, for in this domain familiarity breeds not contempt but admiration and enthusiasm, which grow stronger the more one sees of the great arts, the more one comes to understand them. Everyone has had this experience with his Rembrandt, his Greeks, or whichever of the great arts he has lived with; in the past year I have had the same experience with the ancient art of this continent. For many years, as a result of visits to the Museum of Natural History in New York, the British Museum, the Trocadero and other places, I had thought of the work of the Aztecs, Toltecs and Mayas as something very powerful and pure, and I thought the showing of it in the museums of ethnography and anthropology a grave mistake—I knew that it belonged among the major arts and not among the productions of savages. But it was only after months of study in Mexico, seeing the great collections and monuments there, watching men dig in the ruins of buried cities, and observing how the life of the ancient times is prolonged in the life of to-day, that I realized at once the height to which the art of ancient America had attained and the intimacy of its relationship with the America of to-day.

At first glance it may seem to many readers that there is a lack of relationship between the title of this article and its illustrations; indeed, so settled is our use of the word American for the people and things of the United States, that to speak of the ancient Mexicans as American may need justification at the outset, before coming to the question of their art and its value. It was but yes-

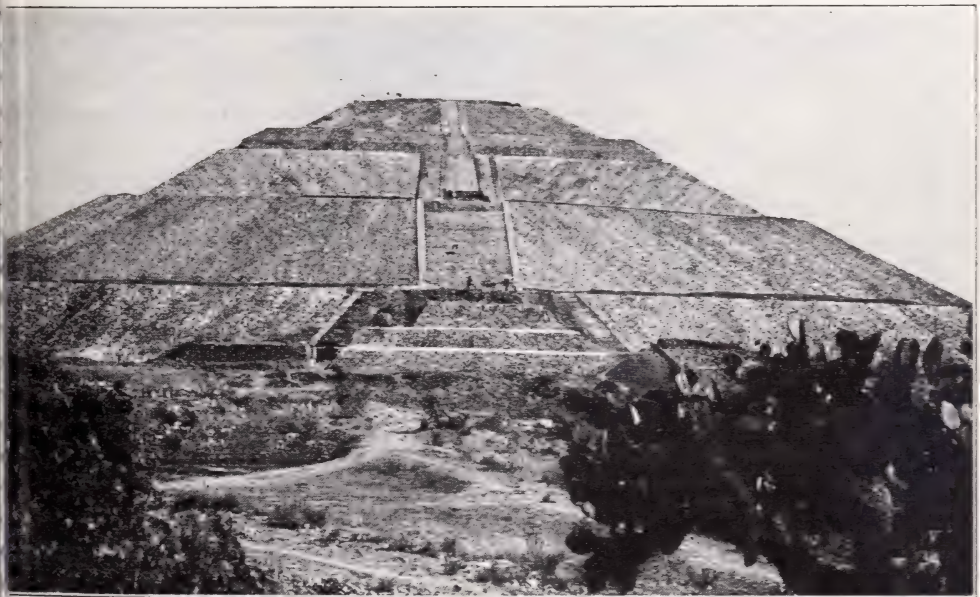
terday, however, that the word Pan American was coined, and the very idea behind it, the essential oneness of interest of the whole Western Hemisphere, will eventually render the term obsolete: we shall come back to the original use of the word American as denoting everything west of the Atlantic and east of the Pacific.

But if we grant the geographical rightness of the word, can we bridge the abyss between the races and see any connection between the ancient inhabitants of the continent and those of to-day? In North America, to be sure there is but little to be said for such an idea, but when we consider our Mexican neighbors—and many of our own citizens in the vast territory we took from Mexico—we have not only the vague matter of soil and climate to unite the history of the continent; there is an inextricable tie of blood which makes the transition from the Mexico of to-day to the Mexico of the Aztecs a far less violent one than it at first appears. Seeing only Mexico City with its European architecture, its churches, shops, trams, etc., a Spanish professor lecturing last summer at the National University of Mexico, speaking his own language to audiences who themselves spoke with almost his own accent, was constantly aware of a different mentality from that which he had known among the students of his native Castille. And this could not be otherwise, for, leaving out of account the generous third of Mexico's population which is pure Indian in blood, the admixture of European elements among the remainder is so diluted, their absorption by the vigorous native stock is, in a

prity of cases, so nearly complete, racially, the Mexican of to-day is closer to the ancient inhabitants of and, whose records reach back for or seven thousand years before the quest, than he is to the people who n to arrive four hundred years ago. eligion, government and language all e down before the onslaught of the iards, who also adopted the most ous measures against the material essions of the inhabitants. Temples e destroyed, statues were broken or ced, and the manuscripts were col- d with ferocious thoroughness and ed in great heaps. But all the fore- and efficiency of the invaders, se genius for conquest and whose less valor make us admire them hile we stand aghast before their ality and greed, all the wisdom of iests and the energy of the soldiers, d to destroy the memories of the past ed away by the millions of ancestral aits buried in the soil of Mexico, by mids which would have resisted all gunpowder brought from Spain, and btlest and surest refuge of all—by instinct of the people, slowly bend-

ing to its will all the ideas and institu- tions brought from abroad.

If you would know the fascination which the old gods have for their people even to this day, go in for a moment, at any time, to the hall of the monoliths, back of the green patio in the National Museum of Mexico. You have just left the great square before the palaces of the government and the grand cathedral with its towers and its dome. Before crossing the square you passed splendid stores with Paris and London fashions only a few weeks old; high-powered automobiles of the latest type fly along,—for the moment you have the illusion that this city is like those of Europe or of the United States. But as you pass the entrance to the palace, adjoining the Museum, you see the proud faces of Indian soldiers, the Yaquis of Sonora, who stand guard over their kinsman, that President of the Republic who is guiding the destinies of Mexico to-day with so firm a hand and so noble a purpose. At once you know that this is not a Europeanized country, and now, as you stand among the statues which incarnate the forces of



THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN, AT TEOTIHUACÁN

It was completely uncovered by the Government after centuries when, like its companion, the Pyramid of the Moon, it was not yet cleared of vegetation, it was almost indistinguishable in size and shape from the neighboring hills.



nature, as the old peoples knew and revered them, you look anew at the people who are studying these works (especially the humbler people, clear-eyed mountaineers who have trudged a long distance to visit this greatest wonder of the capital, or simple market girls who have sat at their stalls since early morning and who drop in for a few minutes at the museum before going home); and you see that these people look at the sculptures with eyes different from those of the foreign or Mexican art students or archaeologists who are working out the significance of the carved stones. The savants work with their brains, tracing clues as they would in any other scientific investigation, the artists are thinking back to Chaldean, Egyptian or Gothic works and seeing that the same well-spring of human instinct has given the same æsthetic results; the Mexican of the people feels within him the stirring of deep memories: his understanding of the old art is not derivative but immediate, and no one can mistake the flash of intelligence that passes from eye to eye as these men and women, usually without exchanging a word, pore over the story of their living past.

The symbol of the country might well be the pyramid, that most unshakable of forms which the ancient Mexicans, like the Egyptians, who are suggested in Mexico again and again, used in every part of their land. Imagine an artificial mountain, a quarter of a mile long on each of its four sides, solidly built of adobe bricks and faced with concrete. It is not a burial place like the Egyptian pyramids—the largest of which is not half as broad at the base as some of the Mexican structures, though of greater height—it is a pedestal lifting up toward the stars the Mexican temple, whose chief function, again, is to permit the study of the stars. Telescopes were unknown, but in each temple a deep well took the place of our more perfect instrument; and night and day, for thousands of years, the priests kept watch from their points of vantage and

wrote down their findings. As we progress in ability to decipher such of the records as have come down to us, profundity of their knowledge becomes more astonishing. The movements of the heavenly bodies had been calculated with an accuracy that included not only the use of leap years but elimination of a day every four hundred years to correct the excessive allowance which we make in giving to every four years an extra period of twenty-five hours. The observation of the *Sol* calendar and the *Venus*-calendar, two principal objects of study, gave rise to theories of number of which we are now learning only the first secrets.

But we know enough to say that among none of the peoples of antiquity did the laws derived from astronomy and mathematics play a greater rôle. The number of steps leading to the temple, its proportions, and the proportions and decorations of the sculpture (which in Mexico is always more closely connected with religion), are symbolic things, exactly determined by priestly calculation. The modern student of æsthetics sees in the shapes employed by the old builders and sculptors a beautiful sense of design, a deep conception of form. The ancient Mexican saw in them a kind of writing in which every detail had the significance which letters and figures have for us. The forked tongue of the serpent, found only on temples or sculptures of the planet Venus, refers to the double appearance of the orb as the star of the evening and of the morning.

On the same temples we find a constant use of forms copied from shells, and so exactly copied that we can say that the animals they represent are to be found only on the western side of Mexico, in the waters of the Pacific. Now the great god Quetzalcóatl, who personified the planet Venus, was lord of the air, and it is his element that we hear resounding in sea-shells when we put them to our ears. Moreover Quetzalcóatl, according to the legend

to Mexico out of Pacific, and so the of that ocean e to his origin as as to his domain. ay, scholars see in zalcóatl an actual image, a Chinese, at some early date to the country taught the people town and useful -like writing and, specially the calendar em, as the story of god records. The stigations which eologists have for s been making and h all point to an tic origin of the ent peoples of -rica, have received oordinary aid from erudition of the sent Minister of na in Mexico who, ough his knowledge ertain ancient Chi- characters, is able firm positively that r appear in the in- otions now being d near the capital xcavations which he ts quite regularly. he story of Quetzal- tl has another inter- for us. When the had finished his k in Mexico proper e central part of the republic) he at southward to Yucatan, where his ship gave rise to many of the great ples of the Mayas. Then Quetzal- tl disappeared into the eastern sea, n as he had come forth from the tern sea. He promised, however, t he would return and that the people ld know him—a man lighter in or than they and possessed of strange s of which he would teach them more



THE CALENDAR STONE

Commemorating the ending of four (Mexican) centuries after the departure of the Aztec tribes from their northern home. The band forming the circumference is composed of two serpents (the Milky Way); from their jaws issue two human heads which, uniting their tongues, give rise to life. In the central circle, the sun sends his rays over the universe; around him are signs of the four ages of the world—the present one being left open, as it is not yet finished. (Interpretation of Sr. E. J. Palacios of the National Museum of Mexico.)

secrets. When Cortés appeared at almost the place where Quetzalcóatl had taken leave of the people, the white man was at once looked on as the returning god. His steel armor and weapons (iron was unknown to the Mexicans), his thundering cannon and the strange animal on which he rode—the first horse to reach the American continent—were but tokens of the new revelations for which the people had



been waiting so long. The Pilgrims of our northern country found a sparse and savage population with which they could deal with relative ease—though the story of Jamestown tells us how formidable even the Indians of North America could be. What would have been the fate of the little band of four hundred men who followed Cortés had they not been aided by the beliefs of the people! They were in a well-populated land, well advanced in its civilization, possessing great armies and astonishing means of communication—the system of relays whose matchless runners carried messages and goods from Vera Cruz to Mexico City in twenty-four hours, a space of time that the excellent railway service of to-day has cut down only by one-half.

For much better reason than this the ancient people makes us feel the appropriateness of modesty as to the achievement of our own civilization. We have indeed shortened space and saved time, but the feat is of no importance unless we can show that the time saved has a use in giving added value to life. It is when we perceive the grandeur attained by the early Mexicans in their art that we come to question our own results—and it has been because Mexico herself sees such value in the account which her old peoples gave of their life, that she has held to her ideas with that tenacity which I have described. Little by little, the rest of the world will accept the estimate of her art which Mexico has indicated by her actions, and which I shall try to put into words.

Almost the last to be recognized among the great expressions of mankind, it has the impressiveness of an idea—it is the statement of belief of a people whose life had gone on for thousands of years in the same channel without influence from other lands. This is the reason for the resemblance between the ancient Mexicans and ancient Egyptians. The fact that both erected pyramids, massive temples and colossal statues is not a cause but an effect. In Mexico and in Egypt the monuments are the results of a lin-

less, almost ingenuous faith in a conception of the universe held by the peoples. How different are such expressions from the complexity of Greek art, the sophistication of the Renaissance! Where the Egyptians and the Mexicans differ is in the rôle which authority plays in their arts. The Egyptian reaches his immeasurable perfection because his creed and traditions conserve the rules, the methods, and the



A "LAUGHING HEAD"

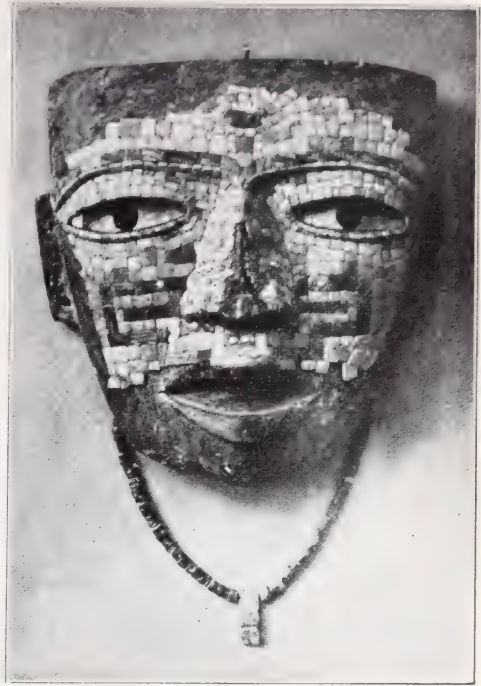
Totonacan civilization.

craftsmanship developed throughout the endless roll of centuries that saw the evolving of his science. Mexico, living more primitive and violent life, has an ideal of freedom, in harmony with the earlier nomadic state of the people and the brusquely changing character of the country, even as the stability of natural phenomena in Egypt induced the idea of eternal existence which characterized the Egyptian from first to last.

The ancient American artist attacked his problem almost naïvely. He has iron to carve the hard stones that he brings to such marvelous beauty

face. But he will find a harder stone—a volcanic glass (obsidian). His workmen can cleave it into natural sels and knives or even razors. Laying on the ground, with a block of obsidian between his knees, the tool-maker turns it rapidly with his feet, and the angle at which he holds his wedge to the top of the block, he determines to exactly the size and shape of the flake which his quick mallet blows are to chip off. This work is still done to-day, and an observer has counted over two thousand pieces of obsidian split from their core in an hour by a native working in the ancient manner—and each piece is a serviceable implement! On a hard substance its edge might last but a short time, but there are always more tools and more workmen—and, of course, in Mexico, there is always more time. The essential things are faith and will, and it is these that raise those mountains which are the pyramids and that carve in a single rock statues thirty feet in height.

Almost more thrilling than the pyramids is the first sight of the rocky heights of Tezcatzingo, if one has the good fortune to find a guide to that half-forgotten peak. My own memory of it is the more vivid because the friend who conducted me there during an expedition after idols had given me no hint of what I should see there: the whole crown of the mountain carved out into chambers, figures and baths—for which a great aqueduct brought the water from the fountains of Popocatepetl, across the broad valley. On a stone seat at the very edge of the cliff, the king Netzahualcōyōtl (Hungry Coyote) would sit, looking toward the white crests of the volcanoes and would compose his great poems. Some fragments of them survive and are quoted in Dr. Spinden's admirable book, the *Ancient Civilizations of Mexico*, whose publication at a nominal price is one of the important services rendered by the Museum of Natural History in New York. The old poetry is of a strangely religious character, in harmony



A MOSAIC MASK

The symbol on the brow and the marking of the cheeks denote a priestly or divine rank to which the individual had been raised.

with the hieratically simple lines given to the baths, staircases, and sculptures.

When one has to some extent recovered from the astonishment caused by the size of the Mexican monuments and by the skill needed for their execution by a people so primitively equipped, the sense of their meaning begins to form in one's mind, and one sees that the true wonder of this art is its intensity—its bare, direct statement of the idea. From the pyramid down to the tiniest bit of crystal or jade there is the same characteristic of essentialness: the lines and surfaces are used, not because of some system of æsthetics or of taste, but to enforce an idea or to make an image. In the statue of the death-goddess at the National Museum in Mexico City, it is with the most terrible realism that the snakes, hearts, hands, skulls, etc., which compose the monument are carved. In its details and in its ensemble it tells its significance to the most uninitiated. From this work



let us turn to the famous Calendar Stone a few steps away. Here the meaning of the many figures that fill the seven circles surrounding the sun is more difficult to reach. Yet at first sight one realizes that this is not "decorative" sculpture, and the interpretation of the symbols so beautifully carved does not come as a surprise when one reads it in the books of the savants—the most recent account being the fascinating one given by Sr. E. J. Palacios in his *Páginas de la Historia de México*, published in 1922.

Having proceeded from a sculpture that the layman finds clearly intelligible to one on which the experts are not yet quite agreed, we may take the opposite course and go from one of the highly stylized representations of the serpent to the extremely realistic ones. The former type may be so far from literalness that at first it seems a mere piece of stone, a diorite perhaps, whose natural shape suggested the animal that it is vaguely carved to portray. As one grows accustomed to it, however, one sees that

if this was indeed the history of the piece, the old sculptor knew the snake well—the bulge and sag of the coils, the lift of the head and the undulation of its surfaces—that he rendered them as even when working in the most summary manner. And while his mind was intent on the forms that he had observed accurately in nature (and intent perhaps also on the life principle that is symbolized by the snake, in Mexico as in other places), his chisel caressed the stone as if aware that its natural beauty must not be altered. One knows—not by intuition but by actual comparison of different specimens, that if he had been working in the soft, volcanic stone which is used for most of the large sculptures, his technic would have been quite different. As the living animal suggests itself always more strongly while we contemplate the fragment of natural material, so, too, the monumental quality of the work grows more apparent. That law, number, the basis of music and architecture, which I have mentioned as part of the religion of ancient Mexico



THE STONE OF TIZOC (15TH CENTURY A.D.)

The frieze tells the story of the conquests by the Aztecs under their war-chief Tizoc. The group nearest the spectator shows the capture of a warrior, symbolic of the city whose hieroglyph appears just above the figure. On the upper surface of the great stone, which was used for sacrifices, appear the sun and its rays.



the correspondence between the proportions of a work of man on the one hand and an impersonal, universal form on the other, was so deeply fixed in the mind of the old Americans by their ages of intimate contact with nature, that when they carved this work and thousands—yes, millions—of others, the forces of earth and man combined to reach a level of expression of the highest order.

It may be that some readers have been surprised at my use of the modern word Mexican for the ancient art, which is spoken of in most books as Aztec. But if indeed Mexican must be taken in an extended sense to denote all the peoples who have inhabited the present Republic (and with them in our own Hopis and Pueblos, who are merely the most northern branch of the families found in Mexico), it is less inexact than the word Aztec, which is a specific term for the people encountered by the Spaniards in the neighborhood of Tenochtitlan, the present Mexico City. They had been in possession of the territory not much more than two hundred years, their predecessors being the people generally spoken of as the Toltecs. It was these latter who built the mighty pyramids of Teotihuacán, shown in these pages, and it is probable that the Aztecs, while inheriting from them, had not yet equalled their culture.

A few other facts of this type may perhaps be of use in establishing a general order of time and place for the people we are discussing. Two grand divisions impose themselves, which we may call the northern and southern. We have already mentioned two of the races of the northern branch of ancient Mexican civilization: the Aztecs and Toltecs, who are the most important members of the great family called the Nahuas, which again is linked with the Shoshonean peoples of the Indians of North America. With the evidence of their art objects before us, we can follow the trail of the peoples across the continent, reaching



SPEAR THROWER

A Tarascan figure of baked clay. The Tarascans still use the spear, placing it in a hollow tube, which remains in the hands of the hunter after the throw.

Alaska as their starting point on this side of the Behring Straits—over which their ancestors probably came. And if this theory is correct, it easily explains the relationship with Asia which one is so tempted to see in the physical type of the Mexicans, in their symbols (the Chinese dragon being a very near relative of the Toltec serpent), and even in the languages of the west of Mexico, which Chinese immigrants learn to speak in a surprisingly short time and in which many words are certainly the same as their own.

Perhaps the most ancient of the Mexican races is the Tarascan, now located to the west of the capital. It is this people that produced the figure seen in our illustration, the spear thrower, whom American students at the University of Mexico always rechristen the



ball player. As in the case of most works of ancient America, there is not even an approximate date that we can set for this sculpture, but we have reason to believe that the Tarascan civilization reaches back some eight or nine thousand years. To the southwest, in the state of Guerrero, live the Mixtecs, who produced the mosaic-incrusted mask here reproduced for the first time outside of the publications on archæology. Its discovery in 1921, by Professor Aguirre of the National Museum of Mexico, caused a veritable sensation, for any new light on the past is of interest to all classes in Mexico, and this was the first time that an actual sculpture so decorated with mosaic had been found. Indeed to see Mexican mosaic, one had to visit foreign collections, the richest being that at the Museum of the American Indian recently opened in New York. Commenting on the background of tradition which this admirable institution offers to the American people, an editorial in one of our newspapers asked whether the shield of Achilles could have been more marvelously wrought than one of the pieces of mosaic in the new museum, a ceremonial shield set with some fourteen thousand pieces of turquoise, in strangely beautiful designs. The mask in Mexico City, in which coral and jade alternate with the turquoise—the whites of the eyes being made of mother-of-pearl, is not distinguished by the minuteness of workmanship of the shield. But in its hieratic expressiveness, which becomes even more evident when we compare the work with a naturalistic portrait mask of the same individual also found in his tomb, we see a higher type of art, the mark of a religious sense so vital to this people as to impress us today with its reality—as far as we are from the ideas which called the object into existence.

Southward again, in the state of Oaxaca, are the Zapotecs, with their great architectural works, like the palace of Mitla, and their funerary urns, at times so terrible when the figures on

them are masked, at times of a dehuman beauty when the features of the deceased are portrayed. But to find the most charming of Mexican sculpture we must cross to the neighboring state of Vera Cruz where we find the laughing faces of the Totonacs. To see these great works, one after another, all of them suffused with their mirth, all admirably modeled and keeping the character of the face (so often lost in representation of laughter), is to perceive a phase of the Indian which is as a rule, strange to us, though far to the north, in our Pueblo country, the clowns of the ceremonial dances tell us how widespread was the love of fun in ancient America. While the Indians of the north have only to a slight degree, however, is the plastic sense, which places the old Mexican very high indeed among the masters of sculpture.

Nowhere in the country is this more highly developed than among the Totonacs. Their temples are among the most remarkable in Mexico, and their sculpture begins, as sculpture should, with an architectural basis. And so when they come to the production of their small works, the marvelous cutting and polishing of the stone and the close observation of personality and character do not degenerate into the preciousness and illimitation which we see in most of the headwork by our modern sculptors. The most human of the laughing faces retain something of the dignity, the Sphinxlike symbolism which is so striking in nearly every portrait that comes from the soil of Mexico.

With the Zapotecs and Totonacs we come within the sphere of influence of the southern races of Mexico: the Mayas. Their political power having declined long before the coming of the Spaniards, many of their cities having already fallen into ruins, the problem of the Mayas is more difficult, in many ways, than that of the northern people. No Rosetta stone has as yet appeared to give us even the faintest hint of the way to read the inscriptions on their wondrous

as-reliefs, and the position that their civilization is older than of the Toltecs and peoples of the plateau seems rest chiefly on external evidence, such as the great development in their architecture when other arts had lagged behind. We must, however, be wary in judging from such evidence; the easier conditions of life in the luxuriously fertile lowlands and a long period of safety from invasion perhaps sufficient to explain how they could, in a relatively short time, rise to a stage of civilization unequalled in the north, in the mountains, deserts and war-torn lands, the people from whence they came were coming so rapidly. The earlier theory of archaeologists was that the Mayas stood to the northern races as the Greeks did to the Romans. But the research of the last few years makes it seem

probable that the monuments of Teotihuacán and other places of Mexico may antedate the great Maya edifices. Mainly, the parallel with the ancient peoples of Europe is defective when we compare the character of the two races or American antiquity: the salient feature of Maya art is its decorative richness, the expression of a jungle world, in one characteristic after another reminding us of the wealth of forms on the temples of the Hindoos. The art of the north, in this land as in others, is an art of spirituality, a hard and naked fidelity to the idea. Such is evidently



LARGE STELA

A specimen of Mayan art from Copan, Honduras. The elaborate decoration is strictly controlled by laws of design and of significance. A principle of all Mexican ornament was the avoidance of unfilled spaces.

not the relative positions of Greece and Rome in their intellectual and artistic achievement. It is likely, indeed, that an influence went northward from the brilliant and refined cities of the Mayas, but if, as is now maintained, the Totonacs brought memories of the great art of the valley of Mexico in their southerly migration, then we may well imagine that the ideas of the north did not stop with them but went on to Yucatan, to Honduras and to Guatemala, where the great centers of Maya culture were located.

However that may be, the buildings of these cities of the past certainly add to the world's knowledge of architecture a style that no other land has shown. It is difficult to estimate its full value because so few competent observers have penetrated the jungle which hides the ruins.

The government is now building roads to Chichen-Itza and some of the other principal sites, and it is likely that the next years will see a growth in our knowledge and appreciation of the Mayas like that which we have witnessed with respect to the northern peoples. Certainly the great monoliths, covered with decorative sculpture of an extraordinary complexity but still intelligibly logical in design, and the splendid figures which are framed by this vegetation in stone are among the masterpieces of the artists of early America.





GODDESS OF RUNNING WATER

A Toltec monolith weighing twenty-four tons. It stood on the Pyramid of the Moon, looking down on the great ceremony of the New-Fire, celebrated every fifty-two years upon the conjunction of certain heavenly bodies.

If I am not too far stressing my own preference among these mighty expressions of our continent, I should like to turn once more to the north in concluding this summary study of an inexhaustible subject. In the museum of Mexico City stands a figure some fifteen feet high—Chalchihuitlicue—the goddess of running water, a favorite of the old sculptors.

As she rose from the Pyramid of the Moon (she and her brother, the rain god, were children of the moon), she must have seemed to be a part of nature for the stone on which she is hewn serves, in its simple forms, much of the appearance of the natural monolith, which is. A few markings, left for everyone in the time, told the attributes of the goddess—she brought life and strength to the plants which gave her the flowers and their seed of corn with which to adorn herself. But in latter-day America we need to have the tokens explained to us, if we are all sensitive to the language of art, need an explanation of the grandeur of the statue as a whole. In the majesty of its proportions the touching symbol of the relationship expresses between man and nature as the figure emerges from the stone, and in the

mathematical rhythm that runs through the piece, that rhythm dictated by the course of the stars toward which the goddess looked out from her pyramid, we hear the voice of a race in whom the natural and the supernatural mingled in unconscious harmony, to bring about the deepest idea of life that has yet appeared in America.

# The Noblest Instrument

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

[Y father had been away, reorganizing some old up-state railroad. He returned in an executive mood and proceeded to shake up our home. For a year or more he had been saying that each of his sons must learn music—it was part of a child's liberal education. He now proceeded to act. We boys were summoned before him and informed that we must at once learn to play on something. We might not appreciate it now, he said, but we should later on. "You, Clarence, will learn the violin. George, you will learn the piano. Julian—well, Julian is too young yet. But you older boys must take lessons."

I was appalled at this order. At the time of ten it seemed a disaster to lose my freedom. The days were already too short for our games after school; and now there was a chunk to come out of my bedtime three days every week. A week-end every day, we found afterward, because we had to practice.

George disappeared into the long room that we called the parlor, and sat at the piano, and faithfully learned to pound out his exercises. He had all the luck. I was not an inspired player, but at least he had some ear for music. He also had the advantage of playing on a good instrument, which he didn't have. I must be careful not to drop, and was in no danger of breaking. Furthermore, he didn't have to tune it. A piano had no good points.

But I had to go through a blacker and more gruesome experience. It was bad enough to have to come in from the street and the sunlight and go down into the dark little basement where I took my lessons. But that was only the opening chill of the struggle that followed.

The whole thing was uncanny. The violin itself was a queer, fragile, cigar-boxy thing, that had to be handled most gingerly. Nothing sturdy about it. Why, a fellow was liable to crack it putting it into its case. And then my teacher, he was queer too. He had a queer pickled smell.

I dare say he wasn't queer at all really, but he seemed so to me, because he was different from the people I generally met. He was probably worth a dozen of some of them, but I didn't know it. He was one of the violins in the Philharmonic, and an excellent player; a grave, middle-aged little man—who was obliged to give lessons.

He wore a black, wrinkled frock coat, and a discolored gold watch-chain. He had small, black-rimmed glasses; not tortoise-shell, but thin rims of metal. His violin was dark, rich, and polished, and would do anything for him.

Mine was balky and awkward, brand new, and of a light, common color.

The violin is intended for persons with a passion for music. I wasn't that kind of person. I liked to hear a band play a tune that we could march up and down to, but try as I would, I could seldom whistle such a tune afterward. My teacher didn't know this. He greeted me as a possible genius.

He taught me how to hold the contraption, tucked under my chin. I learned how to move my fingers here and there on its handle or stem. I learned how to draw the bow across the strings, and thus produce sounds. . . .

Does a mother recall the first cry of her baby, I wonder? I still remember the strange cry at birth of that new violin.



My teacher, Herr M., looked as though he had suddenly taken a large glass of vinegar. He sucked in his breath. His lips were drawn back from his teeth, and his eyes tightly shut. Of course, he hadn't expected my notes to be sweet at the start; but still, there was something unearthly about that first cry. He snatched the violin from me, examined it, readjusted its pegs, and comforted it gently, by drawing his own bow across it. It was only a new and not especially fine violin, but the sounds it made for *him* were more natural—they were classifiable sounds. They were not richly musical, but at least they had been heard before on this earth.

He handed the instrument back to me with careful directions. I tucked it up under my chin again and grasped the end tight. I held my bow exactly as ordered. I looked up at him, waiting.

"Now," he said, nervously.

I slowly raised the bow, drew it downward . . .

This time there were *two* dreadful cries in our little front basement. One came from my new violin and one from the heart of Herr M.

Herr M. presently came to, and smiled bravely at me, and said if I wanted to rest a moment he would permit it. He seemed to think I might wish to lie down awhile and recover. I didn't feel any need of lying down. All I wanted was to get through the lesson. But Herr M. was shaken. He was by no means ready to let me proceed. He looked around desperately, saw the music book, and said he would now show me that. We sat down side by side on the window-seat, with the book in his lap, while he pointed out the notes to me with his finger, and told me their names.

After a bit, when he felt better, he took up his own violin, and instructed me to watch him and note how he handled the strings. And then at last, he nerved himself to let me take my violin up again. "Softly, my child, softly," he begged me, and stood facing the wall. . . .

We got through the afternoon somehow, but it was a ghastly experience. Part of the time he was maddened by the mistakes I kept making, and part of the time he was plain wretched. He covered his eyes. He seemed ill. He looked often at his watch, even shook as though it had stopped; but he stayed the full hour. There is a fine hell-streak in mankind.

That was Wednesday. What struggles he had with himself before Friday when my second lesson was due, no one knows. They were secret. He came back to recommence teaching me, but he had changed—he had hardened. Instead of being cross, he was stern; and instead of sad, bitter. He wasn't so kind to me, but we were no longer companions. He talked to himself, under his breath; and sometimes he took bits of paper, and did little sums on the gloomily, and then tore them up.

During my third lesson I saw that tears come to his eyes. He went up to my father and told him he felt sure he never be able to play. My father didn't like this at all. He said he felt sure he would. He dismissed Herr M. briefly; the poor man came stumbling back down in two minutes. In that short space of time he had gallantly gone upstairs in a glow, resolved upon sacrificing his earnings for the sake of telling the truth. He returned with his earnings still running, but with the look of a lost soul about him, as though he felt that his nerves and his sanity were doomed to destruction. He was low in his mind, and he talked to himself more than ever. Sometimes he spoke harshly of America, sometimes of fate.

But he no longer struggled. He accepted this thing as his destiny. He regarded me as an unfortunate something outside the human species, whom I must simply try to labor with as well as he could. It was a grotesque, indeed hellish experience, but he felt he must bear it.

He wasn't the only one—he was at least not alone in his sufferings. M

other, though expecting the worst, had  
ed to be hopeful about it, but at the  
d of a week or two I heard her and  
Margaret talking it over. I was slaugh-  
ring a scale in the front basement,  
then mother came down and stood out-  
le the door in the kitchen hall and  
ispered, "Oh, Margaret!"

I watched them. Margaret was bak-  
g cake. She had been with us ever  
nce we were babies, and she was al-  
ways cooking things for us. She screwed  
her face, raised her arms, and brought  
them down with hands clenched.

"I don't know what we shall do,  
Margaret."

"The poor little feller," Margaret  
ispered. "He can't make the thing  
."

This made me indignant. They were  
making me look like a lubber. I wished  
feel always that I could make any-  
ing go. . . .

I now began to feel a determination  
master this thing. History shows us  
any examples of the misplaced deter-  
minations of men—they are one of the  
urkest aspects of human life, they  
read so much needless pain: but I  
new little history. And I viewed what  
tle I did know romantically—I should  
ave seen in such episodes their heroism,  
ot their futility. Any role that seemed  
heroic attracted me, no matter how  
enseless.

Not that I saw any chance for heroism  
our front basement, of course. You  
ad to have a battlefield or something.  
saw only that I was appearing ridicu-  
ous. But that stung my pride. I  
adn't wanted to learn anything what-  
ver about fiddles or music, but since I  
as in for it, I'd do it, and show them  
could. A boy will often put in enor-  
ous amounts of his time trying to  
rove he isn't as ridiculous as he thinks  
people think him.

Meanwhile Herr M. and I had dis-  
covered that I was nearsighted. On ac-  
ount of the violin's being an instrument  
hat sticks out in front of one, I couldn't

stand close enough to the music book to  
see the notes clearly. He didn't at first  
realize that I often made mistakes from  
that cause. When he and I finally com-  
prehended that I had this defect, he had  
a sudden new hope that this might have  
been the whole trouble, and that when  
it was corrected I might play like a  
human being at last.

But neither of us ventured to take  
this matter up with my father. We  
knew that it would have been hard to  
convince him that my eyes were not per-  
fect, I being a son of his and presum-  
ably made in his image; and we knew  
that he immediately would have felt we  
were trying to make trouble for him, and  
would have shown an amount of resent-  
ment which it was best to avoid. So  
Herr M. instead lent me his glasses.  
These did fairly well. They turned the  
dim grayness of the notes into a queer  
bright distortion, but the main thing was  
they did make them brighter, so that I  
now saw more of them. How well I re-  
member those miserable little glasses.  
Poor, dingy old things. Herr M. was  
nervous about lending them to me; he  
feared that I'd drop them. It would  
have been safer if they had been spec-  
tacles; but no, they were pince-nez; and  
I had to learn to balance them across my  
nose as well as I could. I couldn't wear  
them up near my eyes because my nose  
was too thin there; I had to put them  
about half-way down where there was  
enough flesh to hold them. I also had  
to tilt my head back, for the music-  
stand was a little too tall for me. Herr  
M. sometimes mounted me on a stool,  
warning me not to step off. Then when  
I was all set, and when he without his  
glasses was blind, I would smash my  
way into the scales again.

All during the long winter months I  
worked away at this job. I gave no  
thought, of course, to the family. But  
they did to me. Our house was heated  
by a furnace, which had big warm air  
pipes; these ran up through the walls  
with wide outlets into each room, and  
sound traveled easily and ringingly



through their large passages. My violin and I seemed to pervade every part of the house. No one could settle down to anything while I was practicing. If visitors came they soon left. Mother couldn't even sing to the baby. She would wait, watching the clock, until my long hour of scale-work was over, and then come downstairs and shriek at me that my time was up. She would find me sawing away with my forehead wet, and my hair wet and stringy, and even my clothes slowly getting damp from my exertions. She would feel my collar, which was done for, and say I must change it. "Oh, mother! Please!"—for I was in a hurry now to run out and play. But she wasn't being fussy about my collar, I can see, looking back; she was using it merely as a barometer or gauge of my pores. She thought I had better dry myself before going out in the snow.

It was a hard winter for mother. I believe she also had fears for the baby. She sometimes pleaded with father; but no one could ever tell father anything. He continued to stand like a rock against stopping my lessons.

Schopenhauer, in his rules for debating, shows how to win a weak case by insidiously transferring an argument from its right field, and discussing it instead from some irrelevant but impregnable angle. My father knew nothing of Schopenhauer, and was never insidious, but, nevertheless, he had certain natural gifts for debate. In the first place his voice was powerful and stormy, and he let it out at full strength, and kept on letting it out with a vigor that stunned his opponents. As a second gift, he was convinced at all times that his opponents were wrong. Hence, even if they did win a point or two, it did them no good, for he dragged the issue to some other ground then, where he and Truth could prevail. When my mother said it surely was plain enough that I had no ear, what was his reply? Why, he said that the violin was the noblest instrument invented by man. He said

any boy was lucky to be given the privilege of learning to play it. No boy should expect to learn it immediately. It required persistence. Everything, he had found, required persistence. The motto was, Never give up.

All his life, he declared, he had persevered in spite of discouragement, and he meant to keep on persevering, and he meant me to, too. He said that none of us realized what he had had to go through. If he had been the kind that gave up at the very first obstacle where would he have been now—where would any of the family have been? The answer was, apparently, that we'd either have been in a very bad way, poking round for crusts in the gutter, or else nonexistent. We might have never even been born if father had not persevered.

Placed beside this record of my father's vast trials overcome, the little difficulty of my learning to play the violin seemed a trifle. I faithfully spurred myself on again, to work at the puzzle. Even my teacher seemed impressed with these views on persistence. Though older than my father, he had certainly not made as much money, and he bowed to the experience of a practical man who was a success. If he, Herr M., had been a success he would not have had to teach boys; and sitting in this black pit in which his need of money had placed him, he saw more than ever that he must learn the ways of this world. He listened with all his heart, as to a god, when my father shook his forefinger, and told him how to climb to the financial heights where he stood with his friends. Herr M. got the idea that perseverance was sure to lead to great wealth.

Consequently our front basement continued to be the home of lost causes.

Of course, I kept begging Herr M. to let me learn just one tune. Even though I seldom could whistle them, still I liked tunes; and I knew that, in my hours of practicing, a tune would be a comfort.

that is, for myself. Here again I never gave a thought to the effect upon others.

Herr M., after many misgivings, to which I respectfully listened—though they were not spoken to me, they were muttered to himself, pessimistically—and after much doubtful fumbling brought a worn old book of selections whose as simple a thing as he could find for me—for me and the neighbors.

It was spring now, and windows were open. That tune became famous.

It was a short plaintive air. In our front basement it went mad and died.

What would the musician who had tenderly composed this air, years before, have felt if he had foreseen what an end it would have, on Madison Avenue; and how, before death, it would be execrated by that once peaceful neighborhood. I engraved it on their hearts; not in its true form but in my own eerie versions. It was the only tune I knew. Consequently I played and replayed it.

Even horrors when repeated grow old and lose part of their sting. But those produced were, unluckily, never the same. To be sure, this tune kept its general structure the same, even in my sweating hands. There was always the place where I climbed unsteadily up to its peak, and that difficult spot where it wavered, or staggered, and stuck; and then a sudden jerk of resumption—I came out strong on that. Every afternoon when I got to that difficult spot, the neighbors dropped whatever they were doing to wait for that jerk, shrinking from the moment, and yet feverishly impatient for it to come. Persons about to be stabbed to the heart cannot endure the suspense, and want to be stabbed and get it over with. So with our neighbors. They knew that when I stabbed I twisted the blade. Even so.

But what made the tune and their anguish so different each day? I'll explain. The strings of a violin are wound at the end around pegs, and each peg must be screwed in and tightened till the string sounds just right. Herr M. left my

violin properly tuned when he went. But suppose a string broke, or that somehow I jarred a peg loose. Its string then became slack and soundless. I had to re-tighten it. Not having an ear, I was highly uncertain about this.

Our neighbors never knew at what degree of tautness I'd put such a string. I didn't myself. I just screwed her up tight enough to make a strong reliable sound. Neither they nor I could tell which string would thus appear in a new role each day, nor foresee the profound transformations this would produce in that tune.

All that spring this unhappy and ill-destined melody floated out through my window, and writhed in the air for one hour daily, in sunshine or storm. All that spring our neighbors and I daily toiled to its peak, and staggered over its hump, so to speak, and fell wailing through space.

Things now began to be said to my mother which drove her to act. She explained to my father that the end had come at last. Absolutely. "This awful nightmare cannot go on," she said.

My father pooh-poohed her.

She cried. She told him what it was doing to her. He said that she was excited, and that her descriptions of the sounds I made were exaggerated and hysterical—must be. She was always too vehement, he shouted. She must learn to be calm.

"But you're down town, *you* don't have to hear it!"

My father remained skeptical.

She endeavored to shame him. She told him what awful things the neighbors were saying about the spring they were having, a spring of frightful noises and misery, for which he was responsible.

He couldn't be made to look at it that way. If there really were any unpleasantness then I was responsible. He had provided me with a good teacher and a good violin—so he reasoned. In short, he had done his best, and no father could have done more. If I made hideous sounds after all that, the fault must



be mine. My mother should be stricter with me, if necessary, and make me try harder.

This was the last straw. I couldn't try harder. My body rebelled. Self-discipline had its limits—and I wanted to be out: it was spring. I skimmed my hours of practice, when I heard the fellows playing outside. I came home late for lessons—even forgot them. Little by little they stopped.

My father was outraged. His final argument, I remember, was that my violin had cost twenty-five dollars; if I didn't learn it the money would be wasted, and he couldn't afford it. But it was put to him that my younger brother, Julian,

could learn it instead, later on. Then summer came, anyhow, and we went for three months to the seashore; and in the confusion of this my father was defeated and I was set free.

In the autumn little Julian was led away one afternoon, and imprisoned in the front basement in my place. I don't remember how long they kept him down there, but it was several years. He had an ear, however, and I believe he learned to play fairly well. This would have made a happy ending for Herr M. after all; but it was some other teacher, a younger man, who was engaged to teach Julian. My father said Herr M. was a failure.

## Still-Life

BY JAMES RORTY

UPON my table for my need  
I keep these flowers in a vase  
Before me, lest the unhappy speed  
Of the damned world hurrying to its doom  
Push through the door, and roar and stamp into my room.

Marigolds drooping with a wealth  
Of yellow flame I take by stealth;  
Fern fronds spreading filmy lace—  
These, O Lord, shall teach me Grace;  
Standing like a copper queen  
Mid this graciousness of green—  
Gorgeous, proud, incontinent,  
Gold and ochre richly blent—  
Beauty's unconsidered sum  
Flaunts in the chrysanthemum.

Upon my table for my need  
I keep these flowers in a vase  
Before me, that I may the better feed  
Old hungers; while the world's loud roar  
Waits silent, hushed outside my door.



# THE LION'S MOUTH



## ON THE FACE OF IT

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

A COMMUTATION ticket to Cragsville, please," said I to the young man at the ticket window. "I've not moved there," I added, feeling that nothing so important as the purchase of my first commutation ticket required explanation.

"Have you a photograph?" asked the young man.

For a moment I was puzzled. "Not really," I began uncertainly. "But I have some nice enlargements at home." No one would have expected a ticket-holder to be interested in the art of the camera? "Would you like to see 'Afternoon on the Palisades' or 'Grizzly Bears at Play'?" Have you ever taken pictures at the Zoo? It's—"

"A photograph of yourself," interrupted the young man. He was looking at me strangely.

So that's it, I thought. What a silly stake! He just likes my looks. He wishes a memento of the occasion. Well, stranger things than that have happened.

"I'll bring one the next time I come," said I agreeably. "How about a swap?" The young man seemed only courteous to make the suggestion.

"For identification purposes," said the young man coldly. "You have to have one on your ticket."

I was crestfallen. So he didn't care for art, and he didn't care for me. And he didn't like this identification idea. As if I were a criminal. The residents of Cragsville must be a bad lot, thought I. "Oh," I said, "I see. On the ticket. When I'm afraid the ones at home would

be too big. They're about eighteen by twelve." . . .

The young man seemed indisposed to continue the conversation. He gave me the address of a photographer on Forty-second Street and turned away. I walked out of the station in a mood of disillusion.

The photographer's turned out to be a tiny place, with a sign indicating that it was patronized by those aspiring to chauffeurs' licenses. The photographer led me through some curtains into the back of his shop, and turned on a set of glaring blue lights. In front of the camera there was a piano stool. I sat down on it, wondering what sort of a pose would be most pleasing to the conductors on the Cragsville line. It was too bad that I didn't have my white knickerbockers on; a portrait of me with mashie in hand would be most effective. "A sportsman," the conductor would say to himself admiringly. I fancied him showing the picture to the brakeman and saying, "Now, there's a fine looking fellow for you." But perhaps the photographer would prefer me to cross my arms on the back of a chair and look dominating, or rest my chin in the palm of one hand and look profound. I sat and waited for him to apply the usual pincers to the back of my head, to study first my left side and then my right in search of the most persuasive view, to spend the usual ten minutes pulling the shade up and down and wheeling the camera back and forth.

But he didn't do any of these things. He just lifted a forefinger and pressed the bulb. "That's all," he said. "Come back in half an hour and I'll have it ready."



"You've taken it already?" I gasped.

"Sure," said he.

I was dismayed. It couldn't be right.

I came back in half an hour and found that it wasn't right. I looked at the picture in horror. It looked like Ed. S. Watters of Keokuk, Iowa, who makes \$200 a week selling Premier Ice Cream Freezers, Full Particulars on Request, Write for our Handsome Illustrated Booklet Telling How You Can Do It Too. It looked like Soapy Conners, Wanted for the Murder of Myrtle Fishback of West 208th Street. I wanted somebody to tell me that it wasn't true.

I paid my dollar and walked slowly back to the station. To have to bring that picture out twice a day and show it to a conductor—with other people all about! Probably laughing to themselves and nudging each other and whispering, "Gee, did you see that? It certainly shows him up, doesn't it?" It wouldn't be so bad if I had the car to myself. Then I could say lightly to the conductor, "Rotten picture, isn't it? But you know what these cheap photographers are," and doubtless he would reply, "Yes, sir, it does you a grave injustice." But the 8.03 and the 5.21 would always be crowded. Showing my ticket would be an ordeal.

The ticket seller wasn't even interested in the photograph. He fixed up a ticket and pasted the dreadful thing in a conspicuous place just above the words, "In consideration of the reduced price at which ticket hereto attached is sold," and shoved it through the bars at me. I attempted some sickly pleasantry to the effect that the ticket would probably bring a pretty high price now with an authentic picture of me on it, but he was unmoved. At least he might have said, "Yes, but what an inadequate picture!" My depression deepened as I departed.

But a long time has passed since then. I have grown callous. I have found that the conductors are callous to the picture. I had an idea that they would

hold it at arm's length and gaze at and then at me and then at it again before punching my ticket. I used to pass it to them furtively, so that no one could see it. But they don't even seem to glance at it. In fact, I know they don't. One day, as an experiment, substituted for it a picture of President Coolidge, and nothing happened. The next day I tried a snapshot of my pet bulldog, Christopher, and nothing happened. One of these days I am going back to that photographer's to see if he won't sell me a print of his picture of a naked baby lying on his stomach on a bear-skin rug. It would be nice to have that picture, and easier than the portrait of Christopher to explain to the man next to me, if he should happen to look up from his paper. "I've changed a lot since then, but you see I simply hate being photographed," I could say, and he would probably reply that clothes make such a difference, too.

But I can't help being disappointed in the conductors. What can we expect of the art of camera portraiture in America when such men go about their daily work in utter indifference to it? That may be only a rhetorical question, but you must admit it is a stinger.

## IN PRAISE OF BIGOTRY

BY CAROLINE E. MACGILL

MY friend, who must above all things be in the mode, says he has an absolutely open mind. His mental doors and windows are wide open to all the winds of the world, that they may enter and blow through as they will. He has no room for bigotry of any kind. In short, his is no one-track mind.

Words, being but symbols, have their fashions. To-day's clichés, shiny at dawn, rubbed at noon, have quite lost their authentic stamp by twilight, and to-morrow are being melted for re-minting next week. I think my friend's figure of the winds most appropriate. I have been a housekeeper for many years, among other vocations and

tions, and I know just what leaving windows and doors wide open does. My friend says he is willing that the wind should lift anything they can get off his mental furniture, and somehow expects to benefit by the process. I like his phraseology. Lift is a synonym for thieving.

I am writing this between two open windows. But they are screened. In fact perhaps fonder of fresh air than my "open-minded" friend, which is however, never for an instant makes me that it is a good thing to leave my house unprotected from the elements. If I should do such a thing, I know what would happen. My papers would at once be thrown into wild confusion; papers, magazines, books, small articles, would be tossed here and yon, some caught in eddies and drawn flying out of whatever structure was handiest. In the olden days it was noticeable that especially the more valuable articles were first and farthest. Next, the papers bring in their substitutes, dead leaves, debris of all kinds; if the wind comes from the east, dampness, rain. My friend sends me a lively "house-surgeon" which declares that wind and rain and the stray gases and dirt borne by the winds are the most destructive to man's health. And without the extensive researches of the industrial hygienist, we have coined the word "weathering" to indicate the ravaging which none can resist.

Open-mindedness, says my friend, is the secret of youth. The open-minded person is forever growing, never crystallizing. He likes to align himself with the Young Intellectuals (of whom it is noted that most are in the disintegrating forties.) I am tempted to tell him that continual growth is not by the biologist to be a disease of the thyroid gland, akin to cretinism. That a stalk of wheat which merely grows would be utterly useless. What the farmer and the miller and the baker want is the full head on the

wheat, not the capacity for rivaling Jack's beanstalk. And again I wonder upon the ponderableness of words.

Once upon a time this—or another—open-minded friend of mine attempted to prove to me the relativity of all things, that all matter was flux—oh, ancientest philosophy! He had just run across the sad life of Giordano Bruno, and was inveighing against the "bigotry" which brought that genial humanist to the too literal enlightenment of the Eternal City. I am not in favor of using human beings as fuel for any sort of bonfire, but it is perfectly apparent, according to my friend's rules of thought, that Bruno's executioners were completely justified. They were sober and thoughtful men, and had arrived at the conclusion that it was the right thing to do. Unfortunate for Bruno, that his logic was not in the mode just then!

My friend tells me that morality, in spite of the woeful tale of Bruno, consists in following your star, expressing yourself, doing exactly what you please. Duty has been long misunderstood: the real object of duty is yourself. If you don't like your present situation or surroundings, leave them at once for those which will afford you more "scope," more "stimulus." And I most rudely reply, "Yes, I have reports on your kind every day, men who desert their wives and children, and leave them to the mercy of starvation or the chance charity of the stranger. On the whole, we usually call that desertion, not freedom. It is hard to convert the law or the police. A few of the latter caught a little of the virus a few years ago in Boston, but public opinion strangely failed to see the point, nor did our untalkative but forceful President. Of course public opinion is desperately bourgeois—which is, in fact, but a way of saying that it prefers something besides a weathercock to do business with.

No, I have not an open mind. I prefer screens, the protection of windows



and doors to the house of my spirit. A wise man once said that no person or cause ever succeeded without a touch of bigotry. Which being interpreted means that there are certain inescapable facts in the universe, which we must face and regulate ourselves by. As to "rights," I have grave doubts about them. They seem too largely compounded of selfishness, with too much hurt and disregard of the equally valid rights of the other fellow. The obverse of rights, obligations, duties, really take care of the whole situation and are logically and eternally demonstrable. And so I come to the second part of my bigotry: whether my "open-minded" friend admits it or not does not in the least matter, in the long run, *sub specie aeternitatis*. Whether any of us sees it or not changes affairs never a jot or tittle. We cannot skip disagreeable things by denying them. We try to; we develop a whole modern philosophy of escape, which is really based on the fact that there remain still a majority of people who are bigoted enough to think that the day's work requires doing, like the silversmith whom I watched the other day, chasing a silver pitcher. He had sat or stood at that bench for nearly forty years, tapping with his little chisels. Just a monotonous tap, tap, tap, millions of tiny strokes exactly alike. Out of them had come much beauty of the cool shining metal; and out of them had come another beauty, which was revealed in the man's face. No, I do not think he would be called handsome; he was a long, lean, wiry specimen of the all-too-rare genus American skilled workman. But he is the happiest person I have seen this long while. He found his work when a young man, not necessarily *the* work, but a good job, where good wages could be earned, steadily, where he could do well, and he had the courage, yes, the courage, mind you, to build himself into it, and the resolution to keep at it, tapping with his little chisels for more than forty years. He closed

his mind to any convictions about other jobs which might be more interesting and found interest in the one which he had. It is the surest recipe for happiness known.

We refrain from telling the truth to our friends who seek "escape," so to speak, expression, etc., because we are often afraid of hurting their feelings. So we say; perhaps in reality the truth is that we too have tried to dodge the inescapable, or secretly intend to, but we can find a fancied way. God, for instance. We aren't sure about Him, whether He ever existed, or ever spoke so that any one could understand Him. Because if He did He said some extremely pointed things, which would make our "open-mindedness" look like much. There is no dodging Omnipotence. Nor does Omniscience know compromise. True, He hath pity on us, remembering that we are but dust, but as God He expects to be obeyed.

No general ever won a battle with open-minded tactics. The successful commander is what his name indicates, whether he commands an army or the bundle of "complexes" which is his self. The seeker after new things is labeled as trite the saying that life is warfare. But again it will make little difference with the facts. I open-minded friend has a campaign, he calls it, for his business. If I were to try to demonstrate to him that he could make more money by bricklaying and have far fewer worries, I should have my labor for my pains.

The pose of extreme youth and simplicity is ever the sign of oversophistication. We are just catching up in America. To desire to do what please and only that is indeed childish, and if persisted in condemns us to perpetual rainbow-chasing. Our doors will all be stuffed with sawdust, because we have not put away childish things for the realities of men and women. Truth is indeed not always convenient nor comfortable, but it is always true. Those of us who prate of our open-

dedness, our rights to follow the vagary, only seal our warrants to happiness and spiritual failure. The gods of the gods are slow, but inescapable.

## FEET ARE THE USES OF A RADIO

BY NEWMAN LEVY

**I**Y friend Hopkins had always assumed a rather supercilious attitude toward the radio. Imagine, then, surprise to learn that he not only had succumbed to the popular affliction, but that he had become an enthusiast of the rabid sort. It was all the more astonishing because he had always been a man of no enthusiasms and many violent ipathies. Hopkins disliked serious music, lectures bored him, and speeches of any sort wearied him.

"What else is there to listen to?" I asked, after Hopkins had concluded an quaint rhapsody about his five tube, super-aerial, loud speaking outfit—I'm sure of the technical terms, but it sounded something like that.

"Come around to-night," he said, "and I'll promise you a treat."

I found Hopkins sitting in an easy chair, puffing complacently on a pipe, before a complicated assortment of mechanical devices on a table. The scene looked to me like the engine room of a transatlantic liner. A huge horn projected from the table. He waved to me to sit down.

"It's going to start in a moment," he said.

"This is Station XPQ broadcasting," said a sepulchral voice from the horn. "The first artist on this evening's program is Miss Fay Bloom, the noted singer, formerly of the Muggville Grand Opera Company. Miss Bloom will sing the famous Mad Scene from Lucia di Lammermoor."

Hopkins grinned delightedly at me.

"She's rotten," he whispered.

A wait of a few moments, and then the orchestra began the opening bars of the music. Hopkins had a really remark-

able set. As the thin, somewhat strident soprano notes trickled out of the horn I could close my eyes and fancy that Miss Fay Bloom was actually in the room with us. I was suddenly startled by the sound of Hopkins' voice, loud and contemptuous.

"Won't you shut up!" he bawled as the shrill soprano tones frolicked desperately with the flute. "You're the worst singer I ever listened to. You ought to be selling old clothes with that rotten voice of yours."

I reached forward to stop him. Even with Miss Bloom corporeally absent, it hardly seemed the decent gentlemanly thing to do. The singer ignored Hopkins' interruption and continued to struggle valiantly with the trills and cadenzas.

"Are you going to stop that caterwauling," Hopkins shouted. "Can it! Shut up, I tell you—"

He turned a dial and Miss Bloom's voice trailed sadly off into space.

"—Senator Lucius K. Hogbaum, the eminent statesman and publicist—"

"The dirty crook," interpolated Hopkins audibly.

"—will entertain us to-night," announced a new voice from the horn, "with an address on the Reclamation of the Guano Fields of Our Territorial Possessions and Their Application to Article Thirty Five of The Versailles Treaty. I take great pleasure in presenting to you Senator Hogbaum."

Hopkins pressed his thumb against the side of his nose and wiggled his fingers derisively.

"That fellow Hogbaum is a faker and an ignoramus," he said to me. "I've been waiting for this chance for years."

The speaker's voice poured forth clearly and resonantly from the horn.

"—and so we find that in 1915 our importations dropped thirty-two and four thirds per cent, leaving a net depreciation of thirteen million, four hundred and seventy-two thousand, nine hundred and twelve dollars. And this tells only half the story, for we must also take into consideration—"



"You're a liar and you know it," exclaimed Hopkins.

"Nor must we forget those intrepid souls who carried the glorious standard of our country into the trackless wilderness of the Amazon," declaimed Senator Hogbaum, evidently warming up to his subject. "Egypt had its Cleopatra; France had its Du Barry. But where beneath the starry vault of Heaven—"

"Oh, hire a hall," said Hopkins, drowning out the conclusion of one of the speaker's choicest periods.

"Just one word more," said the Senator.

"That means an hour," growled Hopkins.

"You all know me to be a plain, blunt, honest man—"

"You're a crook and a grafter!" shouted Hopkins.

"The best years of my life have been dedicated to serving my fellow citizens—"

"You big stiff!"

"I am reminded of a little story that is going the rounds at the capital. It seems there was an Irishman—"

"That'll be about all for you, you big bum," shouted Hopkins angrily. "Do you think we have nothing better to do than to listen to your drivel?"

He gave the dial a sharp twist, and Senator Hogbaum's oration ended abruptly in the middle of a word.

"That's the way to treat those fellows," said Hopkins, smiling gleefully; "I wouldn't be without this set for a million dollars."

## STUDIES IN THE 20TH CENTURY LYRIC

(Reprinted from the *Ancient Language Journal*, April, 2433)

I've been working on the Railroad  
All the live-long day  
I've been working on the Railroad  
Just to pass the time away.  
Can't you hear the whistles blowing?  
Rise up so early in the morn!  
Can't you hear the Captain shouting  
"Diana, blow your horn."

THIS 20th century lyric is to be found in the Hubert<sup>1</sup> Collection, which contains the only surviving copy of what perhaps one of the earliest manifestations of the mechano-poetical school 1945-80. The author remains in complete anonymity, and we can only conjecture as to a possible identification. However, the existence of seven other lyrics on the same sheet, unquestionably all of them by a single author, allows us to draw conclusions with at least fair degree of probability. Grube urges with great ingenuity, though little plausibility, that the author must have been none other than Thomas Paine, who we know wrote "Auld Lang Syne" (which appears in the Hubert collection as well as the now forgotten relic of domestic age, "Home Sweet Home." But that the same person who sturdily maintained the 20th century ideal of the sanctity of "Home" could have written the refreshingly original lines beginning "We Won't Go Home until Morning" is entirely unthinkable. So we may dismiss this theory as of no consequence, and recognize the fact that the poet must have inserted one work of his own into the little garland. Is it too much to suppose that Paine was one of the members of the Rotary and that his friend inserted the famous lyric as a graceful compliment to a revered associate?

Pegnault<sup>3</sup> and Fertheim<sup>4</sup>, both working independently, but along more or less the same lines, propounded a second theory. They maintain that the eight verses were written by eight different poets, aspiring to admission in the Rotary Club. Membership, greatly coveted, was conferred upon any of the

<sup>1</sup>J. S. Hubert: *Source Book of 20th Cent. Lyric Poetry*. Burlington Univ. Press, 2432. "The Railroad" (p. 382) formed one of seven other lyrics (of less importance) printed on a single sheet of thick paper evident, the private circulation of the Rotary Club (the name of which appears at the head of the sheet), for the benefit of the anonymous poet. Hubert soundly surmises that the Rotary Club was probably the expression of a 20th century desire to imitate the famous organization of D. Johnson.

<sup>2</sup>Zeitschrift für 20. Jahrhunderts Wissenschaft. Salzburg, 2428. XXXVIII, p. 417.

<sup>3</sup>Etudes sur Les origines de la Poésie Mechanistique Rouen, 2419. p. 341 et seq.

<sup>4</sup>Der mechano Litteratur, etc. Wilden, 2420. p. 1.

lidates whose poems were approved for public reading before the Club. Further, they insist that it would have been impossible for one poet to have written ten verses so different in tone and diction as "Hail, Hail, the Gang's Here" and "There's a long, long trail a-winding." But to all this we can answer by the establishment of a remarkable series of probabilities. The theory which is now set forth is based to be one never before propounded. The daily visitor's book of the La Salle Hotel,<sup>1</sup> of Chicago, Illinois, for August 20, 1921, appears the entry, "Ed. W. Hale—Peoria, Ill." In a different hand, below the name appear the words "Hail, Hail, the gang's all here." Was this then the poet, hiding and revealing his identity within the words of his verse? Was the hotel clerk inscribing beneath his name the last line of his graceful lyric, in order to give it added importance in future years? That there actually was a poet named Hale we know surely. The Thomson copy of the New York Times Magazine<sup>2</sup> for April 11th, 1944, recorded the fact that such a poet existed. On page 17 of that issue is to be found the announcement of his forthcoming volume of verse—"Diana's Horn and Other Verses." That there remains scarcely a scrap of his work can never sufficiently be deplored, for further in the advertisement Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps dispassionately asserts that "in Edwin Hale . . . we have unquestionably our greatest American poet . . . is the complete master of whatever manner he wishes to employ. He can be utterly scientific, as in 'Diana's Horn,' distressingly sentimental, or reckless in his gayety. . . . A figure of colossal proportions." So there can be no question but that he was a poet quite capable of diversity in expression.

An excellent reprint of this invaluable source book of the Century Genealogy has just been issued by the Middle West Soc. The bibliography, however, is very incomplete.

For permission to examine the unique N. Y. Times Magazine I am indebted to the generosity of Mr. Holmstrom, whose priceless collection of early American literature would be the constant envy of scholars, were it not chillingly placed at their disposal.

The evidence has been presented. We know that Edwin Hale was a great poet (most of his works, alas, have passed into oblivion); that he wrote a poem called "Diana's Horn,"<sup>3</sup> that in 1921 before the signature of Ed. W. Hale in a visitor's book was written the first line of one of the most famous lyrics in the Hubert collection. We may infer, parenthetically, that in 1921 Hale was still a young man, exuberant and high-spirited. In all likelihood this period saw the production of his more pagan verses—such as "Hail, Hail" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." This we may call the earlier Hale manner. With later years came the more mature genius—the perplexing cynicism of the "Railroad Song" and the subtle infinity of desire which stirs us as we read "There's a long, long trail a-winding." Thus the difference between the dates 1921 and 1944 need not offer great difficulties.

To turn to the poem itself. Here we have, in all likelihood, the fundamental octet from which developed the characteristic ode form of the "Mechanists," i.e., octet, couplet, and sestet.<sup>4</sup> Though notably free in the manner of rhyme, yet we are to note the characteristic variations in meter, from dimeter to tetrameter. And within the line we observe the mechanistic desire to secure swift motion by the employment of various feet; e.g., the conjunction of trochaic and anapestic feet in the second line, and the pyrrhic "on the," as a suitable introduction to the strong trochaic foot "Railroad." Again like the mechanists, the movement is prevalently trochaic, varied pleasingly by the strongly iambic tendency of the fourth and eighth lines. If we may place the composition of the poem as somewhere in the period 1930-1945, then surely it is the direct ancestor of all the outpourings of Vandenburg, Scarlett and their followers.

Since we are in possession of what is

<sup>3</sup> The connection between this and the last line of the lyric must be evident at once.

<sup>4</sup> Or more rarely, double octet, as in Vandenburg.



indubitably a 20th century version of the poem, there can be little dispute as to corruption of the text.<sup>1</sup> Certain difficulties, however, must be cleared away, in the matter of linguistics. About the exact meaning of the word "Railroad" controversy has raged. Scholars have divided themselves roughly into two schools: (1) The French, and a majority of Americans, who maintain that the word must be meant to include any and all possible branches of the 20th century steam transportation system. That is, the interpretation is to be general, rather than specific. Indeed, certain French scholars (notably Adrien and Bolchet) have insisted that the word "Railroad" must be interpreted allegorically, rather than specifically. (2) The German, who assert that "Railroad" must be taken in its narrowest sense, as meaning the actual *way* over which the train passed. Hence, they observe, the song is, in essence, a passionate cry from the 20th century laboring "peon," and the first of a long line of communistic odes.

Through the able researches of Joneson and Reed the German School has been largely discredited, and the interpretation has been rather figurative than realistic. We may say that the substance of the poem is this: The poet, in a day dream,<sup>2</sup> has given his attention to the railroads and their betterment. This was a favorite topic with the mechanists.<sup>3</sup> All day long he has pondered on the matter—"just to pass the time away" (as he satirically remarks<sup>4</sup>)—but there is a depth of hidden feeling in the naked simplicity of

his words). In his dream, the poet sees all the feverish activity of the Railroad whistles shriek in the dawn, impelling the worker's early rise<sup>5</sup>; and we hear the voice of the "Boss,"<sup>6</sup> urging his helmate to sound the trumpet. "Dinah" a name unrecorded and wholly unintelligible we must regard as a misprint and emend to "Diana." In this, scholars agree, the allegorical group in France delighting that they can thus convince us of the "chase for industrial supremacy," and the Germans that they are able to prove the literal interpretation by reference to the well-established custom of the sounding of horns (even by women) to mark the passage of working hours on the track lines. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes. In realizing this, we recognize still more clearly that the poem represents the transition between the "conventionalists" of the 19th century, and the "mechanists" of the 20th.

For here we feel both the suppressed energy of the great physical power of the Railroad organization, and the tender reverence for the laws of human behavior. The conventionalist Wordsworth himself, with all his studied simplicity, could not have expressed more accurately the inevitability of the working peon's submission to routine. And certainly never did he introduce what 19th century critics were pleased to call the "classical" more skillfully than did Hale (if, indeed, he was the author) in the concluding line of his lyric.<sup>7</sup> In this random bit of verse, then miraculously saved from ineluctable oblivion, we are able to see petrified the layers of convergent literary strata.

<sup>1</sup> But Greenwood, in his *Typographical Evidence in the closing of Emily Annis's Broadside Literature* (Chicago, 2410) maintains that the sheet on which the seven poems appear was certainly printed after 1875, hence admitting the possibility of corruption of the text. This hypothesis, however, seems extremely improbable. For an admirable discussion of the whole controversy, and a carefully reasoned opinion see Prof. Hassner's article in *Amerikanische Studien*, LXXVI, pp. 33 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> Can we trace here a suggestion of the dream allegory in the romantic English period?


<sup>3</sup> Vide Abrahamson, *The Railroad and 20th Century Poetical Speculation*, Oshkosh, 1913.

<sup>4</sup> Ashbach would put a comma after "just," thus making it an adjective, referring to "I" the poet. But this seems unreasonable—for justice and poetry were divorced at least by the 4th decade of the 20th century.

<sup>5</sup> This line has caused much difference of opinion chiefly because of a fancied grammatical difficulty. The minute observations of Riesbach and the German School seem entirely unnecessary; the meaning of the line is unmistakable.

<sup>6</sup> E. F. Rieglon has discussed this whole problem with considerable thoroughness in "Captains of Industry as Bosses: A Study in American Industrial Literature," *The New Railway Soc.*, Vol. IX, 2031.

<sup>7</sup> The poet might well have had Wordsworth in mind as he wrote the Diana line. Cf. the classical ending of one of the now forgotten sonnets, "The world is too much with us," "and hear old Titon blow his wretched horn."



## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

### Passing the Mile-Post

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

is a good habit to take account of stock at the end of the year and see we are doing in our business. It is in trade; it may properly be done politics and in the general affairs of . A lot of things are going on just the results of which are very speculative. Human society has been badly d and is slow in coming right again. t efforts are proceeding to make it e right, to restore order and progress e world, to put distressed people, of n there are many, many millions, disconcerted countries in the way of ng back to prosperity and safety. umber of very important govern- tal machines have been destroyed the work they did or failed to do has . distributed to other political me- isms whose ability to handle it has et been imperfectly demonstrated. mistakes have been made in the re- ring of the world, with catastrophic equences. Europe is limping along ard restoration carrying vast bur- s, distressed with jealousies and an- ities and liable, apparently, to fall n in her tracks before she gets back ny comfortable status. Europeans ar have not been able to devise any nising plan for living together in ce. They are moving undoubtedly, whether backwards or forwards, and ther, most of them do not know. y are very anxious—our brethren in ope.

Even Asia is not calm. Ideas are stir- there which make for change, and

new political possibilities confront al- most every Asiatic nation. China is struggling toward reorganization. India seems to be feeling her way toward self government. If the influence of Europe upon the world relaxes because of in- ternal European squabbles, Asia will be affected by it and will not go on as before.

Here in these States we are thought to be more fortunate than any other people, but we too are a good deal up in the air. Enormous changes in life have come to us. Our adventure in the great war got us acquainted with the world, and got the world acquainted with us, as nothing ever did before. That has disturbed our politics. The war has disturbed our economics. Scien- tific discoveries and other things have disturbed our religion. Telephones and motor cars and all the developments of electricity have played hob with our old habits of life and economically, morally, politically and in almost every way we have been upset by prohibition. We do not know our duty any more, our duty as citizens of the world, as citizens of the United States, as employers, as workers, as church members, as heads of families, as teachers. We do not even know whether we are facing forwards or back- wards and we want very much to find out.

Some of the greatest mischiefs to in- dividuals and to countries have been done by the inadvertent introduction of factors or forces into an existing order



which did not belong to that order. There are constant examples of these mischiefs. Rabbits were introduced into Australia and overran that vast island because they had developed there with nothing to keep them in check. There was no provision for rabbits in Australia and they did a lot of mischief. It was the same with the mongoose in some of the West India islands introduced as a creature useful to kill vermin. It increased so rapidly that it became a pest. So in New England the imported gypsy moth did and is still doing a vast damage to trees. The boll weevil came from somewhere and made mischief with our cotton. There are scores of such cases, so that governments such as ours have come to be very wary of what sorts of animals and insects and plant diseases they allow to come into the country, and have even developed discriminations about human immigrants. The same sort of mischief can be done by laws or social tendencies that do not fit the civilizations—the “kulturs” as the Germans say—they are expected to improve. Moreover, there are great laws of evolutionary development, and when man-made laws run counter to them, there is trouble. It is held by respectable characters who seem to have been at pains to inform themselves that we in the United States are now struggling against the deleterious influences of just such laws; that we are the victims of a passion to improve human conduct by legislation and even by a certain kind of education, and are being injured in the most important essentials to progress for the sake of an apparent improvement in details of our deportment.

Consider one important detail of such effort—the prohibition law. It has been put over by entirely well-meaning people who have seen the evils of drink and have thought, no doubt, that to abolish them would bring something like universal salvation to mankind. But how much do these people know about human life and the processes by which it has come to the point where it is and by

which it can hope to advance? Are they profoundly wise people? Are they decent students of history? Is their great effort going to make us supermen, or will it start us on the back track toward feebleness and incapacity? It has been taken for granted that the expurgation of toxicants from use in the United States would do us good, but there are those that think it one of the most dangerous attempts to regulate American life that could possibly be made, and find it one of the seeds of physical, moral and spiritual degeneration.

Most of us are probably evolutionists enough to believe that the great aim of human life is development, and especially the development of the highest qualities in man, the spiritual qualities those that drive men forward on the road on which they should be going—that will not suffer them to lie down at their job, and that give them the necessary intelligence and nervous energy to get ahead with it. To most readers of this magazine the notion that alcoholic beverages have increased the capacity of men for progress of this sort will probably seem entirely preposterous, nevertheless people who make at least a good show of being informed hold precisely that opinion. A recent one is Mr. R. C. Towner, who has put out a book called *The Philosophy of Civilization*. He has read history, what there is of it, to try to make out what happened to nations and peoples in the past and why it happened to them. He has tried to discover why nations rose to power; why some of them developed a very high degree of civilization and later lost it; why the ascendancy of the powerful nations eventually in turn declined. He thinks you can learn little in this line from the study of individuals but much from groups of individuals. He thinks the matter of the moment in civilization has been whether the best women raised families or did not. He thinks all the tendencies that kept the best women, the most pious, the most spiritual women, childless, injured civilization, because of such

men are born the spiritual and mental leaders of mankind, and unless such leaders continue to be born, there is no progress. The facts of history out of which he gets this generalization are far many to be cited here, but he has in his book one long chapter on drink, and that it has done for civilization, and that it has happened to civilization when it has been shut off. He tells at length that he thinks that alcohol has been of enormous direct physical value, and of vast indirect spiritual value in deepening self-control and immunity to alcoholic temptation in a certain proportion of men. After going over the experience of all the important peoples whose habits and course of life he could see, he says:

The evidence is, therefore, that without alcoholic temptation genius has not been born, posterity has not improved, civilization has not risen. Groups in the strongest forms of alcoholic temptation have been most prolific of organized nervous organizations, and have attained the highest civilization. In those areas of the globe where alcohol has been always unknown civilization has been likewise unknown; where alcohol has been used for thousands of years (in the Mediterranean basin) civilization has persisted, while in those regions (in North Africa and the Rhine Valley) which have had alcohol at one time and not at another, civilization has been contemporaneous with alcoholic temptation, and has perished with prohibition. When the Christian proletariat drank daily of wine in the Holy Communion, it withstood persecution and rose to command an empire. When it ceased to be a drinking proletariat it was overwhelmed by barbarian invasion. Whenever the poor do not drink, they are continuously afflicted with plague; when they change to drinking habits, they become immune. Countries with a non-drinking proletariat always get their rulers from abroad; countries with a drinking proletariat develop their ruling classes from the augmented nervous organizations continu-

ously rising from their lower classes. In non-drinking proletariats, taxation takes all but the bare necessities of existence, wealth does not accumulate, and famine is frequent. In drinking proletariats, taxation always leaves a surplus in the hands of the poor, wealth accumulates, and famine is rare or unknown. Where alcoholic beverage is freely used, intellect has always risen. Where its use has been abandoned for coffee, intellect has signally declined. Where coffee drinkers and brandy drinkers are found side by side, as in Egypt, the latter are intellectually superior. Where drinking and non-drinking nations come into armed conflict, the former always win. So that alcoholic beverage, first known and used only by a fortunate few, has been carried by drinking and conquering nations throughout the globe. Instead of destroying the groups to which it was known, it has made them ever victorious. They are universally superior, corporeally and spiritually, to the non-drinking groups."

Well, now, that is shocking, isn't it? What do you think about it? What do you suppose Brother Bryan and Brother William Anderson would think? Do you suppose it is true? Do you know much about history? Have you any definite idea of what happened to various peoples and why it happened to them? Do you know why it was, or at least why it seems to have been, that the Chaldeans did not do better and last longer? Why the Egyptians, who had immense knowledge and a remarkable civilization, which lasted a very long time, were not able to keep it up? Why the Chinese ceased to progress, and though they did not perish, fell into a sort of stagnancy? Why the Grecian civilization, a wonderful thing, presently collapsed? Why the Roman civilization in the course of time went the same road? Why the marvelous Mohammedan civilization that worked such wonders in Spain rose as it did and finally faded out? How much do you know about our own history? We are a very powerful people, we



Americans, and there are a lot of us. We are quite intelligent about some things, quite active, have made some handy tools, get about in rather a remarkable way, and have produced and accumulated a great deal of wealth. The rest of the world seems to look on us as the most fortunate people now living. How about us? How did we come so? Are we really as good as we look? Are we improving or not? Are the factors that were operated for our development continuing to be active or not? We certainly are the products of some good social and spiritual machinery. Well, then, is that machinery continuing and improving, or are there a lot of folks who insist upon throwing monkey-wrenches into it? This prohibition, is that a monkey-wrench? The kind of education that we are developing at such vast expense, is that another? Are we over-educating a lot of people out of the capacity to take care of themselves and into a state of dependence? Are we developing great characters, raising up saints, and prophets and leaders, developing courage and the spirit of service? That is the great matter. If we are producing enough first-class people and leaving to them enough power to influence and lead their neighbors we shall get along. If not, we shall go down.

A lot of people in this country seem to be trying to get away property from their neighbors who have got ahead. A lot of others seem to be trying to make character by legislation. They wish to make people good by eliminating temptation. There is something to be said for some control of temptation. We do not suffer children to be tempted, if we can help it, beyond their youthful powers to resist. If we use good judgment about it we can throw some protection of the same sort about a good many of the grown-ups who seem to need it. But what makes character is effort, is struggle, is the overcoming of evil. The great gift that is given to man as distinguished from the other creatures is

the knowledge of good and evil, the ability to distinguish between right and wrong, the power if he will to choose right.

All the contemporary regulators of life seem to be working to diminish freedom. They would take away from their fellows the right, and consequently the ability to choose for themselves between right and wrong, and in so far as possible would make that choice for them. There come in the new drink laws. Our regulators believe that drink is bad for us and say we cannot have it. When there is opposition to that view, they say that it is all lawless and wicked. Mr. Towner, whom we have been quoting, thinks that is very harmful. He finds the great preacher of human freedom to have been Christ, who, he thinks, understood humanity, and who would not prohibit drink. He finds that for a while after Christ's birth the peoples that truly followed His teachings progressed and flourished, but that from the fourth century the Christian idea has been perverted, and only from time to time among definite groups of people has really had a chance to show what it could do.

One of the serious and perennial ailments of this world is that so many Christians are so much wiser than Christ. You can't seem to break through it. They have always been, have always raised hob with religion, and seemingly will always be. It is awkward, but what is one to do but to grin and bear it, and say to oneself "By their fruits ye shall know them." But when it takes five or six generations for the fruits to become apparent, as it may in this case of prohibition, one can hardly wait, but must make such a case as he can from the available experience of the past.

Meanwhile anyone who comes to share Mr. Towner's opinions may get a good deal of solace out of the instructive and very determined adherence of the large, and apparently increasing, part of the community to alcohol.

## EDITOR'S DRAWER

# Felicien Phipps and His Work

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

It is never easy to write of a great artist and of great art, and it is the more difficult when one has known and loved the artist. Emotion comes welling up from memory and drowns pure æsthetic appreciation; knowledge of the man makes detached examination of the genius almost impossible. I knew Felicien Phipps, and I loved him. Seven volumes of his intimate diaries came to me, under seal, as his dying reward for my friendship and admiration; his drawings, the very dearest of them, are before me now. How can I write temperately of him? I cannot. Others will write of Felicien Phipps: he belongs now to the world and to history. Others will consider him with an impersonality that I cannot even feign; there will be enough detached criticism to be set against a little intimate study of a great creative artist.

Let us go back fourteen years. On a summer evening, in the year 1909, a man of thirty stood, shading his eyes against the sunset, on the beach of a decaying Cape Cod village. His thoughts were unutterably melancholy: he was a failure. At the age of twenty he had written in his diary:

There is one fundamental form, a form which means life, without which there can be no life. Behind the tree and the bird and the man figure, behind all things living and inanimate, is this form. The ultimate end of art is the discovery of this fundamental form of which all things are various manifestations. I shall discover it. Until I discover it, I shall call it X.

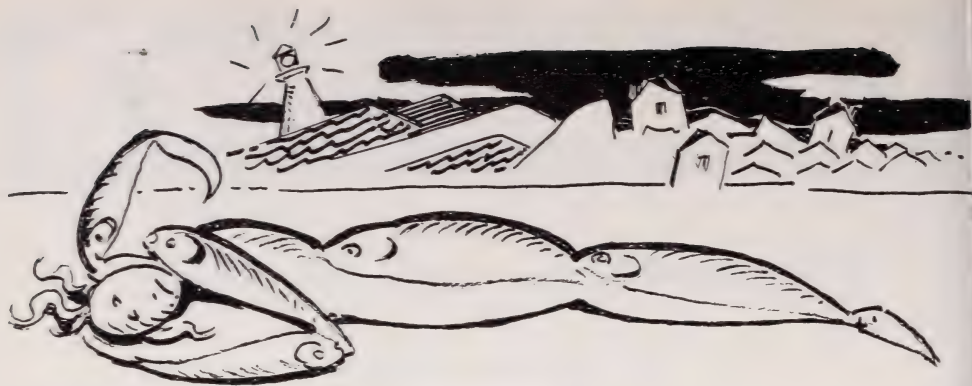
This he had written at the age of twenty, and for twelve years thereafter he had traversed the world in his quest of X. In the ateliers of Paris, on the sands of Arabia Deserta, at the foot of the Victoria Falls in darkest Africa, beneath the skyscrapers of the New World, in hotel bedrooms, sleeping-cars, gin shops and music halls, he had pursued the phantom of fundamental form; and the ideal had eluded him. The man's spirit had been indomitable, nearly. But he was not superhuman, and now he stood, after all these years of fruitless journeying, gazing at the cool depths of a sea that stretched temptingly before him. There, he thought, was silence, rest, oblivion: the dark waters would close over him, he would sink. . . .

Even in the midst of this tragic reverie his



"THE MAGNIFICENT DISCOVERY"





T.W.A.R.

"REVELATION"

eye, long used to searching, had wandered, and by its wandering the miracle was wrought: at his feet lay a dead mackerel! As the eye of Felicien Phipps—for it was Felicien Phipps who stood there—fell upon this deceased fish a great light burst upon him, a revelation of the kind that makes saints and heroes. Here, at last, was the truth he sought: here at last was fundamental form incarnate! He knelt by the edge of the sea and wept.

We cannot be too grateful that we have the man's own diary. With what a thrill we can read that entry of August, 1909, an entry made immediately upon his return home from the sea that had not claimed him, an entry written with his right hand while

he held the first, precious dead mackerel in his left hand. Then he wrote:

God be praised! I have found it at last. The secret has been cast up at my feet from the depth of the sea. The mackerel is the embodiment of fundamental form. Dolt that I was not to see this before! There is nothing that does not exist by virtue of the mackerel's curves. The artist who masters the mackerel will master the universe. I shall devote my life to this mastery. I shall begin at once. Let a man paint cows, hill women; let him paint what he pleases. In reality he paints only mackerel.

And then he put down his diary to take up his brush, to paint a woman for the first time, secure in the knowledge that he was painting mackerel. He has preserved the scene for us in the superb drawing which he named "The Magnificent Discovery." In this picture we see Felicien Phipps himself, with his inspiration, the holy mackerel, posed before him, working by the light of a single candle in his wind-swept Cape Cod hut. Note the expression of ecstasy upon the artist's face, the relaxation of the stern nose that had followed so many false scents before reaching the true goal. And note, above all, the at once exquisite and stupendous simplicity of the fish itself, the incarnation of fundamental form whose curves reveal the riddles of the universe. Then, noting these things, regard the transformation wrought under the creative brush, regard the living woman who emerges from an artist's contemplation of the defunct mackerel. Here, indeed, is the highest art. Here, in truth, is nature seen through a temperament. Here is transformation, transmutation; here, in short, is creation of the noblest kind.

Phipps' diary informs us that the drawing,



"THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE"



"FISHING VILLAGE"

led "Revelation" was executed while he is still in the throes of his first rapture. It is intended to immortalize—and who will say that it does not?—the revelation that is vouchsafed to Felicien Phipps on the sandy Cape Cod beach. The holy mackerel is prone upon the sand; but the fish, multiplied by the artist, has become several fish (symbol of the reproductive function of nature) and the several fish, grouped by a great creator, have assumed the shape of a beautiful maiden. Although Phipps does not specifically state that this picture is allegorical, we may assume that the artist was not devoid of allegorical intention.

"The Beginning of the Great Adventure" presents Felicien Phipps and the mackerel—still in the form of a beautiful maiden—turning to his hut for the first sitting. Here the artistic idealization is two-fold: the artist is not only idealized the fish, he has idealized himself. We do not see the rugged face that has been molded by sorrow and failure. There is radiant youth, treading the sands of life by the side of its ideal. The coy expression of the mackerel-maiden is a note that only Felicien Phipps could strike successfully: attempted by a lesser man, the expression would be merely inane. Of this picture the artist himself has written:

By this I am willing that my name should live and die. In it I have put my best. Hang it beside the Gioconda, and I shall be content to accept the verdict of posterity.

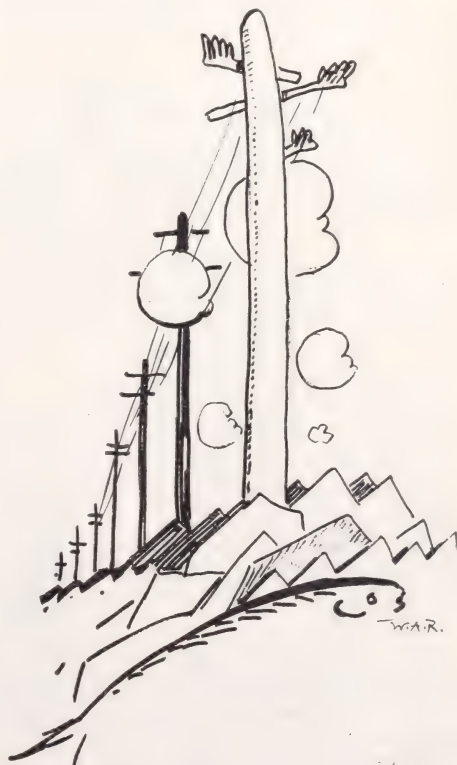
What sublime confidence, and, at the same time, what humility! Imagine a man as great as Phipps being willing to accept the verdict of posterity.

It is natural that the artist should have been moved at first to immortalize his own supreme experience. And it is natural, too, that he should afterward look round him to interpret his immediate environment in the terms of his discovery. So the next two pictures that he gives us are singularly beautiful views of Cape Cod. But neither "Fishing Village" nor "Telegraph Poles"—named with a simplicity of which greatness alone is capable—is simply a scenic representation. Each is something more, for Phipps was never content with surfaces. His diary tells the story of these drawings, in language which verges, perhaps, on mysticism.

A Cape Cod fishing village. History and soul. Fish! No fish, no fishermen; no fishermen, no fishing village. What's back of it, underneath it all? Fish.

And so he wrote of that companion drawing:

Telegraph poles make men forget fish. They don't make me forget them. There is a fish under every telegraph pole on Cape Cod.



"TELEGRAPH POLES"





"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI"

It is proof of his genius that he showed us the cross section of only *one* fish under one telegraph pole. A man of mere talent would have shown a fish under every pole and achieved monotony.

There is little to be said of the still-life "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" The conception is clear: the ephemeral nature of all life is the artist's theme. One thinks of how short a time these fish could decorate a vase, beautifully; and so thinking one realizes that all things pass.

But we must hasten on to Phipps the ironist, for much of his best work was an ironical comment upon the civilization of which man is so proud. And the finest example of this work is, I am sure, "Let Us Not Be Naïve." It is a drawing that one can live with, contemplate, study, and absorb, without ever tiring. But, more than this, it is a manifesto, a challenge flung in the face of the sophisticated. Again I shall have recourse to the admirable diary, for Felicien Phipps has interpreted and explained his art more satisfactorily than anyone else could explain or interpret it. Phipps wrote:

Dwelling here on Cape Cod, I am surrounded by fish: it is easy for me to believe that the mackerel is at the bottom of all life. The world may say that I am primitive, that I paint life

naturally when man is no longer natural. The world may call me a fool. I, Felicien Phipps, can defend myself. I shall look away from Cape Cod. I shall turn back to my student days in the most sophisticated city of the world, Paris. I shall choose the most sophisticated quarter of that city. I shall hunt out the most sophisticated café in that quarter; I shall select the two most sophisticated types in that café; and I shall draw them. Then having drawn them, what shall we find behind their worldly wisdom and their posturings? What indeed but mackerel! The omnipresent, eternal-holy mackerel! So shall I strip the artifice from civilization.

And he did.

We come now to the last days of Felicien Phipps, and I would speak of them briefly and tenderly. Certain critics have intimated that this mighty genius crumbled finally into madness, that the great flame burned, at the last, awry. I cannot think so. Men like Phipps do not go mad; that is a fate for smaller men. Phipps was strong enough to encounter art and life, and survive. But it is certain that during the last year of his life he underwent another emotional and spiritual experience comparable to his magnificent discovery. I shall not attempt to explain it. I shall content myself with reproducing here a drawing which he sent me a week before his death, and with quoting one paragraph from a letter which accompanied this drawing. The drawing—strangely named "Farewell and Hail"—represents a youth, who reminds us of another youth drawn by Phipps, turning away from a beautiful mackerel-maiden who seeks to hold him. What it is toward which he turns,



"LET US NOT BE NAÏVE"

can surely say. But I like to think the explanation lies in the paragraph I shall quote. Felicien Phipps was dying when he wrote it to me. It was virtually the last word;

rend the veil of an illusion, and what do we see beneath? Another illusion that seems to us, time, reality. But then we strip that away and have lived in the pride of certainty: for years the mackerel has been for me the ulti-

mate. I have *known!* But of late I have begun to suspect the mackerel. I have wondered. It is back of all life, that I know. But is there, possibly, something behind, beyond the mackerel itself? And if there is, what is it? I am dying, but before I die I must be sure. I must be sure. . . . Behind the mackerel, beyond the mackerel? That is the question.

A few days after Felicien Phipps wrote these lines he was dead.



"FAREWELL AND HAIL"

#### Capacious

**DURING** the course of a colored festival in a Southern town, Miss Mandy Johnson, a guest from a rural community nearby, from such a function was a novelty, was approached by a Mr. Spencer, who inquired with great suavity:

"Miss Johnson, am yo' programme full?" "No, no, Mr. Spencer!" said the lady. "I takes mo' dan a san'wich an' two olives in mah programme!"

#### Anticipation

**SIE**, the new maid, seemed eminently satisfactory, but the mistress of the house thought a few words of advice would not hurt as well.

"Remember," she concluded, "that I expect you to be very reticent about what you are waiting at table." "Certainly, ma'am," said the treasure, her face lit up with an innocent curiosity. "May I ask, ma'am, if there will be much to be reticent about?"

#### Domestic Wrappers

"**YOUR** friend is rather indelicate," remarked Mrs. Getterly. "She said that she gave her husband some panatellas for Christmas."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Why, I shouldn't think it quite the sort of thing to mention in public."

#### Deferred Payment

**ELLEN**, the new maid, had a young man who was greatly opposed to prohibition. He was usually just sufficiently filled with home brew when calling upon Ellen to be in a state of great jollity. After being somewhat annoyed on one or two occasions by his loud laughter, Mrs. Long said to her maid:

"Why don't you argue with your young man about his drinking habits, Ellen? It is absolutely disgraceful in these days of prohibition that he should be in such a condition so frequently."

"Arrah, mum," replied the girl, "Oi hates to shpoil his face before marriage."



## Persuasion

**BISHOP K.** is a very large man. On one of his pastoral railway journeys he was told by the porter when he boarded the train about 9 P.M. that there were no more berths left.

"That is too bad," said the bishop. "I have a hard day ahead of me to-morrow, and am worn out. What time does the last man get on?"

"Between two and three, suh."

"Well, can't you give me his reservation? He may never get on, but if he does you must wake me, and I will make it right with him."

The sun was shining when the bishop was called. "Your man did not get on after all," he said to the porter.

"Yes, sir, he did," was the reply.

"What did you do, then?" the bishop asked.

"Why, boss, I just showed him your shoes and I sez: 'De man what wears dem shoes is sleepin' in your berth. If you wants to wake him you kin, but I ain't agwine to.' He is a-settin' in de day coach."

## True but Misleading

**AN** American officer remarked to the manager of a Paris restaurant on the window of which was written the comprehensive claim: "*Ici on parle toutes les langues*," "You must have a great many interpreters here."

"Not one," was the reply.

"Who, then, is it that speaks all languages?"

"The customers, monsieur."

## His Winning Way

**I** DON'T see," began an argumentative citizen, "why, if that member of Congress is as unpopular and generally obnoxious to everybody as the newspapers say he is, gets so many things from the House."

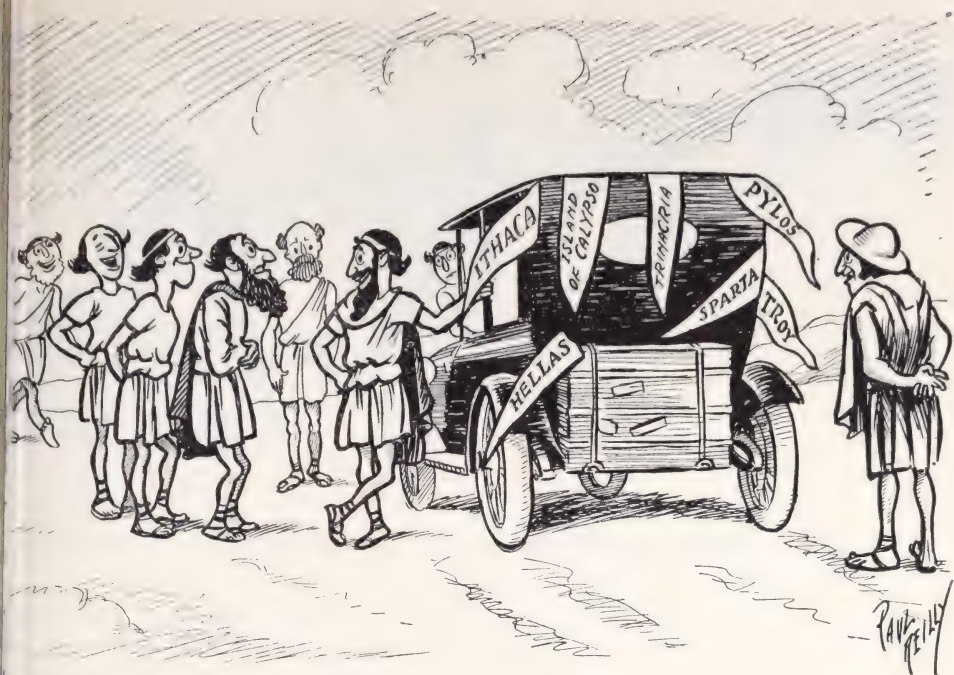
Then a gentleman who has formerly served in that body explained:

"Suppose," said he, "you were a business man having imperative business to attend to, and a man came in and sat down next to you and began to file a saw—would you give him what he wanted?"



## Looking Backward

**ROMULUS AND REMUS** (to Foster-mother): *Listen, Mamma—Will you give us a penny?*



### Literary Eventualities

SES: *All the hills on high—no tire trouble—wonderful weather—a really magnificent trip.*

#### A Bitter Partisan

FORE the local election in a Kentucky mountain town one of the oldest inhabitants was approached by the canvassers to put how he felt about the election. He said, "I h'ain't exactly made up my mind on side I'm gonna be for—but ye can be of this—whichever it is I'm goin' to be bitter."

#### Personally Concerned

OTT and Jasper were arguing about the need of a general and immediate spelling book, and the discussion grew warm. "Look here, Scott," said Jasper, at last, "you are you so bitter in your opposition to naming the language?" "Because," replied Scott, bringing his fist down with emphasis, "I have just invested my dollars in a new dictionary."

#### The Ruling Passion

LD Professor Smith, though inclined to absent-mindedness, was a lover of good horses and an enthusiastic horseman. He could be seen galloping over the neighboring hills and streams almost any summer evening, usually alone, but sometimes in the

company of his wife, who did not altogether share her husband's enthusiasm for the sport.

One evening Mrs. Smith, who was riding somewhat ahead of the professor, attempted to cross a little stream in too much haste and was thrown from her horse into the water. Her mount galloped on up the bank, and when the professor reached the scene of disaster it was trotting off toward the nearby highway. Mrs. Smith, floundering in deep water, tried desperately to shout for help, but her husband merely lifted a quieting finger.

"Stay right where you are, my dear," he said. "I'll get him if I have to chase him all the way to Dover!"

#### Legal Restraint

"YOU are suffering from brain fag and ennui," announced the specialist. "You should take a greater interest in your business."

"I should like to," replied the patient.

"Then why don't you?" demanded the specialist.

"The law won't stand for it," explained the patient. "I'm a pawnbroker."





*"Hey, fellers, come on and help the lady up. She has fell on my kid brother."*

#### Why the Office Closed

**UNCLE MOSES BARKER**, a weather-beaten mountaineer who presides over a post office among the hills of southern Missouri, peered through the stamp window at two city men who had tramped five miles from their mountain camp to post some letters. He shook his head.

"There's been an awful big rush of business at this here post office this mornin'," drawled, "and I'm all tuckered out. reckon I won't sell nobody no more stamps till after dinner."

"But," gasped the man nearest the window, "these letters have got to go. They're important, and they've got to catch the stage and get off to-day."

Uncle Moses was obstinate. "It shore don't pay for no man to work hisself to death," he said, deliberately, and withdrew to his chair, where he tipped back and dropped into a doze.

"Some people," snapped the city man, "would be too lazy to make a dollar if all the opportunities of the next fifty years came and perched on their doorstep! Now, where are you going to get dinner?"

His companion pointed silently to a sign, conspicuous on the post office door:

"Fried chicken dinner served to summer visitors at the Moses Barker Restaurant next door. One dollar."

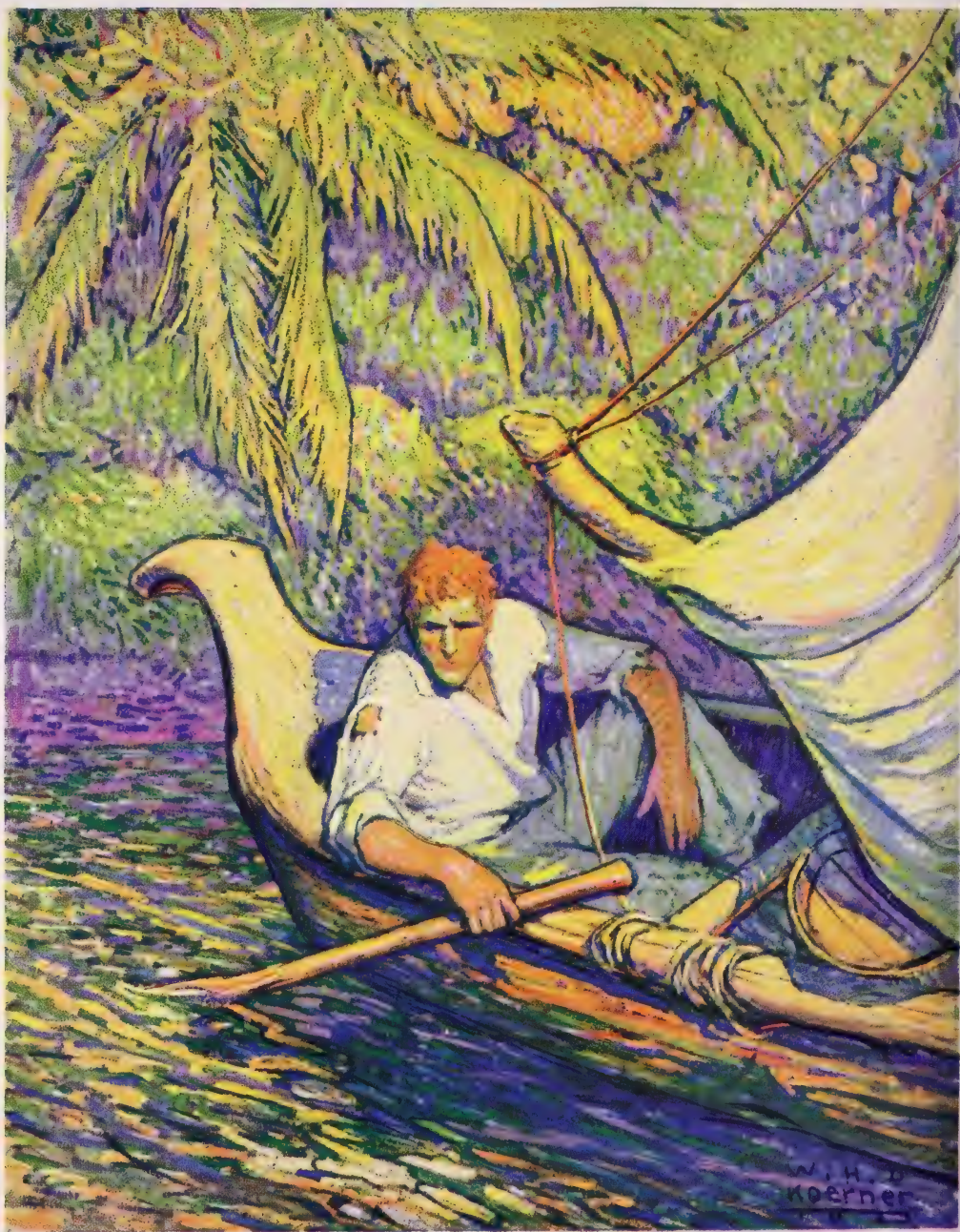


#### Safe and Sane

*"Stop, Mary, we'll go round the block; there's the chap I sold our old car to."*







*Painting by W. H. D. Koerner*

Illustration for "On the Malecon"

HE LIKED THE SLOW MOVEMENT AND THE SILENCE

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## By Air to the Heart of the Andes

BY BLAIR NILES

THE adventure began on the night before we were to fly. It took on the color of reality when at dinner on the veranda of the Pension Inglesa in Guayaquil a man—a barefoot native—came and stood quietly beside our table. "The automobile from the *hydroplán*," he said, "will call for you at a quarter to five in the morning."

He spoke as calmly of a hydroplane though he had said, "To-morrow, before, at a quarter of five the mules will be at the door."

After dinner we sat in a swinging seat under the trees on the grounds of the pension. In silence we blew rings of smoke. I could not talk, for to-morrow was to fly!

Sitting there in the soft night with a cool breeze rustling in the palm trees, my mind went back to two years ago when, on our way to Ecuador, a fellow passenger had told us of the hydroplane service just then being initiated on the Magdalena River in Colombia.

To fly up that famous river, from the coast into the heart of the Colombian Andes, became at once my great desire. That my first flight should follow the course of that particular river captured my imagination.

I had long wanted to know the Magdalena, as I knew the Yangtse, the

Irrawaddy, the Guayas, the Essequibo, and the Mujong; for I love the drifting life of great rivers.

Now I should know the Magdalena. I should not only be borne along by its swift current, but I should follow its course from the air. And this would happen in a country most of which can still be traversed only by canoe, mule-back, and ox-cart!

I had put away the glittering idea of this flight in the most important pigeon-hole of my mind. Then two years later, with my Ecuador book finished, the alluring idea had passed slowly through the stages of possibility and probability and, at last, into certainty.

But all this time my dream had been only of splendid adventure. I had never considered the part the airplane might play in the travel book of the future.

And, blowing wreaths of smoke in the darkness on the night before our flight, I remained in that simple kingdom of adventure.

This hushed anticipation was followed by an hour of feverish packing, for we made the disquieting discovery that our bags weighed seventeen pounds more than we had estimated.

In Colombia one flies by weight, and not only is there a high charge for excess, but beyond a certain weight the planes





Photograph by Scadta

#### DRAGGING OUT THE HYDROPLANE, PREPARATORY TO FLIGHT

will not rise from the water. The amount of luggage is, therefore, both financially and physically limited. As one proceeds inland the atmospheric conditions make this problem of rising increasingly difficult. The Scadta Company—which being interpreted is the *Sociedad Colombo-Alemana de Transportes Aéreos*—had warned us that our luggage must be reduced to the fewest possible pounds. Thus, at the last moment, we frantically eliminated all luxuries and some necessities. Even our linen dust coats, we decided, were too heavy to take. An umbrella and overshoes were discarded. Medicines were thrown overboard.

When finally the trunks which were to be left behind were strapped and locked, we once more went over the contents of our two handbags to see that nothing remained which could be cast away. For the dozenth time I inspected my flying garments which I had laid out with anxious care. And at last I crept in under my mosquito netting, to lie long awake, staring up into its roof, too vibrant with the sense of something wonderful about to be, to sleep.

In that expectant vigil I realized the

zest which flying contributes to the lure of travel and, therefore, to the books in which wanderings are crystallized.

I must have slept briefly, for before the *portero* came knocking at the door I was again awake.

I went out on the balcony. The royal palm in front of the house stood ghostly green in the flare of an electric light. I stood quite still in the breathless calm which follows the death of the night breeze. All the world seemed hushed on that morning of anticipation. I have since wondered how that could have been; for we were later to stay in Barranquilla at this same pension and to be awakened daily by a crowing as though all the roosters in the world held a convention at which all the braying donkeys were making speeches.

But on this particular morning there seemed a tense stillness as I hurried into those garments which I had laid out the night before with as meticulous care as though their arranging were to be my last earthly act.

At half-past four the table boy brought in the breakfast tray. The electric light had gone out now and the palm was



ry dark, a black palm in the dim timid  
ht of dawn. The table boy has been  
nerous. After oranges and papaya,  
st and jam, boiled eggs and coffee,  
ere remained two bananas. It would  
nice to take them with us, for we did  
t know whether there would be any  
op for lunch. But—the weight? Even  
o bananas had to be considered.

One of us had the brilliant idea of  
ling them then and there. But the  
er dashed the scheme by replying,  
"they'd weigh practically the same."

Well, we would be profligate. We'd  
ce the bananas.

We went down to the office where  
rs. Meek, the nice English proprietress  
the pension, was already on duty.  
e kept tropical hours and was always  
her desk at five. It was nothing,  
e said, to rise a little earlier to see  
off.

The pale light had slowly warmed the  
y when the expected motor turned  
o the drive promptly at a quarter  
fore five.

Even Mrs. Meek then shared our  
ise of excitement, for she began to

scurry about, saying she'd intended to  
give us cotton. Now she couldn't find  
any. Well, we must go. But we must  
be sure to tell them in the plane to give  
us cotton.

"Cotton for your ears, you know."

The motor stopped. It was a station  
cart with lengthwise seats. There were  
the vague shapes of three men in the  
car. They were speaking German in  
deep guttural voices; for the Scadta  
Company is organized and directed by  
Germans.

"Be sure," Mrs. Meek was repeating,  
"to remind them to give you cotton—"  
That . . . and that she would take good  
care of our trunks and bags until we  
returned.

And then the little light of her office  
was left behind and we jolted out on the  
streets and through the sleeping town.

The streets were narrow, incredibly  
rough and dusty with the profound dust  
of Barranquilla when for eight months  
it has forgotten to rain. We swung so  
alarmingly round curves that we had to  
cling to our seats while we coughed in  
the thick choking dust.



*Photograph by Scadta*



We stopped suddenly. A man got into the car and there was more German. It was light enough now to see the tanned florid faces of the men and the brown flannel and khaki in which they were dressed.

We drew up before another house. A native woman came in response to our horn. "Already he has gone," she said in the soft rapid Spanish of the coast.

And we went on. The sky was now rose and the little white one-story houses more distinct.

Then at last we turned steeply down to the hangars. There two machines had been dragged out and stood ready for flight—the *Bogotá* and the *Cauca*.

As our luggage was placed on the scales we dismissed the involuntary and futile impulse to discuss whether we should be weighed with or without our heavy coats. There was no evading the scales of the *Scadta*. They registered, I felt, even one's thoughts.

After our bags and the camera, we got on the scales. It was dark inside the hangar and they had to strike matches to read the figures.

Even with my coat, I was still fortunately one kilo—two and two tenths pounds—under the weight allowed for the minimum charge of two hundred and fifty dollars, so that our united weights, plus coats, were only four kilos over the allotment. But those two emaciated suitcases, one camera, my note book and pencils, and the two bananas brought us up to thirty-nine kilos excess, and our day's adventure to a total of six hundred and thirty-five dollars!

While the bill was being settled I walked over to the poised and waiting planes. The sky was now rose, and rose lay along the river. In the air was the brief freshness of tropic dawn.

While I waited the *Bogotá* speeded up and shot whirring out over the water. She skimmed, left the river, and was off. She carried no passengers. She was flying with bank notes to the value of a million and a half dollars.

In the capital city of Bogotá, nearly a

thousand miles away on the Andean Plateau, a bank had failed; the Banco Lopez; the great house of Lopez with commercial and agricultural and shipping interests all over Colombia. Lopez had failed and panic was threatened.

To prevent a demoralized run on the banks, the Government had added to days to the Independence Day holiday which happened to fall on the date of our flight. During these days of fiesta planes were to rush bank notes up from the coast and from the interior city of Medellin.

So I watched the hydroplane *Bogotá* fly from Barranquilla with millions of bank notes. And as though symbolic of its mission, the sky had become gold and gold the water, gold with heavy blue overhanging clouds.

When we finally climbed up over the left wing and into the *Cauca*, about to explore the Magdalena from the air, that six hundred and thirty-five dollars seemed absurdly little to pay for so glorious an adventure.

We took our places in the little coupé built to carry four passengers, but never taking more than two on these difficult flights into the interior.

We speeded over the surface with swishing foam. But we did not rise. We ran across the river in the hope of picking up a helpful breath of air. We turned down stream. We ran up stream, but still in vain. We faced again toward the river's mouth where we bumped over the waves until at last our pontoon were free from the friction of the water long enough to permit us to acquire the necessary momentum.

And then . . . then the river dropped away! Was it a foot away? No, in the time it took to think that, it was a yard. A yard? Why, it was ever so much more than a yard! The river dropped and was still dropping. . . .

We were flying! Actually flying! The sun had risen in a salmon sky. It was quarter to six, and we were flying . . . with the river now far below us.

Forty-five minutes after we passed the town of Calamar. Two days before it had taken us ten hours by river steamer to cover the distance between Calamar and Barranquilla. We made that distance now by airplane in forty-five minutes.

As Colombia unfolded beneath us I realized not only how flight is to annihilate distance for the travel writer, but I began to appreciate how it will supplement that close and intimate study which every author must make of the land he is to describe.

We beheld Colombia thus immensely unfold and reveal itself. It showed us on the right the Dique—the famous canal of the days of Philip II of Spain. We saw the Dique stretch away, a straight silver line between lush green banks, connecting Cartagena on the coast with the great waterway of the Magdalena at Calamar.

At half-past seven we flew over a tiny stream which we knew to be the "Brazo de Loba," an erratic arm of the Lower Magdalena which branches off at El Banco, and, after receiving the waters of the Cauca, rejoins the parent river, bearing with it the broad waters which have come down from the most fruitful and romantic region of Colombia.

In the vast valley of the Magdalena over which we flew there was water everywhere: lakes and ponds, streams big and little; ponds and lakes and streams; straight streams and serpentine streams and streams that seemed to flow in circles. The Magdalena itself divided and subdivided, sending out



*Photograph by Robert Niles, Jr.*

THE MAGDALENA VALLEY STRETCHING AWAY TO THE HILLS

gleaming arms to embrace green islets. Far away on our left rose the costal range of the Santa Marta mountains, deeply blue with their white heads lost in clouds.

We calculated that in each hour of flight we were covering a distance which by river steamer would require an entire day. When, at ten minutes of eight, the old Spanish town of Mompox was diagramed beneath us, we knew that we were two days by river from Barranquilla, which we had left just two hours before.

We were then flying low enough to get a sharply defined portrait of Mompox, with its streets geometrically laid out, its Moorish convent built about a square central patio, its church towers,



its cathedral facing as always the plaza, and over all, roofs of dull red tile.

I knew how hot and drowsy was the air in such a town, how blindingly the sun whitened the white walls of the houses, and how, from time to time the bells in those massive church towers would summon to worship. I seemed to hear those far-off bells, although in reality there was only the ceaseless deafening roar of the plane which penetrated the protecting cotton in my ears.

I had often thought that travel was, among many other more important things, living geography. I now realized that flying was geography dramatized, and so impressively dramatized that I was able later to astonish Colombians—and myself—by my knowledge of the *Departamentos* into which their country is divided.

I had learned without any conscious effort that, as one flies toward the interior, there is on the right the Departamento of Atlántico, with Barranquilla as its capital: that the Dique leads into the Departamento of Bolívar, whose capital is the historic old walled town of Cartagena, besieged so often by pirates and buccaneers. And I could always visualize on the left bank the great Departamento of Magdalena, with its capital at Santa Marta, in one of the banana centers of the world.

I knew, too, the rivers and the long ranges of mountains, the Cordilleras which run north and south, cutting Colombia into isolated sections. The map had become for me a living thing, of green and blue, of silver and copper.

In no other way can the travel author so comprehend the contour of a land.

I considered the impression which I retain after a study of other great rivers. I took, for example, the Yangtse which flows from the western borders of China, across the huge territory of the Celestial Kingdom, three thousand miles to the Yellow Sea. And my memory I found to be made up of details, seen intimately, but without perspective.

I saw the brown fields of winter with everywhere grave-mounds lonely or in friendly clusters, graves brown against a lifeless sky. I saw high cliffs and giant reeds and clumps of green bamboo. And along the way I visited Chinkiang, Nan king, Wuhu, and Kinkiang. I remember the trotting rickshaws, the shops and the soft glow of colored lanterns, globe of warm color. The red-and-gold sign of the shops had charming meanings: "The Shop of Heavenly Peace dealing in silks and embroideries" and the "Shop of Extensive Harmony dealing in carved ivories and silver work." In one of these shops we had bought salt and pepper shakers in the form of little silver pagodas, and the old Chinaman who sold them had a face like a carved netsuke of ivory.

I remember riots and dead Chinamen on the swarming Bund at Hankow under the flaunting flags of then great nations German and Russian, as well as French and British and American. And there still comes to my ears the mournful chant of toiling coolies.

All this—and much more—I found indelibly etched. But I had seen no farther than the banks of the Yangtse. I never knew what manner of China lay beyond my narrow horizon.

In looking out from the air over the vast unrolling panorama of Colombia I suddenly understood that studying a country without the airplane is like examining a human countenance bit by bit: an isolated eye, a detached mouth, an eyebrow; and then by an act of memory adding all together in the effort to see the face as a whole.

I was later to study Colombia intimately, feature by feature, but now in the air I saw in perspective the face of the land. It was like looking upon the broad sweep of an artist's creation as it exists in his mind, seen in the mass with the detail to be developed later.

Flying thus over Colombia, I began to realize that I was to know this country as I knew no other.

And then we made our first descent. Twenty minutes past eight we came down at El Banco to deliver the mail, for the Seadta conducts the largest private mail service in the world, and El Banco the Departamento of Magdalena is its first port of call. There we took gasoline and the careful mechanic inspected the sparkplugs.

When we rose from El Banco it was to pass through a frothy sea of cloud, soft and thick and white; on up above this clear air. Through breaks between cloud and cloud I looked over to the perilous and isolated country of the totilonos Indians, reached only by canoe up the César River. But the totilonos are seldom disturbed by adventuring canoes, and when they are, what are poisoned arrows for, if not to provide meat for the tribe?

The rumor of cannibals, and the longest regular hydroplane service in the world! That is perspective indeed. No wonder that flying in Colombia had so captivated my imagination!

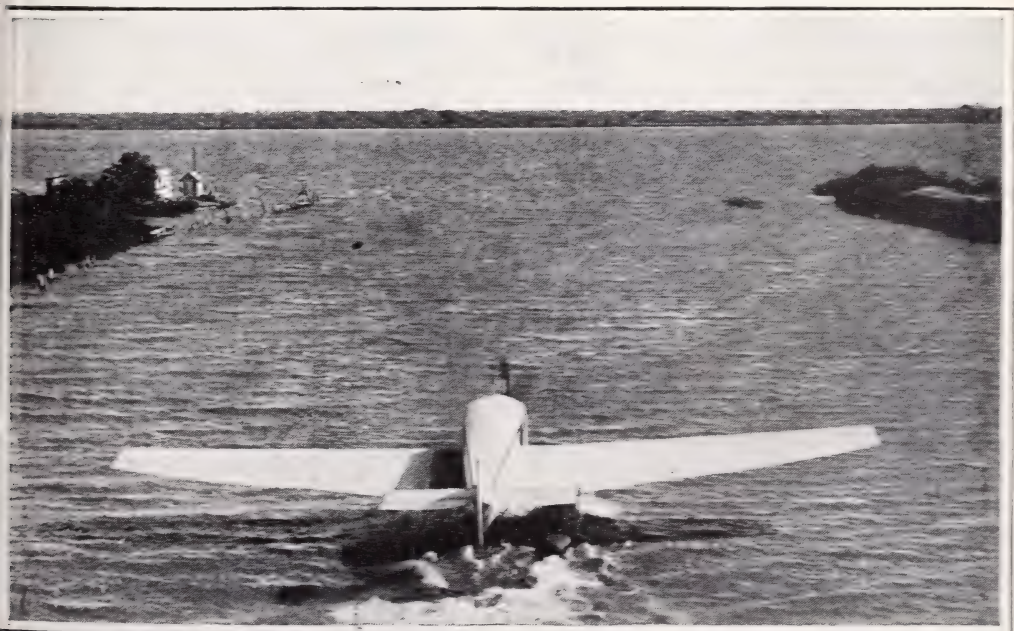
As we flew we could see between those intervals of cloud that we were passing

over stream and forest. We saw also the little river port, Puerto Wilches, from which five days on mules over precipitous mountains, will carry one to the city of Bucaramanga, capital of the Departamento of Santander. From much acquaintance with Spanish-American towns, I knew that there also would be Moorish monasteries, plazas, red-tiled roofs and church bells.

Bucaramanga was especially interesting because at that moment the Rockefeller Foundation and the Colombian Government were waging war upon yellow fever, a battle in which yellow fever is forever destined to lose.

Somewhere in the air between El Banco and the next stop at Barranca Bermeja we ate those two bananas whose aerial transportation had brought their cost up to at least fifty cents apiece in a country where bananas are to be had almost for the asking.

After El Banco I realized that the horizon mountains had imperceptibly drawn closer. They had removed the haze in which they had been enveloped. They were nearer, higher, and more dis-



Photograph by Seadta



tinct. With their approach the country had become less marshy. We had left behind the grassy fields and orderly rows of bananas.

We flew above forests across which drifted cloud shadows, forests where copper streams cut through deeply green masses of jungle.

In this changing scene from an airplane lies undiscovered country for the illustrator of a travel book. Fantastic problems of composition offer themselves. A new type of artist will be developed. This artist must be as quick as a sportsman who shoots on the wing; since he must, also on the wing, register swift images of color and composition. Here the aerial photographer becomes invaluable, for he and the artist will co-operate in that new form of art which will portray the earth from the air.

As we rose higher filmy clouds blew through us. They seemed to be going somewhere in a hurry. Far below was a lake. It seemed a little lake and it was full of shadows of trees round its margin and of clouds passing over it. The blue shadows on the treetops were deep dark pools with strange outlines. The river lay like a bronze serpent.

We often fell into pockets of air—holes in the air—and climbed out again, keeping our equilibrium by a continual sideways tipping of our wings. We tipped and veered, and then tipped and veered again. I felt that we had ceased to be a machine and had become a monster bird with powerful vibrating heart and sensitive wings.

A little later we are descending above Barranca Bermeja, with the houses and offices and tanks of the Tropical Oil Company like mushrooms in hot glaring rows. These buildings grow quickly larger, and all at once a tiny speck on the surface of the river becomes a canoe. There is a child in the canoe. The child becomes immediately a man, and the man has fruit piled on the bottom of the canoe.

We are turning, banking down to the river; turning sharply down with tre-

mendous rush and speed and whirr. We skim above the water . . . low . . . very low. We strike with a bump; a series of bumps, diminishing until we glide smoothly, like the fastest launch in the world, and finally come skillfully to rest at Barranca Bermeja.

It was very hot at Barranca Bermeja. Our pilot sat on one of the pontoons under the shadow of a wing, while the mechanic took on gas and replaced the used spark plugs with fresh ones.

We waited under the inadequate shade of the projecting roof of a little corrugated iron shed. The heat was breathless. We fell into questioning talk with a group of men who had gathered to see us land.

"Has the *Calmar* passed yet?"

"No, Señor."

"The *Ayacucho*?"

"Not that either."

"The *Perez Rosa*?"

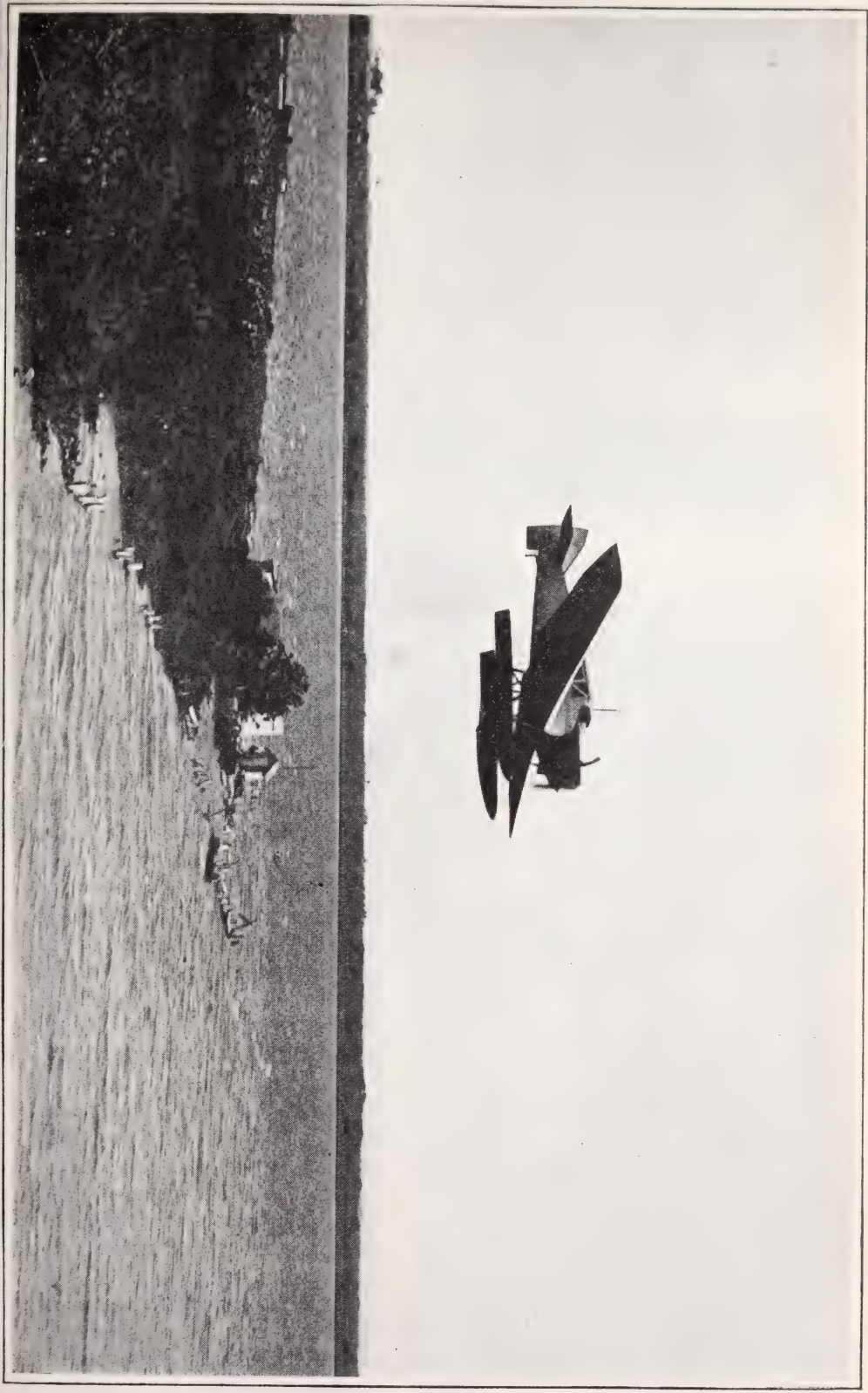
"Nor that."

Boats which had left Barranquilla days before the *Cauca* had lifted herself into the air to fly for Girardot, six hundred miles into the interior, had not yet passed Barranca Bermeja. We had flown over them, indistinguishable specks on the river, crawling up against the swirling current at the rate of four miles an hour.

Up that same river four centuries ago the Spanish conqueror Quesada had spent terrible and painful months in reaching this port of Barranca Bermeja.

From Barranca the run to Puerto Berrío is short, and there we had also mail to deliver. And there the pilot allowed us a "little half hour" for lunch.

No Arabian night's dream was ever more glamorous than that lunch. The sun was as dazzling as the sun in a fairy tale of the tropics. The palms were as strangely beautiful as palms seen for the first time; or after a long absence, much as a spirit might regard them who had returned from other worlds to look once more upon straight smooth-columned palms lifting regal heads about a white and balconied hotel; a hotel





which was approached from the river by a long flight of steps, also white and hot in that fairy sun; steps up and down which nothing would be too marvelous to pass.

So upon return to earth from the air is a spell cast over all things. For the travel author who seeks ever to keep alive the child-wonder of his soul, there is in this return to earth an enhancement of that wide-eyed delight.

The lunch at Puerto Berrío had also the fleeting quality of a young dream, for it was indeed a "little half hour" that our pilot had allotted us. And in obedience to a summons delivered by a small brown urchin, we hurried down those long steps to resume our places in the hydroplane *Cauca*, A-9, waiting to fly to Girardot.

In the river we found moored a sister plane, the *Santander*. Puerto Berrío is the port for Medellín, capital of Antioquia, a district rich in gold mines and coffee plantations. The *Santander* was waiting for the train from Medellín which was to bring more bank notes to avert the threatened panic in Bogotá.

At Puerto Berrío I am convinced no breath of air ever even faintly stirs. We vainly maneuvered up and down the river. It was impossible to rise. The pilot passed over our two bags to the *Santander* which was to follow us.

We made another attempt and, relieved of just those few pounds, we skimmed the surface, and so lightly did we touch the water that we left only the merest line on its sheen. We skimmed and suddenly the river dropped. . . . We were up!

The miracle of ascent was by this time sufficiently familiar for me to analyze it in penciled notes:

Up. . . . We rise as if lifted by great breaths. The breaths come in big puffs as though a giant breathed, refilled his lungs and breathed again. . . . Lift . . . Soar while the giant inhales. Lift. . . . Soar over broad river. . . . Fall into an air-pocket . . . lift . . . tip . . . and

soar. . . . A copper river comes flowing into the Magdalena. . . . Lift . . . with the powerful breath of the giant. Lift and soar. . . . Blue haze lies over the mountains. Blue as the sky. . .

We tip with that slight rocking from side to side. And always we vibrate with the force of the engine's explosion and always there is the beat, the throbbing, ceaseless throbbing of the exhaust. There is no word to describe that pervading, deafening sound; for language was made before men flew.

A white sand bank glistens in the middle of the river. We fall into a series of pockets. We climb out. We soar and rock. There are fewer cloud shadows on the land.

Our breeze stiffens. The great throbbing buzz is louder. . . . Pocket. . . . Lift. . . . Mountains like blue waves in the right, like waves of surf rolling in.

I am oddly not conscious of speed but only of the lift and fall, the rocking of the wings, and the vibration. But none of these things—not even the violence of the breeze gives me a sense of speed. The ever-changing landscape itself does not move. It simply changes.

There is now a lake which magically becomes a forest and again a lake; the forest turns into a peak and a peak becomes a river of burnished bronze. The mountains have advanced on the march to the river's bank. The valley shrinks before these encroaching Andes on which lie purple shadows, large steady shadows.

We lift and rock and soar. We look out at the valley through blue haze. In the lap of the hills lie fleecy clouds. We climb to more steady air with a mighty lift which makes me catch my breath.

The *Santander* passes us bound for Girardot direct with a million and a half in paper money and our two travel-worn suitcases.

Here I felt a greater sense of altitude than earlier in the day, even than when above the clouds beyond El Banco. I look down. We fly through space!

I love to put my head out the window

to look down through space to the earth. I have so loved the beauty of that earth that strange I should feel in the sensation of complete severance from it. This severance is a liberation more absolute than death, for in flight even one's dust and bones remain upon the familiar little planet.

I love to realize this freedom and this severance and dwell upon it. I had never imagined that flying would do something to the soul. Now after the thrill of adventure I find it a deep spiritual experience. For up there in the air, gazing down through space to a little earth with which one has no longer any tangible physical connection, things fall into their proper places and one apprehends in a radiant flash what is of moment and eternal. All else fades and has no significance.

This perspective differs from the perspective of memory. Memory is intimate, personal, dear and essential; but because of this very intimacy it often fails to escape prejudice. The detachment of flight encourages impersonal perspective, and impersonality makes for fairness and justice.

I look down. There is a little boat on the ribbon of river, but I know from its shape that it is one of the big flat river steamers. Later I traveled down the Magdalena on a similar boat. The memory of it is vivid. I can recall every scene on board. Gestures and intonations come back to me.

With my propensity for fancying myself some one else, I become a barefoot, hooded Franciscan monk in a heavy



*Photograph by Robert Niles, Jr.*

#### LOOKING DOWN UPON A BIG RIVER STEAMER

robe of brown wool. I feel the heat of the robe, for in the person of this monk I have come down from a monastery in cool Bogotá on my way to Medellín. And after the confining peace of my convent the world is a big and exciting place, and the journey on a river boat so adventurous that in the simple wonder at it all, I almost forget the heat of my hooded robe.

Or I become a small boy who smokes cigarettes and marches about with his hands in his pockets. It is his first trip down to the coast and he is so eager to see alligators that he finds life in every log and stump and is forever crying out falsely that there is a *caimán* and there another.

Again I become a fat general in a



messy white uniform. He has important mustaches. His face is deeply scarred, and when I am that general my mind is lurid with battle and blood.

I slip thus easily from personality to personality, until I find myself back in my own incarnation, and I am on deck in one of the big cane rocking chairs of the Magdalena river boats. I am gazing into the deep dark heart of the jungle, reliving the life of such a jungle, listening once more to the voices of a tropical forest. Of such is the precious perspective of memory.

I look down from the air upon a Magdalena river boat and it is just a little creeping thing. It is easier to picture an ant hill seething with emotion than to realize that such a slowly moving speck carries that vital cargo of tenderness and greed, cruelty and kindness, peace and ambition.

Those specks which are boats seem so small as they move on the face of the river, and the river itself so small in the mountain-circled valley. The people down there know nothing of the bold free sweep of great horizons. Their vision is as limited as mine had been on the Yangtse—limited by the banks of the stream. For them there is no luminous emancipation of unchained vision.

In looking down through that space which separates the world from the plane, earth-memories crowd the mind, but the soul is withdrawn. For a fleeting fraction of time it is drawn back into the calm of the universal soul. Peace and stillness possess it. And so I love to put my head out of the window, to feel the force of the wind we create, and to gaze silently . . . down through space. . . .

I gaze, and again the great lift which always makes me catch my breath. All about us is the wild world of the Andes. There is no settlement or sign of life until we drop down, through the zone of bumpy air, to Honda; dropping into air as dry and burning as if it had been passed through a furnace.

We land on the sandy beach. At the cool aerial heights, Honda is hot yond imagination or belief. We let the mail, take on more gas, and again rise, still with painful effort; no sooner are we up than we immediately descend for the pilot has noted an alarming sound in the engine. He explains in his German-Spanish that repairs are necessary before we can go on. They will take at least two hours. Perhaps more. Meanwhile he will telephone to Girardot for another plane. But it is Independence Day. Offices are closed. He is unable to pass the message through.

We cannot land at Girardot after dark. And all our luggage has flown in the *Santander*. We are in Honda without a toothbrush or a mosquito netting.

I sit in the shade, on the roots of a spreading tree, a *bonga* tree. To the new casualties of the way the air travel must adapt himself, just as formerly I was philosophical about fording streams or about mules which elected to rest while his most treasured belongings were still strapped to their backs.

So I sit waiting, strangely not for mules, but for the engine of a hydroplane to be repaired.

Because it is a holiday the citizens of Honda are strolling about in their best clothes. They come to stare and to ask me where I come from and where I am going and why. I fan with a little Japanese silk fan which all through the hot country I have worn on a chain round my neck, and I reply as truthfully as I may be to those questions put by the citizens of Honda; questions still unanswered by the race of man. Where are we going? And why?

Meanwhile the mechanic and the pilot bury their heads under the hood of the engine and tinker. "The magneto," they explain, not very illuminatingly to me, I confess. "The magneto is a tooth behind." With that they disappear again under the hood.

And the citizens of Honda, having obtained from me all possible informa-



return to impart it to the rest of the population, leaving me to meditate in an.

"So this," I reflect, "this is Honda." Over the grim bare mountains which lead down to the river, still climbs the Muisca trail, which was for centuries the only way into Bogotá, the capital, nearly 9,000 feet high.

Once all the varied life of that capital spread over the trail. Plenipotentiaries, priests and bishops, fine ladies and generals, pianos and Paris hats, all followed the Muisca trail on mule-back, three days' journey up from the river.

The Girardot-to-Bogotá railroad is comparatively recent, and with its coming all riches and elegance deserted the old trail. Freight rates, however, high, and long lines of mules still carry sacks of coffee down to the river boats at Honda, journeying back with goods from the outside world.

But the Muisca trail can never recover its old importance. As the river steamers have changed the river and the life upon the river, affecting even the jungle which

mirrors itself in the rapid current, so the coming of the railroad has robbed the trail of its ancient splendor.

And now the ship of the air is here. It must in turn inevitably influence civilization everywhere. We do not yet begin to appreciate all that it may mean. It is still so new. But it will be the task of the travel writer to interpret the world that is to be, and we cannot, if we would, stop the time-clock.

But as I sit in the heat under the spreading tree at Honda, a line of mules trots in the dust of the trail just beyond the tree. And for one little moment I would sweep away even the wonder of flight if I could go back to the old days on the Muisca trail!

At last the pilot and the mechanic and the German language emerged from the depths of the hood to announce that we might now start. And in the thrill of ascent I am afraid I forgot the little dusty line of mules.

We rose easily and lightly out of the scorching valley of Honda. The giant was again lifting us with mighty puffs,



Photograph by Scadta



lifting us up through rough air to air as smooth as new macadam.

The Honda trail crawled over the mountains until we saw it as a mere thread which we were soon too high to distinguish any longer. Somewhere on our upward climb the *Santander* appeared, coming to the rescue, to see what was the matter, for we were long past the hour we were due in Girardot. We waved "all's well!" and the *Santander* continued back to Puerto Berri6.

Its passing left us in a world inhabited only by mountains. The forests of the Magdalena valley had disappeared, but so had the valley. The river no longer spread itself over the map. It twisted at the bottom of ravines which separated mountain from mountain. In the singularly clear light so characteristic of the high Andes the mountains shimmered in color: violet and mauve, rose and orange; soft uncertain patches of color with vague outlines.

As we mounted, the Andes themselves seemed also to mount, to become higher and again higher; range upon range to the horizon. I got a sensation of sheer height, towering height, unlike anything I ever experienced from the ground, even in the grandeur of the Himalayas.

The sun was low and dazzling. We flew high. We were no longer lifted. We fell into no more air pockets. There seemed even no slightest rocking of the wings. There was only the vibration, the great throbbing roar, and when I put my head out of the window, the strong rushing wind. The sun was sinking fast. On the right the snowy dome of Tolima, chaste and symmetrical, lifted its head from a cloud lake of flame. All about us were piled high these Andes and there were Andes also below us, for we had left the winding course of the river and were making a short cut over a range whose jagged upturned edge was like a colossal saw. These were painted mountains, as colorful as the Grand Canyon, while their deep gorges caught and imprisoned purple-velvet shadows.

An ever-changing opalescence played over the snow summit of Ruiz. Tolima now stood coldly, deathly white against a fantastic cloud of midnight blue. Then in a moment the sun was gone. And there, six hundred miles from Barranquilla, we had seen as only an airplane could show us, the majestic glow of its setting upon the stupendous Andean world.

We hovered there a moment as though even the great pulsating creature mechanism hesitated and was reluctant, but below lay Girardot, the point from which we were to proceed by mountain railroad to Bogotá on the high plateau.

We had, therefore, to descend, yet we hovered in the glory of the afterglow, before speeding dizzily from sky to earth, hovered and then plunged.

And all at once the adventure was over. The pilot was opening the door to ask if we had enjoyed the day and to bid ceremonious farewell, while on the river bank a competent urchin waited with our bags left in his care by the *Santander*.

I walked again on the earth, but through my shoes; and as I had never been able to talk in the night at Barranquilla because in the morning I was to fly, because I had flown I was for the time disposed to silence.

"This is the earth," I thought, "and we are so much part of it that all in us which is material is thus inevitably returned. I walk on the earth but I have been in the sky, and both are now forever changed. The earth is becoming new; the old mystery and the old beauty newly revealed. Walking that new earth, I may look up and remember knowing how it is to join a white band of scurrying clouds, or to participate in a sunset; knowing, too, a strange undreamed of loveliness—the loveliness of the earth from the air. Looking into the sky I may ever recapture peace and liberation, for my spirit has learned to fly."

# The New Control of Surgeons

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

*This article has been read, carefully reviewed, and approved by several of the eminent surgeons of the United States who are familiar, at first hand, with the conditions described therein and with the objects and achievements of the American College of Surgeons—Editor's Note.*

YOUNG man went North from an old Southern town some years ago, to learn how to be a surgeon. He found his way into one of our great Middle-Western universities, and before two years had passed his teachers knew that he had chosen his profession wisely, and that he would be one surgeon in a thou-

His brain was like a camera: it took and kept pictures of every aspect of human anatomy, so that his eye turned to a human body seemed to function as a Roentgen lamp. He had nerves which controlled his fingers with the sureness of steel machinery. He had that fine balance between utmost precision and seemingly reckless daring which is the fundamental essential of every great surgeon; and among his other qualifications and possessions he had a conscience.

And his conscience got him into trouble. I sat with a great surgeon not many weeks ago who had been a teacher of this boy, and he told me the boy's story up to date. It isn't a finished story by any means; it is bound to have a good ending. But up to now it is something like this, as the surgeon-teacher told it to me in his office, between patients.

He was one of the best students in surgery that I ever had. I am sure he would make a great surgeon some day. It was not at all difficult for him to find a position in a hospital as soon as he had graduated. We were able to give him the highest recommendations.

"He went off to a finely equipped new hospital and went to work. We got the very best reports of him and what he was doing. Then suddenly he resigned from the staff of hospital surgeons there. He came to me to make an explanation. As near as I can remember it, this is what he said to me:

"I couldn't stay in that place. I suppose I had too much conscience. They'd call you upstairs to the operating room and tell you to perform an operation on a person whom some doctor had brought in and whom you have never seen and about whom you knew nothing. You'd have to take the diagnosis of some physician at its face value, without learning for yourself whether it was right or wrong, and cut away, in copy-book style, whether the patient needed an operation or not. I couldn't stand it. I can't be that kind of a surgeon."

"I knew just exactly what the young man meant. He *was* the kind of a boy who couldn't stand that sort of thing. I didn't tell him at that moment whether I thought he had done right or wrong, but I said to him.

"Well, now what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to pack up and go back to my home in the South where I know the folks I'll be operating on and I'll know whether they need operations or not."

"And he's gone, too, God bless him," added the great surgeon. "There were too many unnecessary operations at that hospital."



I give this story, taken at first-hand, to introduce the assertion that you and I, our wives and our children, are constantly facing the risk of undergoing unnecessary surgical operations. There are hospitals where such things happen: too many of them. To put it coldly, it is not entirely unlikely that some day you or I or some one we love may be wheeled into an operating room, put to sleep under an anæsthetic and be helplessly subjected to a surgeon's knife, at the risk of having life leave the body then and there, or being physically weakened for life, for no other motive than to put money into the pocket of a surgeon or a doctor.

I realize, as I make this statement, that I seem to be indicting a great and an unspeakably helpful profession. I fully understand how grave an offense I should be committing if I were recklessly to unseat the confidence of the public in the benefits of surgery.

I have gone to no laymen for the affirmative answer to my question, "Are there too many unnecessary surgical operations?" I have gone to men of the white aprons and the rubber gloves—the surgeons themselves; and in this article I shall give not a single instance of criticism of unnecessary operations which has not come to me directly from a member of the medical or surgical profession.

In a hospital in an Eastern city, not long ago, the staff doctors noted the fact that a young surgeon, not on the hospital staff but on the courtesy list, was performing an astonishingly large number of operations for appendicitis in the hospital's operating room. He sometimes had as many as ten patients in the wards awaiting his knife.

He was called before these doctors to make an explanation. The gist of what he said was this:

"I'll admit that now and then I do perform an operation for appendicitis which is unnecessary. But here's my problem: I practice among working people. These people can't afford to

go to a hospital for two weeks or so lose their wages, while developments close whether or not an operation be avoided. I must give them benefit of the doubt. If the doubt points toward an operation I perform operation and get them back to work as soon as possible."

That was his explanation. I repeated it to an eminent surgeon, in a Western city in telling this story, and the surgeon laughed and said, "I've heard that story over and over again. It isn't a new reason for performing necessary operations."

Ten years ago, let me add, the staff doctors of that hospital would, in all probability, never have noticed him performing many operations that young man was performing; they would have no doubt perhaps that he was very busy and might have congratulated him on his excellent practice. But they would have taken no action—ten years ago. Something has happened in surgery within the past decade which has changed all that. I shall tell about that farther on.

A physician went to a surgeon in an Eastern city and said to him:

"I have a patient who owes me a lot of money and has owed it for a long time. If I send him to you for an operation will you collect his payment in advance and add my bill to it?"

That's a story I have from the actual experiences of a surgeon.

Here's another told me by an eminent New York specialist in surgery:

"A physician sent me a patient for a nasal operation, which I performed. Some time later when I met this doctor he suggested that a portion of the fee he had charged might very graciously have been sent to him.

"'But never mind this time,' he added. And then he proposed to me, in all seriousness, that he could tell his patient, who was extremely wealthy, that something was wrong with the other nostril and that an operation would be necessary. He said that ought

mean some money to him. I would accept his offer. But his patient have an operation performed on the right nostril, quite unnecessarily, some time later."

Recently in the office of a Chicago surgeon the telephone interrupted a conversation we were having on unnecessary operations.

"Yes! Yes! doctor," answered the surgeon. "Yes, I know the lady very well. Yes, I operated on her once. No!

I won't operate on her again. I wouldn't help her at all in my opinion."

A pause. "You agree with me then? It's fine. If she wants an operation I'll have to find some one who does that kind of work. I'm glad you feel as I do about it. Good-by."

When the surgeon turned to me, that's an instance of what we have been talking about," he said. "Some years ago I performed an operation on that woman. It did her a certain amount of benefit. Sometime later she came to me again, persuaded by some one that she ought to have another operation. I examined her carefully and decided that an operation would not do her any benefit. I was forced to tell her so.

"But she went to another surgeon who performed the operation. And now she has turned up in the office of the surgeon who just telephoned to me asking him to perform a third operation. He has told me that he will refuse to do it. But she'll be able to find some one, of course, who will accommodate her. No one ought to protect that woman against herself and against a certain kind of surgeon. A third operation may be taken her for life."

Three surgeons sat at luncheon with the writer not many weeks ago. They were men eminent in their beneficent profession. They had declared their willingness to enlighten me about the profession of surgery and its works.

"Now let So-and-So talk to you," said the surgeon who was the host. "I

brought him here to-day because he knows what he's talking about."

"So-and-So" is not only a master of surgery but he is a great teacher. Hundreds of young surgeons in one of the best surgical schools in the country have learned the use of the knife under his instruction. And so I listened to So-and-So—my readers will please remember that doctors and physicians are under an oath, sacred in their profession, against publicity, so that I cannot use their names—while he spoke to us both as a surgeon and as a teacher. In effect, this is what he said:

"I am going to admit that there has been too much needless surgery performed. I think that unnecessary operations ought to be prevented in every possible way. You ought not to write anything in your article which will destroy the confidence of the public in the benefits of surgery; but I believe that the truth will do far more good than harm in this respect.

"You, as a layman, must get the historical background of surgery, before you try to write your article. You must understand this: Before anaesthetics were used in operations surgery was uncommon and surgeons were rare. Graduates of the medical schools unskilled with the knife did not attempt surgery in those days. Even the ancient oath of Hippocrates provided that he as a physician would not attempt to perform an operation which belonged in the field of surgery.

"But the last half century in the United States has changed the situation. The introduction of anaesthetics has made operations easier for the operator as well as for the subject. What used to be a severe test of the operator's nerves became a fairly easy task.

"Physicians here and there with the aid of anaesthetics began to attempt operations. They found themselves successful. Men with great courage and daring began to gain reputations as surgeons, and they became good ones.



It was not long before most doctors became willing to attempt small operations with anæsthetics as their aid.

"And then came a time when the medical profession began to rely too much on the knife. The temptation to do this was very great. Very often in the practice of medicine beneficial results, though sure, are slow and indefinite, and only gradually discernible. The results of an operation are usually decisive. Definite surgery as against indefinite medical treatment became a grave temptation to many physicians. The patient seemed to feel after an operation that he had experienced concrete results of some sort.

"What's more, I must admit that surgery was oftentimes more remunerative than medicine. It requires less time in the case of each patient, and the patient expects to pay a considerable fee for an operation.

"There was a financial temptation in surgery which was hard for many men to resist. Men in medicine and surgery are only human. As a doctor's family grew his expenses increased. He felt in time the need for more money, a better home, and perhaps a more imposing office. Fees for surgery met this need only too readily.

"All the temptations led toward surgery. Of course, too, many unnecessary operations were performed. Any graduate of a medical school, if he had the nerve, could perform operations, no matter what the results. There was no one to check up on him. He was his own accountant of results. The old-fashioned medical-school diploma—and it exists almost everywhere to-day—permitted him to practice medicine and surgery, though he had had no training in surgery of any sort.

"That was a transitional stage in surgery, based on the discovery of anæsthetics. We have been in this stage for half a century and we are still in it, though we are emerging from it."

No control of the surgeon; no checking up on him. The lack of these only

increased the temptation toward operations. We talked back and forth across the table about this.

"There has been no check-up on the surgeon," said one. "If he discovered on making an opening with his knife that his diagnosis had been wrong there was no one but himself to know that mistake had been made. If he had performed an unnecessary operation there was no one to call him to account. It isn't a good thing for a man in any profession or in any business to have so much leeway as that."

For many years in the United States there have been certain great surgeons who have insisted that surgeons must be brought under control and accountability like men in other professions. The men who sat at lunch with me that day are among them.

One of the most severe critics of surgery is Dr. E. A. Codman of Boston.

"Do you dare to show your end-results?" Dr. Codman once demanded of his fellow surgeons. He became famous among them for that query.

In the parlance of surgery the term "end-results" means nothing more than less than what it indicates—the tissue or member or part or growth which has been removed from the subject's person by the surgeon's knife. "Do you dare to show what you have cut away and disclose the results of your operations?" That was the effect of Dr. Codman's question.

He continually demanded that some way be devised whereby "one could have surgical accounting as well as any other kind of accounting."

He, with other great surgeons, was against the man who would dare to cut into the very vitals of his fellow human beings and then not be held responsible or accountable to other men than himself, or to the patient, for the results.

Let us put the criticism of Dr. Codman and other critical surgeons in terms easily understood by the la

an. Let us see the surgeon through the eyes of surgeons.

A surgeon to other surgeons is a man who has studied medicine and human anatomy and who has gained experience in the use of the knife.

He is like any other man—human, subject to temptation, greed, vanity, praise, or criticism.

He is as likely to be misplaced in his profession as other men sometimes are in their professions.

He is liable to error, and the ghastly fact is that his error may cost human life. More than that, these men know that his greed may cost human life; his vanity may cost human life; his love of praise or fear of criticism may cost human life.

Many surgeons know that in their profession there are men who ought not to be performing surgery.

And yet—knowing these things, surgeons have been asking themselves the last dozen years what was to be done?

No help could come from the layman; from you or me, and this for a very good reason.

In your mind and mine there is a faith in doctors and surgeons which is based on the ancient belief in priestcraft; we are not educated up to doctors and surgeons. These surgeons who wanted the great profession cleaned up knew they could not depend on us.

You and I, secretly, surgeons tell me, really like to have operations performed on us. An operation comes into our humdrum lives like a great adventure; it is our way of skirting death and proving to ourselves the preciousness of living.

One of the early adventures of new-rich Americans is to undergo an operation. All surgeons know this. The leading surgeons of our great cities are bombarded with requests to perform expensive operations.

"Let an American of a certain class suddenly become very rich and he immediately does three things: Buys a limousine, buys furs for his wife, and

then tries to have an operation performed on himself or on her by the most famous surgeon in his community," a rugged old surgeon told me not long ago. "Not a day goes by that most big surgeons do not have to refuse at least one invitation to take some new-rich person through the adventure of the operating room."

No. With you and me blindly trusting our loved ones to any surgeon who came along, and with you and me, when we had the financial means, even insisting on having our persons cut into, the surgeons who saw the need of cleaning up their profession could not depend a decade ago upon you and me to help them in their great task. It's different to-day—as a result of the mighty movement that is under way; surgeons are talking to mass meetings of citizens in various cities and asking their help—but I shall tell of this later.

To-day, as a result of the new movement of the past half-dozen years, there is no profession in the country which is under as close self-scrutiny as surgery; among its methods of purging itself it has inaugurated what amounts to a system of surveillance extending throughout the land.

The surgeon who cuts you or me to-day is not an independent agent who can hide from his fellows, as well as from his helpless trusting patient, the kinks in his mind or in his character. He is under a white light. He is no longer protected by your or my willingness to look on him as almost a superman. And this is how the change is coming about:

In the old days—and that is not more than a dozen years ago—the procedure of an operation was something like this:

Your physician agreed with you that something was the matter with you inside, and that something ought to be done about it. He made his diagnosis as best he could, summoning all his own knowledge to his aid, and then, perhaps, after consultation with other physicians, suggested an operation. Perhaps he told



you he would perform the operation himself; or he might have referred you to a surgeon. You were taken off to a hospital—and please note that operations are always performed at hospitals—put in condition for the adventure, taken to the operating room, put to sleep, and came through the ordeal very well, perhaps with great benefit to yourself. You recovered, paid the bill, and felt grateful to everyone concerned. You left the hospital, thanking everybody. You will remember the hospital and the good people in it, the orderlies, ward doctors, nurses and all, for the rest of your life. But—and herein lies all the evils of the old system of surgery—the hospital forgot you.

We must now speak of very intimate matters. Some of you—a portion of your anatomy—was left at that hospital. "Tissue," as the surgeons call it, remained in the operating room after you were wheeled out. It might have been an appendix. It was once the fashion for appendicitis patients to ask to have the removed appendix presented to them in a bottle to take home with them. This was considered a good joke both by the hospital and by the patient. The theory was that what had been cut from you belonged to you. If the patient didn't want what he had lost, the tissue was thrown away or burned perhaps, in the hospital furnace by the janitor.

And now let me give a scene in the operating room of a hospital working under the new standards. You would not be able to secure from this hospital any portion of yourself which the surgeon removes. What's cut away in that hospital goes to a laboratory, as property of the hospital.

I'll let the surgeon who performed the operation tell it as he told it to me. If I gave his name you would instantly recognize it, so great is his fame.

"A new hospital was opening in the town where I was born. My mother had helped in the community task of collecting the funds and building it, and

I was asked to come back home and perform the first operation there. You can imagine I was rather proud, but was prouder of the town and what had done when I saw that operating room. It was perfectly fitted.

"But there was an extra person in that room during that operation—a pathologist. Opening right off the operating room, there was a splendid laboratory, fitted with everything that a pathological laboratory could need.

"The operation was for the removal of a tumor. The first piece of tumor tissue that I cut away was taken from my hand by this pathologist and, within a very few minutes, while I was still working, the pathologist came back to me with that piece of tissue frozen so that I could have handled it and examined it under a microscope before the operation was completed.

"A surgeon sometimes uses more than his eyesight to see what he's doing. Here at my hand, was microscopic sight, laboratory sight. I had more than my knives as tools in that operation; the laboratory and all its implements were added to my instruments. One of the finest operating rooms I ever saw in my life," he concluded smiling.

Very frequently to-day, in the new operation, there is an additional person present beside the pathologist. Standing sheathed in white like the nurses and the surgeon, is a stenographer! The operating room is not the silent place it used to be. The surgeon is speaking as he cuts. He is telling what he is doing! This is because:

"The day when an individual doctor could do as he might be prompted to do and take a patient to operation without careful, considerate diagnosis and operate as he pleased with closed doors, is practically gone. It exists here and there." I use the words of the president of a great association of more than six hundred hospitals to illustrate my point.

The operating room, in this great clean-up, is no longer a secret place. You or I, lying there asleep, with our

s in the hands of a man with a knife with license to cut as he pleases, are under protection.

It is a difficult task, perhaps, for a surgeon to talk as he works. But I quote the superintendent of a great hospital in Philadelphia in describing how surgeons may tell their story:

"Some operators can dictate during operation itself. Some of our very best surgeons do. Others leave it until after the operation is over. The dictation is sometimes made into a dictaphone which does not require anybody's time and can be taken off at any time."

Methods of dictation may differ, but means whereby a surgeon may tell the story of what he is doing will be at his right hand in the new hospital.

"I believe," says a leading surgeon of Portland, Oregon, "that the hospital ought to furnish a stenographer to take the record of the operation and place it on the history, and then allow the surgeon to O.K. it."

However it is done, the surgeon's own description of every operation he performs in a hospital must become part of that hospital's record.

You and I give our "tissues" to the hospital as part of its record; the surgeon must give his story of why and how he took that tissue from us.

The new hospital of to-day does not forget us and our case, as the old one did.

And then what is done with this record? Let me give a recent scene in a world-famous surgical hospital.

It is Wednesday evening. Every surgeon in the hospital is present in a great room, seated before a cinema screen; internes and students are present.

On the screen is thrown the name of a patient who died on the operating table a few days previously.

"Dr. So-and-So," calls the chief of staff, "you performed this operation. Will you kindly tell us about it?"

And the surgeon under whose knife human life passed out arises and gives

the best explanation he possibly can for the misadventure.

In that hospital—and in several hundreds of other hospitals in the United States and Canada in this new day of surgery—surgeons must explain to their fellows any operation they perform. They must tell why they performed the operation and, if they have committed an error, they must explain that—if they can.

The regular meeting of hospital staffs in which "tissue" and the surgeon's own story of the operation, as well as all evil results are discussed and criticized, is gradually becoming mandatory in hospitals of the country.

These conferences are as necessary, if the surgeons are to purge themselves and their profession of its old evils, as sterilization in the operating room. Indeed, these meetings are sterilization.

Not long ago in a New York hospital a surgeon "lost a case." He was asked to appear at the next staff conference and explain. He did not appear. The next day he received a signed statement from the superintendent, telling him that if he would not obey the rules of the hospital laid down for such cases, his resignation would be accepted. He came, though he was one of the great and busy surgeons of the town.

"I do not see any reason why any member of the staff who has operated on a patient who has died subsequently, should not stand up frankly," says an eminent surgeon, of Brooklyn, "to answer any questions that any member of the staff may ask him as to why he did this thing or why he did not do it. In my hospital we go farther than that. We have a little reading stand on the platform with a light overhead so that it casts its effulgence right over him."

My story has halted and jerked, I know. This is because I have been trying to cram into a few thousand words the story of one of the most dramatic changes and improvements in a profession which our country has ever



known. And I have tried to tell it in the words of the surgeons themselves.

How has this change come about? How has it been accomplished?

In the first place the surgeons who lead in the great movement were men with great vision. They saw these things:

The surgeon exists for the benefit of people; not people for the benefit of the surgeon.

Unnecessary operations, even when performed with a high order of technical ability, are the bane of present-day surgery.

Surgery must be sterilized morally.

Physicians were splitting fees with surgeons. Doctors were sending their patients to surgeons for operations and were receiving money back, secretly, from the surgeon.

"The impression gained by our hospital visitors"—this is from a statement made to a gathering of several hundred American and Canadian surgeons, by an expert hospital investigator—"is that the practice of fee-division is present to some extent in nearly every state and province, even though it may be practically unknown in some sections."

How to control surgeons became the glowing question among doctors and surgeons.

For many years this question remained unanswered and surgery continued as unsterile as a diphtheria culture. And then some one got this idea:

Surgeons operate in hospitals. The place to control surgeons is in the hospital. Let the surgeon-controlled hospital control surgeons.

And it is by this method that the control of surgeons is being effected in the United States to-day.

A dozen years ago in Boston at a meeting of surgeons it was suggested that there were two kinds of hospitals in the United States: one kind which was a sort of boarding house for ill people, with a private room in which a

surgeon could do to his patients whatever he pleased; a second kind which accepted the responsibility for its patients and their welfare and tried to keep track of whether it as an institution was helping or hurting people.

It is the second kind of hospital that is coming to the front in the United States to-day.

The first kind is being driven out of existence just as rapidly as a great army of surgeons and physicians can persuade the public that it must go.

It is true that in the great cities—perhaps in every city of any size—there are hospitals where a surgeon may secretly have his way with a patient's health and life and pocketbook, but to-day there is a way—and I shall describe it farther along—by which you can mark this hospital and avoid it like a death house.

The name of Dr. Franklin H. Martin of Chicago must stand out above all others in this story of the clean-up of American surgery. Ten years ago at his suggestion, five hundred surgeons met in the city of Washington to discuss the sterilization of surgery. Dr. Martin is an eminent surgeon and editor of a surgical magazine.

At that time the surgeons formed themselves into an organization which they named "The American College of Surgeons."

Think of the name of any famous surgeon in this country; it will be on the membership list. To-day this organization has 6,250 members, each known as a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

How many members the College might have no one can tell exactly. There is a hazy No-Man's land between surgeons and physicians, and applications for membership are treated with the severest scrutiny. There are 140,000 doctors, including surgeons, in the United States.

No matter where you live, gentle reader—and possible operating-room subject—there are surgeons in your

community who are members of the College of Surgeons and there are other surgeons who are seeking to become members.

In every state in the Union and in every province in Canada, as well as in every state in South America, there are credential committees of the College, made up, of course, of surgeons. The members of these local credential committees act with the greatest care. If our surgeon wants to join the College he must send to its headquarters in Chicago a written record of one hundred operations—fifty major and fifty minor. Based on these records, his technical skill is passed upon, and then the opinions of the local credentials committee from his district are sought.

It is a rough road to go, this road into the American College of Surgeons.

When the College was two years old—that was in 1915—it turned its attention to hospitals—for the purpose, as we have seen, of controlling surgeons and surgery.

It set standards for hospitals. In our community there are hospitals that have met this standard; there are other hospitals, perhaps, that have not. It is easy to ascertain the standard hospital, as I shall show.

At the close of the year 1923, in the United States and Canada, among the 786 hospitals which have 50 beds or more, 1,176—or 65.9 per cent—are on the approved list of the American College of Surgeons.

The remaining 34.1 per cent are not on this list, but are striving to get there. Some but not all of them will succeed. Among the small hospitals—those with from 50 to 100 beds—46.7 per cent are on the list. The remaining 53.3 per cent are not—and many of them, being places for the secret evils of surgery, will never get there.

Five things a hospital must do to meet the "minimum standard" of the American College of Surgeons.

The first is to agree that *all* physicians and surgeons who practice in the hos-

pital be considered, so far as obeying rules are concerned, as members of the staff. Only those who thus subscribe to the responsibilities of staff members, so far as being willing to obey hospital rules and describe their operations at staff meetings are concerned, shall be allowed to practice in the hospital. In the old days doctors and surgeons used to have control over a hospital; under this new rule the hospital has control over doctors and surgeons.

The second is that, for one thing, there shall be *no fee-splitting*.

The third is that there be staff meetings, and that the staff and all physicians practicing in the hospital shall review and analyze hospital work.

The fourth is that accurate records, consisting of the complete history of every case, together with autopsy findings when necessary, be kept in accessible manner.

The fifth is that there be a laboratory, with full scientific service, in charge of trained technicians.

That's all—those five points.

And yet their adoption kills the old boarding-house hospital, which most of our hospitals were, not many years ago, and makes the hospital itself responsible for everything that goes on within its walls.

The standards may be adopted by private, philanthropic, or public hospitals.

When, as a layman reporter, I analyze what the surgeons have done within the past ten years to ventilate surgery, I find that what they have had to strike at hardest among themselves was fee-splitting. Officially, the College of Surgeons cuts relentlessly into this tumor of medical practice. The most critical layman could not set the facts of fee-splitting before the public any more clearly than does this extract from an official bulletin:

The division of fees, or fee-splitting, is the buying and selling of patients.

The practice exists in various forms, but the most usual form is as follows: A general



practitioner makes a diagnosis in which surgical interference is indicated. He then refers the patient to a surgeon for operation. The surgeon operates, collects a fee and sends to the physician one-third or one-half the fee, the transactions being unknown to the patient. Sometimes the physician collects the fee "for the surgeon" and retains his percentage, as agreed with the surgeon.

Sometimes the fee is divided, with the explanation to the patient that the physician "assists the surgeon" and gives the anæsthetic. In many such cases the explanation is a subterfuge for fee-splitting. A competent surgeon usually has a regular assistant and an anæsthetist with whom he is accustomed to work, and is more able in this way to do good work than if he permits each referring doctor to assist him.

Undoubtedly the physician should be paid for the study and diagnosis of a surgical case. But he should be paid directly by the patient. In the same way the surgeon should be paid directly by the patient. But the accounts of the physician and the surgeon should not be confused or rendered to the patient as a single statement.

The evils of fee-splitting are, first, that it makes for incompetent surgery. The surgeon who is a party to the practice gets his cases usually not upon the basis of merit but upon the basis of the percentage of fees collected that he will give to practitioners.

Please picture yourself, reader, or one of your loved ones, in the hands of a physician who tells you that an operation is necessary and then seeks for you not the best surgeon whom he can find but the surgeon who will give him the largest percentage of the fee you pay—the surgeon who will give him 60 per cent., for instance, instead of some other surgeon's 50. Some of the hospitals in the larger cities that have been cleaning house within the past five years discovered that some young surgeons, desirous of practice—and money—were returning to physicians who sent patients to them as high as 75 per cent of the patient's fee.

Second, (this merciless bulletin continues) fee-splitting makes for unnecessary surgical operations. Under the fee-splitting system surgery becomes a commercial enterprise and

not a professional service. Both the physician and the surgeon tend to make surgical diagnoses without adequate study, and result is unnecessary surgery. Much of unnecessary surgery of our present day due directly to fee-splitting.

Third, fee-splitting, by introducing dishonesty into medical practice, lowers the entire medical profession in the estimate of the public. The fee-splitter, for example, says to his patient that he refers him to the most competent surgeon, when he knows well enough that if he, the physician, were to be operated upon he would select another surgeon. Further, the fee-splitter usually poses before his patient as having received little or no fee for his services, when, as a matter of fact, he has received a large fee directly from the patient. He holds such fee really as a theft.

To cut the greed glands out of surgery has really been the first step of the College of Surgeons.

The next step will be to attempt to cut out inefficiency in surgery, to define good and bad surgery and fix a standard.

Now that accountability of surgeons has been fixed to an extent that their daily professional doings are being recorded, it is not remotely possible that some day the efficiency of each man shall be gauged by a scientific scale scientifically established by the College.

"Honor, honesty, and efficiency can be measured," a great physician told the surgeons in one of their conferences recently.

It will be difficult, however, to measure surgical efficiency.

"Here is a surgeon," explains a physician, discussing this subject, "who knows that he should not have a mortality in his active practice of more than 4 per cent, and who therefore refuses to endanger his mortality record by certain operations. I do not want any man to refuse to open my abdomen because he might exceed his death rate. You have to have fearless surgery to-day.

"And, on the other hand, the reckless experimenter with human life must be curbed. Some of the great surgeons are

most reckless. We should charge in error of judgment or of technique in other cases wipe that physician's record clean from censure who operates a patient *in extremis*. This matter of surgical mortality must be formulated."

The College of Surgeons may sometimes tell a surgeon how many patients he must not lose. You and I shall then be safer on the operating table.

All this which has happened in American surgery within the past decade is only one more success in the long endeavor of medical men to keep their profession clean and purged.

There is no physician in the world to whom who does not know the revered name of Hippocrates, with its "With purity and holiness will I pass my life; I will practice my art. . . . Into whatever houses I enter I will go for the advantage of the sick and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption. . . . While I continue to keep this oath inviolate may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the respect of my art, respected always by my men; but should I break through and violate this oath may the reverse befall me." They go out into the world from the schools, young doctors, with their eyes on the stars and the sentiment of this great vow ringing in their ears.

Two thousand years and more ago that vow was taken. Another call rang out in the Middle Ages. Its vibrations gleamed in the souls of physicians to-day. Raymond de Chauiac, in France, in the 14th century, set this inspiring code:

"Let the surgeon be bold in all surmises and fearful in all dangerous surmises; let him avoid all faulty treatments and practices. He ought to be merciful to the sick, considerate to his associates, cautious in his prognostications. Let him be modest, dignified, gentle, pitiful, and merciful; not covetous nor an extortionist of money. But rather let his reward be according to his word, to the means of his patient, to the

quality of the issue and to his own dignity."

And now comes another voice, a third oath, practically and unsentimentally worded as becomes our practical times. The twentieth century gives it to the world from the new continents of the Americans. It is the oath of the Fellows of the American College of Surgeons. It runs, simply:

"Upon my honor as a gentleman, I hereby declare that I will not practice the division of fees, either directly or indirectly in any manner whatsoever."

As for us laymen, we may stretch ourselves out and raise our faces to the ether funnel with far more security these days than ever before.

It is well to know that your hospital is on the list of those which have adopted the "minimum standard" of the American College of Surgeons. Why not ask this question before they take your clothes away from you—indeed, before you register? Investigators of the College of Surgeons are constantly inspecting hospitals of the country and are recommending them for favorable classification in the College as soon as they comply with the five requirements.

As to your surgeon—fellowship in the American College of Surgeons is not necessary to good and honest surgery. He may be able, though too young in practice to have gained the right to enter. The association, too, is too young to have sifted out and taken in all worthy men. Your surgeon's application may be in that year-long process (sometimes more) of being granted. Or, God bless him! he may be only one of those thousands of general practitioners in small towns and out-of-the-way places, who fight all their lives against death and suffering with pills and knives, hot-water bottles or any other weapon that is best and handiest to bring us into the world and to keep us here as long as they can. He, this family doctor, could not belong to the American College of Surgeons because not eighty per cent of his work is surgery.



If you want to measure your surgeon, measure him by the kind of hospital he tries to send you to. That's your sure and safe yardstick for surgeons and doctors these days.

Can he secure your admission to a hospital that has adopted the "minimum standard" of the American College of Surgeons? If he can, he is probably all right. The hospital, under these new rules, remember, is not primarily admitting you; it is admitting him to practice within its walls, and it has power under the "minimum standard" to call him to account.

If he cannot get you admitted into an endorsed hospital—look out; something is wrong.

"There are a hundred so-called hospitals in this city," said a famous surgeon, "which are nothing but boarding houses. Some down-and-out woman, instead of starting a boarding house, rents an old residence in some once fashionable district, puts a lot of beds within the rooms, gets a second-hand operating table, a gas stove, an old wash boiler to boil instruments in, fits up a so-called operating room, and then starts what she calls a hospital for surgical or maternity cases. She usually charges very high prices to lure the well-to-do. God help a man or woman who gets into a place like that!

"You'll find, usually, that when a physician or surgeon does resort to such places he is out of caste in the good hospitals."

But a hall-mark is being put on hospitals and on surgeons too in America these days, so that you and I can keep ourselves in safe hands if we only ask the hospital whether it is under the "minimum-standard" endorsement of the American College of Surgeons—and ask our surgeon whether he is admitted to practice in a "minimum-standard" hospital.

In asking him this question you are only asking:

"Doctor, will other doctors and surgeons—your associates—have an op-

portunity to pass on the work you going to do on me?"

If he answers "yes," you may know that he is a controlled surgeon. If answers "no," and cannot explain the answer, show him the door.

There will be other surgeons round the corner—in this new day of surgery—who will not stand by the old code of not taking another's man's case who will help you. They will understand *why* you wanted to change doctors and they will have thousands of doctors behind them, approving their action for they will consider it only a part of American surgery's big clean-up.

The American College of Surgeons during the past eight years, has spent more than a third of a million dollars establishing itself. Of this amount the last five years over \$219,000 has been expended to better the environment in which surgery is performed, namely, to better the hospitals.

This is the money of surgeons themselves with the exception of \$90,000 granted by the Carnegie Foundation. Six thousand surgeons are now paying the expenses of the work.

Medical schools are recommending their students for internship in the "minimum-standard" hospitals; people of wealth are learning to make their contributions only to hospitals that have adopted the "minimum standard."

And now the College of Surgeons expects you and me—the public—to understand what they are trying to do.

I have said that in certain towns notably on the Pacific Coast, many meetings have been held to inform the public of the new movement. A mass meeting may be held in your town some day. It will probably afford you an opportunity to see and hear the leading surgeons of your community.

These mass meetings have seemed to be pretty drastic methods with some surgeons of the old school. But surgery must always be drastic even when it is performed on the professors of surgery themselves.

# Bank Directors

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

HE house was his wife's but would come to him after her death. He had been the terms of the will of uncle, a domineering old man with nothing more than the usual masculine love of authority, so that he had arrived to carry his to the grave with

James Ellington wondered whether it might be concerning the house that his wife wished to see him, after all these years. Was it, perhaps, to ask his legal advice?

He was slightly bewildered not only by the circumstance of having been sent for but by the fact that he was obliged to watch his step a trifle on a stairway so familiar.

He had noted a different wall paper in the hall; and the prints showing jolly monks drunk in a wine cellar—pictures that he and his daughter had quarreled about, he putting her wrongly in her place, with a good deal of satisfaction—no longer hung on either side of the mirror. Of course! Yet it surprised him. For he had his own natural inclination for direction.

His daughter paused, her hand on the knob of her mother's door. She had waited until the very last minute to tell him the truth that was hateful to her.

"I sent for you because in her death your mother calls for you. She talks of the days when she was a girl—when both cared."

So! This came as a distinct shock to him. He felt of his tie with heavy fingers, squared his shoulders ever so slightly, blinked slowly twice.

Someone opened the door at the other end of the hall. It was Miss Clytie

Latimer. One saw her neat, handsome figure silhouetted.

He wondered how she would greet him, just what she would say to him. Of course, she had always sided with his wife—one of those friendships built not so much on a personal loyalty as on feminine loyalty to the feminine. Well, they had managed, these three women between them, to make a sort of matrimonial pariah of him; to stamp him—him, mind you, with all his good brains and abilities—as a man unable to manage and dominate his own household.

But even if Miss Clytie Latimer might not have been entirely equal to the situation (if one could fancy Miss Clytie not being perfectly equal to any situation) the awkward necessity was cut short. His daughter opened the door of her mother's room and stood aside to let him enter.

"Go softly, please. Do not disturb her."

She entered also and closed the door after her.

James Ellington shot a lightning glance at her that spoke unbroken thunder. He liked too well to give directions to be able tolerantly to receive them. Then, good Lord! directions from this upstart daughter of his concerning her mother and his wife! Well, he had indeed been needed at home! He slipped again into his relation to these women—like a hand into an old glove—and took certain quick resolutions that fastened it, so to speak, with a firm snap round the wrist. For he had certain tenacities, old-fashioned if you like, one of which was that a woman once a man's wife was always his wife, despite whatever incompatibility and separation. And the same



applied not less to a man's child. Let this girl with her delicate air side with her mother all she liked—even to the point of a physical likeness—she could not get away from the fact that she was his child. There are a few grim facts in the world that you cannot brush aside. He remembered well enough, too, the time when she was little and helpless and dependent and he gave her directions; told her not to hold her fork in her left hand, ordered her not to speak until she was spoken to; and she obeyed him, meekly enough, oh, meekly enough, I can tell you! And now, disapproval, directions, orders!

James Ellington brushed the annoying thought of her aside, with his hand, and went to his wife's bedside.

She lay pale and beautiful in the darkened room, singularly girlish. He felt

anew his old astonishment that a frail person like that could ever have sufficient strength to separate her from him. He had always considered known that woman was the weaker vessel. But the fragility of this woman's frangibility one would have said, I never struck him quite so forcibly. slender! So little! Such delicate hands! Why, you could take her up and brood her! And this was the woman who had defied him, and defying him, had eventually barred the way to his ambition.

For his domestic defeat had gone home with him. But for this miserable affair of this absurd incompatibility, he and his wife living apart all these years—ten years now, she in one town, he in another, not fifteen miles away—he would have been (he felt no doubt in the wake of this) a successful man to-day, one of the directors of the Citizens' Bank of Beverly, instead of merely its solicitor.

It all lay with the President and Chief Director of the bank, Crowderby, and with Crowderby's prejudices against divorced or "separated" men. Crayton, Jenks, and Kimberly, the other directors, would no doubt have overlooked a thing of this sort, since Ellington had the qualities that would have made him a valuable ally. They had prejudices, too, to be sure, and two of them were church wardens, yet he felt he could have established himself with them notwithstanding. But Crowderby was a masterful person, bull-headed and old-fashioned. Well, for his part, Ellington understood Crowderby's viewpoint perfectly. He was old-fashioned himself, damn it! But what hurt was that he knew that Crowderby's real reason had a bottom less to do with prej-



"GO SOFTLY, PLEASE. DO NOT DISTURB HER"



HE ALWAYS FELT A SENSE OF BITTERNESS WHEN HE DEPARTED

...e than with shrewd business judgment. Crowderby was a shrewd business man, with keen insight; a born director. You couldn't fool Crowderby. And Crowderby's unspoken argument, Ellington knew, would have been this: Why should a man who has ruled in the domination and direction of his own home; who has been unable to control a little frail woman like Ellington's wife, why should such a man be consulted as to the best way to manage a bank, the investment of other people's moneys, the placing of important loans, the bank's general policy, what people to favor and what ones not to favor; when to be open-handed and when to squeeze hard? Yes; and the worst of it was Crowderby was right.

If there had been anything dramatic to justify the separation; some other man, some scandal, even, on his own part! But no, there was nothing to show but incompatibility, and that absence and extreme refinement of his life which threw more blame upon him

than many vituperative words could have done.

And all this was at the bottom of the fact—yes, he was shrewd enough to know that—that these men met without him, sat about the large glass-topped table in the directors' room of the bank, Crowderby generally far back in his chair, with his elbows on its arms, his fingers spread and their tips fitted neatly together, heavily abetting and supporting one another. Yes, though no word had been spoken, Ellington knew this was why these four men sat in the comfortable green-leather chairs without him.

They called him in, sometimes, but never for consultation; only for legal advice. At such times he did not feel himself privileged to sit far back in one of the leather chairs; and he was far from putting the tips of his fingers together contemplatively. Instead, he was more likely to sit on the edge of the chair, so as to shuffle his papers about more readily on the table, the more



quickly to produce the facts or evidence which the directors might at the moment demand. He always felt a sense of bitterness when, his usefulness over, he rose and departed, leaving the others to their further consultations. And yet he understood Crowderby's estimate of him perfectly. There was no one, he knew, to compare with Crowderby for insight. It was that precisely which made Crowderby's approval and selection so covetable.

Well, it should be conveyed to Crowderby as soon as practicable that it was not merely Ellington's daughter who had sent for him because his wife was at death's door, but his wife had actually called for him, wanted him.

He moved the small medicine table, to make more room, placed a chair for himself with clumsy but considerate care beside the bed, sat down and watched her almost curiously, as a physician might, or—a bank director, considering gravely some question of investment or authority.

It was not until he had sat so some moments that the sound of his entrance seemed to penetrate her deep abstraction and reach her remoteness. She opened her eyes, and looked about her, as though trying dimly to account for something. At last her glance took on vague recognition. Her voice was full of wonder, almost incredulity.

"Ah you *have* come!"

He watched her gravely, very observingly, his eyes narrowed, a little trick of keenness he had caught from Crowderby.

Just then, his wife reached out a painfully slender hand; the delicate gesture at the same time demanded and begged his attention, his touch.

The half-dazed look in her eyes, hauntingly unfamiliar to him, told more than a hundred reports could have done of the seriousness of her illness.

"Oh, I was so afraid you wouldn't come! But then I thought, 'Oh, surely he will! One doesn't hold anything against a person, when—'"

She smiled. Her voice trailed off.

Was she afraid of death? Was it possible she was going to ask his forgiveness? Well!

Then suddenly the remote vaguer of her eyes drifted into her speech.

"You see, I am just twenty-to-day!"

He remembered that she was that when he married her.

"And I've worn the white dress with the purple ribbons."

He remembered that too.

"The one you liked best. And you remember the moonlight night?"

He remembered several of them.

"Feel under my pillow. They're there. Take them out and see. I ask Eleanor to put them there."

Eleanor, on the other side of the bed, laid a quick hand on the pillow.

"Mother, mother! Don't try to talk. Just rest."

"What has she under her pillow?" said.

"Oh, it's nothing, please—of importance." It was unendurable to her that he should know this thing.

"Yes, it is," he said, narrowing his eyes. "What is it?"

His wife turned her head toward him.

"A package of your letters."

So! He put her hand back on his breast, really agitated. Well! He shoved his chair back and got to his feet. Indeed! He looked curiously at the side of a woman a moment, then, not at her but through her, beyond her, at other things—at the bank's offices, really, in Berkeley. Then he turned and walked back and forth, like a man who needs room to think.

So! The Lord had delivered his enemy into his hand! So! he had been judged and flaunted by these women overruled and despised by them in time gone by. For the daughter's sake, the mother had given him up in that former reserved and quiet way of hers; for the mother's sake the daughter had dared to scorn him; and now, see the balance turning in his hand! He was delighted and amazed. He had never hoped that

ustification would bloom suddenly this, over night, among all the rods of their egotism and self-oval.

ot that he had not known from the beginning that he was right. The only fault had been to make other people see it as surely. Not that he did not have some faults. Most of us have. All are human. But in the main he was right that he had been right. And Derby was right, too. Shall a man do anything else than master in his own house? Shall women have the power to insult and humiliate him? And, of course, the world had sided with the men! When does it not! He had put down as a man with whom his wife and daughter would not live!

He had always believed it was mainly his daughter's fault. Now he was sure. He thought to corroborate and establish the truth, the sick woman spoke at a very instant, putting out blind, feeling fingers on her daughter's head bent on the pillow.

No. This is Eleanor. Eleanor, who is your father?"

The girl rose tense and white.

He could afford to condescend now. He could very nearly have felt a little sorry for the girl. He was almost a dignified figure as he stepped to the bed and with a gesture waved her away. She went to the window and stood with her back to him, one closed hand dragging her cheek down tensely, looking out unseeing at the blurred and swimming landscape.

He sat down by the bed again; pulled the chair under him a little, between his legs, got out his eyeglasses, and began polishing them, like a man giving himself over to a really important matter.

"Eleanor," he said, holding the glasses to the light, throwing a glance in his daughter's direction, and rubbing the lenses further, "there are some matters that inexperienced people of your age" (she was twenty-five, but he was in no mood to allow her any wisdom) "cannot understand. You don't know anything, for instance, about the bonds of marriage. Your mother, here, and I, were married." He let that sink in, adjusting his glasses carefully. He took time to straighten them and to tuck his handkerchief in his pocket with deliberate





little downward proddings of his forefinger. "Married in the sight of God and man. You can't undo that." He allowed this, also, to sink in through the hard soil of her disapproval of him. Then he added narrowly, "the institution of marriage is something a whole lot older than your opinion of *me*!"

He glanced over his glasses at her once. Then he settled back in his chair.

Again, but giving no evidence of having heard him, his wife was speaking:

"Do you remember the sprig of heliotrope you gave me?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I do remember," he said cordially. "I remember the sprig of red geranium."

The girl at the window hid her head in her arms that rested on the sash.

She had never felt close to her father, but always she had believed passionately in her mother's cause. Not that she had understood it. She had never grasped, that is, how in the first place this marriage could have occurred. She had gathered—this was from something Miss Clytie had once said—that it had saved her mother's father from financial disgrace, or something of the sort. Well, she understood that. She herself might even have been capable of marrying some one she did not care for to save her mother from suffering; but this reconciliation, this strange cropping out of a real affection that she never would have supposed could be there . . .

Meantime her mother was speaking:

"I wanted the letters near me. We were not separated much, so there are only a few. We were so happy for a little while. I like to remember. I'd like them buried with me. It will show you forgive me and I'd be more at peace."

"Well," she heard her father answer, "as you like. But I guess you won't be going yet, now you've got more to live for." (It was his way of being jocose.) "I'm glad you cared to keep them. I always burn letters myself, except business ones. But I daresay, if keeping them gave you pleasure, there is some

sense in it." (It was his way of being generous.) Eleanor could hear him moving a glass and a bottle on the marble table to new places. (It was his way of being deliberate and at home.)

"I never wanted Eleanor to know the voice from the bed said soft," "Not until I'm gone. Then, I want to open them and read them. It will help her to understand."

"There are some things," he said pointedly, "that Ellen does not understand. Probably never will."

His wife's white hand, frail and delicate as a skeleton leaf, in its effort to reach him had fallen across his knee. He put it back gently on her breast. He had done before, rose and thrust his hands deep in his pockets.

"Now, I'm going away for a while, get some rest. You try to lie quiet a rest too."

He went to one window, drew the blind down a little, and let it fly up to the top. It was his old custom. He had many times in her childhood Eleanor had seen him do this! He moved to the second window, and treated its shade in the same manner. When he came to the third window Eleanor had already moved away from it. There was the quick downward touch, then, its shade flew up, too, leaving the upper part bare.

"I don't like your 'in-the-gloaming oh-my-darlings.'"

He was surprised at himself that he had said it. Was it harshness or jocoseness? No; it was simply that he had yielded to the temptation to show that he really was master in his own house.

"Your mother needs sunshine," he said. "Everybody needs sunshine."

Yet he was not thinking of his wife or of Eleanor really at the moment. He was thinking of the comfortable directors' room in the bank; with its generous glass-top table and leather chairs, in which the window shades, much to his liking, were always at the top.

At the moment that the last one flew up the nurse came in at the far door.

was a practical, unvocally efficient person. glanced at her patient, Eleanor, at the back of master of the house, was just closing the after him, at the es; then went about in businesslike way pulling down. Men never ed to her forceful, only etic, precisely because ere so completely eluded in believing nelves to be forceful. as the reason, really, she could never lose temper with them.

James Ellington had er alone, served by a oetful, well-trained d.

fter the meal, he rose crossed the hall to the ary. He seated himself ore the fire. Its warmth pleasant. His toes ated out. His hands sped his knees. Presly he reached for the er, and broke up the two ge lumps of coal into

uller pieces, which blazed and crack- very obedient to his proddings. en, he stood the poker with exactness ts place, and leaned back in his chair. consciously, his fingers spread slowly l his hands approached each other, il the fingers rested at last tips to s, like Crowderby's. Then he gave self to reviewing the years now sing so extraordinarily and so to his ng.

Perhaps the most striking, say domi- nt, thing in those years was his wife's ence, rather silences. It was these, lly, which had in the end given her triumph over him; they were the only apons she had deigned to use; things o intangible, too ethereal to wrest m her. He had spoken harshly, and ned on her hotly a hundred times,



HOW UTTERLY SWEEPED AWAY WERE ALL THE OLD FASTNESSES!

only to face again that pointed stiletto silence of hers.

He had sometimes admitted to himself that it might have been a mistake to marry that particular type of woman on the terms he had offered, namely, the saving of her impractical old father from disgrace; it was as good as putting a weapon in her hands. Nevertheless, he recalled his old belief that a man, let him be masterful, downright masculine and masterful, can make a success of anything. Of course, for some ten years he had seemed to fail. Yes, but look at the facts now! Here he was, back, and on terms better than he could have asked.

He and his daughter had never got on well together, particularly when in her teens she took to having strong opinions



of her own. Well, it was natural enough for his wife to side with her. He could even be generous about that now.

He returned to the thought of the letters. Think of his wife having cherished them. A sprig of heliotrope too! He remembered perfectly the white dress with purple ribbons and had liked it. But think of her cherishing and remembering that fact! The thing he remembered best was not the heliotrope—though he knew that to be her favorite flower. He remembered rather, with a dash of pleasure and a speculative smile above his touching fingertips, that brilliant spray of vivid geranium that he had given her on the day that she had accepted him, and he had kissed her determinedly against her will, and had said, "There! I feel exactly the way that flower looks!"

It was pleasant to remember this in the light of the present, so pleasant that it made him sleepy. He closed and opened his eyes. A sofa nearby with a rug on it invited him. He wheeled it into the firelight, and lay down, adjusting the pillow comfortably.

The flames of the fire had died down, but the glow of it was spread very friendly throughout the room. Ah, one does not find comforts like this in a boarding-house! His hand slipped down, down, a little at a time onto the rosewood curve of the sofa. The wood was warm through and through.

Yes, it was extremely pleasant to be in his own home again; a man re-established, re-instated. He opened his eyes ever so little, very drowsily. What was the light he saw? The glow of the fire? Of course. No! That was sunlight on a large generous glass-topped table. This green-leather chair he was sitting in was extremely comfortable, only it wasn't a chair (he opened his eyes again very slowly and closed them still more slowly); it was a sofa. It even seemed to him, drowsily, that Crowderby would go so far as to offer him some sort of apology. Those drinking prints must be put back. Well, it didn't

matter! He made a very slight spasmotic motion with one leg, hardly perceptible, which was really an effort swinging one leg largely over the other while he sank back in the green-leather chair! Fancy her having remembered all these years his liking for a certain dress! He would tell Crowderby the same day, just for a touch.—Yes, really—extremely comfortable!

Several hours passed by. No one disturbed him. Once a coal fell on the hearth pan, but he continued to breathe evenly and did not waken. Later, some of the burnt-out coals settled together with a noiseless thud; and a little heap of ashes at the back of the grate fell down over them, darkening them. He slept on, indifferent to any change.

An hour or so after midnight the nurse on her own initiative tiptoed down to the library, opened the door cautiously, and looked in. The master of the house was lying still, profoundly asleep on the sofa, a dark nearly indistinguishable figure in the almost obliterated glow of the fire. The hand hung down straight and heavy touching the floor. It was a powerful hand. Yet it hurtless now, the nurse noticed, like a child's. She took a few noiseless steps, unfolded the rug at the bottom of the sofa, and laid it lightly, deftly, and with great economy of effort over the sleeping man. She was efficiency—a kind of detached feminine efficiency incarnate. Then, too, the longer she lived the more she felt that she must take care of men; protect them, in a way. Not that she liked them; she did not. She was even distinctly cynical about them, but she was not unkind. "They are all so fearfully helpless and so childish," she liked to say.

Eleanor stood listening intently at the door which she had just locked and through which led into the hall. Had her father heard her? Might he have wakened? Would he come?

Her heart was going wildly, straining like a flag beating in a wild wind. She

turned to the low stool near the lamp-  
stand, and let the letters fall apart again  
in her lap. The short explanatory letter  
from her mother, lay open and like a  
thing on the top.

All in a moment! In so short a time!  
And everything could change so utterly  
that! And to think that life had often  
seemed to her a small, cramped thing  
which now billowed out all round her  
in such terrible ample folds. How ut-  
terly swept away were all the old fast-  
nesses and probabilities! And that all  
this could happen in silence, without  
mult, without sound.

She began to understand vaguely now,  
one of her mother's gentle awful quiet-  
ness, like the awful quietness of stars  
that look down forever on abysses of  
space. She began to know something of  
how all the great forces of life work,  
utterly apart from men's gossip and  
their chatter. Oh, the long sufferance  
and taciturnity of this frail, reticent  
spirit! All these years and no word!  
The past years of her own life seemed to  
her scolding, chattering magpie things  
against the silence of this. The sensitive

body, so still in death now, was not more  
still, more incommunicable than her  
mother's spirit had been all these years  
about this thing—this thing of which  
her father guessed nothing—this thing  
of which no one in the world but herself,  
now knew anything unless—

Her heart leaped! The knob of the  
far door turned and Miss Clytie entered  
softly. Yes, Miss Clytie knew! There  
was no word needed. They stood facing  
each other quietly, profoundly, like two  
women in a Greek bas-relief—with some  
deep immortal knowledge open between  
them. Miss Clytie's eyes commented  
nothing, only asked permission that she  
might go on into the other room to pay  
the tribute of her understanding and  
devotion to that spirit which had slipped  
away from its long endurance and its  
silence.

When she was gone Eleanor sat down  
again with the letters, piecing this and  
that together. It was not James Elling-  
ton, but James Latimer that her mother  
had loved, Miss Clytie's poet brother, a  
beautiful and fateful person, who had  
died many years ago, on the eve of her



YES, MISS CLYTIE KNEW! THERE WAS NO WORD NEEDED



mother's marriage to James Ellington. These were James Latimer's letters, beautiful and burning, still. When her mother in her delirium had called with such yearning "James, James, come back to me!" it was not for James Ellington, but for James Latimer that she had called. And the heliotrope and the white dress and the white moonlight . . .

It seemed to Eleanor that her mother's long silence wrapped her about, and produced in her an utterly intense quiet. She seemed to stand alone and remote in the most strange and terrible deliverance. Those few lines of her mother's letter had told her. She was not the child of a loveless marriage, as she had long supposed. She was not her father's child. None of his blood ran in her veins. She was the child of James Latimer.

And it was as though Life had respected her mother's silence, and this secret. For Life had remained silent even when it had the chance to speak. It had offered no comment or interference at that moment, only a few hours since, when this knowledge and these letters had lain so unsuspected under her mother's pillow; and her father had so nearly had them, had he wished, in his keeping.

Suddenly, her heart leaped again, painfully. A hand was trying the knob of her door cautiously, then finding the door locked, it shook the knob angrily.

Remembering, she hurried to the door, hiding the letters in the bosom of her dressing gown as she went; turned back the key and faced James Ellington's anger.

"You know I forbid locked doors!" he said. "Secrets, I suppose, between you and your mother!"

"Oh, hush!" she said softly, the hand on her bosom tightening convulsively.

He thrust his head forward, peering at her, shocked in his turn, his arrogance suddenly faded.

"You don't mean to say she's *gone*!"

Eleanor resealed the packet, exact as it had been. It was not so difficult to guard the letters as she had feared. She had no curiosity about them. It was not the letters that mattered, of course; the real triumph lay in the reconciliation and his wife's last request.

The funeral was very simple, attended only by some fifteen or twenty of friends; but Crowderby and the other three bank directors were there; all dressed alike, all looking much alike, except Crowderby who was heavier than the others and who wore spats; and all holding their hats at the exact same angle of sympathy on their forearms.

Throughout the ceremony Ellington sat holding the sealed packet. Crowderby to whom it had been explained that not only had there been a reconciliation, but a complete vindication, was much impressed by the real dignity of the man. He felt almost a little humiliated that he had so long misjudged him. Well, they would make amends.

At the last and most terrible pause of all, Ellington rose, took a few steps, stood for the fraction of a moment by his wife's body, then put the letters under the faintly pink rose which Miss Clytie had put in the delicate hand. He looked once at the inscrutable face, then with an almost imperceptible but sufficient gesture to proceed, stepped back.

The four bank directors were impressive as they stood in unpremeditated formation, two on either side of the hall, all with the same sympathetic dignity, all looking steadily ahead of them while the frail feminine burden was borne past them.

They were observed as dignified and notable guests by everyone except the efficient, businesslike nurse, whom Eleanor had asked to remain for a few days. She stood on the lowest step of the stairway, looking at them, thinking incorrigibly, as she had thought hundreds of times before, of how men need to be protected and cared for, being so helpless and so childish—and so grave, too, the way children are—over nothing.

# The Sorcery of the Trailing Hound

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

NO that ancient trilogy of mysteries—unsolvable—the way of the serpent in the sand, the way of the bird in the air, and the way of a man with a maid—would add a fourth: the mystery of the trailing hound. Perhaps there is no common phenomenon which is less understood and less appreciated than this. A good dog of any kind will perform a miracle of trailing before our eyes, yet we remain unimpressed. Probably our apparent disinterest is less a matter of sluggish observation than it is a lazy acceptance of something really very wonderful. For the thing is marvelous; and study of it cannot fail to elevate our consideration for the whole canine race. The place is a wild sea beach. The situation is a lonely uninhabited island, miles off the Carolina coast. The time is just after sunset, and the evening glow suffusing with a warm and rosy light the long thickets of sweet myrtle, the towering yellow pines, the waste sand dunes, the tawny surf. The characters in the picture are my hound Trigger and I—in this business at hand mentioned strictly in the order of their relative importance. From a wood-road that has wound duskily through the semi-tropical forest of the solitary coastal island, we have suddenly emerged upon the beach. Before us in the sundown rolls the Atlantic. I am just beginning to experience those vague heavings of heart that one nearly always feels upon encountering the ocean in the sunset, bringing with them longings for lost loves of the long ago and all that, when my romantic reverie is suddenly interrupted by the behavior of my hound. He, too, is thinking, and rather urgently and definitely of a lost love; for he has come upon the

trail of a deer. Some time in the late forenoon—so I judged by a careful examination of the tracks—a buck had come out of the forest and had paced up the beach. He had walked, as I afterward ascertained, some two miles down the sands, enjoying, no doubt, the wild freedom and solitude of this savage loneliness. The beach sands were dry and powdery and drifting; they were of the whispering, faintly hissing variety, fine and arid. As the wind moved them among the blades and stems of the beach grasses they made a faint sibilant shrilling. In such Sahara dryness how could a buck leave a scent, at least such a trail as Trigger could pick up easily? Yet, such a scent had evidently been left; or would it be fairer to say that the hound's nose found what nothing else in the world could discover—an aroma shed many long hours before? . . . Human noses appear to be chiefly decorative, and sometimes dubious in that capacity, both as to shape and to color; and they have so far degenerated as to have lost all power to detect any save the grossest and most flagrant scents. We smell a rose at a distance of a yard, perhaps, and a petunia bed has our awareness at a greater distance; a hound's nose, trained to roses, would surely take up the odor at two hundred yards or more. Man's nose scents not the bob white at all. A good setter or pointer, working up a damp breeze, will wind the bird across an acre field.

But the mere fact of Trigger's picking up the trail was not what most interested me, since that I accounted for simply by giving his nose its due. But how was he able, I wondered, to know which way the buck had gone? Why did he not





WHEN HE LAYS EYES ON THE GAME, TRAILING, IN THE STRICT SENSE, IS OVER

run the back track? To put the larger question, How does any dog, following any trail, know which direction to take? Here on this dry sea beach, with a trail a halfday old, perhaps Trigger was to answer the question for me. I say "perhaps," for this problem is one which has never been definitely solved. I hope to be able to establish certain presumptions in favor of certain views.

Apparently, to take up the trail, the hound made no use of his sight. Nor have I ever noticed definitely that a trailing hound would make use of his eyes to guide him. At such a time, the hound's eyes have in them a liquid wild luminance, bright and undetermined, by no means concentrated to close observa-

tion, and seeming to express in eerie light the awakening of clairvoyant powers in other senses.

Probably, both the sense of sight and the sense of hearing come occasionally into use. Not infrequently I have observed a trailing hound pause to listen, especially in a thicket, in the hope that some noise made by the quarry might direct him. Sometimes the hound is thus guided. He often rejoins the pack through giving a momentary ear to its wild music. But the sense of sight cannot, in the nature of the case, often be brought into play. A trailing hound is not frequently afforded a chance to see clearly the contour of the tracks that he is following; therefore, he can rarely rely

he sense of sight to assist him—save, of course, in actually laying eyes on the deer. But when he does that, the matter of trailing, in the strict sense, is over. In woods, in powdery sands, over hard ground, tracks will either be visible or distinguishable as mere scratches and holes. A hound never, like a wilderness hunter, rakes aside the pine needles and the pine straw to discover the prints of a wild fugitive. That a dog depends much on sight is highly improbable; that he occasionally is assisted by it is possible—especially if he is a wise old hound. The sagacity of even a creature would hardly permit it to leave unemployed a salient sense. But when we consider with what readiness and avidity a hound will run a trail

in the dark, or when no tracks are apparent, we understand that the sense of smell is the master agent in this performance.

I remember with what deep interest I watched one night an old hound unravel, in the glimmering sands of a moonlit glade in the pinelands, the trail of a gray fox. Hunting foxes by moonlight in the Southern woods in midwinter used to be a favorite sport of mine; and it taught me something of the behavior of hounds trailing at night. I was afoot; and, in trying to keep ahead of the fox in the general direction of my hound's advance, I was afforded a close and interesting view of the wary fugitive. Into the faerie glade he stole silently, looking very small and tired;



THE TRAIL WAS SO HOT THAT THEY TORE DOWN THE BACK TRACK



seeming also excessively bored. Because of uncertainty—hardly by design—he proceeded to make what hunters call a “trail puzzle.” He ran here and there, pausing, listening, peering into the silent woodlands that ringed the glade. Of course, the trail that he left was a very crisscrossed affair. After he was gone, my hound named Weser came up. She immediately detected my presence; but evidently as game I was insignificant. The tracks of the fox were discernible in the sand; but the hound could not possibly have followed them by distinguishing the direction they took through seeing the way in which the imprints pointed. For perhaps five minutes Weser wound her way through the mazy trail; at length, with a triumphant yowl, she announced that the mystery had yielded to her patient art. In this macadam-flagstone-concrete age of ours we know that pet dogs seldom have a chance to see a human track. Yet they trail their owners. If I were to hazard a venture as to which dog probably placed habitually some dependence upon sight to guide him over certain places in a trail, I should say the bloodhound. At least, men who have trained bloodhounds to do their eerie work have told me that these great dogs (mild and gentle by disposition) can be taught the direction that a fugitive has taken by the direction in which his tracks point. But after all, if any trailer had naught but his sight to guide him, he would not trail far. The greyhound, for all his agility and fleetness, for all the wild vigor of his sight and hearing, is practically worthless on a trail.

The dog's great business in a slow and obscure pursuit is not in seeing the track but in snuffing up the scent. Yet, with all his ability as a noser, how can the hound tell, merely by this single sense, which direction to take? One leads to the trail's cold and empty end; the other leads to the quarry. Seldom, indeed, will even the most poorly equipped hound take the wrong direction. And, apparently, the hound has but this one

sense to guide him. But I have heard old woodsmen declare that a hound on a very hot track gets more than scent: actually gets a delicious taste as well. I am not prepared to say that he does, but often, while working out a “hot corner” into which a stag or a fox has been pressed, I have watched unwearied dogs working greedily with their mouths open, close to the ground, as if they were satisfying, in some degree, the keen sense of taste. Occasionally a hard-pressed quarry will drop foam or blood or both; and these the following hound will mouth up eagerly. I am not sure that the hound employs the sense of taste in trailing; but I am inclined to believe that there is something of truth suggested by the old woodland expression, “That hound's tasting the trail.” I may add that trailing hounds almost always work with their mouths open, whereas hounds running by sight often close theirs. It is possible that, upon viewing the quarry, the sense of sight is called upon to do what taste and smell had been doing.

Yet even with the two powerful senses of taste and smell at work, the trailing hound does a wonderful thing in heading in the right direction. My hound, Trigger, on the lone sea beach, took the right direction, and with but the faintest hesitation. He turned southward. I saw that the tracks of the buck were indeed headed that way. I caught the dog, led him northward along the beach, turned him about seven or eight times so as to confuse his sense of direction, and then put him on the trail again, being careful to point him in the wrong direction. He snuffed knowingly to the right, to the left, gave me a look of rebuke as if he were asking what kind of silly game I were trying to play, turned southward, and settled down to the slot. Despite my attempt to fool him, or at least to test him, he was not in the least uncertain.

Several explanations can be offered for Trigger's mastery of the situation; and these will, of course, apply to any other



IN ORDINARY CHASE REYNARD PREFERS TO SULK UNDER THE BUSHES

nd. The first is that he has a nose  
uch keenness that he could scent mer-  
ary motives in a missionary to Molo-  
; that his powers of smelling are ad-  
ted to a nicety so exquisite that he is  
e, even on an old trail in dry sand, to  
ermine which end of a trail is going  
“pick up,” and which one has in it  
element of fading away; that he has  
tain guides which are not commonly  
lerstood; and the last explanation is  
t there exists in the trailing hound an  
ding element of mystery. Often, in-  
d, good dogs will make a temporary  
se start down the wrong end of a trail;  
they are usually swift to correct their  
or, and they do it in that shamefaced  
y that seems to prove that they con-  
er it the most gauche and amateurish  
faults.

To illustrate this point I may say that  
ly one morning it was my good for-  
e, on the dewy borders of a great  
elo swamp not far from home, to

walk up three full-antlered stags. They  
had been lying together under a fragrant  
canopy of dwarf pines; when started,  
they rocked lithely away at right angles,  
crossing the misty open woods. My two  
dogs were in the bush-hung pathway be-  
hind me, and they had not seen the deer.  
Quietly, I took them off into the woods  
and brought them abruptly on the steam-  
ing trail. It was so hot that they yelped  
joyously in unison and tore down the  
back track. The younger and swifter  
hound was leading. Perhaps thirty  
yards they thus raced; then the older  
dog overtook the younger, snarled and  
snapped at it viciously, whirled, and  
came tearing back. The two made the  
turn simultaneously; and it appeared to  
me that the old dog had administered a  
rebuke to the impetuous youngster for  
playing so silly a trick. Nor is it unusual  
for a trained dog to admonish and to  
punish a misbehaving youngster. Many  
times in the woods I have watched



hounds hesitate on trails, run back and forth a little, take small circles; but always at last the puzzle would be solved. Of course, there naturally comes a time when the last vestige of scent vanishes (or evaporates, or makes its own peculiar escape); how long before this occurs will depend on the strength and the quality of the original scent, and those atmospheric conditions such as stillness and dampness which are favorable to the long retention of odors. It is said that a good bloodhound will follow a human trail that is twenty hours old; I have known a deerhound to follow one fifteen hours old, and to take notice of one older than that. But the hours intervening had been windless damp ones. Dampness holds scent; but rain will wash it away. When the sun is hot and the wind is blowing, when the earth is exposed and dry, any scent, however heavy, will be soon dissipated—or at least with relative quickness. I have seen hounds completely lose a trail while crossing a dry ridge and pick it up again in a cool damp hollow beyond.

We have seen the hound Trigger taking the right end of a trail on a bare beach. In the woods his method is somewhat different. And the difference so observed may assist us in understanding this mystery of the trailing hound. If my observations are correct, it is easier for a dog to follow with certainty a trail through the woods than it is along bare ground. The reasons for this presumed truth are interesting, and have never, I think, been discussed.

In wildwoods a good hound "travels on the bushes." He is forever, unless literally on the tail of the quarry, smelling grass, bushes, low-sweeping limbs. Of course, he gets scent of the game from these—possibly a sort of general aroma that the wild creature has left in brushing by; certainly, in the case of deer, the powerful and permeating odor, faintly sweet (and in the deer noticeable to human beings) from the great scent-glands behind the knees on the back legs. While it is difficult to make an

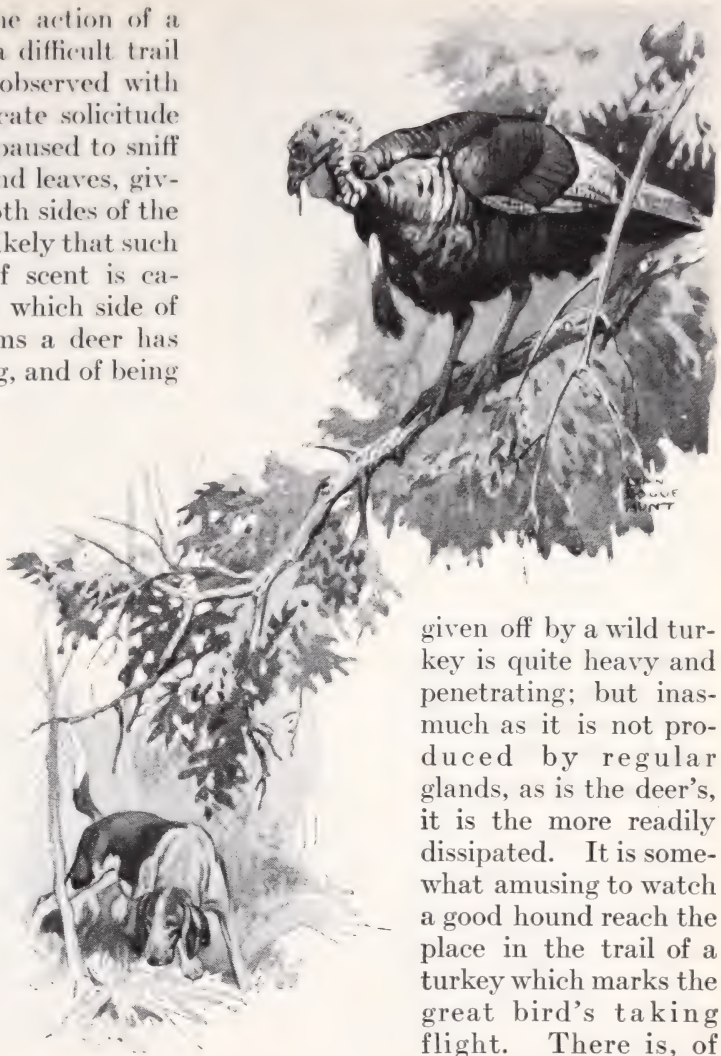
estimate such as the following, it is probable that these glands utter a much heavier and arresting scent than do the glands between the hoofs. The scent deposited by the deer's knee-glands is usually left just at the height to which a dog stands; and that fact accounts for a hound's traveling high through brush and undergrowth. A close observer in the woods, before he looks for tracks, can generally tell whether a hound is following a fox or a deer; a fox, wild turkey, rabbit, raccoon, or the like will hold a dog on the ground; a deer that has walked through brush will incline the head of the pursuer to lift his head. True, Reynard, in traveling fast, will do much jumping over and through bushes—"high-sidling" as it is sometimes called; but in an ordinary chase, when stealing along craftily, he prefers to skulk under and around bushes. Of course, the same thing is true of a deer—that is, unless in wild flight, he will dodge and skulk. I have often seen deer moving about naturally or but slightly startled, deliberately choose to squeeze under a barbed wire fence rather than jump over it, and stoop and almost crawl to get under a leaning tree that could have been much more easily leaped. Yet the height to which a deer stands determines the amount of the scent he leaves shall be deposited higher than that left by small game.

Much of the foregoing information may appear obvious; its restatement, however, seems necessary to a careful examination of a hound's pursuit of deer through brushy country. How can he tell in which direction the quarry has gone? It seems not unlikely that a buck, let us say, brushing through a clump of myrtles or bays, passing from south to north, will leave more scent on the south side and on those leaves turned that way than he can on the sides of the leaves which he would not brush in following such a course. Precisely the same thing is true of a deer's going through grass, either the common low growths or the knee-high sorts like broom sedg-

who has watched the action of a hound following a difficult trail through grass will have observed with intelligent and delicate solicitude that a sagacious trailer has paused to sniff and down the stems and leaves, giving special attention to both sides of the stems. It is not at all unlikely that such a hound's amazing power of scent is capable of detecting against which side of the grass-blades and stems a deer has been consistently brushing, and of being thereby enabled to determine the direction in which the game has gone.

But the mere power of the hound to carry a trail properly is not the most remarkable feature of his ability: he possesses the artistry of a high discriminative power. Of course, as with men, so of dogs: there are kinds and breeds. There are some breeds, even some breeds, that have no sense in the woods; but at home they seem to be more than hearty for petites. But the trained hound can be taught to run a fox and anything else, or a deer, or a raccoon. Yet in

woods wild enough for one of these creatures to be found, it is likely that many will be present. The trained dog will enter a dewy maze of cover, reject all measurements in the way of scents as inapt as sin, and by nothing will be turned aside from his urgent business of finding the proper quarry. Despite his powers of discrimination, the hound commonly either does not distinguish between the deer and the wild turkey or he considers the two equally important. Every deerhound I ever knew would take a turkey-track; but the hunter must be very fresh. The scent



THERE IS, OF COURSE, NO  
MORE TRAIL

given off by a wild turkey is quite heavy and penetrating; but inasmuch as it is not produced by regular glands, as is the deer's, it is the more readily dissipated. It is somewhat amusing to watch a good hound reach the place in the trail of a turkey which marks the great bird's taking flight. There is, of course, no more trail; and possibly a few rare hounds know what this sudden end

means. But the average trailer will be painfully, irreconcilably baffled. It seems to the dog what witchcraft or necromancy seems to man.

As the hound takes the turkey-trail, so the bird-dog will occasionally follow a deer-trail. Naturally, he follows the turkey, finding in it the amazing climax of all his trained ambitions. The behavior of a setter or a pointer after a deer is usually something of a burlesque. I have seen a bird-dog run after a deer and bark violently at it, thinking it, no doubt, of the cattle family, which all bird-dogs regard as having been created



for their occasional diversion. There are a few instances on record of bird-dogs which have been trained to follow and to point deer. With a dog thus broken I have had no experience; but it is evident that the thing is possible. Indeed, with the truly sensible and intelligent dog, what education, and what effect from it are not possible?

Mention has been made of the fact that the deer has distinct glands for secreting and giving off scent, whereas many other wild creatures (especially the birds) have apparently but a general aroma which identifies them. The reason for this difference is possibly simple: birds usually find one another by calling. Deer find one another by following the scent—which is, after all, but a silent language, a tacit message which becomes a menace to the creature leaving it whenever the enemy picks it up. Deer regularly follow one another by scent; occasionally they will bleat. But by nature they are singularly silent, self-effacing creatures. One of the most exciting woodland sights that ever came to my vision was that of a buck, in the mating season, following at full speed the trail of a doe. He was running with his head low; and after he had passed, an examination of the trail showed me that the doe had passed not long before.

When the good hound enters deer-country, it is not to be thought that he unravels the mystery set before him without distinct effort—of a sort which appears to have something mental in it. He may have clear sailing; but the chances are that he will encounter complications. And our respect for his ability will be heightened if we briefly consider some of the difficulties which may assail him.

Let us say that he is fairly started on a stag's track; a possible complication may be met if the hound's buck crosses another deer's trail. In short, the dog is thereby afforded an excellent opportunity for mislaying the original find. Some owners of hounds do not make much of such a mistake; but a fastidious

hunter will consider his hound guilty and reprimand if the trailer is lured away from the first track. How difficult may be to hold this trail is appreciated if one considers that the second trail may be much fresher than the first. In such a case the hound is not only called upon to discriminate between the two, but to follow the less inviting one. Is not this something like an actual test of moral character? I have known hounds which could staidly tread the safe and narrow path; and I have known many that would leave it, especially if a pack were working. A hound trailing slowly and alone, with no pack set by a pack and no mob-psychology thereof to trouble him, will hold to the original scent. If the conflicting scents are of the same relative strength, can not his constancy establish the current fact that he can distinguish between individual deer? If each animal has its own individuality and its accompanying aura, the hound's task is not so difficult as might appear. A common dog can trail his master in a crowd of people. Why, then, should not a hound, with his patrician nose, be capable of following his particular deer? That each animal should have its own peculiar aura seems the more likely when we consider that thus members of a family could follow one another with certainty, as they do. And therefore I believe the good hound at the intersection of trails, says to himself: "Here's a stranger that has just passed; but I must hold to my original deer"—or words to that effect.

Another complication which the hound must meet is the "patchy" trail. The deer may pass over a piece of burnt ground, or earth that is very hard and dry. He may—and probably he is very designedly fond of doing this—wade some distance through water. Upon taking a notion to be startled, he may make a few little leaps of twenty or twenty-five feet (I know of one careful measured jump of a few inches or thirty-two feet). The deer may, in grazing, or purposefully in dodging, leave

great many doubles in his trail. Seldom, indeed, unless hotly pursued, or unless traveling some beaten track, does a deer leave a straight trail. All these irregularities of the nature of the ground and of the deer's movements naturally produce a broken trail. When the good hound strikes a break, his momentum may take him across the hiatus and into

does, why should not still water? And as the tendency of all these classes of odors is to be dissipated by rising and by evaporation, it is reasonable to conjecture that the surface of the quiet water might give off some odor from the deer that the hound is following. However, I do not believe that water, if it holds scent at all, will hold it long.

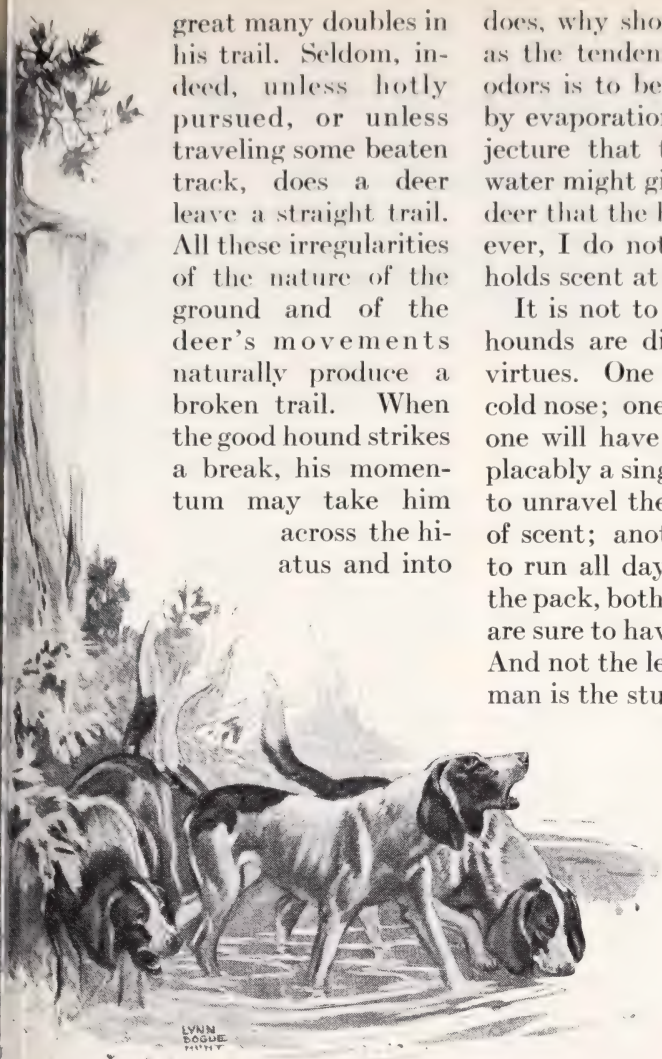
It is not to be thought that all good hounds are distinguished by the same virtues. One will have a phenomenally cold nose; one will always tell the truth; one will have the ability to follow implacably a single trail; one will be gifted to unravel the snarls in a tangled skein of scent; another will have the bottom to run all day. With such qualities in the pack, both the hunter and the quarry are sure to have an interesting time of it. And not the least pleasure to the sportsman is the study to distinguish the gifts

of the different dogs, and the watching with what fidelity to his particular virtue each hound will conduct himself. Soda, perchance, will find the trail; Whisky will follow it longest; Nip and Tuck will cover the breaks; Check and Mate will take care of all doubling; Hammer will snap at a puppy

AMPNESS RETAINS SCENT, WHY SHOULD NOT STILL WATER?

fresh scent beyond. If not, he usually begins to circle, and one of his arcs soon cross the deer's line of travel. The difficulty is with running water, the hound cannot depend on any scent he will pick up in that. But from careful observation of hounds and their behavior in taking a trail through water (such as a small pond, a bayou, or a bayou) I am persuaded to believe that they may get a certain degree of scent from this element. If ampness retains scent, as it assuredly

because he wants to run a fox, and will otherwise give the youngster a training in manners; Trigger will disdain a hotter scent than the one which the pack is working. All this is very human, very appealing—having in it elements of the whimsical, but always the deeper element of mystery; for after all the explanations and conjectures for a hound's excellence have been made, there remains the exciting possibility of something just a little beyond our immediate ken. And this we might as well call sorcery.





# The Secrets of Success

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

*(This is the first of a new series of burlesques which will satirize the enterprising literature evoked by certain twentieth-century cults and tendencies with which all readers are familiar—an "outline of the newer idioey," as Mr. Leacock tersely expresses it. The following article deals with the development of "personal efficiency," "personality," and "success."—Editor's Note.)*

## THE NEW RACE OF BIG MEN AND BIG WOMEN

DEAR friend reader—for you will not mind my calling you this, or both of this, for I feel already that we are friends, are we ~~not~~, don't you?—let us sit down and have a comfortable get-together visit and talk things over.

Are you aware that there is big movement going on in this country, and that a lot of big-hearted men and ever so many big women are in it? Perhaps not. Then let me try to tell you all about it and the way in which the world is being transformed by it.

No, don't suggest sending me any money. I don't want it. Neither I nor any of these big men and women who are working on this thing want money. We all take coupons, however, and if you care to cut out any coupons from this or any other journal and send them to me I shall be glad to get them. But, remember, *sending a coupon pledges you to nothing*. It does not in any way bring you within reach of the law, and you may cut out as many as you like. Only a little while ago a young boy, scarcely more than a man, came into my office in great distress and in evident remorse. "What have I done?" he moaned. "What is it?" I asked. "I have cut out a coupon," he said, wringing his hands, "and sent it in." "To where?" I asked. "To Department B. The Success Editor, Box 440-J. Phoenix, Arizona." "My dear friend," I said, "cutting out a coupon pledges you to nothing." He left my office (after in

vain offering me money) a new boy. I may say that he is now at the head of one of the biggest dried-prune businesses in Kalamazoo.

In other words, that boy had found the secret of success. A chance remark had suddenly put him in the path of Opportunity.

Now, my dear reader, you may be all unknowing, in exactly the position that young man. You may be, like him, on the very verge of opportunity. Like him, you may need only a friendly shove to put you where you belong.

Now this movement that I am along with these big women, etc., that I spoke of, is a movement for putting success within reach of all, even of the dullest. You need not despair because you are dull. That's nothing. A lot of these big men in the movement were complete nuts before they came.

Perhaps it is a new idea to you that success can be deliberately achieved. Let me assure you, on the contrary, that achieving it is the only way to get it.

I wonder, for example, if the thought has ever occurred to you that your salary would like your salary raised. If nothing is more simple. Read the chapters which follow and your salary will be raised before you finish them. After having studied the literature of this big movement for success, I can tell you of hundreds, of thousands, of men and women in this country whose salaries have been raised beyond recognition.

What would you say, for example, if you were earning sixty-three dollars a week with

leaving home, and using only your time; and that, too, at an agreeable occupation, needing no preparation no skill? Do you want to do it? that is what young Edward Bean—Kid Ed, they call him—is doing at this minute in Houston, Texas. What do you say to cleaning up a million cold in a fortnight; on the top of an article indispensable to everyone in the country, easily understood and never out of order, patent applied for? Well, that was what was done by Cal Johnson—Cal. Johnson, they usually call him, at least if they're not Millionaire Johnson, or Lucky Johnson—they call him a lot of names—that. You can see his picture in the papers in the country—Bull Johnson, he's often called—you must have seen him. Well, here was a man, Cal, or this Bull, who never knew he was forty-one years old that he had no *personality*, and then all of a sudden, one day—but, stop—I'll tell you later all about this Bull, or Buffalo Johnson. They often call him Buffalo. I usually say that at present Buffalo—or Bull—is at the head of one of the best nut syndicates in El Paso.

Or how would you like to imagine yourself becoming the head of one of the biggest mercantile concerns in the country? Would you have any use for it? I mean, would it make a hit with you? If so, I shall have to tell you presently about Robert J. Rubberheart—Bull Dog Bob they usually call him. It occurred to Bob one day that eighty-five per cent of his efficiency was being squandered in—but, no, I'd better keep it. Suffice it to say that you can see, in the back pages of almost any of the current magazines, a picture of Bob at his mahogany desk in his office in that mercantile firm. He is pointing his finger right at his stenographer's eye, and underneath him is written, "This man earns ten dollars a minute." Well, that's Bob. He has cut out the waste of his efficiency and he has "made good."

But talking of Bull Dog Bob and the way he "made good," reminds me of a lot of other cases which I have met in my study of this big movement, of men, yes, and of women, who have "made good." Perhaps you don't realize, reader, that no matter if a man is a long way down, almost down and out, he



THIS MAN EARNS TEN DOLLARS A MINUTE





HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF THE LARGE PLACE THAT LOVE PLAYS?

can still “come back” and “make good.” If a man has got sufficient pep and grit not to let the sand get choked out of him he will come back every time. I am thinking here specially—as no doubt you are—of the instance of the Hon. E. Final Upshot, now one of the leading men, one of the *big* men in the senate of Nicaragua. Yet *there* was a man who had been nearly beaten out by fate; health gone, friends gone, memory gone—he couldn’t even have remembered his friends if he’d kept them—money gone, everything in fact, except that somewhere away down in that man was sand. And so one day just by chance, Ed—his friends now always called him Honest Ed—saw in a paper . . . but don’t let’s spoil the story.

In any case, the real point is that men like Buff. Johnson, and Bull Dog Bob, and the Honorable Final Upshot have got *personality*. That’s it. Some of them had it from the start but didn’t know it. You may be in that class. Concealed in these men was an unsuspected asset, like the jewel in the

toad of which Shakespeare speaks. may be in you.

And having personality, they set work to develop themselves. They built up their efficiency. They studied their bodies. They took exercises which gave them constitutions like ostriches. They eliminated waste. They chewed their food for hours before they used it. Realizing that a ferruginous diet breaks down the tissues and sets up a subterfuge of gas throughout the body, they took care to combine in their diet proper proportion of explosives. Having grasped the central fact that the glory of a man’s strength is in his hair, they, people, by adopting a system of rubbing (easily learned in six lessons and involving nothing more than five minutes of almost hysterical fun every morning) succeeded in checking the falling of the follicles, or capillary basis of the hair itself. In short, as one of the great ones of them has said, “Hair power is brain power.”

As with personality and efficiency, with memory. These men of the class

As we are speaking, grasped the idea Memory Means Money. To gain they adopted a simple formula (easily learned in six lessons without sending money) first invented by the ancient Egyptians, but now made available for everybody by the splendid efforts of the famous Doctor Allforce. The doctor, the picture shows him to be a G. D. of Kansas, is often called (presumably by his friends) the Wizard of All Power. He is a man of whom we have a lot to say. Undoubtedly this man has psychic power. Whether or not it is the selfsame psychic power used by Ancient Chaldeans and the Magi who make the Magi Water, is a question on which we must not try to pronounce. But the man certainly has no doubt no doubt it was for that that he gave him his G.D.M. The Doctor claims that memory can be built up by the *rearrangement of the colloid particles of the human brain*. So convinced is the doctor of the validity of this daring claim that he offers a *personal guarantee* of \$100 (one hundred dollars) for anybody disproving it to his satisfaction.

Thus far, no single professor of any of the colleges (all known to be effete) has come forward to challenge this daring piece of scientific prophylaxis. In short, as the doctor himself says, Hypothesis is truth!

But we must not talk of the Doctor too much. We shall have plenty to say of him in his place. Just remember him as the *Man Who Does Not Forget*. We only mention him here in this connection as one of the big men whose ideas are reshaping the globe. Indeed, the Doctor himself has gone on record with the words, "I can reshape your head."

But even all that we have said does not exhaust the scope of this great movement which is building up a new race of men and women. There are bigger things yet. Have you ever thought of the large place that *love* plays in this world? Perhaps not. You may be too big a boob to have thought about it. And yet it is a thing about which every well-constituted man and every well-constructed woman ought to think. If you have hitherto been clean outside of our great movement toward



WHEN YOU DESCEND TO THE BREAKFAST TABLE SMILE AT YOUR FOOD



the new life and the new success you have probably never read the booklet (obtainable anywhere or to be had by cutting out a coupon) entitled *How to Choose a Mate*. Apart from its obvious usefulness at sea, this is a little book that should be studied by every young man and woman in the land. It is written by a man whose name of course you know, Dr. O. Salubrious, Med. Mis. Wash. He practically gives it away.

It may never have occurred to you how many men in picking a mate, or a life companion, or even a wife, make a bad pick. There are ever so many cases on record where serious dissatisfaction arises with the selection which has been made. With so many to choose from, this seems unnecessary. If you will study the work of Dr. Salubrious you will see that he makes the bold claim that men and women are animals and they should mate with the same care as is shown by the lobster, the lizard, and the graminiferous mammalia.

But for the moment we need follow the Doctor no farther. The essential idea which arises from what we have said above is that a new race of men and women is emerging under our eyes. These people like Cal. Johnson and Dr. Salubrious and Doctor Allforce and the Honorable Final Upshot are a new set of beings. Alive with personality, using one hundred per cent of their efficiency, covered with glossy hair rich in its natural oil, forgetting nothing, earning sixty-three dollars a week at occupations which fill only their leisure time, these people are rapidly inheriting the earth. As Doctor—himself has put it, "*The future will belong to those who own it.*"

Do you want then, reader—and I am asking you for the last time—to be in this movement or out of it? Or no, let me put it in the striking way phrased by Allforce, "*Can you afford to be out of it?*"

#### A CHAT ON PERSONALITY: WHAT IT IS AND HOW TO GET IT

Let us therefore proceed to study out this question quietly and systematically,

taking nothing for granted. We have said above that personality is the greatest thing in the world. But now let us ask ourselves: *How do we know* personality is the greatest thing in the world? From what corollaries do we draw this hypothesis, and is such innuendo justified? In other words, who says so?

Our answer to this is very simple. The greatest men in the world, those that is to say, who draw the largest salaries, do so by their personality. No truly great man how he made his money, and he will always tell you the same thing. The bigger the man, the more loudly he will say it.

The other day I had a few minutes' conversation (I couldn't afford more) with one of the biggest-priced men in this country. "To what," I asked, "do you attribute your own greatness?" He answered without hesitation, "To myself."

Yet there was a man who has the reputation of being the second biggest consumer of crude rubber in this country. He may do it and he may not, but he has that reputation. I asked another man, a large consumer of adjustable bicycle parts, how much he thought he owed of his present commanding position to education. He answered emphatically, "Nothing." Something in his tone made me believe him.

Now the common element in all these men is personality. Each one of them has a developed, balanced, nicely adjusted well-hung personality. You feel that as soon as such a man is in your presence; when he enters a room, you are somehow aware that he has come. When he leaves, you realize that he is gone out. As soon as he opens his mouth, you know that he is speaking. When he shuts his mouth, you feel that he has stopped.

Until the recent discoveries of the success movement it was not known that personality could be acquired. We now know now that it can.

For the acquirement of personality,



"DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY FAST?"

Contrast the picture of Edward Beanhead at his frugal lunch while his spare moments are given to study, with that of his two office associates.

The first thing needed is *to get into harmony with yourself*. You may think at this is difficult. But a little practice will soon show you how. Make the effort, so far as you can, to set up a *lateral harmony between your inner and your outer ego*. When you get this done, start and see what you can do *to extend yourself in all directions*. This is a little hard at first, but the very difficulty will add zest to the effort. As soon as you begin to feel that you are doing it, then go on, gently at first, but with increasing emphasis, to *revolve about your own axis*. When you have got this working nicely, go on slowly and carefully at first, *lift yourself up to a new level of thinking*. When you have got up there, hold it.

As soon as in this way you have got yourself sufficiently elongated and extended you will have gained the first step in the development of personality, namely *Harmony*—in other words, you are completely and absolutely satisfied with yourself. If you were a nut before, you will never know it now.

The next great thing to be acquired is optimism, cheerfulness, the absence of all worry. It is a scientific fact that worry has a physical effect upon the body, clogging up the oesophagus and filling the primary ducts with mud. Cheerfulness, on the other hand, loosens up the whole anatomy by allowing a freer play to the bones. Begin each day with a smile. When you rise in the morning, throw open your window wide and smile out of it. Don't mind whom you hit with it. When you descend to the breakfast table **try** to smile at your food, or even break into a pleasant laugh at the sight of it. When you start off to your place of business, enter your street car in a bright and pleasant way, paying your fare to the conductor with a winsome willingness. When you go into your office, remove your coat and rubbers with a pretty little touch of bonhomie. Ask the janitor, or the night watchman, how he has slept. Greet your stenographer with a smile. Open your correspondence with another



smile, and when you answer it, try to put into what you write just the little touch of friendly cheerfulness that will win your correspondent's heart. It is amazing how a little touch of personal affection will brighten up the dull routine of business correspondence like a grain of gold in the sand.

Don't sign yourself "Yours truly," but in some such way as "Yours for optimism," or "Yours for a hundred per cent cheerfulness." But I will show you what I mean in a more extended way by relating to you the amazing—but well-authenticated—story of the rise and success of Edward Beanhead.

### THE REMARKABLE CASE OF EDWARD BEANHEAD

#### AN AMAZING STORY OF SUCCESS

In presenting in support of what has been written in the preceding chapters the instance of Edward Beanhead, I may say that I have no doubt whatever of the authenticity of the story. It is too well attested to admit of doubt. I have seen this story of the rise of Edward Beanhead (under his own and other names) printed in so many journals that it must be true. The more so as the photograph of Beanhead is reproduced beside the story, and in many cases the editor gives a *personal guarantee* that the story is true. In other cases readers who doubt are invited to cut out a coupon which will bring them a free booklet that will give them a course on Leadership.

Another proof of the truth of the story is that Edward Beanhead's salary is often inserted and printed right across the page. I forget what it is; in fact, it is not always the same, but it fills all the available space.

In many cases Beanhead in his photograph is depicted as actually pointing at his salary with one finger and saying, "Do you want to earn this?"

Skeptical readers may suggest that Edward must have owed his start in life

to early advantages of birth and wealth he may have been a prince. This is so. Beanhead had no birth and wealth. Accounts differ as to where he was born. Some of the documents, reproduced in the best advertising pages, represent him as a bright little farm boy from Keokuk, Iowa. It is well known of course, that most railroad presidents and heads of colleges come from there. Pictures are numerous which show Beanhead barefooted and with a five-cent straw hat, standing in what looks like a trout stream. There is a legend "From Farm Yard to Manager's Desk." Another school of writers, however, shows Edward as beginning his career in a great city, running errands—at an admirable speed and labeled "*Earning his first dime.*"

All this, however, is a matter of controversy. The only thing of which we can be certain is that Edward Beanhead as a youth just verging into manhood was occupying a simple station as some sort of business clerk. Here came the turning point of his life. By a happy accident Edward came across a little booklet entitled *Tutankhamen is a Dead One. What are you? Learn personal efficiency in six lessons. Write to the Nut University. Post office box 6, Canal Street, Buffalo.*

From this time on Beanhead's spare minutes were spent in study. We have in proof of this the familiar illustration in which Edward is seen on a high stool in his office at lunch hour, eating a bun with one hand and studying a book of personality in the other, while at the side, inserted in a sort of little cloud, one can see Edward's two office companions playing craps with two young negroes. The picture is now rather rare, the little vignette of the crap game having proved rather too attractive for certain minds in fact some people quite mistook the legend "Do you want to make money fast?"

Beanhead took the entire course, occupying five weeks and covering Personality, Magnetism, Efficiency, Dy-

ic Potency, the Science of Power, Essentials of Leadership.

y the end of his course Edward had had certain major conclusions. He saw that Personality is Power; that Optimism opens Opportunity; and that *Quietism Makes Money*. He also realized that Harmony makes for Happiness, and that Worry would merely multiply his waste products into his ducts unfit him for success.

armed with these propositions, Edward Beanhead entered his office after five weeks' course a new man.

Instead of greeting his employer with old "Good Morning," as many employees are apt to do, Edward asked his superior how he had slept.

How notice how the little things count. So happened that his employer hadn't slept decently for ten years; and yet no employee had ever asked him about it. Naturally he "reacted" at once. Edward reacted back and in a few minutes they were in close confabulation. Beanhead suggested to his employer that perhaps his ducts were clogged with luminous litter. The senior man merely answered that in that case he'd better raise Edward's salary. Beanhead acquiesced with the sole proviso that in that case he should be allowed to

organize his employer's business so as to put it on a strategic footing. Now observe again how things count. It so happened that this man, although carrying on a business which extended over six states and out into the ocean, had never thought of organizing it; and he didn't even know what a strategic footing was. The result was a second increase of salary within twenty-four hours.

In the weeks that followed Edward Beanhead, now seated in a commodious office with flat-top desk and a view of the ocean and a range of mountains, entirely reorganized the firm's business. His method was simple. The employees were submitted to a ruthless brain-test which eliminated most of them. The business itself was then plotted out on a chart so designed as to show at a glance all the places where the firm did no business. Banks in which the firm had no money were marked with a cross. By these and other devices Edward rapidly placed the business on a new footing, stopping all the leaks, focusing it to a point, driving it deep into the ground, giving it room to expand, and steering it through the rocks. The situation is perhaps more easily understood by stating that henceforth the motto of the business became "Service."



EDWARD BEANHEAD AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER



The natural upshot of it was that before long Edward Beanhead's employer summoned him up to his office and informed him that he was getting old (he was seven weeks older than when we began with him), and that he was now prepared to retire to a monastery or to a golf club, and that if Edward wanted the business he could have it.

Hence at the end we see Edward

Beanhead sitting beside his desk, half revolved in a revolving chair and with a beautiful stenographer within easy touch. There are two little placards nailed up, one on each side of his head bearing the legends "*Efficiency*" and "*Service*."

And one wonders where are those fellows who were playing craps with the negroes.

## Improvident

HESPER LE GALLIENNE

"AND I shall sing a song," I said,  
 "Or sit upon a hill  
 To watch the April breezes tease  
 The freshet by the mill.

"A primrose chaplet I shall weave  
 And place upon my hair,  
 Then run the fields the livelong day  
 Nor give a thought to care."

This did I even as I sang  
 And danced the glades along,  
 But soon the primrose wreath was dead  
 And dead was daylight's song.

"It had been wiser," then said I,  
 "If I had made a hood  
 To shelter me when darkness fell  
 Upon the field and wood."

# Building an American Cathedral

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

OF all the journeys I have made for work, and I have made many, I remember none more vividly than those to the cathedral towns of England and France. It was my good fortune to be obliged to visit the most important and beautiful in both countries, to return to them summer after summer during several years, and in each to live familiarly under the shadow of the cathedral, even sometimes in the close, at its very door. This is, no doubt, why the grandeur and beauty and charm of these great churches remain so fresh in my memory, and why something of my old pleasure in them to-day colors my visits to the cathedral now being built on the heights above Washington.

The Washington Cathedral, however, has done far more than renew my earlier impressions. In a way, every gothic cathedral must renew the impressions already received in other gothic cathedrals, since all are necessarily alike in their main features; though it is astounding how each has something of its own, in the detail of its architecture and decoration, or its site and surroundings, or the atmosphere with which centuries have filled it. The model of the Washington Cathedral shows that its architects have gone for their inspiration to England, above all to Canterbury and York; but what special characteristics will distinguish it when it has been warmed and animated by daily use, and its stones toned by time, and the unexpected has occurred, as it did in almost all the old cathedrals where delays and innovations only emphasized the character, the present generation can neither know nor foretell. One thing, however, it does give in its present stage which not one

built in the past can give us now, and this is the chance to see the beauty of a cathedral in the making.

Much of the history of the old cathedrals is told in their stones, in the marks of their growth through the ages, in all that survives of the splendor with which generations of the devout enriched them, in all traces that remain of the rage with which generations of unbelievers dishonored them. Also, of a number there are more or less complete archives. But there is an important part of their history of which we have no adequate record. We know nothing of the actual manner of their building, and it is this building which to-day can be watched, step by step, on Mount St. Alban at Washington. The Old Masters, who cared for beauty of every kind and were realists in the rendering of it, seem, curiously enough, to have been indifferent to the "Wonder of Work." I can recall no painting or drawing of the building of any early church, romanesque or gothic, no painting or drawing that shows the workmen at their task, setting up stone upon stone of arches and buttresses, towers and spires that are marvels of height and grace and solidity to us who cannot surpass them, for all our ingenious mechanical devices undreamed of by the old cathedral builders. A church is being built in a background to one of Van Eyck's drawings of a Madonna or a Saint in the Antwerp Museum, and I cannot forget how careful is the rendering of the building busily going on in the distance. There are other drawings and paintings of the time in which just such a suggestion may be found, for the Old Masters, being realists, usually painted or drew a background precisely as they



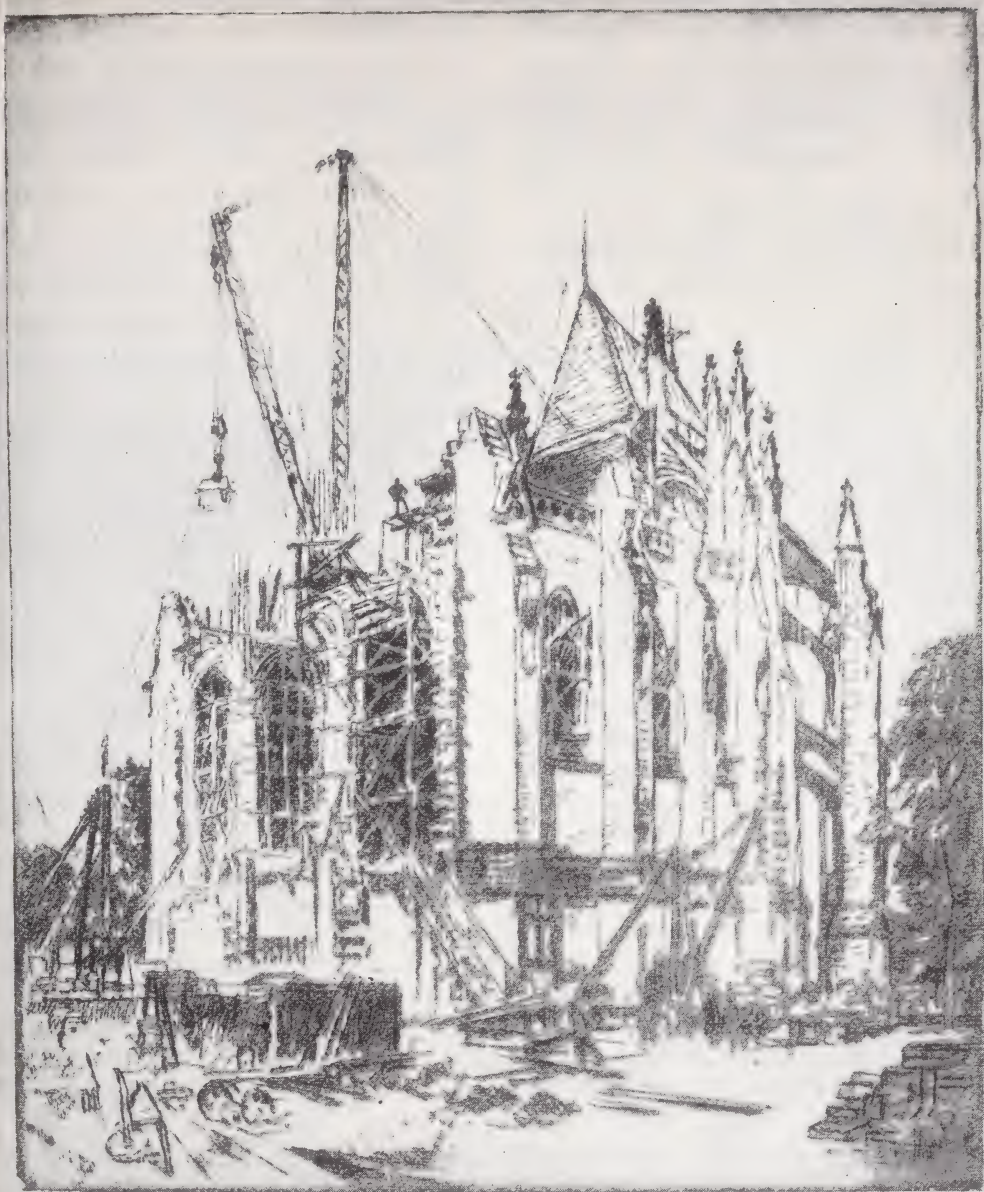
saw it. But, to my knowledge, not one has building for its principal motive, though a painting of the kind would be as valuable a document as the early prints of the engraver bending over his block and the printer at his press. Nor have recent opportunities been taken advantage of. The Pro-Cathedral in London was built not so long ago, the new Cathedral in Liverpool is still unfinished, but no artist seems to have been at hand to watch them through the varying picturesqueness of their growth.


The building of St. Patrick's or of St. John the Divine must have been eminently pictorial; but I do not believe an artist in New York made any use of the subjects it offered him. Last winter, when a new department store was going up alongside of it, the view of St. Patrick's was magnificent, and some artists did attempt to draw it. Often, unfortunately, the old cathedrals and churches have to be restored, and it is hard to understand how anyone can then fail to see the amazing arrangement of the scaffolding in itself, and its equally amazing contrast to the arches and gables and pinnacles and richly decorated surfaces at its side. I can recall especially how the west front of Rouen seemed to borrow mystery and a strange beauty from the scaffolding under which part of it for a while was lost. And it is just this picturesqueness of building, this Wonder of Work, which should be attracting every artist in the land to Washington where the Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul is steadily growing day by day; where the apse stands complete with its outline of flying buttresses, a contrast to the choir still in the hands of the workmen, and to the nave, of which the foundations alone are as yet visible; where we can get some idea of what happened on the heights of Lincoln, and of Laon when the cathedrals there were rising in their glory.

When I first visited the Washington Cathedral the apse alone was to be seen, trees thickly spreading down from its base at the eastern end, trees thickly

shutting it in on a level to the west, no suggestion anywhere of the greater building of which it was but a finished fragment. If a fragment, however, it was in itself quite perfect, that is, where only its east end could be seen, either on approaching it from the town or standing immediately below it. As I looked to it, so well set upon its hill, I was at once struck by the effective beauty of the spot chosen by the new cathedral builders, as if with the same unerring instinct that sent the old builders to the exact place where their cathedral would best command the town, and spring above it as a signal, a summons to prayer, for all the country round. Most of those old cathedral journeys of mine were made by road on a bicycle, so that often I first saw the cathedral, French or English, just as the mediæval pilgrims must have first seen it: a summons from afar, a mere shadow on the horizon, then gradually taking substance and form with every turn of the wheel, until at last, there before me, it was transformed into towers and spires and buttressed walls, unmistakable, tremendously impressive, far more unbelievably picturesque than all the photographs and descriptions I had studied could give me the faintest idea of.

And already the apse at Washington is carrying on this cathedral tradition. It is a landmark for the town. You can see it from the steps of the Capitol and the windows of the Library of Congress, and from the Cathedral there is a vista looking down on Washington. Drive, or walk toward Mount St. Alban, the highest ridge in Washington, especially when you reach the bridge over Rock Creek, on Connecticut Avenue, there is the apse soaring above you, with every line of trees and hills leading to it, pinnacles and buttresses silhouetted against Washington's bluest of blue skies, as memorable a landmark as the traveled American is sure can be found nowhere out of Europe. Seen in the distance from other directions, it is lopsided, abrupt at its western end, as



*The Cathedral of  
Saint Peter and Saint Paul will take its  
place among the great Gothic  
structures of the world* 



yet hardly explaining itself. But when nave and transepts are added, when the three towers rise above the completed building, Saint Peter and Saint Paul will dominate the landscape from every point of view as triumphantly as Laon dominates the plain below or Lincoln the low-lying fields of its Shire.

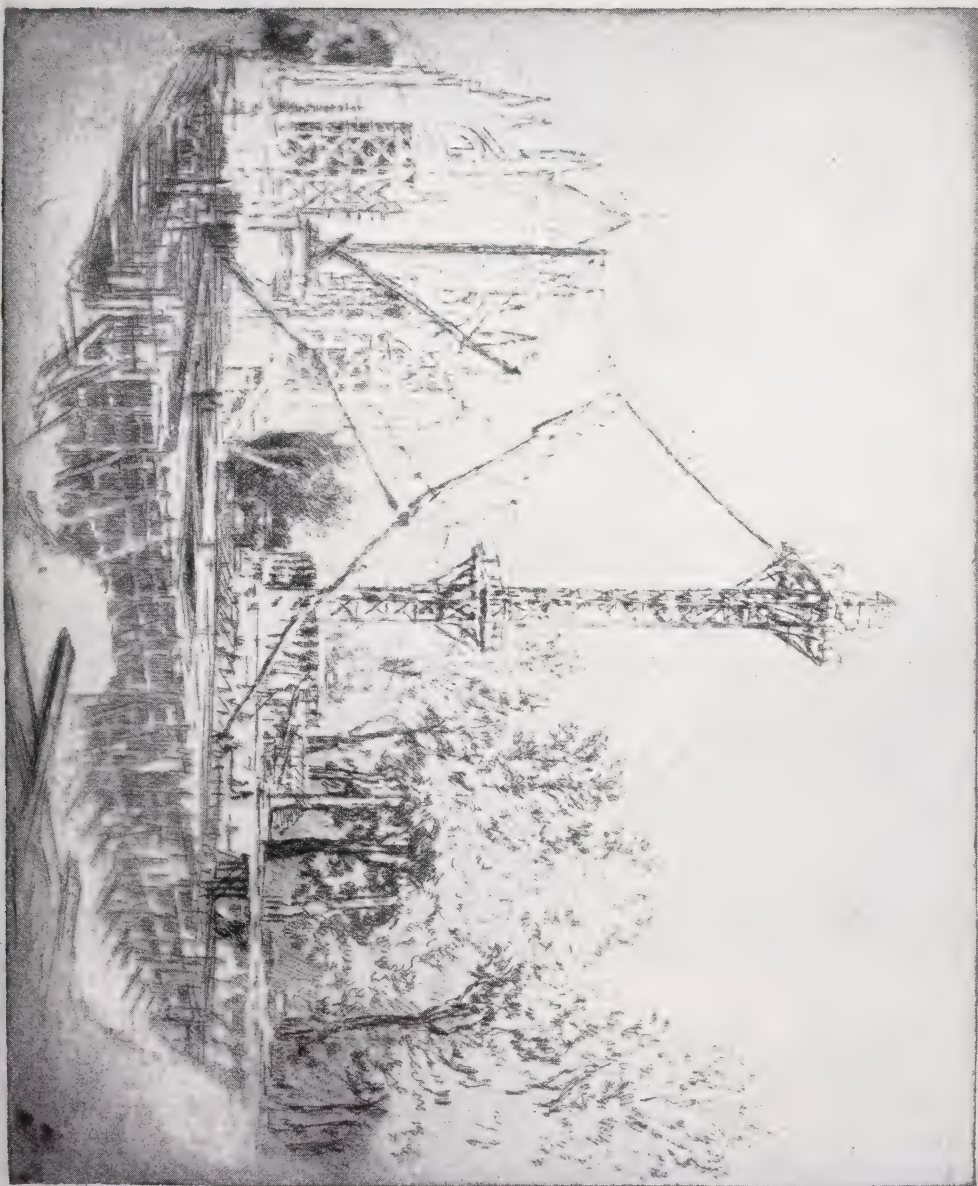
In another respect the founders of the cathedral seem to have adhered to English rather than French tradition. The French, who have always best understood the practical meaning of democracy, almost invariably placed the cathedral where it would be easy of access to the people, as well as to the aristocracy of Church and State, where it was the center of the town, an intimate part of the town's life, so much so that gradually little houses closed it in, and little shops leaned confidently against its walls. The English, on the other hand, have ever preferred to draw sharp social lines, whose edges they have not blunted even now that socialism threatens to do away with them altogether. It is in character that the English cathedral, when possible, should have held itself aloof, shut itself in with walls and prejudice. Nothing could be more unlike Rouen, for instance, inseparable from the town, than Wells, where the moat round the Bishop's Palace used to seem to me a symbol of the great gulf between the town and the cathedral, though the gulf is wider at Canterbury and Westminster where huge gates are shut, in the one at night, in the other once a year to assert its rights. However, in Washington, the site, now somewhat apart, was really more a matter of necessity than of choice or instinct.

Had a national church been erected in the beginning, as George Washington wished, had it got further than L'Enfant's plan, no doubt it would today be as intimate a part of the life of the City of Washington as a French cathedral is of the town it overshadows, though I cannot imagine that at the finest period of our colonial architecture, gothic would have been thought appro-

priate for a church designed as a neighbor of the White House and the Capitol. But the sympathies of the founders of the cathedral are Anglican and, to them, the English cathedrals of the Middle Ages are the truest architectural expression of their faith. Those who take a more historic interest might think that Christ Church and St. Peter's in Philadelphia, or other colonial churches built by Episcopal colonists and so far spared by American progress, could have at least suggested a style more in keeping with the old government buildings in Washington and more expressive of the spirit of a country that had not been discovered when gothic was first the architecture of the Church. Of all architectural styles, however, gothic has in it more of the atmosphere of prayer, except perhaps what might be called the absence of style in the beautiful bare simplicity of the Friends' Meeting House. Therefore, it was natural that gothic was thought by ecclesiastical authorities best adapted to meet and satisfy the religious needs of an Episcopal cathedral, intended to serve as a national cathedral so far as that is possible in our land of many sects and creeds. And as George F. Bodley of London and Henry Vaughan of Boston were both architectural authorities, if modern, on gothic, they were appointed the first architects, succeeded, now that both are dead, by Frohman, Robb, and Little, also of Boston, with Mr. Cram and Mr. Ferguson as consulting architects. Changes have been made in the original plans and changes possibly will yet be made, but what the cathedral will practically be is shown by the model of the complete cathedral where it stands in the vestibule of the Bethlehem Chapel.

As to the site itself, the founders of the scheme, seeing Washington growing, expanding farther and farther with every year, looked forward to the time when the city will reach it, enclose it, and stretch out streets and avenues far beyond, with the Cathedral as the center of the new Washington. Besides, they

*Foundation  
for the  
great tower  
which will  
overlook  
the City of  
Washington  
and the  
Virginia  
and  
Maryland  
Hills*





meant this cathedral to have an educational influence and had, therefore, to consider space for schools and colleges within the Cathedral Close. The old monasteries were headquarters of learning, some of the cathedrals were collegiate churches. But there is a difference. Education in the old days was for a few only, and the few were mostly monks who sought the monastery's peace that they might study undisturbed, or priests who knew that with knowledge they could better rule and serve their flock. With education the people then had nothing to do and schools were not wanted for them. That they were the happier without education, I, personally, have no doubt, though the present generation does not agree with me, and education is considered the people's primary need and right. Not only will the Cathedral have its schools; it has them already, one for boys and one for girls, and these, together with the Bishop's Palace and the Dean's House, make as it is a large and impressive ecclesiastical settlement on Mount St. Alban, of which the Cathedral will be the heart and life.

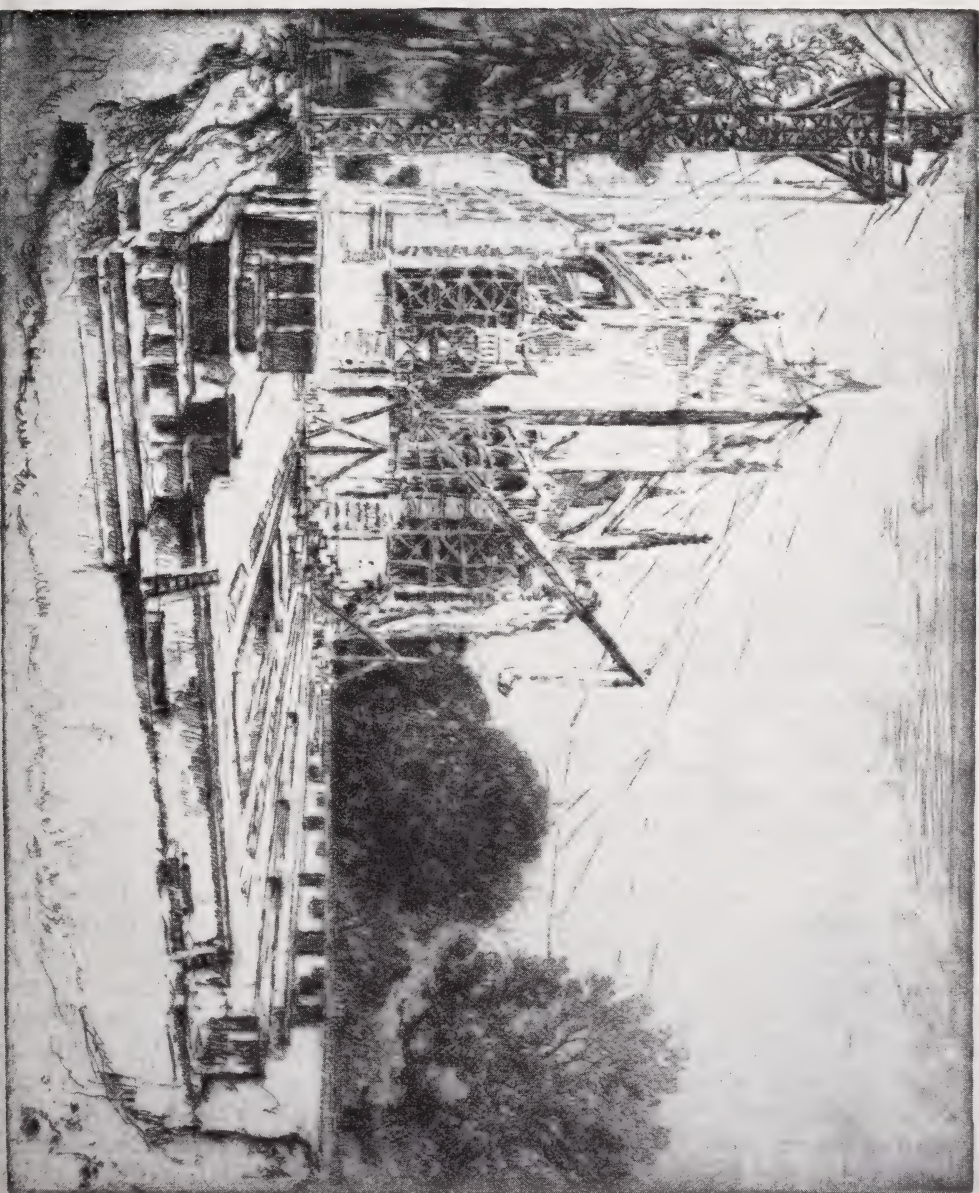
Before this comes about, before the Cathedral gives the crowning glory to the new sanctuary of religion and education, it is possible that the dream of Washington's growth may have been realized, and that the huge city, extending to every side, will have to wait for the three great towers to complete the composition, instead of finding them already filling their appointed space. For, if bricks cannot be made without straw, neither can cathedrals be built without money. All depends on the faith and generosity of the people, even as it did centuries ago. If we do not know how the old cathedrals were built, we do know how their building was made possible, and, so far as this goes, conditions are much as they were. A great deal remains to be done in Washington, though I was surprised on my last visit to find how much had been done in a little more than two years. The beautiful old trees had

fallen to the west of the apse, a pity but inevitable—that there is no gain in our world without loss, is one of the truths of which the popular philosophers of my youthful days were forever reminding us. In the cleared space the foundations have been laid for nave and choir, and amazingly solid they look. The old cathedral builders could do things which we cannot hope to rival, but at least they had not learned to lay concrete foundations, though the Romans used concrete before there were any cathedrals. Two floors there are to be, and from their construction already one can get an idea of the maze in the old cathedrals, with crypt under crypt, passages, chapels, rooms, strange corners, which helped Victor Hugo to see in Notre Dame a convenient hiding place for the puppets of his tale. Against such solid foundations surely nothing can prevail, and the building should be spared the tragedy so heart-rending in early cathedral annals, of columns giving, buttresses failing to hold up their arches, towers falling down, beauty disappearing never to be replaced.

This colossal beginning gives the scale as nothing else could, an object lesson to the layman who is without technical knowledge of the arts of architecture and building, but an object lesson of unusual picturesqueness. The grove of fine old trees, with but few cut down, has simply receded and is still a green barrier to the west; the foundation of the nave, like a vast floor, stretching to it, no signs as yet of the enclosing walls, though the spot where every pier will rise is marked. To the east of the nave, the foundations become the base for a mass of scaffolding, with glimpses in between of arches and buttresses and walls half finished, and close by a tall slim concrete tower, extraordinarily graceful as these towers always are, and all around heaps of dirt, piles of pale Indiana limestone with each stone cut and carved and labeled; workmen wheeling barrows, perched on dizzily high platforms, climbing up and down steep lad-



*The  
Completed  
apse on  
Mount  
Saint Alban  
seen from  
the front,  
and the  
work now  
under way  
on the  
choir*





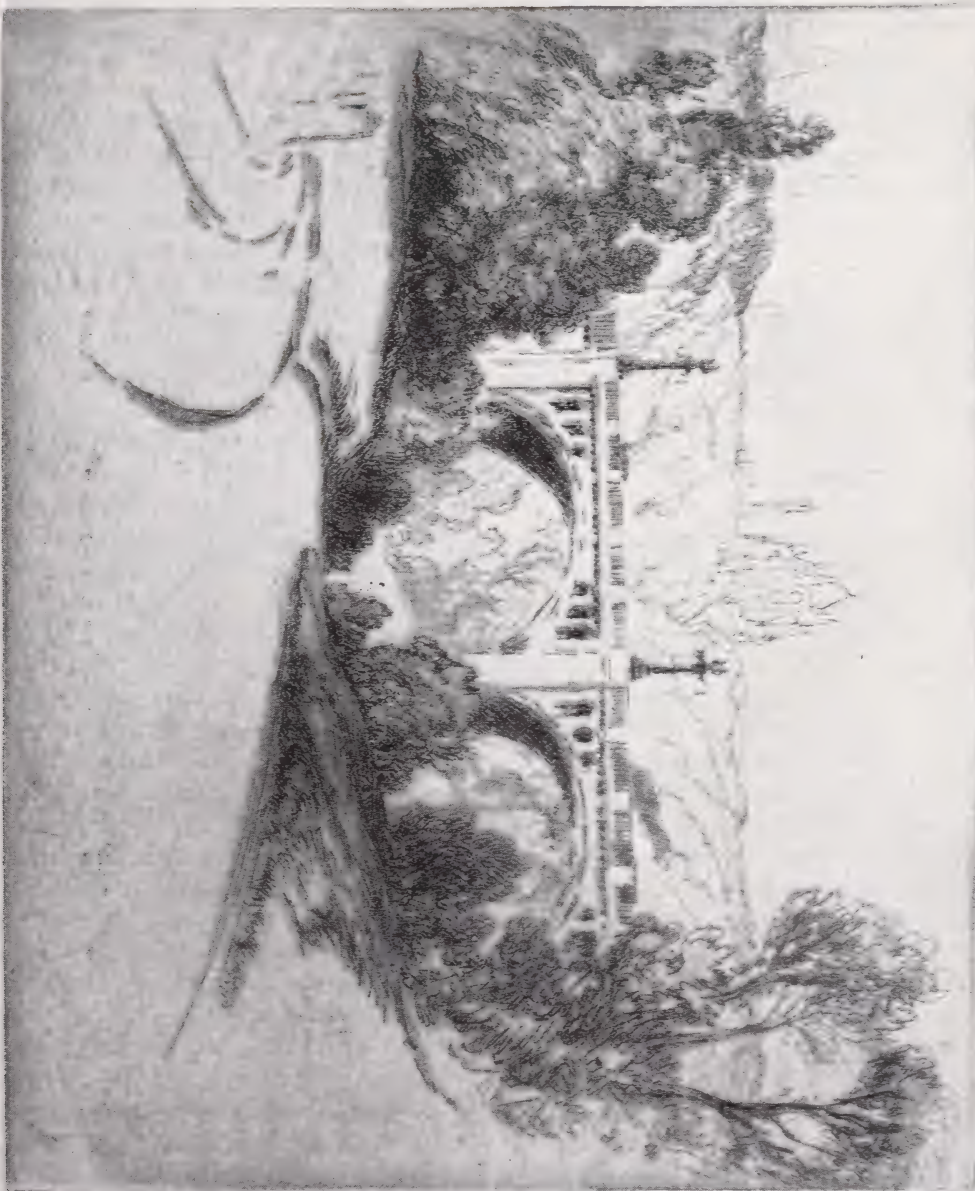
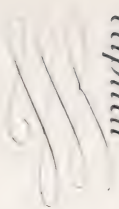
ders. It was when I climbed after them that I was most conscious of the immense size of the Cathedral. Far above the floor of concrete as I was, I thought I must have reached the triforium, but I was told that I was merely on a level with what would be the floor of the choir and therefore of the whole church. The completed building will hardly make so overwhelming an impression of bigness, solidity, height, for a cathedral, as Whistler said of a painting, is not finished until all trace of the means to bring about the result has disappeared, and the elaboration of work, as I saw it, will be forgotten in the perfection it creates. When, just beyond the choir upon which all this elaboration is now concentrated, I came again to the finished apse, it seemed to me to be the clue to the perfection, to the beauty of the building which is to rise from the concrete floor and emerge from the scaffolding.

I found myself wondering as I stood there how soon this would be. The building of the old cathedrals often went on through years and centuries, so that you may see, as at Gloucester to take one instance, a beginning of Norman culminating in late Perpendicular. And yet, the old cathedral builders had a great advantage that, boast as we may of our American superiority, is wanting to cathedral builders in our country today. As I have said, cathedral building in the beginning depended on the generosity and faith of the people. No American would admit that in the Dark and Middle Ages men were more generous. The Red Cross has but to ask, or Russians starving under Bolshevism, or Armenians reappearing after their last complete massacre by the Turks, or Japanese in the midst of their earthquake-riven, smoking ruins, and American money is poured out like water. Nor would most Americans admit that in a primitive period deprived of American culture, faith or anything else could have been more powerful. Perhaps faith was not. But however that may be, it cannot be denied that here again

there is a great difference between then and now. In the Dark and Middle Ages the same faith was shared by all men in the western world. In England and France, if the Church called upon the faithful, it was not upon a people divided into sects but a people united in one religion. And the cathedrals we marvel at are the answer to the call, an answer not received every day perhaps, not every year, not at all times and in all places equally. But the steady stream of giving flowed in with comparatively few dry seasons, and when a great wave of faith and love and devotion swept over the land, as it so often did, it carried the work begun to triumphant completion.

I know of nothing more beautiful than the story of the building of Chartres Cathedral. One is thrilled as one reads of the enthusiasm of the people giving all they had to give, which was their labor, for there were no labor unions then, no plasterers and painters and bricklayers or stone masons to declare that the building must stop until they got what they thought was a living wage, or had returned from a motor-car drive bought on the profits, and counting the hours they worked for the greater glory of God. Even the bishops and the priests were amazed as they saw "powerful princes of the world and men brought up in honour and in wealth and many nobles" joining the townsmen and the peasants that the great task might be done, all toiling together, sweating like beasts as they dragged the stone from the quarry five miles away and up the little hill from which the Cathedral looks down over Chartres and the Beauce. It is the most touching of all stories of human sacrifice for religion's sake, and something of the spirit that animated the people then seems to linger in the Cathedral still, something of the zeal and devotion out of which it grew. In no other cathedral, no other church I know, have I had the same sensation—conviction—of being really and in truth in a House of Prayer.

*Above  
Rock Creek  
valley  
rises the  
stately apse  
which can  
be seen  
from  
every  
portion of  
the  
capital*





But the Cathedral at Washington is not the church of "no particular denomination or sect" that entered into the schemes of Washington and L'Enfant. It is an Episcopal cathedral and, though it inspires great zeal and devotion, and though its Bishop and Chapter have liberal views and would make it free and at the service of all, its appeal is necessarily limited because only a minority of the people belong to the Episcopal Church, and the majority who do not are not likely to be quite as liberal. All the people will not unite for its completion, since to do so would be against the principles of many; but it should be put on record that scruples of the kind have already been thrown aside by a few of other sects here and there in their desire to see a great church high on the hill above Washington.

It is hoped by those who have the interests of the Cathedral at heart that one day it will be to the United States what Westminster Abbey is to Great Britain, and that not only New York City but the Capital will have a Hall of Fame, worthy memorial shrine for the country's distinguished dead. I wish I could believe that this hope will be fulfilled, but no gaps are so wide as those opened by religion, and I am afraid that first the millenium must have come. We have not a State religion as England has, and men of other creeds may hesitate before they trust the memory of their dead to a church whose doctrines they do not accept. They may prefer a secular shrine, like the Pantheon in Paris. It is unfortunate, and I should be glad to think that I am wrong, and that religious feelings may not prove so narrow. We ought to have our Westminster Abbey, our Pantheon. But I am sure that the Cathedral, in any case, will not rely in vain upon the members of its own faith for a renewal of the devotion and self-sacrifice to which we owe the miracle of Chartres.

What has already been accomplished proves that this reliance is well justified. It is only sixteen years since the foundation stone of the Cathedral was

laid, in 1907, and sixteen years count for little in the building of a cathedral. Much has been done in that time, and in what has been done many things speak, to those who can understand, of interest and enthusiasm and faith. The Bethlehem Chapel, in the crypt of the apse, has been in daily use long enough to begin to receive those personal touches, decorative additions and religious details that, increasing with time, should give it the color and meaning and associations we feel so deeply in the church or the cathedral in which the centuries have been at work. After all, there was a time when the aisles and chapels of Westminster were empty, hard as it is to believe, and the Bethlehem Chapel has ceased to be quite bare. The angel-guarded tomb of Bishop Satterlee behind the altar is a promise of other memorials to the dead that will fill the spaces waiting for them. Stained-glass windows at this early stage soften the light, and many proofs of piety, some visible, some easily overlooked, would hardly exist if no zeal had been kindled for the Cathedral and its mission. Stone was brought from the fields of Bethlehem to lay in the foundation stone and in the table for the Communion vessels, and stone from the Damascus ford of the Jordan to line the Baptismal Font which, now in the temporary Baptistry, will eventually have its place in the Cathedral. In the Close, near the Boys' School, is a thorn, grown from a cutting of the historic tree at Glastonbury, and its leaves were the motive for the carving of the capitals of the columns on either side of the altar. In the model of the Cathedral, so close to the Chapel, you may see the choir stalls which are to be made from the wood, now drying, of the great oaks sacrificed to clear a place for the Cathedral.

These are little things, but they are eloquent of faith and devotion which, if not exhausted, should inspire many in sympathy with the Cathedral and its objects who have but to know the need, to see that it is met. And other signs

of this love and devotion are everywhere throughout the sacred enclosure. Gifts have come from the Church in England. Even if some oaks have gone, there will always be a wooded space round the Cathedral, sixty acres having been secured for the Cathedral Close upon which nothing can encroach. On the hillside there is a great amphitheater that will hold thousands for outdoor service. A Peace Cross commemorates the ending of our war with Spain. The little sanctuary is fast accumulating memories and associations, and at its side is All Hallow's Gate through which is that fine vista of Washington dominated by the dome of the Capitol as Mount St. Alban will be by the towers of the Cathedral.

The Cathedral shows something else with which religion has no immediate concern. This is the beginning of the transformation of Washington into a big city and the ever-increasing endeavor of

Americans to make it a beautiful city. The transformation may be too rapid for those who remember its charm when it was a quiet little town of simple houses and endless avenues of trees, with the beautiful White House and Capitol to give it architectural distinction. It really was charming, and it is a pity to lose its charm. But the capital cannot stand still while everything else in the country grows and changes, and if the new interest in its beauty is watched and regulated and kept within architectural bounds, Washington, in ceasing to be charming, should become dignified and splendid. The effort to make it so is seen not only in the stretching out of streets of fine houses in many directions, more especially toward the ridge of St. Alban, but in the raising up of many monuments of many kinds, of which the Cathedral is one, destined to be the most commanding because so nobly placed on the hill above the Potomac.

## Loveliness

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

SIRS, not any trick of yours  
Can trap her in a net,  
For fools to splutter at, and pass,  
And, being fools, forget.

Nor think to flout her; such an one  
She sets amongst her foes;  
Nor dream to make a merchandise  
Of a planet or a rose.

Run to her with a broken heart—  
This is her way of old—  
To strip the gilt cloak off her back  
That one may walk in gold.

Prove yourself of her house, her blood,  
And she will share each thing;  
Hereditary fields and stars;  
The silver hounds of spring.



# On the Malecon

BY WILLIAM McFEE

"BATTLE-SCARRED" was the word his face brought to my mind as I came upon him lying in the evening sunlight on the broad coping of the sea wall of the Malecon. Five years since I'd seen him.

And it was like him to burst into a peal of terrible laughter. It was terrible because it comprised within its harsh and vibrating tones Mr. Ferguson's entire contempt for my theory of life and duty. Ferguson's laugh included his opinion of me, of my ship, and my captain, and it was not without a crow of astonishment at discovering that so pettifogging a person had managed to earn a living in the open market, "where a man's a man *and* has to stand on his own feet," as he once bitterly phrased it.

"You went back then?" he remarked after we had shaken hands cautiously and given each other a shamefaced inspection common among seamen. "And how do you like earning your living?" And he broke again into that laughter which, as I have said, implied so many adverse criticisms of our ordinary human weaknesses and virtues.

But when I deflected his attention from my own peculiarities he lay down flat on his back, his hands clasped across his chest, his pale-blue Irish eyes regarding the deep-blue Havana sky with truculent amusement.

"Oh, I've got a perfectly wonderful tale to tell," he murmured hoarsely, and he gave the impression of having laid himself down there on the Malecon for the sole purpose of awaiting my arrival, to tell me his wonderful tale. Mr. Ferguson would never have any other sort of tale to tell, I felt sure. I sat down.

"I'm married," he said simply, and

closed his eyes, so that for a moment he resembled a crusader's effigy on a tomb, his modish trousers and bizarre cravat vanishing as one gazed at the indomitably romantic features frozen into immobility before a fact which could not be blarneyed out of the way. He was married. That was the secret that eluded me when I set eyes on him at first. I had not foreseen that. I asked him to accept my felicitations and give me the particulars.

"Let's go and have something," I said.

"Well," replied Mr. Ferguson, "you were never very free with your drinks while we were in the Mediterranean, which I suppose was due to some idea of keeping me in my place." Here he swung his feet to the sidewalk, put his straw hat at a defiant angle, and stood up six feet and an inch. He made me think now of a *condottiere* out of a job.

"You usually had enough without my assistance," I reminded him mildly.

"True, oh, king," he assented with an absent chuckle. "Where do we go from here?"

I led the way. Almost at the point where the Prado debouches upon the Malecon a narrow side street runs into it at an acute angle, and the angle itself is a café, a thin isosceles triangle in shape, with doors open on all sides, generally affording a breeze. When I had navigated Mr. Ferguson across the belt of swiftly moving motor cars, and sat him down at a marble-topped table by an open door where he could see the whole panorama of noble buildings, of sea and sky and the Morro Castle light swinging its pale beam in the brilliant air, his opinion of me rose somewhat.

And this was the tale he told me over the glasses of beer that followed. He sat at the little table, rolling and smoking many cigarettes from a little bag of tobacco he carried in his breast pocket and looking out at the brilliant night of Havana.

Had I heard of the *Bucaramanga*? I said. She was the crack ship of the South American Mail Line in the old days before the war, and had achieved temporary fame by being captured. I recalled that event. Well, the significance of his question came out when he added that he had happened to be there at the time.

"Now what do you mean by that?" I demanded. The tone of his voice implied that he had accidentally strolled upon the scene, which was in the South Atlantic Ocean, a thousand miles from land, when the *Bucaramanga*, a twelve-thousand-ton mail and passenger ship, was captured by an enemy raider.

He was not on the *Bucaramanga* in the first place, I was to understand. In fact, at the beginning of the war, so anxious was he to get away from it, to forget all about it, that he signed on in Liverpool on the *Popayan*, a cargo boat of the U. S. A. M. line bound for Amazon ports, and with a chance, so the superintendent told him, of exchanging into a riverboat, whose second engineer wanted to come home and join up. As I was aware, Mr. Ferguson himself held cynical views about the war anyhow and was not to be bamboozled by the capitalists with their bags of gold. This was hastily agreed to, for Mr. Ferguson as a communist was brilliant but unconvincing. Very good. Soon after 1915 began he waved a glad farewell to perfidious Albion, leaving us in the lurch, and was carried away by the *Popayan* out of sight of the whole business. And there was a peculiar light in his eye as he remarked that if it hadn't been for him getting a smashed hand during a breakdown at sea—a hot crank pin—and having to stay behind at the company's hospital at Marajo, he'd never have come back into the war and

met me, nor would he ever have met Mrs. Ferguson. It was impossible to decide whether he regretted all these consequences of the smashed hand. The light in his eye was the sign of his vision of the alternatives. That was Ferguson's highly characteristic talent. He was a true romantic, extracting his joy from an uncanny perception of the hazards of existence, the possibilities that remain forever in the distant and hidden chambers of our less courageous souls. It was obvious, from the way he was regarding me, that he was contemplating a state of affairs in which he had never met me, and that he was wondering whether, under these circumstances, I should have existed at all.

And when he was better—arm in a sling—very weak from the heat, he took to wandering into the general store. I had never been to Marajo, eh? Don't go then, he added gratuitously. It was a very small place, where the cargo was stored when it could not be transhipped direct to the river boat and taken up to Manaus and way-ports—a clearing on the edge of the jungle. Mr. Ferguson on the subject of the jungle was a revelation. It had excited him, the idea of white people living on that foothold between river and wilderness, the trees standing a little nearer and a little nearer all the time, unless you went out and attacked them with weapons. It had evidently got in under the hide of his egoism. There was a look of alarm on his remarkable high-boned face and in his pale eyes as he told, in a clear uncultured reverberating baritone, of that little colony. A jetty, with rails into the warehouse, a track, continually overrun with tall grass, leading to a short dirt road where you found the store, a shop kept by a Chinaman, another shop where the natives bought whatever it is natives buy, and then that infernal high grass again and a vista of what Mr. Ferguson called kennels on sticks, native huts standing above the watery mud of the bank. All this, I was to understand, backed by



enormous trees laced with lianas, and the idea he had carried away was that the place was hanging on by its eyelashes, as it were. The big trees were like the vanguard of an army standing its ground and, as soon as a weak point showed, it would be upon them.

They showed it too, the people who lived there. No, not the natives. Nor the Chinks, either.

No, the people he meant were the storekeeper and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Johanning. There was a faint inflection of solemnity in his voice as he mentioned them, so that I became alert. To lose, even for a moment, the attitude of sardonic amusement that tipped his tongue with the light flame of malice was unusual for Mr. Ferguson. I began to concentrate upon Mr. and Mrs. Johanning. They came out of the blue clouds of cigarette smoke as a forlorn pair of blond Scandinavians, wilting in the heat of the Amazonian Delta. And their background, double screened with copper gauze, was a home very like those you can find in South Shields and Cardiff, Liverpool, and the wee ports of Fife-shire, where Scandinavians have settled to ply their inevitable trade of sutlers and ship chandlers. That was one source of Mr. Ferguson's respect. They had carpets even on the wide veranda that ran round the house, and in the parlor they had furniture of dark-green plush, and a buffet with beveled glass. They had hassocks and whatnots, and grasses, dyed red, in blue cloisonné vases. They had a glass sphere full of colored sand and a model of Cleopatra's Needle made of white marble. They had a stereoscope and a cabinet of double photographic views of Welsh watering places. They had a basket of fruit made of glass. They had a ship in a bottle.

And it became apparent that there was more than mere casual propinquity growing up between the storekeeper and his wife and the large shambling creature with his amputated finger in a sling. They had, in fact, come into his life at

the moment when their genius for home making in unfavorable circumstances would most appeal to Mr. Ferguson's under-nourished heart. The unprofitable nature of his own vagabond existence came upon him in full force as he was made much of amid the dark-green plush and the red glasses in blue cloisonné vases. The profound humility of the wandering seaman swept over him and suffused his mind with unusual tender imaginings. He used the word "nest," and it had a strange sound coming from his lips, as though a roving dragon should express a desire for a villa in a thriving suburb. One had visions of an eagle in a canary's cage. And there was a horsehair sofa on the veranda upon which he used to sit talking to Mrs. Johanning in a low tone of respectful admiration, for she had created this little paradise, on the very edge of the jungle, singlehanded. It was she who defied the great trumpet-lipped orchids of the dark jungle behind her, she who slashed at the lianas dropping from the trees and made them leave her geraniums alone. Not that the flowers she had sent out from England lasted very long, but it was the spirit of the pale-eyed little woman he admired. The cat would hop on the horsehair sofa between them and he would stroke it domesticly while Mrs. Johanning talked—of a nest.

A woman like Mrs. Johanning might talk in a number of ways. She might be a mere empty fool or she might use Mr. Ferguson's longing for a nest to gratify her own craving for excitement. Nothing like this occurred however. She accepted her guest's approval and compliments with decorous delight and asked him if he were not the partner of some thrifty paragon. And Mr. Ferguson's retort to that was an allusion to sisters. Had she any sisters? was the spirited interrogation.

And so, bearing in mind the conventionality of the question, one can imagine how the reply of the lady gave a new turn to Mr. Ferguson's thought. For

he said, in a tone of cantankerous sinerity, that she had, and she wished she were married.

Mr. Ferguson laughed, at this point in the conversation, he informed me. The idea of settling the matter off hand like that amused him. So to keep the ball on the bounce, as he said, he remarked:

"All right, Mrs. Johanning. Let's have a look at her."

Mrs. Johanning put down her darning and rose to go into the house. "I'll show you," she said.

This was more than he bargained for. He stared after her open-mouthed. It ran through his mind that Mrs. Johanning had an unmarried sister locked up in a cupboard somewhere upstairs and was going to take her out, dust her off, as it were, and bring her down for inspection. The way she spoke gave him that impression. It was while Mrs. Johanning was indoors that he heard the rattle of an anchor being let go, with the quick fluttery boom of propellers going astern, and then the peremptory smacking sound of a motor boat's exhaust.

He turned and looked out across the broad reach of the channel, now shining like a sheet of polished zinc in the neutral light of a sun descending behind the forest and the clouds of a distant storm. A river steamer, the *Ailsa Craig*, had come down from one of her regular trips. He could see the skipper leaning over the bridge rail and the mate's body bowed over the forecastle head, waiting to see her take up. Mr. Ferguson, being a seaman, was watching these manœuvres with professional interest and the faint animosity of an engineer toward the trivial occupations of the men on deck when Mrs. Johanning returned with a large photograph.

This was, I believe, one of the vital moments in Mr. Ferguson's career, but his instinct was to conceal its importance by emphasizing the arrival of what he called "those two fellers from the plantation." It was they who arrived in the motor boat from the *Ailsa Craig*.

He heard their quick decisive tread on the timber jetty, clomp-clomp-clomp, in step all the way, with a sudden occasional scuffle of a foot, which was the short one getting into the long one's stride again. He noticed that, he said, even with the photograph in his hand.

It must be confessed that he did not, even when he became aware of their formidable character and profession, take "those two fellers from the plantations" very seriously. There was something about Mr. Ferguson's mind which made it impossible to impress him with the trappings and traditions of organized power. The necessary decorum of official life aroused in his breast a primitive resistance. The secret of the Johannings, suddenly capturing his imagination and affection, was their fundamental simplicity of mind, their freedom from any taint whatever of what he called "popinjay business." There was, he assured me, no fancy airs about them. But toward Mr. Rieder, the tall planter, and his brother, Mr. Gustaf Rieder, the short gentleman making a stay in the country at his brother's place, he conceived an instant suspicion that they were gentry and consequently "popinjays."

Their appearance was against them, it seems. Mr. Johanning and himself wore no coats in that awful humid heat, and had their neckbands turned in and their sleeves rolled up, Mr. Ferguson's game hand being suspended in a mere loop of tape instead of one of those fancy silk scarfs. Mrs. Johanning "wore any old thing." But these two sudden arrivals from the plantations were attired in spotlessly laundered white-drill trousers and tunics. Their helmets were scientifically constructed for the circulation of air. So Mr. Ferguson put it, adding with a dry grin that so were their vocal organs. To him there was something offensive in two men suddenly scooting out of the jungle dressed in clothes that still showed the gloss and creasing of the iron. Even their shirt cuffs were stiff and white. That sort of



thing, Mr. Ferguson said, would be all right here, and he flung out an arm to indicate the whole shining life of the Prado, the whirr of motor cars, the clink of glasses, the rattle of dice, the flash and glare of the theaters that clustered round the great opera house in the Plaza. I became aware of the emotions that lay behind this man's apparent vagabondage, emotions which explained the paradox of his roving body and contemptuous mind. For just as that body could never be at ease save in loose and homely clothing, so his mind was that of a sharp peasant, flinching from the discipline and vanities of prosperity and progress, an unconscious enemy of the arts and sciences, suspicious even of public honor and the arrogance of wealth.

"Nobody patronizes me," he burst out after a silence, and with apparent irrelevance.

"Did they?" I asked, startled.

"Did they!" Mr. Ferguson leaned sideways over the table in order to reach his boot, where he struck a match. He compressed his lips and then the scorn faded rapidly out of his eyes while he raised the burning match. It was as though the impersonal triangular flame had revealed something behind the opaque fog of racial prejudices which clouded his mind.

"Did they!" he repeated. "You think I'm cranky, that's what it is," he remarked tolerantly. He put his arms on the table and became eloquent and quotable.

"There was me," he said, "just at that very minute been shown the portrait of the future Mrs. Ferguson. And instead of holding back when they see Mrs. Johanning and meself engaged in what you call confidential conversation, they barge right in. Never even took their dam pith-hats off at first. 'Oh, and how are you, Mrs. Johanning?' And old Johanning, he comes in then, very quiet and worried, as he always was, his braces hanging down over his thighs. And how is he? And who's this? looking

at me. And how am I? And first one then the other talks fast and loud and laughs. All the time walking back and forrard on the veranda, shooting their feet out straight and coming down on their rubber heels, heads down, hands behind their backs, very spry, very much amused. One—the tall one—picks up the portrait—almost takes it out of my hand. I tell you, they were a disturbance! I was that mad I could have taken them by the necks and run them down to the jetty into the water. Never a by your leave! And they got no great welcome from anybody. Didn't seem to notice it. What could I do? Presently Johanning he goes out into the store and they follow him, one on each side, slapping his back, laughing like old billyho, leaving me standing there like a fool, the portrait in me hand and not a word to say to Mrs. Johanning."

And presently, out of a series of irrelevant and ironical comments and asides upon the peculiarities of destiny, what with him smashing his hand, and so running up against that portrait, which didn't do her any kind of justice, there came something a stranger could lay hold of. In the first place, Mrs. Johanning, a very light blonde with light-blue eyes and pale hair drawn back into a bun, revealed her ignorance of the two men from the plantation. She doubted if even her husband knew much. She was taciturn and surly about it, evidently under the stress of some secret uneasiness born of the power they had over Johanning. Good customers. Paid always in English gold. Had to be civil to Mr. Rieder, by whom she meant the tall one. The other had begun to come with him about a month before. He seemed to have the money, too. Anybody could see she didn't like either of them, because it transpired she thought they were crazy. Touched. Highly educated, and rich and valuable customers, but touched. Johanning? That was just the trouble. He had told her, more than once, when she said a quiet word of warning, to hold her noise. You

couldn't imagine a more absurd expression to use toward her, so quiet and such good company. But Johanning, worrying his soul out in the big untidy store, his shirt all perspiration, and his suspenders always hanging useless round his thighs, his hand always on the point of taking a pencil from behind his ear and never seeming to manage it, used to get snappish if spoken to. His employers seemed paralyzed by the risks and the opportunities of the war. They seemed to be under the impression that they were about to be ruined and at the same time convinced that they ought to make all the money in the world. Johanning was poor company. If they fired him he would never get to Denmark alive, and in any case the home they had so painfully built up on the edge of the jungle would go. So Mrs. Johanning appreciated having Mr. Ferguson about to talk to.

She talked to him about her sister, of course, who it seems was coming out to join them. It was lonesome for her with practically no white women within call. Coming out in one of the company's ships, the *Bucaramanga*.

I suppose I must have signified in some way that I was listening intelligently. Perhaps I muttered "ah!" or some other such remark. Mr. Ferguson looked at me askance.

"You wait," he said, and looked out at the incredible blue night of Havana.

"Think of her coming all that way in a ship by herself," he remarked absently. I resented this. My own ship carried solitary young ladies to and fro and delivered them in perfect condition at the end of the voyage. I said so.

"Ah, may be. But her, you see! She draws them. Without giving any of them a thought, she draws them. They would be like flies round a lamp, if you understand what I mean. Couldn't keep away. But she's safe now."

This was gratifying. He became absorbed in the risks girls run in traveling about the world. So many doubtful characters, popinjays, on the prowl.

This was a new Ferguson. His manifestations during our voyages together had given no hint of such sentiments; at that time he dealt exclusively in general terms with a world of men. Women had not even been abstractions with him. The picturesque impressions of himself had always been those of a sort of wandering celibate, a monastic pilgrim beset by capitalistic paynims.

Yes, safe! They were all together at last in a home of their own. True, he himself was compelled to come into Havana on occasion, purely on business, and was glad enough to get back to the big grape-fruit farm which he and the Johannings, with a few of these here dagoes, worked. No more sea for him! Well, this was how it went.

He glanced at me sharply, as if he actually saw the idea darting through my mind, the second key of his complex adventure.

"Go on," I said. "I'm waiting."

"Wonderful!" he muttered dreamily. "And she never gave them a thought. A queen!"

"Was she dark?" I asked, having no image of a queen in my mind.

"Dark?" he repeated. "No. She was auburn, dark auburn if you like. She had that hot red hair which queens used to have in the olden times."

"Go on," I said again. "Where did you go aboard the *Bucaramanga*?"

"In mid-ocean!" he cried suddenly, staring at me as in a trance. "And her the one looking over the side as I climbed the ladder!" He sank again into a meditation of the whirl of the city's night life. He would have no more to drink, and by common consent we walked out again to the sea wall. We sat down on the wide coping, while below a swell burst musically among the black rocks, the dazzling white foam showing them up with sinister distinctness, like the bared teeth of an assassin. Across the way the grind and roar of mechanical amusements sounded from the park where wheels of lights, horizontal and vertical, turned to the music of steam



organs and squeals of delight from unsatiated pleasure-seekers. The great lantern threw a rhythmical beam of light upon this scene of flashy noise, as though returning with a mild lambent curiosity to discover what exactly the participants were doing.

"And how," I asked mildly, stripping the black and gold band from another *Magnifico*, "did you manage that?"

"Well, it was curiosity," said Mr. Ferguson nursing his leg. "When my hand got better and the man I was supposed to relieve discovered he didn't want to join up, I was to wait for the *Bucaramanga*, and waiting for the *Bucaramanga* left me with nothing to do but talk to Mrs. Johanning about her sister, who was coming out. I tell you, she was worried about her. Anybody would be."

I had the key to this now. It was an integral part of his preoccupation with the singular *ménage* he found on the banks of the Amazon, up a backwater of the great delta-island of Marajo. It was part of his inherited peasant passion for the furniture in dark-green plush, the hassocks, the sphere of colored sand, the model of Cleopatra's Needle, the stereoscope, the basket of fruit made of glass, the ship in a bottle. He had also the tendency to secrete valuables, including women, and a reluctance to expose them to common gaze.

"Not only about how she was going on aboard ship, but what would happen when she got out, with those two coming down in their motor boat once or twice a week. See?"

"And you gone home," I said.

"Just that. Me gone home. I got so I couldn't sleep thinking about it."

And it appeared that Mrs. Johanning, while claiming no great mental alertness, had something of the unconscious artist in her, for as the days went by, with touch after touch to the portrait, hint by hint, trait following trait, Mr. Ferguson saw the girl with the cream-white skin and dark-auburn hair step out of

the frame. He said he saw her among the trees at the back; Mrs. Johanning had plenty of time. The *Bucaramanga* wasn't due for a fortnight. It got so he thought he must have met and known the girl. "Even her voice!" a deep contralto, with a sibilant lisp like a stream issuing in laughter from a hollow cavern. Oh, most musical! And quite true, as he found later. It seemed to me that Johanning woman was no fool. She went about her housework in her astonishing home and in the humid heat, all the while creating a masterpiece. A sister worth having. And a sister-in-law. Wise and thrifty. Could make anything. Everything in the place nearly she had made with her own two hands, covers, tea-cozy, antimacassars, cushions—and anxious to teach her young sister and make a model wife of her.

He would have been entirely satisfied with the situation but for those two who would come down the river without warning, to break in upon the quiet of the house with their maddening and patronizing peculiarities, loading the boat to the guards with huge quantities of stores, from drums of red-lead to cases of canned milk and champagne. There was a trick in the way they played upon his mind until he "didn't know if he was on his head or his heels." In the first place, they had apparently abnormal hearing. Even a whisper, while they were outside the door, brought them into the secret with a whoop. They were intelligent, those brothers Rieder, Gustaf and Max, and they were intelligent in a malevolent way. The Johannings were a joke, ho-ho! Mr. Ferguson was a joke, ha-ha! As for the sister, Lotta, coming out on the *Bucaramanga*, she was a perfectly marvelous joke, he-he! Nobody could get the essence of it, or discover just what made the rest of the world so funny to the Rieders. They just caught each other's eye, showed their teeth in the center of their close-trimmed pointed beards, and became consumed with mirth. The impression

they conveyed was that they slid down the river, as down a rope, from a higher plane of intelligence, to have a look at the comical creatures crawling about below. Mr. Ferguson conceived a violent desire to bash their heads together, simply because they behaved as though such a thing were inconceivable. The tall one would look down and the short one would look up, they would nod, grin, slap their thighs, and yell with laughter. And even after Mrs. Johanning, who ignored them, had placidly changed the subject, they would be the victims of recurrent hiccoughs and reminiscent gusts of giggling. And Mr. Ferguson, half out of his mind one evening, bursting out "What's the matter with you two fellers?" they appalled him by talking rapidly and seriously to each other in their own language.

The fruit of that was his decision to go up the river. When he told Johanning of his intention the latter said, "Dere's nodding dere."

"There's a plantation, eh?" said Mr. Ferguson.

And Johanning, admitting the existence of a plantation forty, fifty mile up, wished to know the use or sense of going all that way to look at a lot of bananas. Mr. Ferguson at once commented on the folly of coming down so often in a motor boat. The answer to this was no water above where the *Ailsa Craig* took off.

"And I ain't got de gasoline to spare," said Johanning.

But Mr. Ferguson, his imagination exacerbated by the behavior of the two wealthy patrons, turned his attention to a canoe. There were a number of these hollow logs floating just beyond the clearing, and he made his preparations to take a trip.

"I don't suppose they're any different to what Adam and Eve used," he remarked.

"I know," I said. "I've seen them. Did anybody go with you?"

"Oh, I started in style," he confessed. "The owner and his son came as crew. But they wouldn't go beyond some place

about twenty miles away, where their family lived, I believe. The old feller—you couldn't call him a man—was half Indian, half nigger, and all I could make out was they were finished—I could do what I liked. You see," admitted Mr. Ferguson, "they knew the canoe couldn't sink, whether I did or not, and they could always find it. So there was I, with a basket of sandwiches and beer and a mosquito-bar, left to do what I liked."

The river was wider there than at Johanning's place. It was a backwater. Streams flowed into one another—"rivers running through the river," Mr. Ferguson called them. He found the wide water turning eastward, to his surprise, for he imagined the river came from the west.

"As a matter of fact," he observed, "I got a scare when I tasted the water and found it salty. I had water, but it seemed to me I didn't know so very much about the lay of the land. The trees stood in the water. As they rotted they fell in, and then the mud began to collect and made a point which threw the current way over to the other shore and brought down more trees there. Very different from the Old Country," said Mr. Ferguson.

"But how did you expect to get back?" I asked with some curiosity. "Those canoes need more than one man."

"I could get a ride in their motor boat, I guess," he muttered.

"And did you?"

"Yes," he returned, laughing. "I did. But not back. It was late in the afternoon when I saw them coming down, not in their usual small launch, but in a big one. It was going a good eighteen knots, and I've never seen such a thing in my life. Round the bend they came, a great ruffle of white water spreading out on each side, a hump-backed wake behind them as high as the counter. There was a long house amidships, and on this house these two sat side by side in deck-chairs, facing forward. Like on a platform. Skimming



along in the air like two white birds, one long, the other short, smoking cigars, legs crossed, nigger steering in the house below. I'd never seen anything like it before.

"And they roared with laughter when they saw who it was in the canoe. Why did I wave, you say? Who wouldn't, afloat on a horrible great river that got wider the farther I went? Hand went up by instinct. Would have hailed Old Nick up there. And all they did was to tear past, sitting sideways on their deck-chairs, looking through prism binoculars looped from their infernal necks like bibs. All fitted out for inspecting passing jokes! And snored away round the bend to where I'd left my crew."

It seems he had a sail and it drew him along very slowly. The sun went down behind the enormous mass of foliage, and he began to think of turning back. Nothing to see after all. Yet he liked the slow movement through the water, and the silence. The chances are he was enjoying the opportunity to meditate, amid scenes of abstract grandeur and simplicity, about Lotta. It is possible, though he said nothing of it. A name like Lotta, it may be surmised, would evoke images of a delicately sensuous appeal. Some names, of women especially, carry in their cadence an adumbration of allurements, of passion, of surrender, in their owners. I could see him easily enough in that setting, a lonely waste of flowing water canopied by trees and sky, his battle-scarred features relaxing, as they were now, with thoughts of the gracious future, the victim of a peasant's dream of domestic felicity.

But this would soon give way to a more urgent sense of insecurity. He admitted he was reluctant to lower the sail, but it was necessary to go back. He began to drift. It occurred to him he must keep a lookout in case those two came back and ran him down in the dark. Make a joke of it, no doubt, he reflected.

But the sound of exploding exhausts came from the other direction, about an hour later. He found himself the center

of a bright beam of intense white light, and he remembered with unpleasant accuracy a swollen corpse of a cow close by, an obscene rotundity that wavered toward the canoe as though seeking companionship. And then a hail, the shutting off of a searchlight, and harsh voices talking.

It was a motor boat, extremely smart in lines and finish, and full, as Mr. Ferguson put it, of square-heads. He climbed in among a crowd of spotlessly attired young gentlemen and his back was up at once. Naval officers in white uniforms!

"No!" I murmured.

"That's what they were," he asserted, looking me in the eye, "and they were going to a dance. I know because they took me along and—well, no need to go into that. I'm off the hard liquor now.

"And the Rieders were there. First thing I saw when we pulled up at the landing stage about a mile up a narrow branch of the river, was the boat with the two deck-chairs on the roof. It was a very big *hacienda*. They had electric light and ice cream, two things you don't associate with the jungle. The old fellow who owned it had a long white beard. There were *seidels* and pipes and swords over the mantels. You know all about those things. But those two laughing hyenas were people of importance in that house. They told everybody about me floating on the river in a canoe, and everybody was very much amused. I tell you I don't remember what happened very clearly except that there was plenty of refreshment. When I woke up next morning I was on the *Lotta*."

"The what?" I said, startled.

"Don't you remember the *Lotta*? I know she changed her name, but that was what she was called. Only a coincidence, I may tell you. She wasn't named after Mrs. Ferguson," he added with a slight smile as a concession. "Do you remember a man named Ludwig Ditmars of Bremen? He had a fleet of ships all over the East coast of Africa.

*st-Afrika Linie*. Well, this was his rize baby, the *Lotta Ditmars*, named after his young wife. They called her just the *Lotta*. There was a big picture of the lady, an oil painting in a fine gold frame, in the saloon, which was the vardroom. She was a queen, too. One of these black-haired German women with big dark eyes like an Italian duchess. But they're German, all right. Old Ditmars shot himself after she died, and the whole business collapsed.

"The *Lotta*, I may tell you," he continued, for I was digesting this unexpected information, "was lying snug as a bug in a rug, in a branch of the delta, about fifteen miles from deep water, and she was undergoing what you might call internal changes. When a ship comes out of the Baltic as a Swedish ore-carrier, there is plenty to do to convert her into a cruiser. The ore lay on the river bank, tons of red mud and rock. Underneath they had stowed the armament in cases. They had been there up that creek for two months working like beavers. They had tents and shacks up in a clearing—even had a tin chapel."

"And who was Rieder, or the Rieders?"

"Oh, the long one was a planter all right, only he might claim to have an engineering plant as well, and the little one, the one I had most to do with, was an officer on the *Lotta*. Then I understood his jokes at the Johannings when he joshed me about 'his little Lotta' and how he loved Lotta, looking at Mrs. Ferguson's portrait with his hand on his heart, the short-shafted little slob! But he was out of his mind even then."

"What do you mean, out of his mind?" I asked.

"Just what I say. Unhinged. Tile loose. Slipping a cog in his gear-box. He was a monomaniac."

Mr. Ferguson was one of those men who have gone so much about the world that they have a sort of supernumerary vocabulary. Having learned the words empirically, they enunciate them with vigor and precision, and forget them

until the urgent occasion again arises. So I was not surprised at his use of the word monomaniac so much as at the positive tone. So I murmured:

"Oh, was he?" and he retorted once again, "You wait!"

"Yes," he went on, "the little runt was an officer on the *Lotta*. An *Ober-leutnant*. Do you know what made me want to kill him sometimes? Not his laugh nor his silly sly way of talking about his *Lotta* and my *Lotta*, but a habit he had of standing square in front of me, his feet planted flat on the deck, his face close to mine. When I turned a little, to ease off the proximity, as you might say, he shifted round accordingly. He talked too much. He talked about things I didn't understand, nor him either. Things you see in books and high-class magazines. He'd spend a whole morning gabbling at me. I never did like hair on a man's face, and his red wet lips and short pointed chin-beard got on my nerves."

"Do you mean to say," I demanded, "that you went out with them?"

"Of course, I mean to say it," returned Mr. Ferguson. "How could I help myself? I wasn't sure I hadn't died and crossed the bar before noon that day. What they'd have done if I had tried to get away would have been plenty. Figure it out yourself. Me with a game fist, a head as big as a waste-paper basket, and a mouth like the bottom of a bird-cage! Did I go out with them? I say I did. And apart from the general state of unfitness, as you might say, that I was in, I had a reason. I was ready to quit. Me, I was sick of the sight of myself. A rolling stone I was, and I wanted to roll out of sight."

"Surely not," I protested, "at a time like that."

"Yes, I did. It was the time like that, as you call it, that made me want to quit. If you don't know what I mean, you're thicker than I take you for."

With a sudden movement Mr. Ferguson swung his legs over the parapet



and extended himself to look at a slender moon hanging like a barbaric jewel on the bosom of the night. The white foam below boiled in a subdued sibilant cadence that was the perfect accompaniment of sentimental confessions. His weight sustained by an elbow, Mr. Ferguson in his own fashion, strove to convey to me the complexity of his emotions. They were obvious enough to me, however. He, the temperamental rebel, for all his peasant ancestry, had suddenly reared and bolted when the corral gate swung wide in front of him. Like all of us, he regarded the ocean as the supreme refuge from grief and care, the impregnable fortress where we are safe from sirens, for example, who haunt the rocky shores. And, apparently, he had been defeated. He had gone out and by a very unusual set of circumstances, he was confronted by the very problem he had fled. What he wanted me to comprehend was his state of mind when he went away on the *Lotta* to an unknown destination. He was struggling with a combination of alcoholic remorse, shame, and the unreasoning joy of the true romantic when he sees the shores falling away on either side, the upward lift of the forecastle head to the sky, the wind caressing his hair, his imagination glowing with thoughts of the delicious adventures awaiting him below the horizon and implicit in the sly-winking lights of a distant harbor. I knew all this, and he knew I knew it, and so we sat for a spell, in silence, on the Malecon, rather alarmed, both of us, that we had left that sort of thing behind us. Such was the true symbolism of this particular moment—we sat there looking at ourselves from a new and not very fascinating angle. We saw that no matter how silken the bonds, they were strong about our hearts, and we couldn't go roving any more!

These reflections bridge the incoherent gap in his narrative. A perfectly natural reluctance to dwell upon the paraphernalia of the war caused him to skip the evolution of a dirty-looking

cargo boat up a tropical river into an engine of destruction. Indeed, he could have seen but little save perhaps a gun, or small details his technical eye told him concealed armament. It was only when, about a week later, afloat in the winged blue of the South Atlantic, he heard the bang of a six-pounder and scrambled to his porthole to see the *Bucaramanga* swing into view, her safety valves blowing and giving out a white line of vapor with a hoarse throaty roaring, her signal halyards agitated as they were hauled up and down, her hull rising and falling in exquisite rhythm with the great peace of the sea's bosom. I could see the head of him protruding, like a harsh reddish cameo in a brazen ring, the light catching the high ridge of his nose, his lips drawn back and his brows puckered in thought. Overhead strong voices gave orders; he heard a knocking and the whirr of metal in grooves. The *Bucaramanga* came on at half-speed, her wake forming and dying away, as though she were bewildered. As well she might be, when a shabby freighter fired a gun across her course and signaled that she must stop and surrender. Even then and for months after the first successful forays of those enemy craft, the mind of the merchantman refused to accept the reality of their achievement. They might hold up others but not him! It was a bad joke—full ahead! And the heavy shells exploding at the water line, the cutter full of sinister armed men, the spectacle of the commander submitting as a prisoner, all this was needed to bring the truth to the seaman and set his heart on fire.

With Mr. Ferguson it was not quite like that. He was a true romantic, and the episode, at the moment of its culmination, presented itself to him in the guise of an incredible folly. The one comfort and resource of the romantic is his inalienable vagabondage. He claims the right to set off upon his eternal pilgrimage at a moment's notice. Mr. Ferguson was fleeing from the dreams of felicity enshrined in the image of

Lotta, evoked by the competent Mrs. Johanning. And here, looking down upon him as he accompanied the boarding party to the *Bucaramanga's* side was Lotta, in the Second Cabin, a frightened wide-eyed creature with a huge mop of warm auburn hair. The prevailing emotion in his heart was anger at the trick. For in his simplicity he saw no way out of it now. He was a stricken man. There is no doubt in his mind he had no choice but to save the ship and receive Lotta as his reward. He was not entirely aware of it, but he had been reared in that romantical tradition.

"And what could I do?" he demanded of me on the Malecon. "I was a prisoner practically; that's why I was carried over with that little feller Rieder when he went to take command. That's what he did. You could see him swelling while you looked at him. I told you he was a madman. I got the idea while we went over in the launch. He sat there in the stern, the rest of us about him. I was amidships, looking aft, facing him. He would look round at the others, his eyes getting bigger and bigger, his mouth with the lips splayed out and the point of his beard working. He would look suddenly at some one and scowl, gradually raising his chin until he was looking along his nose. All sorts of lunatic business.

"He was sane enough on the ship, however. He told the captain he was a prisoner and must be locked in his room. Fancy a big buck skipper getting that sort of information! Rieder ordered all the passengers in the saloon and made a speech. One move and they would be shot. He was in command. As for the crew, the first attempt they made to resist he would blow her up and sink her with all hands. If all went well, they would come to no harm."

"I remember now," I said. "And Lotta?"

"I found out who she was later, understand, and then I remembered her looking down at us when we came alongside. It was when I told her I

knew her sister at Marajo that she looked at me."

Here was simplicity. It was like Mr. Ferguson to have his idyll in romantic surroundings. Boarding a ship in mid-ocean, under piratical conditions, he announces himself as a friend of the family. One can surmise only vaguely the reaction of the girl's mind to this astonishing apparition coming up the side of the *Bucaramanga*.

"And she believed you?" I asked.

"I put it so she should," he replied.

I regarded Mr. Ferguson with admiration. In half a dozen words he had compressed the gist of most romantic stories. He put it so she should believe the incredible.

It must not be supposed he was a very desirable spectacle when he first presented himself. He must have been the exact opposite of her girlish dreams of a knight in shining armor. And in addition he was moody and severe, because he had got into that curious condition of mind already mentioned, which made him want to rescue her and abandon her at the same time.

She looked at him. It was a fruitful field for the imagination, thinking out what her expression must have been when she looked at him. Because, take it how you will, there was a touch of the miraculous about Ferguson in his tritest moments. He had that air of having only just alighted upon this planet. Add to this his appearance at such a time, picture the piteous plight of a girl whose comprehension of the War must have been simply chaos, and you approach a little nearer to the truth.

But not much. Mr. Ferguson's memories of what went on in the *Bucaramanga* were obscured by his preoccupation with his own emotions. He made shadowy allusions to strange episodes; to the captain's astute and secret communications to the forces below, who appeared to be resourceful souls, to judge by their disposal of surplus fuel overside under the very eyes of the stolid sentries. But to him there was but one



center of interest on board, and I was invited to observe the growth of a fantastic attachment blooming like a flower on a battlefield; the attachment of a peasant for a peasant amid the colliding animosities of men and women whose personalities were temporarily merged in their tribal feuds. And the beauty of it was that because of those animosities Mr. Ferguson's preoccupation was unnoticed save by a stewardess, who approved when she heard that part of the story which had to do with Marajo. And here again the sophisticated listener was compelled to marvel at the mentality of a man who could contrive so romantic a love affair and yet maintain all the proprieties. It was startling to realize that Mr. Ferguson would stipulate for the proprieties in such a matter at the cost of battle, murder, and sudden death. For such as he, illiterate romantics, the proprieties are the guarantees of passion and fidelity. Without them his soul is not bound, but free, and the episode sinks to the ooze at the bottom of the sea of life. You could see Mr. Ferguson insisting upon that stewardess guarding the girl like an ogress. Indeed, only a little imagination was needed to see him opposed to the War for a more profound reason than mere political squeamishness. For the War seems to have liberated all those aspirations and dark whimsies which had only been suspected in the hearts of men and women, and which the peasant mind regards with fear and dislike. This came out as he descanted upon the seclusion of Lotta from prying eyes. Nowadays, he observed, look at them. Making up their faces in public, using lip-sticks, going about alone, even expressing opinions! This was interesting. It turned out to be a close-up view of a primitive instinct, like that of a dog hiding a bone, or a tiger springing into the labyrinth with the lamb in his jaws. He gave me the idea that if his wife had been with him in Havana he would have concealed her existence from me. I taxed him with this and he turned on me, swinging his legs to the street again, his

back to the tender beauty of the night. And what did I expect? Would I blame him? Would I?

And he began a rapidly muttered tirade of what he'd been through. When they got to New York, as they did eventually in the *Bucaramanga*, because the fuel was giving out and that madman Rieder had nowhere to go with the Atlantic swept clean of colliers after the Falklands battle, when they got there, being a Britisher, he had to go home. Lotta was sent south with all the other passengers, and there you were. Could I understand what that meant to him, seeing her packed with the rest of them into a neutral ship, like cattle, and sent out to what might be their death? Did I know now why he didn't care a whoop for me and my ship and for the whole British navy? Ooh-oh! Think of it! Not a word, not a line for a year or more, they not being writing people, and letters being sunk when he sent them! Wasn't it a miracle that after it all, after so great a casualty, so narrow a chance, he had got her? Was he to be blamed for guarding what had cost him so much? A girl in a million! And he had her safe!

He had, too, it appeared. He sat on the wall, his knees wide, his chin sunk on his breast, his pale eyes regarding the flashing lights of the Prado with contempt, as though they represented for him the vanities and pomps of the world. There was in his eyes no consciousness of virtue, but rather a surly complacency that he had achieved the ownership of something exquisitely precious, something he had enshrined on a distant *hacienda*, amid the immemorial garnitures of his race. She was safe out there, almost under lock and key. I had that gleam of illumination at the last, of a girl imprisoned in proprieties, along with the furniture of dark-green plush, a buffet with beveled glass, red grasses in blue cloisonné vases, a model of Cleopatra's Needle, a stereoscope, a basket of glass fruit, hassocks and antimacassars, and a ship—a ship in a bottle.

# Mr. Thackeray Goes on Tour

*A Group of Hitherto Unpublished Letters  
by William Makepeace Thackeray*

Edited by His Granddaughter, Hester Thackeray Ritchie

(The letters published this month were written during the years 1854-1862. At the outset of this period, Thackeray was writing *The Newcomes*; a passage of memorable beauty and significance in the third letter tells of his completion of the book. *The Virginians* (1858) and *The Adventures of Philip* (1862) followed. Several of the letters were written during his lecture trips through England and Scotland; the last one, in which he speaks of finishing *Philip*, was written less than eighteen months before his death, which took place on the morning of Christmas Eve, 1863.—Editor's Note.)

W. M. Thackeray to his mother,  
Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.  
36, Onslow Square.  
(1854)

\**My dearest Grannie,*

*Papa says you've been in a fright about my ankle, but it is very much better, and I manage with the very greatest difficulty to keep the young woman quiet.*

Only since the last 4 days I have got into full work again: it was impossible before with the racket of moving and the hammering and ringing of bells incessantly going on—but now the stream is beginning to flow again and the old mill-wheel to turn. . . .

I didn't get your letter till late on Saturday, that is it came in at 3, and opening it to see that all was well, I went on with my work till 7 o'clock, and then found too late that you wanted an immediate answer.

I have a party for Miss Thackeray on the 21<sup>st</sup> wh. I wish her to be at and introduce her to some folks who will be kind (to) her next year: and I am engaged to dinner up to the 24<sup>th</sup>., after wh. I shan't accept any more victuals. But I am in full work and don't mind and besides must stay in London over the 17<sup>th</sup>., when if as I expect Doyle has not

done the Newcome plates I shall take them in hand and do them henceforth myself.

Enter Honeywood, Mark, Mrs. Cole, Mr. Sleaf the amanuensis, a man with a bill, a messenger from Mrs. King about an invitation for the young ladies requiring an answer. Mr. T. must see all these and give an answer, and at 2 Mr. T. must take Miss Hughes and the girls to the Crystal Palace (I shall make Anny go about in a chair) but Anny and I have done a couple of pages of *Newcomes* upstairs already, and now I've only 5 more notes to write before going out.

O what a row and a racket it is! But it is pleasant enough. When Anny could walk we 3 had plenty of pleasant walks together. She goes on Wednesday 14 to Mrs. Marshall's music, Wednesday 21 to Mrs. Bates's music. I think it is possible that Lord Palmerston will ask me on Saturday to dinner wh. I don't choose to refuse him again. I was obliged to do so last week being engaged to Tennant. And he is the man who has Police Magistrateships in his gift. O thou schemer and artful dodger! Monday 25 is the day I ultimately fix for the movement of these forces. The bedroom I shall have, is for *anyone*. There is a very good study for me on the ground floor off the dining room, an-

\* These first two lines are in the handwriting of Anne Thackeray (afterward Lady Ritchie), the novelist's daughter. Thackeray had just moved to the house in Onslow Square, Brompton, which he was to occupy for the next seven years.



other for the girls off the drawing room. The best bed room of course is for my Mamma and the room next for the Major. I shall put Sleaf the Amanuensis in a lodging in the town (he will follow after us probably) and bring Charles and Eliza; and Grey the cook subsequently. It is a big house and there will be plenty of work for the servants, and Annette's valuable services will be absolutely necessary as aide-cuisine and interpreter. What a comfort I have devised that little scheme\* for paying the rent! and can pay a month of it by a day's work!

Here ends the rigmarole dashed off in a furious hurry. Aren't there all those other notes to write and aren't I always, writing or not, my dearest old Mammy's and G. Ps.

W. M. T.

*To his Daughter, Anny,  
on her Eighteenth Birthday.*

June 9 (1855)

My dearest Nan must have a paternal God bless you to-day—many such please God may I send you. You see every year now as you grow older we shall grow more intimate, at least I hope and think so: and as it is an ascertained fact that I can't live without female friends I shall have a pair at home, in my own women; who'll understand my ways, laugh at my jokes, console me when I'm dismal, etc., as is the wont and duty of women in life. Less and less of the Season every year seems to suffice for me now: and I have had almost enough now in ten days: after the twentieth at any rate I will have no more, unless I should give way to a project I have sometimes of uttering a lecture about the United States; which no doubt people would crowd to hear. Several persons have urged me to do this; and if I had my Secretary† here, who knows what might happen? But without one I cannot positively get on:

\* A "piece of buffoonery," as he called it, for "Punch," which was to pay the rent of the house he had taken for the summer at Boulogne.

† His daughter Anny.

and dawdle through the days meanwhile, doing nothing.

... What shall be my dear Nan's birthday present? You two can have what you want any day as well as a birthday. That's why I don't think of such gifts for you.

The edition of the Lectures is nearly all sold and a new one ordered. People are thinking of other things now however, and whether we are to have a war or not is the question over which all men look glum, and I am my darling Nanny's affectionate Father

W. M. T.

*To Miss Perry*

36, Rue Godot-de-Mauroy,  
Paris.

July 2nd, (1855)

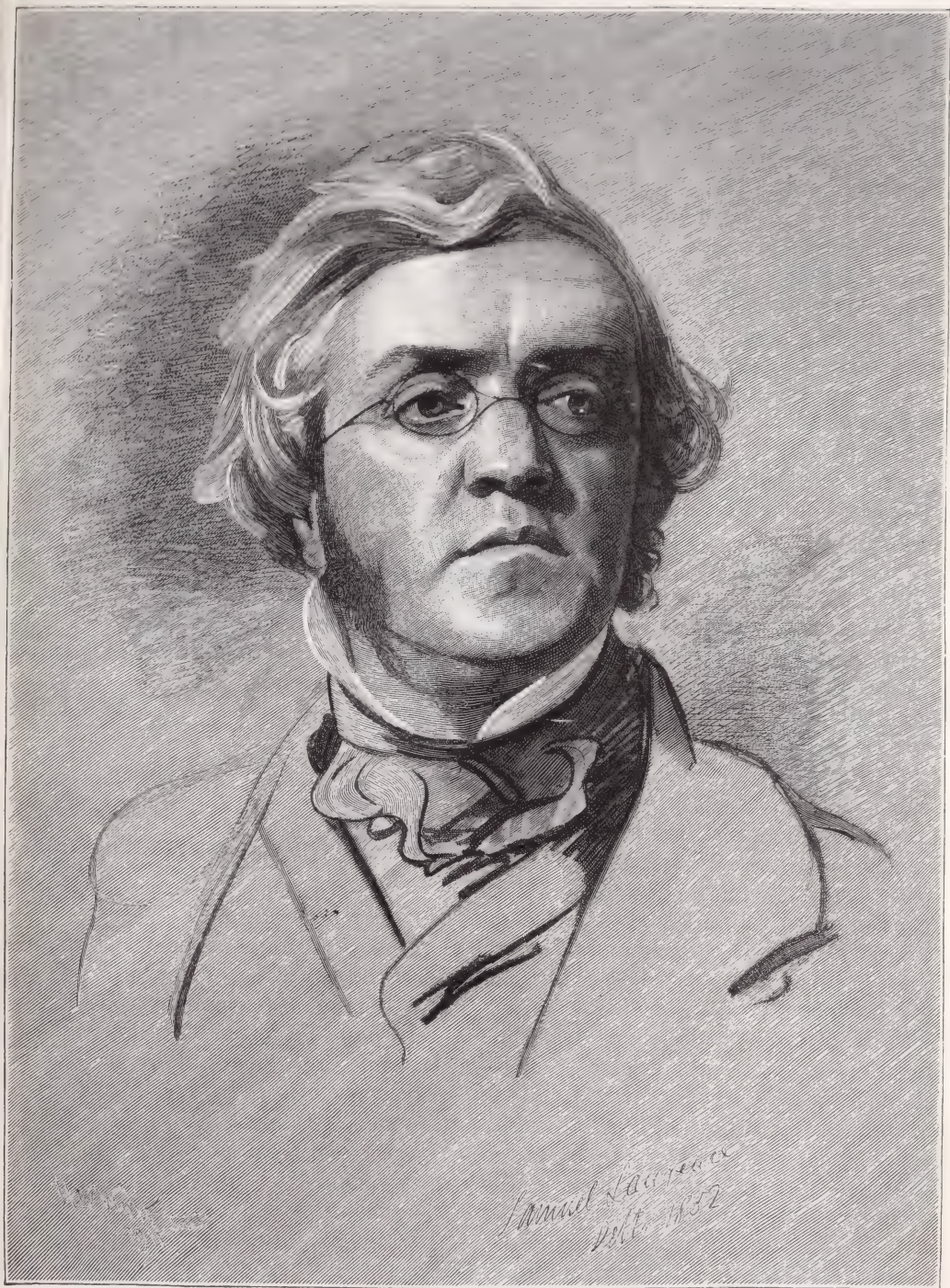
Mes bonnes Soeurs,

I think it is time you should hear from your elderly relative and as Jane may be on her way to her holy day and Miss K. I know is in England, I write my little line to Eaton Place West wishing my very best wishes to all J's and K's. We have had a pretty busy pleasant time here: except that as in London and everywhere else there has been a little too much feasting for me, too much Burgundy, too much Bordeaux. Isn't this hot weather feverish enough without these stirrers of the blood? I have cut off 2 dinners for to-day and tomorrow. It is true they would have been very stupid: but it's at those stupid dinners the Claret is most dangerous.

‡ Last Thursday, the 28th, at 7 o'clock in the evening I wrote the last line of the poor old *Newcomes* with a very sad heart. And afterwards what do you think I did? Suppose I said my prayers and humbly prayed God Almighty to bless those I love and who love me, and to help me to see and speak the truth and to do my duty? You

‡ In her Biographical Introduction to *The Newcomes*, Lady Ritchie wrote: "I remember writing the last chapters of *The Newcomes* to my father's dictation. I wrote on as he dictated more and more slowly until he stopped short altogether, in the account of Colonel Newcome's last illness, when he said that he must now take the pen into his own hand, and he sent me away."





WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Engraved by Henry Wolf from the portrait by Samuel Laurence, now in the possession of  
Mrs. George M. Smith, London



wouldn't wonder at that would you? That finis at the end of a book is a solemn word. One need not be Mr. Gibbon of Lausanne to write it. There go 2 years more of my life spent over those pages. I was quite sorry to part with a number of kind people with whom I had been living and talking these 20 months past, and to draw a line so ——— on a sheet of paper, beyond which their honest figures couldn't pass, and that melancholy leave taken I went out to dine by myself, and to see a Pantomime over which I fell into a sweet roseate slumber. The girls were gone to see the great Italian tragedian the Ristori who was acting Mary Stuart that night but I thought it would be pleasanter to see Clown jump through a window than a Queen have her wicked head chopped off. By the way, she is not made wicked in the play. It is Schiller's and she is as pure as Alabaster.

I have been twice or thrice to the Exposition des Bosarts. The English pictures show very well indeed I think. One night with Maclise the painter, I went to the Château des Fleurs which inspired him with ravishment and me with mortal melancholy. Crowds were standing round Lais and Phryne dancing the cancan—all sorts of elderly fogies and respectable people. What was Bonneval doing at the Castle of Flowers I should like to know? Venait il en cueiller le monstre—leaving his own languid lily at home? At Lady Ashburton's next day there was the Duchesse d'Istrie at dinner—beautiful splendid a thought aged and stale—she put me in mind of the handsome wicked Château des Fleurs. Mérimée came in—it's very odd, admiring his writing as I do, what an antipathy I have to him. I had a capital breakfast with honest Jules Janin, who lives up in his cinquième quite poor and honest and merry. I went moreover to see the Demi monde. It put me in mind of myself rather—it's a comedy of Beckys and Madame de Cruchecassés and the like. It is wonderfully acted—there is a man

—M. Dupuis the jeune premier who is quite a pleasure to behold, so easy quiet nonchalant and gentlemanlike is he. And these Mesdames I think have been all my doings. If any of our friends want to hear about them you can say please God bless all friends. We grow old; we work and struggle on with our day's burthens, we groan and we laugh and we scheme for next year—and lo the end comes, doesn't it? This letter is not gay eh! what will you? One is no longer gay at our age, one is content. The girls are very well. Anny is a perfect well-spring of happiness in herself. Thank God. The thought of parting with them for the American expedition disgusts me more and more. Fired with emulation by Dickens' capital speech I have been getting one up—another—but not so good as his, though. I wonder whether I shall come back to London by next Wednesday week to speak it? I don't know in the least what I'm going to do but am yours always, my dear kind friends,

W. M. T.

*To his Daughters*

Barry's British Hotel,  
Queen Street, Edingburgh.  
(1856)

My dear little gurgles,

Your dear Papa arrived last night at 9:30 and commissions me to tell you that he slept satisfactorily both in bed and about half the way down: losing the romantic scenery along the line and only waking up at the border to demn the railway man who asked for his ticket. Your father is already a good deal engaged to dinner: and his faithful servant James says that there is a very good subscription list for the lectures—but your Papa suspects that there will be more praise than money at this town.

The inn is very comfortable and the city splendid—the houses grand—the streets broad and spacious, beyond anything in London, only there's nobody in

'em. This is the grand St. with 2 inhabitants.

I think this is all your Papa's news. His cough he hopes is a little better, and he writes this while waiting for Dr. Brown\* who is going to lionise him about the town—He did a little of his novel† this morning and he kisses his 2 darling gals with all his heart, and he sends his best regards to Miss Trulock and hopes you had a pleasant evening at Mrs. Bayne's. And so God bless you young women, prays

W. M. T.

*To His Daughters*

November 21st (1856)

Yesterday I dined at the Artillery Mess with Col. Hamley—very agreeable Artillery officers from the Crimea—one a pompous good natured old foggy with dyed hair, who showed us a gold snuff box he had taken from a French General at Waterloo—another a very pleasant heavy Dragoon Colonel MacMahon, also Crimean—saw him at the Review a few days since roaring at the head of his men.

Was to be off to Glasgow this morning and got as far as the station just in time to remember I had forgotten the lecture, came back and read the paper in peace and quiet—think I shall be very glad when the 22 December is over & I have done wagging my jaws for a while—shall have enough to live next year without touching a penny of the Good

for Nothing money—so much the better for you girls.

Am not in love with Miss Block any more since Mrs. Brown told me she is here under a rubbing Doctor, and is rubbed every day for 2 hours with lard—of course she has a female rubber—but still. . . .

At Glasgow I went & took tea with Mrs. Blackburn who is painting with wonderful skill and beauty now—and she showed me a new invention which I think will spare poor Eyre all the trouble with my plates. And what more have I to say? Why that's all for the night I think. Please G. P. give the girls any money they want. I still think you might all take a fine day and X from Havre to Southampton, and so we might

*My dear little quergles.*

Your dear Papa arrived last night at 9/30 and commissioned me to tell you that he slept satisfactorily both in bed and about half the way down: loving the romantic scenery along the line and only waking up at the borders to denounce the railway men who asked for his ticket. You for there is already a good deal engaged to dinner: and his faithful servant James says that there is a very good subscription list for the lectures - but your Papa suspects that there will be more praise than money at this tower.

The inn is very comfortable and the city splendid - the houses grand - the streets broad and spacious, beyond any thing in London



*only there nobody in 'em. This is the grand St. with 2 inhabitants.*

\* Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends."

† The Virginians.



all dine in O. Square on Xmas day. I am answering letters every day about the lectures.

Friday morning. Nov. 22, 1856. And now I am going to Glasgow. It is a pretty drive and it would have been prettier if, etc. etc. not that I should have seen much of you, and you would have been a clog sometimes and no mistake. Last night we began the second series, very good audience considering. Afterwards I was obliged to go to a supper—of ladies and gentlemen. We had songs after supper; it was very odd and old fashioned and kind and huge tumblers were brought in, in wh. every man made himself a glass of whiskey toddy. Mine did me a great deal of good for I was tired after my day's work and dosing and this morning I woke up as fresh as possible. Have been spending it in writing lots of letters as usual—and now I send my benediction to my daughters and my humble duty to my parents and will go pay some visits. So farewell my dears  
W. M. T.

*To His Daughters*

. . . There came along with this,\* such a beautiful play bill in black and red ink—an entirely new Romantic Drama called the FROZEN DEEP with scenery by Telpin and Stanfield (Stanfield in large capitals). The prologue by Mr. John Forster (that will be fine)—the characters by the old set, the ladies by Miss Helen, Miss Kate, Miss Hogarth, Miss Mary, Mrs. Wills, Miss Martha, to be followed by the farce in 2 acts called Uncle John. God save the Queen; carriages may be ordered at half past eleven.

It pains me to call you home,† but you can't live always away from your father. The arrangement must be made now or later, another maid as I opine, and a lady as companion for

Granny. I wish she could be convinced that her illness is not much. . . . I have had fits of the fiercest depression—eh bien? With blue pill and Quinine, please Heaven the disease is to be put an end to. And so goodbye my dear says Papa. Mind my address is  
Monday 8,

9 Bradford, Talbot Hotel.  
Thursday 11

Liverpool. Care of A. Radcliffe, Esq.  
Northumberland Terrace, Everton.

*To His Daughters*

White Swan, Halifax,

Friday [1857]

My beloved (Angels),

Although I am still at Halifax instead of going to Sheffield, yet I am greatly better, have just eaten 2 wings of a fowl for dinner, and wished the pore bird had 4, and have no doubt after the prodigious discipline I have undergone that I shall be able to get through the rest of the campaign without trouble. Min's letter arrived from Leeds this morning—so that was as good as another letter from home. I have been reading Mahon with great comfort—I am quite brisk and gay in my spirits though a trifle weak, though for reasons wh. my blushes forbid me to mention I am not quite good for a public lecture tonight.

Never mind—Tomorrow will begin again. We won't lose heart for a little check or two. I think the Dr. I have had here is about the best of them all. His name is Garlick, and I like him both in cookery and as a medical man. God bless my women. Write a famous account of me to Granny, and so good night says Papa.

*To His Daughters*

Royal Hotel, Sheffield.

Chewesday, 17 Feb. (1857)

This comes rather late for Valentine's Day. It is copied from 6 mugs in my sitting room at the horrible Inn at Halifax. This is a byootiful Inn. I have the gayest parlour looking over three cheer-

\* An invitation from Mrs. Charles Dickens to some Christmas theatricals at Tavistock House: a performance of "The Frozen Deep" by Wilkie Collins, "under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens."

† His children were staying with Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.

ful smoky streets—a clean snug bedroom—a snug sleep—a pleasant book to read—Colonel and Mrs. Forrest came to tea last night after the lecture that's y I didn't write to the girls. I liked them both, she pretty and blonde, he very gentlemanlike. The people for the most part didn't understand a word of the lecture. Old Foggy President of Institution introduced me and insisted upon toddling into the room with me on his arm. What, is Mr. Thackeray infirm? asks Mrs. F. of her husband. It was Old Foggy who was infirm. I had a very pleasant calm day at Fryston, and yesterday for dinner here ate a pheasant, one of a brace which old Mr. Milnes insisted on sending to my daughters though I told him I wasn't going home. The last time I was at F. in the year 41, Mrs. Milnes gave me a ribbon and a little étui a something for my children—they were little trots of small size then—and she has been in Kingdom Come these 10 years I believe.

I wish those horrible newspapers would leave my health out. Some day the wolf will really come and no one will be frightened. Keep off Wolf for a few months! I want to put my lambs in comfortable shelter.

I am in the 4 vol. of Mahon. It amuses me. I have read Cockburn's Memorials, very pleasant too. It is delightful weather and the skeei is blyew through the smoke. Poor old Brookfield was born here; my ♡ feels very soft towards him. Do you smell



White Swan  
Halifax  
Friday.

My beloved  
although I am still at Halifax instead of going to Sheffield, yet I am greatly better have just eaten 2 birds of a fowl for dinner and wished the pore bird had 4, and have no doubt after the prodigious discipline I have undergone that I shall be able to get through the rest of the campaign without trouble. Miss's letter arrived from Leeds this morning, - so that was as good as another letter from home. I have been reading Mahon with great comfort - am quite brisk and gay in my spirits, though a trifle weak, and though for reasons wch my blushes forbid me to mention I ~~am~~ not quite good for a public lecture to night. Have missed. Tomorrow will begin again. We ~~will~~ lose heart for a little check or two. I think the D<sup>r</sup>

FACSIMILE OF A THACKERAY LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTERS

anything in this ink? It was thick, and I filled the bottle with brandy and soda-water. I have nothing to tell my dawlings but that I am very well busy and cheerful. I go to Leeds to lecture, and come back tonight to York. I like the quarters I am in. So you may go on directing to this Royal Hotel till Saturday. I mean you may send by Friday night's post. I am glad you liked the drive to Q, never mind the 2/6.

Write to Granny and tell her how cheerfully your dear father writes and God bless my women says Papa.



*To His Daughters*

Sunday, March 8 (1857)

My loaves,

It was very comfortable having nothing to do; and a good dinner and a good sleep also refreshed your dear Papa. The Scotch expedition is a failure as regards money, but pleasant enough otherwise—and this confounded election\* too will deprive me of ever so much more. Never mind; we shall only be a little longer getting the 20,000.

At Dundee I found and read *Pendennis* & thought it dreadfully stupid—Here I found and read 2 numbers of *Newcomes* and thought them—O for shame you conceited creature!—well—I can't help it. If I think it's bad I say so with just as much candour—and the desire of pease came over my mind—pease, repoge, and honest labour not this quackery wh. I'm about now. Let us NOT go into parliament; let us retire and take that atelier and work and write honestly and humbly. The frontispiece of *Pendennis* is verily always going on in my mind.

Here is yours of yesterday just come in. I don't think there would be any good in going over just now to my dear old Mother—the coming away gives her more pain than the meeting gives her pleasure. You see what you do when you marry.—What slaves you become. Well? and what immense happiness you enjoy I daresay with the right man. These folks' pleasure has no doubt been very greatly increased during 40 years by their living together—the bottom of the Cup is rather bitter. So may other dregs be.

That last was getting to be a very stupid sentence. Cause why? There is somebody sitting in the room. It is Professor Ferrier, father of the pretty girl I wrote you about and whom I don't like quite so much on 2<sup>d</sup> thoughts—but those good people at Glasgow are quite as nice and kind. I had a quiet evening on Friday with them after a delightful

ride through lovely country from Dundee, by Perth, Stirling, to Glasgow. And tomorrow it is Glasgow again, and Glasgow on Friday, and Dundee Wednesday—care of Mr. Chalmers Bookseller—but I don't care about your writing unless there is something particular to say as I shall be 3 miles from Dundee at the house of Sir J. Ogilvy wherever that may be.

And so with a benediction on my gals their Papa puts a cigar into his mouth and goes out to take a little walk in Church time. Mind and go to Chesham Place tomorrow night & say I got a letter from there on Saturday only & give my best love to all there including poor J. O. B.†

*To His Daughters*

Keir-Dunblane.

Monday, Apr. 26 (1857)

My dearest Women,

These last few days I have wished for you for the first time since I left home for I've been staying in a most beautiful house and country, and have such a prospect before my eyes now as wd. do yours good to look at.

Mountains as handsome as our Swiss mountains with a little snow on some of 'em; and beautiful rocks and dark pines and larches bursting out into green, and on the prettiest of the rocks in an immense great plain covered with 1000 villages there's Stirling Castle looking as grand as may be, and placed there for the very purpose of making a landscape.

Then the Park is full of birds singing and sheep and the most jolly little lambs—Minnie would give 2<sup>d</sup> to see the little lambs and I would give 3<sup>d</sup> to see my young muttons. And I went to a Scotch Church yesterday and heard 5 psalms sung, and a sermon, and an elder of the congregation ordained, and Stirling of Keir who is my host, says he hopes I'll bring you here but I've my doubts and James says the place looks like a Paradise after Glasgow;

† Mrs. Brookfield.

\* Thackeray was about to stand as a member of Parliament for Oxford City. In the election, held the following July, he was defeated.

and I'm going to Greenock a lecturing and shall be glad when I see old England again.

On Saturday is the Royal Academy dinner, and on Sunday I have a party at home so I shan't have the pleasure of snoring after dinner in your company till Monday evening.

Tell the Cook that there will be 8 gentlemen to dinner on Sunday, and I would like a clear soup, fish, 2 entries, and sweets, and Macaroni for second course—a nice dinner—and something plain for dessert afterwards. Isn't this an amusing letter. It's one of 10 I'm writing—I can't afford to amuse you



Royal Hotel Sheffield  
Chewsd. 17. Feb.

This comes rather late for

Valentines day - It is copied

from 6 mugs in my sitting

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looking over three smoky cheerful streets - a clean

snug bed room - a snug sleep - a pleasant boot to



A VALENTINE FOR HIS DAUGHTERS

Drawn by Thackeray



but I can always love my dearest women. God bless you.

W. M. T.

*To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.*

(1858)

I must send my dear old Mother and G. P. a line of Xmas greeting, and tell them how well and happy the young ones are whom I left a couple of hours ago at Walton, in the midst of such lavish splendours and magnificence as I have never seen the like of in the finest houses here—all wh. splendours, Christmas trees loaded with presents, fountains of Champagne and Hock, drives in coaches and four & I don't know what more are lavished upon 8 or nine young girls and 2 or 3 gentlemen—One of them was busy all day concocting the speech wh. he is to let off in an hour or two at the City of London Tavern, in behalf of the Commercial Travellers' School. Anny to whom I dictated the speech remembers all the points, and the very words deuce a one of wh. I recall verbally. I should not be sorry to fail, for then people won't ask me again, and I shall be rid of a very severe tax wh. is laid on men in prominent positions.

We are to have more holiday making at the Pollocks, and I can't resist for I can't bear that the girls should lose any pleasure, and meanwhile how is No. IV\* to be got out? Well, other folks have their drawbacks and their encumbrances—let us bear ours without too much grumbling.

Your heart would have melted over a little boy of 2 last night trotting round the Xmas tree crying out "O Crissamy Tee, Crissamy Tee!" He looked like a little cherub just peeping into heaven: & he didn't like even to take away his own share of toys from the general splendour—O dear. I should like very much to stop at home alone for 3 days and get on with that No. IV! It was kind of the Sturgis' to ask Amy and as much is made of her as of any one—and very well she looks too and so does Miss

Anny who has got thinner & is a comfort to look at, especially to her father & to your son my dear old Mother.

God bless both of you, he says, and now let us rehearse that speech.

*To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth*

Chur,

Saturday, 1 October (1859)

My dear old Granny,

. . . . Please God, Anny's difficulties are nearly over. There is good, however, out of all these mishaps, Min has been a famous nurse for her sister and has borne her hard times very well: and if she repents of having had her own way, somewhat in opposition to her Papa's I shall not be sorry for the circumstance. . . .

If I could but have had pluck enough to do some work, I might have turned the imprisonment to some account; but I tried and hadn't the heart, that's the truth—though I recollect having to work when poor Nan had the same complaint as a baby twenty years ago, and it was necessary to find a guinea for the Doctor. . . .

The expenses of this journey for the first 18 days were prodigious; and who cares? I, for my part, should have liked no journey at all, or no farther than Homburg and Baden, but the young folks willed otherwise, or seemed to will—and I like them to have their holyday. All along the road they have worked the prices up to be pretty like England—the inn at Milan where they charged us 12 francs for rooms 8 years ago, they make you pay 25 now, and so on and so on—I wonder what your resolves have come to by this time, and whether you stay on in England, or have gone back to Paris, or will try Bath or Brighton? I have been living at Bath for the last ten days in Miss Austen's novels which have helped me to carry through a deal of dreary time—they and the *Times* newspaper which the landlord of this out of the way Inn luckily takes in for the English who *don't* come. How dismal I should have been without the *Times*

\* *The Virginians.*

newspaper! Well, I have been dismal enough with it: but my dear Nan is better please God; and her Papa's spirits rise accordingly. Now let us go and get some money from the Banker's and to-morrow D. V. let us be on our way home to work and printer's devils. I have dreamed constantly that the number wasn't ready, and here was the end of the month! It shows how the care weighs upon one: but Law bless us, who hasn't cares at 50 of some shape or other? As I think about the poor Corkrans and their cares, I am ashamed of my own good fortune. Here's my paper full. Goodbye my dear G. P. and my dear old Mother.

W. M. T.

*To Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth*  
Palace Green, Kensington, W.  
July 5 (1862)

My dearest old Mother gets the budget from the girls and the history of our doings. On Thursday at 6:15 P. M. after working all day I wrote *Finis* to *Philip*: rather a lame ending. . . . Yesterday . . . at 5 we drive down in our pretty new carriage to the Aumale Fête at Twickenham, where I daresay the Dukes and Duchesses would have admired my new lavender gloves (price two shillings) very much—only I forgot 'em and left them in my great coat pocket. Never mind, it was a beautiful fête and I am all the better this morning, because I could only get a crust to eat and a scrap of galantine—and did the girls tell you

how I had no dinner the day before having to take them to the Barbieri (a new opera by Mr. Rossini)—and where I had a most refreshing sleep in the back of the box. And this is our life: and now there is a little lull after a constant care and occupation. No by the way, not yet, quite. Mr. Smith says "Do, pray write a Roundabout paper" and that, you see, is churning in my brain whilst I am writing off a scrap to my dear old Mother. . . .

I think the novel-writing vein is used up though and you may be sure some kind critics will say as much for me before long.

Anny's style is admirable and Smith and Elder are in raptures about it.\* But she is very modest and I am mistrustful too. I am sure I shan't love her a bit better for being successful.

Here comes Mr. Langley† with the proofs which must be read and there is a good morning's work over them. And then that Roundabout Paper—a plague on it—But it will be 60 or 70£.

"Mr. Langley, where is the Cicero? in 2 volumes quarto. I want a quotation out of it." Mr. Langley maunders about the room helplessly. He won't find it: I shall: and he will be persuaded that he found it, and that I cannot possibly get on without him. . . . And now comes Mr. Langley and let us go through those proofs and all the blunders.

W. M. T.

\* This refers to Anne Thackeray's novel, *The Story of Elizabeth*.

† His secretary.

*(The fourth and final installment of Thackeray's letters, which will appear next month, will consist of a number written in America during his lecture trips. They contain frank comments on the country as the novelist saw it, and afford an interesting comparison both with the observations of his great contemporary, Dickens, and with the impressions of present-day British visitors.—Editor's Note.)*



# A Ticket to Brooklyn

BY ELSA BARKER

PEOPLE have wondered why Orson Daggett, the most famous criminal lawyer in Greater New York, abandoned his profession at the very height of success.

Some thought it was merely the restless desire for travel, referring to his leisurely journey round the world. Others said he had never been the same since his daughter ran away with that scamp of a secretary—Cutler. No one, of course, could think Daggett was tired. He was too vital for that, too young, also, notwithstanding the iron-gray hair. He was an impressive figure in Court. Clad generally in iron-gray, with a mauve tie under that square, beardless chin, his middle-sized athletic person seemed to expand when he stood up to plead; his eyes glowed, reminding his opponent, the romantic young District Attorney, of molten steel. Yes, an unusual, externally quiet, half-mysterious man, "of violent passions, rigorously repressed," as one of the judges said during his hard and successful fight for the acquittal of the Swedish skipper, Olsen, charged with manslaughter. "You'd think he loved the wretches."

The news of Daggett's retirement became known just before the great Carhart murder trial, in the spring of 1919. He was expected to appear for the defendant; but suddenly—only a fortnight before the date on the calendar—he turned the case over to his ablest rival, who made himself famous, largely owing to Daggett's instructions beforehand, though that was known, of course, only to those on the inside.

The reason for Daggett's retirement remained a mystery; but the Carhart case was not the real cause of it.

It hung on two things, really—two *little* things, like all efficient causes—a dream of his own, and a subway ticket to Brooklyn. If either of those two small elements had been lacking . . . well, his subtle mind might still be busy with the building-up of defenses in which he was professionally, not personally, interested.

He woke from the dream about one o'clock in the morning, having fallen asleep in his library chair, woke pounding the desk before him, as he pounded to death in phantasy the man he hated.

He had often dreamed about Ralph Cutler, but nothing so real, so *shocking* as this before.

He was all in a cold sweat as he opened his eyes—not upon a prostrate man, but familiar tables and chairs, the filing-cabinet, the bookshelves, the black steel safe in the corner.

Sitting at his desk in the middle of the room, he faced the back window.

Directly beneath the outside of this window, and hugging the back wall of the house, was an open stairway which led down from the library to a side street. At the top of these stairs was a little bridgelike enclosed passageway to the loft over the garage. Daggett knew that his neighbors in that quiet section of Brooklyn called this convenient passageway "the Bridge of Sighs," and associated those outside stairs with the needs of his strictly specialized practice.

How often had Cutler, during the months he lived here, come home that way late at night, from some errand in quest of evidence, and standing on the third stair from the top, rapped on the glass, looking through the window at him!

The remembered picture was so vivid now—the lean face, lurid with the blue of the glass at night—it was like an hallucination.

Daggett shuddered, as if he had seen the ghost of the man he had just murdered in his dream.

To shake off the impression, he turned again to the papers on his desk: "And deponent further says, that on or about the first day of May, in the year aforesaid, she left the house where she had been living, and came . . ."

His fingers relaxed their hold on the document and he gazed blankly before him.

"Yes . . . I must *want* to kill the man—subconsciously. That's the way it always begins, I suppose. There was that boy who murdered his uncle—that Italian woman who poisoned her husband. They told me . . ."

But he brushed the disturbing thoughts away.

He sat looking at a cabinet photograph in a silver frame which stood on his flat-topped desk, a photograph taken twenty years ago. A young woman in evening dress, with a little girl in her arms, smiled at him with a sweetness which age could never change now. She had left him the little girl, Nora.

The house had been very empty these last three years. He did not even know where Nora was, or if she was alive or dead. His anger had done that, with his pride, his humiliation—a terrible trio. His love—oh, that lived somewhere else, with memories and loneliness. If he hadn't been so proud of the girl . . .

They had been happy here, needing no one but each other. Then he had let Ralph Cutler live in the house, because he was useful for night-work. From the first he had befriended the young man, believed in him, pitied his lucklessness.

The vision of Nora as she had looked during those first weeks of his own unconscious folly was always present with him. She had blossomed suddenly, unaccountably. The slender, almost epi-

cene, high-tempered playfellow had become a melting woman, her brown eyes suffused with a shy wonder.

Only occasionally, then, did her old self break through—the willful, violent child, who had always had her own way.

Because she was so proud, and he had placed her so high, the danger never occurred to him.

After his discovery—oh, it had been an awful scene with her, when she refused to give the man up. Only the conviction of her utter innocence had saved him then from murder. Sitting here now, in the small hours of the night, he relived that scene, for the thousandth time. Every night, almost, when his work was over, he settled down in his chair and brooded. *His* daughter, the wife of that weakling! Of course, they were living in poverty. "When you are done with *him*, come home," he had said to her. But she had not come home. Some day, some night, she would come—if she were still alive. A thousand times he had sat there and pictured her coming, late at night, up those stairs there, and looking in at him.

It wasn't a thing she would be likely to do, she was too high-handed, too royal in her willfulness. If she had only a dollar she would take a carriage somewhere near, and make a fine entrance.

He had not even tried to find her. Pride again—and something else. He had said to Cutler, when he ordered him out of the house, "If I ever see your face again . . ." Odd, how he had caught himself before he made the illegal threat. Yes, it would not be safe for him—ever—anywhere—to meet Cutler. He remembered saying once to Nora laughingly when she had asked him about his practice that he defended criminals because he understood them. And she had patted his arm, smiling, "You're a terrible man, I know it, dear old gentle Dad!"

His eyes stung now with the memory of that touch upon his arm. He swallowed.

Oh, why didn't he sell this house.



with its haunting memories, and go live in a hotel somewhere! Only the hope maybe, growing weaker month by month, that he was not destined after all to grow old in loneliness. But the years were slipping by him, he would be fifty in September. Fifty! The very word made him rebellious. No, he was not getting enough out of life.

He had earned much money, but it was not gain alone which had held his restless mind to the treadmill of the law. He defended people for murder, and other crimes; but what really interested him was the ever-recurring problem—*why* did people commit murder, and other crimes? Knowing the penalties, what alchemical process went on in their brains, transmuting caution into recklessness—or was it the individual human atom breaking away from the mass, the willful drop defying the ocean? For instance, if he should kill Ralph Cutler in reality, as he had just killed him in a dream, what change would take place in him? Calling himself a criminal would not make clear the essential difference in him—before and after. The truest witness could only tell what happened—never *why*.

Daggett lighted a cigarette, leaned back in his chair, and watched the curling smoke. Yes, there were men here and there, scattered about the world, with whom he would like to talk, compare experiences, weighing that delicate hair which “divides the false and true.”

But the great mystery of human life was human motive. There was no other worth bothering about. In face of the problems daily revealed in his practice, what did he really know? Nothing—nothing at all. Why, he had not even understood his own child! Her action had come as an overwhelming surprise. To say that she was moved by love—that didn't explain her. That only deepened the mystery.

“But I'm growing fanciful,” he told himself. “I think too much, here alone at night. What is that verse in the Bible? . . . ‘But of the tree of the

knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof’ . . .”

Suddenly he sat forward in his chair. “Yes . . . yes. I've seen too much, maybe.”

His eyes rested vacantly on the window before him.

“Why . . . I *am* fanciful to-night . . .”

A white face was looking in at him.

“Why . . .”

A hand came up, rapping on the window.

“Nora!”

He sprang to his feet, all the repressed parental yearning of three years surging up in him, driving him forward.

He was at the door, unlocking it. He was drawing the girl inside the house, into the library, where he stood face to face with her, staring, incredulous.

“Why . . . why, Nora! . . . Nora!”

She was very pale, very still. Only her eyes looked alive.

“I—I'm so glad,” he stammered, “so glad you've come home.”

He put his arm round her shoulders, leading her to the large easy-chair at the right of his desk, the place which had been hers in the old days, when they had sat here together, reading, talking, working, laying plans for all the delightful things they were going to do in the summer holidays. Why, the summer holidays would soon be here again!

“Sit down, my dear, sit down.”

He was afraid she would cry, for he had harrowing memories of her tears. But everything would be joy now—joy and the old comradeship renewed, more wonderful than ever, for had she not come back to him of her own accord?

Why didn't she say something? He hovered round her chair.

She was motioning him to sit down again at his desk, and he obeyed the gesture, murmuring:

“It's all right, Nora; it's all right now.”

He saw her lips open, hover tremulous, then close again. She shook her head, helplessly.

Oh, how often had he seen the child that Nora used to be speechless like this before him, her little mouth all tremulous with the weight of some unutterable childish mystery! His heart swelled now with the conscious strength of the father—sure of his power to divine a child's trouble and to smile away its fears, whatever they might be. What could there be for Nora to fear—safe again now, with him?

And the old lawyer knew how to wait for testimony, to coax it forth—humor it, surprise it.

"I was in your old room this morning," he began, with a reassuring smile.

Her answering smile wavered, but still she did not speak.

Perhaps it would be better for her if she did cry, he thought. How she had stood up to him finally, three years ago, tearless, defiant, her ego a match for his own! What possibilities there were in this amazing girl! If she had come to see, at last, the folly of that marriage. . . . Why, in the shock of his joy at seeing Nora he had almost forgotten Cutler.

"I was so afraid," she breathed, "afraid you wouldn't be here! Oh, if you hadn't been here . . ."

The question forced its way, "Where's Cutler?"

Her face went whiter still, and he could see the struggle to control her voice. Her eyes were fixed upon him now—wide and terrified they were.

"Ralph is dead, father. We had a quarrel. He . . . he shot himself . . . to-night . . . *with my revolver.*"

Orson Daggett had steady nerves, but he turned away his face.

He got up from his chair, walked round behind Nora, and pulled down the window-shades. Then he went out into the little passageway and made sure he had relocked the door to the outside stairs. He was moving involuntarily, giving himself time, hiding himself from her, while he mastered his emotion. Her words, "We had a quarrel," stirred vague memories. Confused pictures flashed across the inner screen. But in

those first moments everything was blurred for him by a fierce half-conscious feeling which Nora must not see.

As he came back to the library her voice made him stop short—two steps behind her chair.

"He shot *himself*," she was repeating.

Mechanically he asked, as if she had been on the witness-stand, "What were you quarreling about?"

"About the revolver. He wanted to pawn it, to go back to that place where he gambled."

"Pawn it?"

"Yes, father."

"When was that?"

"Just before midnight. I heard the church clock strike—right after."

"But what time do pawnshops close?"

"Why . . . I don't know . . . He was the one who pawned things."

"Yes . . . yes, of course."

"I snatched the revolver . . . then we had a struggle . . . and . . . he got it away from me again."

God! But those words were familiar to Daggett. As attorney for the defense, he had heard them so many times. Like a stone man he stood there behind Nora's chair.

And as he stood there another picture flashed across his mind—a three-masted vessel he had seen that afternoon lying off the New York waterfront, then the face of the Swedish skipper, Olsen, whom he had saved six months before in that trial for manslaughter.

Throwing up his head, he strode round to the chair again and sat down. The father in him must not make him useless—whatever the truth was. Now, if ever, he had need of insight. His lonely musings, here in this chair a little while ago, came back like haunting echoes . . . alchemical processes in the brain transmuting caution into recklessness . . . the unanswerable *why* . . . the delicate hair that divides the false and true . . . the mystery of human motive . . . His mind swung back and forth between dazed, half-unconscious gropings in the recesses of himself, and the clear, keen



questioning of the trained examiner of witnesses. His soul was like a house divided against itself.

The girl's calmness puzzled him. But never, not even in childhood, had she been ready with confidences. She had been calm like this at seven years old, the day she broke the Dresden vase; and she had denied it, persisted in her denial. With the uprush of that memory Daggett could hear the pounding of his heart.

"Nora," he leaned forward, "how did you come to have a revolver?"

"Why, father! Don't you remember? You gave it to me yourself that last summer in the Maine woods."

"Why . . . why, yes."

"I've kept it, all this time," she said.

The old lawyer stirred uneasily, murmuring something about an expired permit; then he asked her when she last bought cartridges.

She seemed surprised, and told him she had never bought any.

"Then you haven't used the revolver?"

She shook her head.

"Nor cleaned it?"

"No."

"But you knew it was loaded?"

"Yes, I knew it was loaded. I sometimes thought about it . . . you know . . . when you think you can't stand any more."

He sat looking at her—still dazed. The memory of his dream stayed with horrible insistence. No, he could not call it a coincidence, for he had dreamed so many violent things about Cutler; but the psychological atmosphere of the dream enveloped him like a thick fog. It made him falter as he groped for the truth in Nora's story.

"Where did you keep the revolver?" he asked.

"It was wrapped in my Chinese coat until this afternoon."

He started, leaning toward her. "Yes?"

"Ralph didn't know I had it," she said.

The father thought a moment, then he asked quietly, "and how did he learn that you had it?"

"Why," she said, "he found it—tonight."

"Found it?"

"Yes, in the bureau drawer. It was right after he came home from the poker game, where he lost all the money I got for the coat."

"You sold it then?"

"I had to. A costumer bought it, for ten dollars. Then Ralph coaxed the money away from me—said he'd win a hundred with it, maybe two hundred, and—oh, father, he lost every cent!"

"And you say it was *he* who found the revolver, in the bureau drawer?"

"Yes, he brought it into the back-parlor where I was."

Daggett was torn with pity, but he dared not say anything to soften her, for fear she would go all to pieces.

Suddenly the color rushed up into her face, and she cried, "When you forced me to choose between you, it was so cruel! You knew I was in love with him—infatuated."

He made a hoarse noise in his throat. Then he leaned forward quickly, his face burning.

"Have you a child?"

"No. Oh, if *that* had happened to me I'd have had to come home! He couldn't keep a job with regular hours. At first he could get one—his ingratiating ways—his good looks. But when he got seedy, when we'd eaten up all the money for my jewelry . . ."

He saw the nervous movement of her foot, twisting itself in the worn brown shoe, an old habit of hers from her restive, motherless childhood.

It came over him then in a whelming wave—what this delicately nurtured girl must have suffered—not only want and hardship, but humiliations he had not the courage to imagine. His little Nora, who used to climb into his lap at bedtime, when she was no taller than the table. She would nestle down in the curve of his arm, while he held her two

flowerlike feet in his hands, wondering at the mystery of her being. And she would fall asleep there, trustingly. His Nora . . . want and humiliation.

He looked at the photograph before him in the silver frame, that face whose smile the years could never change. Was it possible that *she* knew? . . .

Then Nora began to speak rapidly: "You were right, father—everything you said. I even came to loathe myself, because . . . Oh, I don't know just when, but I found myself wishing . . ." Her voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "You were so good to me until he came between us. I was so proud of you . . . everybody respected *you*!"

"But why didn't you come home, Nora?" It was a broken cry.

"Come home?"

"Yes."

She gazed at him in a bewildered sort of way. "I couldn't come home—while he was there."

It seemed to be so obvious to her.

Then her lip trembled. "Poor Ralph!" she whispered, and she sat there picking at the binding of her sleeve.

Daggett shivered. The girl was pitying the man now! He remembered a case—the Clements woman, who was always asking him to have violets planted on the grave of the man she had shot.

"Yes," Nora said, turning her bewildered eyes to him again, "I was so angry, I must have been off my head. I can't remember everything."

The father gripped the arm of his chair. Always at the back of his mind, even when they spoke of other things, was the knowledge that something would have to be done to-night, and soon, in New York. There was no evading the formalities of that Law whose trusted servant he was. There seemed to be an iron band around his heart, and for the first time in all his years of practice he knew fear—sickening fear. But he could not yield to it. He must hold himself strong and taut, so that by and by, when he came to face the authorities

in Nora's behalf . . . But before that he must outline some sort of defense.

"Nora, did he strike you as you struggled for the revolver?"

"No."

"Or threaten you?"

"No."

Helplessly he looked at her. She was changed—thin.

"My dear," he said weakly, "let me get you something to eat. A cup of coffee."

"Oh, thank you, father, but I couldn't eat now. I had something, late, on Eighth Avenue."

He asked where she was living, and she told him the number in West Twenty-third Street, which he wrote in pencil on his blotting-pad. Then—hesitating a moment—he took an eraser and rubbed it out, fixing it in his memory.

"But the people in the house," he whispered, "someone must have heard the shot."

She shook her head. "I don't think so. Nobody came. I was there a few minutes—afterward. It's a noisy street, even late at night—automobiles, heavy traffic, going to and from the ferry."

"And the room next yours?"

"The front-parlor? Oh, that's vacant—to let."

He asked her if she had put out the light in her room before she left the house.

"In the back-parlor, yes—not in the bedroom." Her voice was hurried. "The gas in there is right over the head of the bed—beyond *him*. I couldn't reach it without touching . . ."

She shivered.

"That gas jet was hissing horribly. Ralph always turns it too high."

Daggett sat perfectly still—just looking at her, his grim experience wrestling with his love. No, he must not say anything—or do anything, to soften her. If she could only keep her nerve! Her coming to him first would seem natural, of course, and feminine.

It was then he asked her if she had met anyone whom she knew, in the sub-



way or on the street, but she had not noticed anyone

"And on your way over in the subway, did you think about what you would tell me?"

"Maybe . . . I don't know . . . why?"

Fumbling for his handkerchief, he wiped away the beads of cold sweat running down his forehead. Was it possible that she had forgotten her father's profession? At first, three years ago, she had denied her love affair with Cutler; but it had been so easy for him then to reach the truth. Now pity—fear and pity—made him falter.

"Nora," he said, "you'll have to go with me, you know, go back there, notify the—see the authorities."

She sank deeper in her chair, her eyes cowed, suppliant.

"Can't I stay here, father? Can't you go alone?"

He coughed, twisting the handkerchief in his hands.

"I'm sorry, dear. *Can't you trust me?*"

Another picture passed across the screen—a pink-faced newborn baby lying on a pillow upstairs, twenty-four years ago.

Then he held his breath, for she was speaking, her eyes a little wild now:

"Of course, he was sure of winning—all excited—air-castles. He was always like that beforehand. Then the slump—the weakness—nervous fretting—things I can't even tell you. Oh, father!"

Daggett breathed heavily. Unable to dwell upon the girl's last words, his mind took refuge in a legal protest: "Gambling is against the law. You should have told him so and left him."

If he had only searched for Nora, begged her forgiveness, humbled himself, brought her home! And as he pondered, his eyes rested vacantly upon the big black safe in the corner of the room.

With an effort he pulled himself together, and went on with his tenderly awful task; for if he shirked it, *others* would do it for him.

"And did the revolver go off, as you were struggling?"

"No, father."

"But I thought you said . . ."

She just rested her head against the back of the chair and closed her eyes, speaking like an automaton:

"No. That was afterward. He went into the bedroom."

Daggett leaned forward, scarcely breathing: "How long was he in there, alone, after he left you in the back-parlor?"

"Why . . ." she opened her eyes, looked round at him, hesitating . . . "I don't know."

How he pitied her as she seemed to consider what would appear most plausible.

"Was it five minutes, dear?"

"Yes, father, it must have been, about five minutes."

His lips were stiff as he asked the inevitable question, "And what did you do with the revolver?"

"Do with it?" She sat forward in her chair again, she looked frightened.

"Yes, where is it?"

"Why . . . I don't know. I never thought of it."

Now she was looking down, and he searched her face in vain for any clue to her thoughts. Had she really forgotten that vitally important thing?

"Nora, where do you think the revolver *might* be?"

"I tell you, I don't know."

He got up and paced the floor. His brain felt numb, between the urgent need of haste and the impossibility of hurrying the girl's revelations without frightening her into silence or—worse than that—hysteria. He could think better, walking back and forth behind her, than sitting there in the chair with her eyes upon his face—though so often she averted her glance. It would have been impossible not to see that she was hiding something from him.

Then suddenly he stood still, for she was talking again:

"You told me to send you a post card when I'd had enough of my husband, and you'd send me a ticket to Brooklyn,

as I probably shouldn't have five cents."

"And you even remembered that!"

"It's not the sort of thing a girl forgets. I told Ralph what you said, one day last week. He got a job a fortnight ago, that's how we came to have those two rooms; but he lost the job again, last week. He just couldn't keep *anything*! We've lived in a basement room, in cold attics. And to-night, when he gambled away that money for my coat . . . But I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to."

Yes, Daggett could see it all—fill in the blanks of those terrible three years of disillusionment. But what he shrank from visualizing—just yet—was the final moment of Nora's desperation. Was this to be the end of all his hopes and dreams for her?

He stumbled forward and stood over her, and she looked up at him.

"Father, what a fraud love can be! Somebody ought to tell girls."

A shudder ran through him. He turned away.

And again came the picture of Olsen, with the man's words that afternoon, "a day at Montevideo for supplies, then a clean jump round the Horn for Tahiti."

Tahiti! One would be safe in Tahiti, if . . . But he could not harbor that thought—not yet, anyway.

With set jaw Daggett went over to the safe in the corner of the room, using the combination, and swinging open the heavy door. His hands shook as he fumbled with an inner drawer, taking out a thick wad of money—United States gold certificates, good the world round. He threw the money into a black brief-case that was lying on the top of the safe, then searched for an envelope containing bonds, which he placed with the money.

Closing the safe, he went over to the girl's chair, the brief-case in his hand.

"Come, Nora. We're going to New York."

"Oh!"—with a dazed sigh—"now?"

His hat was lying on a side table with a light overcoat, where he had thrown

them down on coming in from the garage at ten o'clock. As he slipped his arms into the coat, he saw Nora still sitting there beside his desk. Her head was thrown back and she was moving it distractedly from side to side.

He bent and kissed her cheek, patting her shoulder.

"You have your keys, haven't you?" he asked, drawing her to her feet.

He could feel her shrink as she whispered, "Yes, I have the keys."

They went through the little passage-way to the upper floor of the garage. As they stood in the dark at the top of the stairs, and as Daggett was reaching to switch on the light, Nora turned and caught hold of him, bowing her head on his shoulder. She was trembling all over.

"Oh, father!"

"Yes, dear."

"Don't take me back there! I don't want to go back. It's too awful!" She began to cry.

For a minute he stood there, speechless, in the grip of his own unnamable emotion.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I *can't* look at Ralph again! I'll go out of my head if I see . . . The blood kept on moving, after he was dead, down his white shirt, over the counterpane . . ."

He who had heard so many broken confessions, so many false denials, asked no more questions of his daughter. Whatever remained for him to learn, he would learn from visible evidence, in the presence of the dead man. The problem would not be Nora then, but Orson Daggett—*what was he going to do himself?* He felt a sudden revulsion against his profession, against seeing human creatures on trial for mad actions they were driven to—yes, by forces beyond their comprehension. Again he remembered his violent dream just before Nora rapped on the window. Were men and women always more responsible for their deeds than for their dreams?

"Nora," he said, hoarsely, "I can't take you back there."

She gave a little broken cry.



"And I can stay here—at home?"

"Yes. I'm going to face it alone."

He turned with her and reentered the house. In the library he pointed to the broad divan with its cushions and warm rug.

"Lie there," he said, "so I could get you on the telephone if I should need to. Better put out the light. Perhaps you'll even fall asleep."

With a tired sigh, she took off her black cloak and hat, and stood before him in her old gown of cream-colored crêpe, the bits of embroidery at neck and wrists faded by many home-cleanings.

He looked at her thoughtfully. Though her face was paler and thinner now than the face of the girl he remembered, there was a new beauty there—purer lines—mystery — knowledge. Yes, through straying away from his care, through suffering and privation, she had gained something his protecting love could never have given her. There was pain for him in the realization of her maturity. And now, when he might have had her with him again, to brighten this lonely house . . .

But he conquered the moment of weakness, and turned to the business before him, taking the keys of her house and room in New York and making her describe precisely their location—the back-parlor and inside bedroom, last door on the left-hand side of the entrance hall.

He was just turning to smile good-by at her, his hand on the door knob, when Nora said faintly:

"Father."

Something in her voice made him go back to where she stood beside the desk.

"Yes, my child."

"If you should telephone me to come to the city, I haven't any money for carfare. I had only the subway ticket—it was on the bureau."

The humility of her manner as she asked for money broke his heart. But as he laid a few bills on the desk before her he took the precaution to say, gravely:

"You understand, don't you, that it's absolutely necessary I should be able to get you on the telephone? I might need your help, for myself."

Somewhere also, at the back of his consciousness, was a vague apprehension of he knew not what—some recklessness on her part, maybe. If she felt that he might need her, she would stay here—surely.

She broke in upon his thoughts by saying a strange thing—or it seemed strange to him:

"It's us two now, isn't it, father, us two together?"

"Yes," he answered hoarsely, "I'll stand by you, whatever happens."

As he got out the motor car, his tired brain reviewed the meager scraps of Nora's testimony—for so his mental habit must regard it. Could one really pawn a revolver at twelve o'clock at night? And when he asked her what became of the revolver, the frightened way in which she said, "I never thought of it!" If that was true, if she hadn't put it in a likely place . . . Was it before that, or afterward, he had erased her address from his blotter? He again recalled the broken Dresden vase, and her childish persistence in denial, again recalled that she had denied at first her love affair with Cutler. "When women lie," he thought, "it's because they're afraid of something. It's not her fault if I made her afraid as a child to tell me the whole truth."

Then he took his seat in the car, with the brief-case beside him, and started for New York.<sup>3</sup>

The cool night air seemed to clear his brain. He felt a sudden freedom, like a fighter stripped for combat. Yes, this would be a tough case for him, because of his personal feeling. He couldn't think quite clearly about it yet—couldn't see the thing objectively.

What he *could* see was that poor child, alone there in the New York room with the dead man, the gas flame hissing at her, the church bell tolling midnight, penniless, snatching up that subway

ticket from the bureau, stealing out of the house, fearful of a sound, the lock of the street door clicking behind her; then the subway, with the two changes—Fourteenth Street, Nevin Street—the awful dread that her father might not be at home, after all . . . then seeing the light in his window.

Where was he going first? Should it be the room and then the police station? Or should it be first the police station and then the room? His legal mind was leaning toward the regular procedure, but he felt for the case of bonds and money, knowing his mind not yet made up. There was a struggle going on in the depths of him, a struggle more profound than he realized, maybe. He should have taken the subway, he thought, and not had a car on his hands. He slowed down, wondering if he should turn back . . . then tossed up his head and drove on.

"If I find the revolver in the back-parlor," he pondered, "I'll know that I have to discount every detail of the poor girl's story. Then it will have to be self-defense, or temporary insanity." He knit his brows at the memory of her incoherent babbling about being sorry, of not having meant . . . Yes, before the police could question her, he must know exactly what he had to face. First he considered the plea of self-défense. It could be built up. He was sure there had been a struggle for the possession of the revolver, anyway, and it opened the door to many possibilities.

Then he considered the plea of temporary insanity. Nora had always been subject to violent tempers, irresponsible behavior. The housekeeper could testify, and her last governess was still living in Brooklyn. Nora had said tonight that she must have been off her head. Why, living with Cutler was enough to unbalance her—the weak, erratic, irresponsible creature that he was! He had not even been a good secretary, and Daggett had kept him those three months only because he was useful in other matters—getting evidence for him

in places where he could not very well go himself. The young man seemed to have a natural affinity for the underground ways of life.

Poor Nora! She was all her father had in the world now, and he must save her—at any cost.

Olsen was sailing at five in the morning, for his "clean jump round the Horn." And Olsen's wife was aboard. The good woman had stuck pretty close to her husband since the manslaughter trial.

Daggett shrank from the picture of Nora in prison, waiting trial month after heart-breaking month. She hadn't the nervous stability of an Olsen. For her . . . perhaps . . . yes . . . better the clean jump!

"Odd situation for me, though," he thought, "taking bonds for my own bail, if need be. That must have been in the back of my mind somewhere, all the time. Yes, I'd rather *stay* in jail than have Nora there, for even a week."

Better for her Tahiti alone, till he could join her somewhere. The charge against *her* wasn't likely to be aailable one. Olsen would stand by him, there was no question of that. He'd get the girl aboard from the motor, in a suit of men's clothes with a cap over her hair. He'd even skip Montevideo, and call at some unexpected God-forsaken hole for water and supplies. Trust him!

Daggett let his imagination run without leash. It did not commit him to any *action*. He made a practice of imagining how such things were done, for it helped him in the understanding of his clients. A colleague had once asked him, in the intimacy of after-dinner smoke, if he had ever considered the possibility that his own criminal instincts had influenced his choice of the criminal branch of law. His favorite light reading was detective and adventure stories. If he ruined his career at the Bar to-night, he thought ironically, he might become a writer of such things. He had material enough for a hundred books.

He was tired of practice, anyway.



Since the blow Nora had dealt him three years ago he had lost the fine edge of his interest in the great game.

He remembered what the chairman at a lawyers' banquet the week before had said in introducing him: "Orson Daggett, a man in whom the perfect knowledge of evil lives on good terms with a perfect charity for mankind."

Well, charity begins at home. There wasn't a father on the Bench who wouldn't be sorry for him, if the worst came to the worst.

He began to see the unique quality of his position. Had any of the storytellers thought of the situation he was in? It wasn't one of the ten familiar plots, was it?

"If I weren't so used to murder and sudden death," he told himself, "I suppose I couldn't face this business in just this way."

He blinked and tossed his head, for the lighted road before him was blurred with mist. He did not know he was crying till a tear ran down cold on his cheek. Impatiently, he brushed it away.

Then he glanced at the clock of the car—it was two-fifteen. He must run her a little faster.

Before he reached the Bridge he knew where he was going first. From Broadway he turned through Twenty-third Street and boldly left his car before the ferry house. Yes, no doubt he'd have to face the music, if Nora didn't. Then no more lawyers' banquets.

Rapidly, he walked back to the house whose number he had erased from his blotting-pad an hour before. It did not seem wise for him, in the circumstances, to stand long before the house examining it; but all the windows were dark. So, he decided, there had been no alarm about the shot.

The lock of the street door turned noiselessly to his key, and on the inside he eased the latch softly into place. Then he felt his way slowly along the dark hall, using his little pocket flashlight only when he was at the far end, near the door of the back-parlor. There

was a queer smell in the house, a stale<sup>1</sup>ness, and his resentment of that smeled<sup>2</sup> for Nora helped somehow to steady his nerves; but he waited a few seconds before using the second key, the large and clumsy one.

Inside the room at last, he relocked the door carefully behind him. The room was dark, but he could see chinks of light here and there round the thick portières which divided the back-parlor in which he stood from the inside alcove-bedroom. He heard the purring of that gas flame.

So! Cutler was *in there!*

Moving cautiously, he felt his way at every step, having in mind that missing revolver.

Yes, he would look for it in this room first. Better light the gas. There would be nothing unusual in a bright window at night, while the wavering of a flashlight . . .

He scratched a match and found the chandelier. As the gas caught, revealing the room, with a glance he took in its crude ugliness—the upholstery, red velvet moldy with the uncleanness of a straggling retreat of casual tenants; the tawdry chromo over the mantel, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths;" those gaudily figured portières. And she had spoken of worse places, said they would not have had those two rooms if Cutler had not found a job a fortnight ago—though he lost it again. The father could feel Nora's memories, layer behind layer—flittings by night, tasteless food, hunger, humiliation. They gave him courage as he hunted for the revolver, for if he found it in *this* room . . .

But it was not there, for he even looked under the rickety sofa and under the chairs.

Then he reached up and turned out the light, leaving everything precisely as before.

For half a minute he stood there, before those portières. Then he drew one of them toward him, passed quickly through, and let it fall again into place.

In the bright light of the bedroom he was startled by the reflection of himself, in the mirror of the bureau straight before him, six feet away, across the huddled space—himself, pale, steely-eyed, but vital with excitement.

At the right, between him and the bureau, the feet of the dead man dragged on the carpet. He saw the rusty shoes, the frayed edge of the trousers. Pity clutched his throat. The man was lying face upward, *across* the bed, as he must have fallen.

Daggett was utterly still. Then he drew a deep breath, and searched the floor around him with his eyes.

There was no sign of the revolver.

Then with a quick circular glance from where he stood, he searched the white surface of the counterpane round the form there—turning away his eyes when he came to the great red stain. The revolver was not on the bed.

"She's put it somewhere," he thought, "where it might seem to have fallen naturally."

He looked for the dead man's right hand—it was hanging off the edge of the bed, over the pillow.

"Of course."

Daggett moved nearer, and with his pocket flashlight searched the carpet between the bureau and the bed. There was a glint of steel . . . yes, the revolver was there.

Slowly—very slowly—he drew himself to his full height. And there he stood—pondering. Yes, now the problem *was* Orson Daggett. He would have to decide what to do, and quickly.

His wandering eyes observed a tin clock on the mantel, a cheap nickel watch, a large crumpled handkerchief, a fountain pen, some loose papers.

At sight of the *papers* he took a step, almost touching those inert legs.

Leaning over, he saw writing in ink on the back of an old envelope—the unmistakable small handwriting of his former secretary. Then he read the words Ralph Cutler must have penned a moment before his death:

Angry women speak the truth, Nora. Thanks for blurting out just now what you really feel about our life, and about me. Thanks for what you said—because it lets me out. You'll be better off, anyway. Of course, you'll be sorry, but don't blame yourself too much, my girl. You didn't *mean* to say it, I know. You've been game all through—much too good for a fellow like me. Here's that ticket to Brooklyn. Glad I had it in my pocket.

In her terror Nora must have snatched up the subway ticket, and she had not even seen the letter.

Daggett just staggered back, and sank down on a chair by the wall.

"Why . . . my God! The man killed himself, then!"

He was shocked—bewildered.

"But that's what Nora told me!"

As he stared into nothingness, another thought tore through him:

"Why, I committed the murder *for* her—in my mind!"

He began to tremble.

"Committed a felony—then compounded the felony—in my mind . . . I'll never go into Court again! . . . But the Carhart case, coming up for trial on the twentieth . . . Oh, I can't! . . . no . . . I can't. I'll turn the case over . . . I want to go away . . . take Nora with me . . . China, Calcutta."

Into his stunned consciousness came the hissing of the gas over the bed.

Staggering to his feet, he stood there, looking down at the dead man.

Mystery . . . motives . . . the *why* . . .

He held his breath. He must go over to the station and see the Captain. That letter there—oh, that was proof absolute of the only thing the Captain would want to know!

He turned away, lifted the portière, and passed through, into the outer room. Feeling his way, he sat down for a moment on the sofa.

"Yes . . . because I wanted to kill Cutler myself, I thought . . ."

And there, alone in the darkness, he covered his face with his hands and cried like a child.



# The Eliots' Katy

BY MARGARET DELAND

## PART III

### CHAPTER VII

CLARISSA did not see her mother again before she went in September to a Normal School in the eastern part of the State. She wrote to Katy, telling her that she had been able to save, out of her wages as bookkeeper at the "Emporium," such and such a sum over and above what she had paid Mrs. Jones for board, so that now she need only ask her mother for half of her railroad fare to Ebbenstown.

It was a more than usually cold letter. In the weeks before she started upon her glorious adventure of the higher education, that miserable last visit to the Eliots' kitchen was constantly in her mind—and her mother's vulgar question about a "feller," and her servility to her betters, and her rough warning about hell. The respectful, almost awed, way in which Katy had said that Lissy might "peek at our company," was an unforgettable humiliation; "as if," Clarissa thought, posting her ledger in a little glass and iron cage in the back of the Emporium, "as if they were any better than anybody else!" It was the true American rage, which resents the possibility of there being any "betters!" Lissy felt her very ears burn with anger. Yet, in spite of her anger, she was vaguely ashamed; "When I graduate," she told herself, "and begin to teach, I'll pay back every dollar she's spent on me!" And as her pen entered many "dollars" in her ledger, her mind was saying, hotly, "Thank Heaven, I won't have to go to Old Chester for almost a year!" (Katy had agreed that there was to be no return to Mercer for term vacations—nobody had money to waste on traveling!)

"But I suppose I'll have to see her next summer . . . 9.50 . . . 6.00 . . . 15.80 . . . No. Maybe I can find some work in Ebbenstown. I'll try to. . . 1.50 . . . 7.90 9.40. . . Well, anyhow, I'll not have to see her eat for ten months!" More charges for hats—stockings—dresses—just such things as Katy had toiled for eighteen years to provide for her darling—things which might have equaled (had they been entered on that page in the ledger) such and such a total in dollars. But in some invisible book in Lissy's mind were other entries: a missing tooth, broken nails, gross physical habits—entries of uglinesses equaling such and such a total of unendurable mortification. There were no entries, anywhere, of tears and sweat and toil, for love's sake; things which, added up, equaled the total of a baby's board, a girl's education, a woman's life of opportunity and joy. . . .

It was with a sense of flight and escape that, in September, Katy's child went, as did Marion Eliot, to the State Normal School, where, as Katy said, she was to be "learned to be a lady teacher." During the next three years she did not have to see her mother, for she found some employment in Ebbenstown during the summer vacations. She wrote bleak letters to Katy, who listened to them from Mrs. Eliot's lips in silent ecstasy. Her letters to Mrs. Jones (which were passed on to Katy) were more intimate but rather condescending. In the last year Lissy had come near enough to an understanding of refinement to feel the vulgarity of pretense, so she found Mrs. Jones—once so infinitely her mother's superior—less completely satisfactory. Mrs. Jones's grammar offended her, and the imitation lace and the loud-smelling

toilet soaps made her uneasy. Yet (though she could not feel Katy's spiritual beauty) Lissy remembered the eighteen years of friendly instruction as to style and politeness, and she knew that all those pretentious aspirations for her marked the peak of Mrs. Jones's aspirations for herself. So, in writing to her, Lissy was not cold—merely patronizing. When she, was in the twenties—a frail, rather sad-looking girl, “wiser and weaker” than her mother—she was not only what we call “educated,” she was also intelligent—a not too frequent result of our methods of teaching the Youth of our beloved land! But Clarissa was really scholarly. Marion, in her letters to her father and mother, said, frankly, that she was far ahead of *her*! When Ruth read this cheerful confession to Lissy's mother, poor Katy was torn between pride for one girl, and loud defense of the other: “Miss Marion is as smart as any of 'em!”—which was a mistake of loyalty, for later Marion's diploma trembled in the balance.

In Clarissa's third year, however, Katy had some anxious moments. In a merry letter from Marion to Professor Eliot came some wonderful news: “A young man—Dick Wood—is making eyes at Lissy. He's quite nice, and his family are the swells of the place, because ever so long ago the father ‘struck oil.’ The mother makes me think of Katy's friend, Mrs. Jones; but she's rich, so she's worse. Lissy and I met him at a reception at the President's house—and he's gone on Lissy—who doesn't seem *quite* stony-hearted.”

This cryptic phrase, translated to Katy (other phrases being judiciously omitted), brought an anxious look into her placid face. “Do ye think, mum,” she said, “'e's Lissy's feller?”

“Well,” Ruth said, much amused, “it looks that way, Katy.”

Katy shook her head; “Oh, mum, I wisht I'd got learned to write!”

“Why, I'll write all you want to say to Lissy,” Ruth said, surprised.

But Katy shook her head, and went back to her kitchen in silence. It was a week before she came to the point of telling Mrs. Eliot what was in her mind. “I 'ave to ask you to write it,” she said, a little sadly; “because I've got to be tellin' 'er she must be careful, mum, if she 'as a feller. She's that innocent—she must be careful. If you please to write it out, mum.”

Ruth, startled at the candor of such maternal solicitude, remonstrated. “Why, Katy, I have no doubt, from what Marion says, that Mr. Wood is a fine young man, and if he and Lissy have fallen in love—”

“Mrs. Eliot,” Katy said, “if I may make bold to say so, you don't understand young women in our station; neither did Lady Clarissy. She talked lovely about 'ell—real elegant! But she didn't know—” Katy looked at her lady, and smiled, a little humorously; “an' neither do you, me love—the way things come to us. Kind o' car'less. Maybe if me lady had talked *that*, to us . . . Well, never mind! She did fine with 'ell—I h'ain't ever told a lie. But I want you to tell Lissy that Miss Marion 'as let on to us that she 'as a feller; then write it out: she must be careful. Tell 'er, mamma knows, because—mamma wasn't never married.”

“Oh, but Katy!” Ruth protested, horrified.

Clarissa's mother made a noble gesture. “Stop, Mrs. Eliot, mum. Lissy's feller is a gentleman; but oh, mum, there's lots of gentlemen that is men. An' so you'll be tellin' Lissy. You know, mum, when I was lettin' on to you, first, about me 'avin' a child, I was kind o' simple. Do you mind how simple I was? I didn't care—*then*. Most of us work-ouse girls 'ad their babies. But livin' with you, I got learned. Oh, I've cried, mum, in me bed at night, for fear Miss Myggie'd be knowin' about me—she up in 'eaven, lookin' into me 'eart! Or, if she wasn't knowin', now, when I got to 'eaven (an' I *will* get there, for I h'ain't never told a wrong story in me life) I'd



'ave to let on to 'er—'ow I'd acted bad. Oh, mum, I've wept, thinkin' of that child, and then thinkin' shame of meself. So I made up me mind that if Lissy ever got a feller, I'd tell 'er '*Be careful.*' So, if you please, mum, say: 'Momma is warnin' you; momma wasn't married.'"

Before such dignity Ruth Eliot was helpless. She wrote to Lissy with great simplicity, and quoted Katy's words. She added that Katy's tenderness and love seemed to her completely beautiful; as for the fact: "I need not tell you," Ruth wrote, "that your dear mother is as good a woman as ever lived; when you were born, she was an innocent, ignorant child; it is part of that divine childlikeness that makes her now offer this pitiful sacrifice to you. That you and I believe it to be unnecessary does not lessen its nobility." Then Ruth Eliot broke into entreaty: "Oh, Lissy, be sweet to her; tell her it doesn't matter. I love your mother; her love for my little girl who died is one of the most precious things in my life. Tell her that you love her!"

This letter came, as letters often do, at the wrong moment. Lissy, as Marion had discerned, was not indifferent to the "quite nice young man"; on the contrary, he had brought into her poor little heart—which was growing so arid under the parching, withering winds of mortification—a gush of the dewy freshness of love. He really was an attractive youngster (the oil wells were sufficiently remote to make him only rather consciously "refined"); but just why he fell in love with Lissy—sad, shrinking, silent Lissy—nobody knows. Perhaps it was the sadness, and shyness, and silence. Certainly, he was none of these things himself! He was entirely self-assured, and cheerful with the loud consciousness of success. Lissy's soft hazel eyes, coupled with what he called her "tall talk" about books, religion, philosophy (Youth's usual effervescence, so impressive to listening Youth!) had made young Wood say, the very first time he saw her, "*I'm going to marry*

*that girl.*" When he confided his intention to Lissy herself she could not speak for a minute or two.

It was in the spring vacation; all of the girls who could afford it had gone home for the holidays. Marion, when she left for Old Chester, had dropped a teasing word: "I'm going to tell your mother to begin to make the wedding cake, Lissy." Clarissa blushed, and said "Nonsense!"—but the silly words made her very happy; "but if he asks me I'll say 'No,'" she told herself, grimly. Then he came, with his shining new buggy ("buggy riding" was the way young men wooed in the seventies), and with his shining bay mare, and with his shining, laughing eyes; and they were hardly out of sight of houses before, on a quiet country road, he put an impetuous arm round her, drove with one hand, and "asked" her.

"Lissy," he said, "I loved you the minute I saw you! You've got to marry me. *Please, Lissy.*"

At first she said she wouldn't, and then she said she couldn't, and then she said, "It's out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question?"

"Because I—we are—I mean I am—as poor as can be, and—"

He shouted with laughter: "Did you think I was marrying you for your money? You darling! the Wood family isn't bound for the poorhouse! You write home and tell *your* family they're invited to the wedding the day you graduate."

"I haven't any family," she said.

"All over in England, I suppose?" he said—she had told him she was English.

She said she didn't know—she supposed so. "I know I was named for Lady Clarissa Shotwell," she said (the satisfaction of saying that made the color come into her face).

He said, "'Lady Clarissa!' Mother'll be at your feet. An aristocratic daughter-in-law—"

"Oh, but I'm not aristocratic!" she said, distractedly.

"It's all the same to me," he assured



"BUGGY RIDING" WAS THE WAY YOUNG MEN WOODED IN THE SEVENTIES

her. "Mother's the only snob in our family. Say, 'yes,' Lissy—say 'yes,' you darling!"

"Please, *please*, stop," she said, her face twitching with pain; "I can't marry you. It isn't just that I'm poor; but I—your father and mother are—fine people, and I'm just—I mean my relations are . . . not like yours."

"Thank God!" young Richard said; "I'd be glad to see all my uncles hanged. They have half our stock, and are nuisances at stockholders' meetings. And two of them are as common as mud! You should hear their grammar. My youngest uncle isn't so bad—he's been to college. But the other two—*oh*, Lord! Mother has a fit when they visit us, for fear any of the professors' wives will call. That's why I say your 'Lady Clarissa' will warm the cockles of her heart."

Clarissa did not laugh, as he meant her to. "I was only named after that English lady; she isn't any relation—at least, I never heard that she was. And my mother is—is—" Her throat contracted with the effort to tear some sort of truth out of her pounding, sinking heart; "my mother is very plain. She is a . . . housekeeper."

"Well," the young man said (with a quick, uncomfortable recollection of the 'snob,' "I won't tell her!" he thought). "What difference does that make?" he said, boldly.

"She isn't—highly educated," Lissy said, very low.

"What do I care! Lissy! Listen: do you love me?"

"Why, yes, but—"

"Hold on! That's all I wanted to know. We'll be married on the twenty-third of June! That's Commencement,



isn't it? Well, we'll 'commence'—you and I! (Mother can go to thunder!" he thought.) "As you haven't any family in Old Chester, we'll be married here," he told her; "of course, your mother'll come on for the wedding!" Then he broke into eager lovemaking, "Say 'yes,' Lissy, you darling!"

Well, she finally said it. I suppose she saw in his love a haven of refuge from Mary Jones's tenement . . . and the Eliot's kitchen! But also, she loved him; and there really was, through this whole experience, an anguished desire on her part to be honest with him. So she *tried* to tell him about Katy; but her terror at the possibility of losing him was greater than her honesty, so she told the truth—that her mother was "plain"—but she did not say how "plain." "I needn't tell him how she—acts. And he need never see her!" Her mind galloped ahead to discover ways to prevent his seeing her; reasons for never going to Old Chester with him; reasons for never asking Katy to come to Ebbenstown! She even juggled with her conscience (and with that fear of untruth instilled by her mother) by saying, "It would be unkind to her to tell him about her grammar, and her manners!" So, even while she was listening to his outpourings she was thinking, "I'm sure I can manage it so that they'll never meet!" . . . However, all that tragic futility of cowardice is Lissy's story. This is only the story of the Eliots' Katy. . . .

The warning letter Katy had dictated reached Lissy the very day that she said "yes." When she read it, she was so <sup>stunned</sup> that Ruth Eliot's plea that she <sup>should</sup> and honor the Love and should love <sup>her</sup> soul made not the Honor of Katy's <sup>on</sup> her. It was slightest impression upon of shame. all an overwhelming dismay. "Oh, I won't tell him *that*!" "I won't let him know she was—bad. I can't—I can't!" She was so crushed by the confession in Katy's warning words that the warning itself, which she called an "insult," became only another repulsive thing about her mother. She did not

answer the letter for a week. When she did, she made no allusion to the "warning." She wrote to Mrs. Eliot direct; she asked her to say to Katy that she "expected to marry Mr. Richard Wood on the twenty-third of June. Please tell mother . . ." Here she paused, shivering; "if she says she will come to the wedding, I—I won't marry him," she said; the mere thought was horror! "Tell mother," she wrote, in frantic effort to protect herself, "that, of course, she mustn't *think* of coming on; the journey would be too expensive."

The reading of that letter to Katy was an experience Ruth Eliot never forgot. She was, of course, deeply displeased at Lissy, but she was also frightened, because of the pain that she must inflict upon Katy. . . . There was no pain at all! As Ruth read, doing her best to put warmth into the frigid words, Katy turned white with joy. She could not speak; she stood clutching at the kitchen table, just as she had stood that night when she had listened to that other letter which had made her run madly out into the zero darkness.

"Married?" she said; "Lissy! And to a *gentleman*? Oh, mum! Oh, mum!" She dropped down into a chair, hiding her face on her arms on the table. Ruth knew she cried. "My Lissy! Oh, mum—"

Ruth, with a kind arm round the big shoulders, laughed. "Katy! don't cry! I shouldn't cry if Marion were in love with a nice young man."

"Mum," said Katy, looking up, her eyes agonized with joy, "you would. It's grand—but a mother knows. You wait till Miss Marion gets married an' goes off from you. Oh, but I'm proud, though! . . . Lissy don't want me to spend the money to come to the wedding? Well, now, h'ain't that thoughtful in her! Girls h'ain't that way, often. 'Course I'm goin'. Mary an' me'll go to that weddin' if we walk! But we won't walk," she said, wagging her head with the rough swagger of pride; "I'll take

money out of the bank, an' pay our fares! I'll treat Mary. Please, mum, write to 'er, an' tell 'er the news. We'll surprise Lissy, 'er an' me. We won't tell 'er we're comin'. And, Mrs. Eliot, don't be lettin' on to Miss Marion; we'll surprise 'er, too. We'll just go walkin' in, an' I'll say, 'Lissy, me love, nothin' could keep me from you!' And then I'll give me other girl a big 'ug and kiss." . . .

"I think you better tell Lissy you are coming," Ruth urged.

But Katy had made up her mind. "No, me love. Don't mention it to 'em, if you please. Oh, Mrs. Eliot, I could die, now, from pleasure."

"*Nunc dimittis!*" said Professor Eliot, listening to his wife's account of this supreme moment.

"Apparently," Ruth said, "it never occurred to her that Lissy's marriage puts an end to her dream of the time when they could live together and Lissy would teach school."

"More pelican business," Professor Eliot said, blowing his nose with unnecessary vigor. "Ruth, if this young man is a gentleman, he may appreciate Katy; if he isn't, he won't, and—well, when I am President I shall have a law passed forbidding any young man to marry Marion unless he sees what a noble soul

lurks under my rude exterior. Dear, do tell Marion to break it to Lissy that her mother is coming. The child really should be warned!"

Ruth shook her head. "No; Katy doesn't want me to."

"But, Ruth, consider! It will be an awful shock to Lissy. I can see Katy 'walkin' in!' Let Marion sort of prepare her."

But Katy's lady was firm. "Katy trusts me," she said.

"Well," Professor Eliot said, "I think you're wrong; but for heaven's sake, when Katy goes to this confounded wedding, do see that she's properly dressed! Poor Lissy has some rights."

No one was more anxious that she should be "properly dressed" for Lissy's wedding than was Katy herself, and her humble desire for guidance made it easy to eliminate things for which she wildly planned during the next three proud months. For the first time in all her years in the Eliot family Katy neglected her work. Her mistress would find her standing at the wash tub, her hands motionless in the soapy water; or the cake would burn in the oven, or the coffee boil over on the stove. . . .

*Her Lissy, a lady, was going to marry a gentleman.*

Of course, the coffee boiled over! . . .





And, of course, she would wear anything her mistress wanted her to, so as not to be shamin' the child! "A *plain* bunnit, mum? Me own judgment, fer weddin', would be pink—an' a nice plume. May-be blue? But you know best. . . . You don't like me brooch? It's 'andsome, mum. It cost me a quarter. Well, if you say no, I'd just as lief not. Oh, Mrs. Eliot, I am so fearful of shamin' Lissy on 'er weddin' day! I'll wear whatever you say, mum."

Once, in those weeks before the wedding, Ruth Eliot, passing the kitchen door, saw Katy standing before the calendar that hung between the windows, marking off the days which brought her nearer to the great Day—the twenty-third of June. Over and over, after the fashion of a simple mind, she would repeat her plans to her lady: "I'll go to Mercer on the afternoon stage on Monday; an' I'll stay the night at Mary Jones; then me an' 'er'll take the Tuesday mornin' train, an' we'll git to Ebbestown that evenin'; an' we'll find a boardin' 'ouse. Then, the next day, we'll go to Lissy's feller's church. I'm glad 'e's pious. You can see that by 'is goin' to church. Mary Jones will 'ave grand clothes, you see if she don't! Lissy'll be proud of Mary's clothes. Oh, won't she be surprised when she sees us walkin' in! An' Miss Marion!—well, she'll gimme the 'ug! An' then Lissy'll make 'er gentleman acquainted with 'er momma—an' Mary Jones. She loves Mary next best to me."

Katy had not much upon which to base her trusting forecasts of her daughter's joy. Marion's letters had told the family the day, the place, and the hour of the wedding; but Clarissa's were little more than the reiterated command: "Don't think of coming!" Katy, unbetrayed by her lady ("She has a right to her own plans," Ruth told her husband stoutly); had given no hint of what was going to happen; so, as the day drew near, Lissy ceased to be apprehensive; but she was miserably ashamed of herself, and her shame made

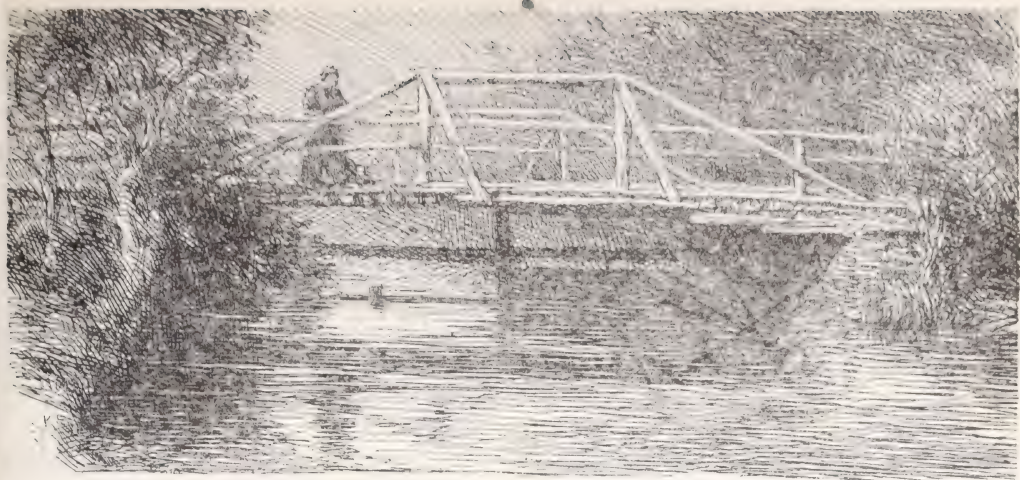
her more than usually reluctant to ask her mother for "a little money—for my wedding dress. I will pay it back as soon as I can," she wrote. As it happened, this letter crossed one from Katy containing some money which was to be used (so Mrs. Eliot said) for this very purpose. "Pay me back?" Katy said, proudly, when Lissy's embarrassed letter was read to her; "well! If I can't buy me own child's weddin' dress, I'm in a bad way! An' I *h'ain't* in a bad way! Look at me savin' in the bank!"

Considering those savings, it was a little hard that poor Ruth should have been reproached by her own indignant daughter. "Lissy says" Marion wrote, "that Katy isn't coming to the wedding! I think that's perfectly awful! I think you and father ought to give her the money to come!"

After this filial rebuke, it took, Ruth said, the grace of God to keep her from expressing her opinion to Lissy! But the grace of God did even more than that for Mrs. Eliot; it enabled her to write a not too cold letter to Katy's child, asking her to come, on her wedding journey, to Old Chester and "visit her mother." Lissy replied politely that unfortunately she couldn't accept Mrs. Eliot's kind invitation, because she and Mr. Wood were going East for their wedding trip. She was sorry, she said, not to have replied more promptly, but she had been so very busy finishing her valedictory—"Civilization and the Symbolism of Gothic Art."

Professor Eliot threw up his hands. "'Gothic Art!' Do you suppose she has ever had the faintest glimpse of a Gothic soul—with a shawl over its head?"

Katy, however, marking off the days on the kitchen calendar, was not aware of the beauty of her soul, nor of the brevity of her girl's letters. Her one thought was of Lissy's happiness, and her own determination "not to shame her." And at last the day came for her to set out. . . . She was to spend the night with Mary Jones, about whose presence at the wedding there was, unhappily, some doubt, because the good



"I STARTED IN THE EVENIN', AND COME ALONG SLOW AND PLEASANT"

Mrs. Jones had been laid up with rheumatism. "I 'ope she can go!" Katy told her lady, anxiously, "because she is so stylish; *she'd* never be shamin' Lissy—like I might 'ave, if you 'adn't fixed me up, mum," she said, her sweet eyes full of gratitude for Ruth's ruthlessness about feathers and breastpins. There had been a little difference of opinion between them as to whether Katy, to save money, should not take the long trudge into Mercer, barefoot, and lugging her carpet bag; but Ruth pointed out that the dust would spoil the "plain bunnit"; and then Professor Eliot settled it by ordering the stage to stop, and paying Katy's fare. So she started off, with a large, damp package in her hand—"It's a box of Miss Myggie's Bride roses for Lissy to wear on 'er buzzom," she explained to Maggie's mother; "it will be like 'avin' me little Myggie there with me!"

"The supreme moment!" Professor Eliot said, as he and Ruth stood watching the stage tug up the road, Katy smiling and nodding at them from the back window; "how few of us," he meditated, "see of the travail of our souls, and are satisfied!"

That was the twenty-first. On the morning of the twenty-third, Lissy's

wedding day—a June morning of dew and wings and blossoming hayfields—just at breakfast time, when Ruth Eliot was doing all the things Katy had sternly instructed her must be done "*just right*, for the master's breakfast—and mind ye, no lumps in the porridge!" some one came up the path, and, smiling, opened the kitchen door. It was Katy.

"I didn't go, mum," she said.

She was perfectly matter-of-course about it, even laughing at Ruth's alarmed and questioning amazement. "Well, mum," she explained, "I thought it over on the stage; I'd been eneasay for a day or two—thinkin'. An' then I talked to Mary Jones—Mary couldn't go—she's stiff with rheumatiz—she's got to move, 'er place is so damp. An' she told me so many things I must do for manners, bobbin' round among Lissy's feller's folks—that I got en-easier and en-easier. And confused in me mind. I got nervous, mum. So I thought it over, an' I says, 'Mary, *you* would be real elegant and fashionable; to look at you, folks would almost take you fer a lady. You know manners,' I told 'er. And Mary says, 'Yes, I do,' she says. 'But I can't just put 'em on,' I says; 'they fall off me when I h'ain't thinkin'. They h'ain't natural to me,' I told 'er. An' so I says—the tears



stood suddenly in the smiling hazel eyes—"I says, 'Maybe I'd better not go? It would be crool to shame Lissy.' An' Mary says, 'Well,' she says, 'if I could go along with you, it would be all right; I could keep you from doin' vulgar things before Lissy's feller's grand people.' 'But you can't,' I says; 'so I won't go.' Well, at first Mary wouldn't 'ave it. She cried—kind o' sorry fer what she'd said—an' she says, 'Oh, never mind,' she says; 'go! Keep your nose in the air, an' go! Yer 'er mother!' An' I says, 'No, I won't.' An' I walked 'ome, mum; I started in the evenin', an' come along slow an' pleasant. It was lovely walkin'—lookin' at the stars. Oh, mum, I thought of that night I looked at 'em when she was—maybe dyin'! I set down once by the river, an' et me cold sausages Mary put up fer me; an' I 'eard the water runnin'. Pretty! An' I thought of Lissy—gettin' married. Oh, mum, it was 'eaven!" She bit her trembling lip. Then she laughed; and the exalted look faded into happy shrewdness. "I was glad to save the price of the stage; I'll 'ave to be buyin' a christenin' dress fer me grandchild next year! But I wouldn't shame the bride," she said.

"Katy," Ruth said, swallowing hard, "I don't believe *any* mother ever loved her child as you love Lissy! Ashamed of you? She'll be proud of you! Any girl would be proud of such a mother!"

"I was sorry," Katy said, "not to get Miss Myggie's Bride roses to her. They wilted, some; but I put 'em in water at Mary Jones's. She said they smelled 'eavenly."

Then Ruth Eliot cried outright. "I can't *bear* it that you should be so disappointed!"

But Katy, her own face twitching, would not let her cry. "There, there, me love! Why, it's nothin' at all. I wasn't 'disappointed,' because, when I got to thinkin', I didn't *want* to go. There h'ain't no 'disappointment' when you don't want a thing; an' Miss Marion will be writin' us all about it! But when

they get back from their weddin' tower, I'll go, if you give me lief, to visit 'em. I want to see me son," she said, proudly.

## CHAPTER VIII

That summer, after the wedding, Katy so ached to see her girl that twice she asked Mrs. Eliot to write Lissy that she would come and visit her on such and such a date; but, curiously enough, each time that she set a day a telegram arrived explaining that Lissy was "so sorry," but it was "not convenient."

"H'ain't it funny," Katy said, disappointedly, "that I just 'it on the wrong time fer 'er? I couldn't go in July, with me early preservin' to do; but I thought August would be all right—before peach-butter time. I can't go in September—Mary Jones will be 'untin' fer a tenelement, an' movin', and I'd be in the way. So I'll go, if you'll give me lief, mum, the first of October, after I get our curtains made over."

It was at these times of postponement that Katy's regret for her illiteracy became actual pain. She loved her lady, and Marion was like another child to her, and little Myggie was waiting for her in Heaven; yet, after all, these beloveds were not her very own. Rooted in that primal reticence of hers were sweet privacies of maternity, which were only for Lissy. She longed to speak certain words of counsel to her girl—but she could not write them, and they must not be written by anyone else! And she believed that there were young secrecies which Lissy wanted to write to her—but she could not read them, and they must not be read, even by Mrs. Eliot!—"things about 'er gentleman 'usband, an' if 'e's good to 'er, or if 'e's too fond of 'is glass, an' whether 'er mother-in-law treats 'er good—I'll tear the eyes out of 'er 'ead, if she don't! Lissy can't be lettin' on about 'is family to Mrs. Eliot; 'twouldn't be proper be-'aved to do that. Oh, I *wisht* I could read and write—so long as Lissy h'ain't let to invite me!" . . . "I believe," she

told Ruth, "it's 'is mother 'as stopped 'er from 'avin' company—fer I know the child's longin' fer me. The old lady's afraid I'll eat too much," Katy said, contemptuously; "that's the way with some rich folks—they look at every mouthful you take. Well, she needn't worry. I can pay for a meal's victuals—look at me savin's in the bank!"

But as she could not go to see her girl, there was nothing for it but to be satisfied with Lissy's infrequent letters—and with the hope of that October visit. "But don't tell 'er I'm lottin' on it," Katy warned Mrs. Eliot; "I h'ain't goin' to give 'is mother the chance to make my child feel small by sayin', another time, that it 'h'ain't convenient!" Say, mum, I'd like to let 'er know she h'ain't the only person with money. I wonder, when I see 'er, could I 'old me bank book in me 'and and, kind o' careless—like you do your ticket case, when you go out callin'?"

The balance in Katy's bank book had increased slightly of late, because Lissy had begun that "paying back" she had so long promised herself. Her "dootifulness," as her mother called it (her mother, who had never, in all Lissy's life, done one single thing for her from a sense of "duty!")—Lissy's "paying back" made Katy very happy. "It isn't every girl would do it," she told her lady proudly; "but she'd ought to be keepin' it in 'er own pocket. Even if she *is* livin' grand in 'is mother's 'ouse (where she can't invite 'er mother to visit 'er), she'd ought to 'ave 'er own spendin' money, fer young mothers need lots of beer. Well," she admitted, a little sheepishly—for Lissy's letters had not indicated any need of beer—"never mind! She will, sometime. So this 'ere money of 'ers will just go into the bank. She'll get it back, one of these days. Well, she's been a good daughter to me, h'ain't she?—an' look at the letters she writes to me now!" She was placidly certain that Lissy's unwillingness to have Mrs. Eliot know her private affairs accounted for the brevity of those letters

and the absence of any intimate information in them. Curiously enough, the nearest approach to intimacy was once when Lissy asked for information for herself: "Was that English lady," Lissy wrote, "for whom I was named, any relation to me?"

When Ruth read that, Katy doubled up with laughter. "Me lady—a *relation*? Well, h'ain't Lissy simple? Me, a work-'ouse girl, an' me lady a grand lady!"

So Ruth wrote back that Katy said that, so far as she knew, she, Katy, had no relatives at all in England; and as for Lady Clarissa—Katy could hardly speak for laughing. "Tell 'er, mum, me lady h'ain't any more relation to me than the Queen is!"

Ruth, telling Professor Eliot about Clarissa's question, said, with a puzzled look, "Jim, do you suppose poor Lissy is trying to hold up her end with Mr. Wood's relations? Marion said that his mother was a terrible climber!"

Her guess was correct. But Katy, chuckling all that day at the wash tub or the stove, over the humor of her child's question, did not see its possible significance. Yet it lay in her mind, at first because it was so ridiculous; then with slowly growing wonder as to why it had been asked; and by and by, with a glimmer of understanding: Lissy was a lady, an' she'd be wantin' 'is family to think she was as good as they was, an' they *would* think so if she 'ad grand relations at 'ome—"grander," Katy knew, "than any of these 'ere American people!" Yes; she believed she knew why Lissy had asked that foolish question, and she wished she could tell her to keep her nose in the air, even if she wasn't a born lady. But when she suggested using this particular phrase in a letter to Lissy, Mrs. Eliot discouraged her. "I don't believe Lissy would like you to put it that way," Ruth advised, gently.

"If it wasn't a wrong story," Katy said, smiling, "I'd say, just fer fun, to please 'er, that she was me lady's cousin! But 'course I can't. But when



I visit 'er, I'll tell 'er to go on *bein'* a lady 'erself. Say, mum, h'ain't it as good to *make* yourself a lady, like Lissy 'as, as it is just to be one, like Lady Clarissy? It wasn't no credit to 'er to be a lady; she couldn't 'elp it." Ruth's friendly agreement made Katy so supremely happy that she was eager to share her discovery with Lissy; so she suddenly decided, though it was still September, that her visit should be no longer postponed. "I'll be goin' on Wednesday, an' I'll stay the night with Mary—I guess she's got moved by this time; the neighbors'll tell me where she's gone to. *She* won't say it 'h'ain't convenient!" As fer Lissy's lady mother-in-law, I won't give 'er the chance to say so," she told Ruth Eliot; "I won't be be'olden to 'er! I'll go to a boardin' 'ouse. If you please, mum, will you ask Lissy to find a boardin' place fer me?"

The first line of Ruth's note: "Your mother will arrive on Thursday; she will board somewhere if it is not convenient to have her with you" was such a shock to Lissy that the rest of the letter—"Please say to Mrs. Wood that Professor Eliot and I feel your mother to be our dear and honored friend"—was meaningless to her.

The letter gave Lissy only twenty-four hours' notice; for the very day she received it her mother started, carrying in her carpet bag gifts (selected, mercifully, by Mrs. Eliot) for the whole Wood family: a book for one, candy for another, and so on. "Me own judgment would be finery fer 'is mother," said Katy, resignedly; "lace, maybe. I could buy a yard at the store fer 'alf a dollar; real lace, it is. But you know best, mum. Mrs. Eliot, I suppose I'll be eatin' with the family—?"

"Well, I should hope so!" Ruth said, hotly; but Katy's mild surprise made her ashamed.

"There's nothing wrong with eatin' in a kitchen—if it's clean," she said; "an' I know me place. But Lissy'll be wantin' me with 'er every minute; that's why I

was askin'. Only—I *wisht* you'd learned me manners, mum."

"Your manners are all right!" Ruth encouraged her, but her heart sank.

So Katy started. She had hardly left the house before a despatch came from Lissy again "regretting" that it was "not convenient"—etc., etc. "What *am* I to do?" Ruth said. "I don't know Mrs. Jones's address, so I can't forward it to Katy. I'll just telegraph Lissy that she's on the way."

"What a coward she is!" Marion said, contemptuously.

It was only Professor Eliot who had any sympathy for the paltry and frantic terror which had prompted Lissy's telegram. "Do you know anybody who, under the circumstances, wouldn't be a coward?" he asked. "Of course, there is only one comfortable path for Lissy—the *truth*. If she had had the courage, in the first place, to flaunt Katy in the faces of these Woods, she wouldn't have a qualm now! Well, as I have before remarked, when I am President I shall do much to improve my country: I shall change the Declaration of Independence by cutting out the lie that we are all 'created equal,' and I will also add an Amendment to the Constitution to the effect that every family in this Land of the Free shall be obliged to bring out of its closet the American Skeleton, which is—the truth about its forebears! Then there won't be any more scared Lissys, because we shall know that the other fellow's closet is as full of bones as our own. I bet the Wood's skeleton is gristly! And, Marion, you will enjoy hearing *our* skeleton rattle, though I never kept it in a closet; I proclaimed upon the housetops the fact that when mamma and I were married, your blessed mother, being the wife of a poor man, did all the housework, *and* the washing!"

Katy, jogging along in the stage to Mercer, in the hazy September sunshine, did not know that she was her daughter's skeleton, and had no doubts as to her welcome—Lissy would be 'wantin' to be with 'er every minute!"



THE STAGE JOGGED ALONG IN THE HAZY SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE

She hunted up Mary Jones, and stopped over that night with her. Mary surveyed her clothes with meager approval. "The *stuff's* good," Mary admitted, rubbing Katy's skirt between a doubtful thumb and forefinger; "but mercy me! Couldn't you have some piping on the seams? Red, maybe, or green? And ain't you got a brooch to wear? I'll lend you mine."

"Mrs. Eliot thought it was more stylish for me not to," Katy said; "*she* knows, Mary. *She's* a lady, like our people at 'ome. It's folks like Mrs. Eliot an' me lady that don't need brooches—like us. I don't know but what I'm above me station, not wearin' 'em," she said simply.

"Well, don't make small of yourself," Mary warned her, anxiously; and the next morning, when Katy started for the haven where she would be—her daugh-

ter's waiting arms—Mrs. Jones's last words to her were, "Mind! Keep your nose in the air!" . . .

One can't help pitying Lissy; yes; no matter *how* cowardly one may think her, one must pity her, for she suffered. She suffered quite excruciatingly. She had had three months of living with her husband's people, and she knew exactly how Katy would affect Mrs. Wood, Sr.—a vulgar, ambitious, irritably timid woman, whose adoration of "the proper thing" was as acute as it was relatively recent. I suppose it would be only fair to Lissy to give that side of the situation. But this isn't the story of *her* soul! It's enough to say that she had put the happiness of her whole future in jeopardy by having a secret from her husband, who, Marion always said, would, after the first shock, have swallowed Katy with good-natured roars of laughter, and,



by and by, with true appreciation of the dear heart of her. But, instead of trusting him, Lissy, terrified, refrained from telling him (and, of course, his family) any details whatever of Katy—the knife blade (of the past; Katy had long since achieved a fork); the dear shawled head, subdued to the inappropriate “bunnet”; the bare feet for summer sense and comfort; the absent English h’s, the grammar, to which had been added every nasal Americanism of Mercer and Old Chester; the loud, merry, guffawing laughter. Lissy had not told him these things—nor had she told him of the love that had suffered long and was kind; that was not easily provoked; that envied not, and vaunted not itself, nor was puffed up; and that rejoiced in Truth!

When the letter came, announcing Katy’s imminence, Lissy had hurried to the telegraph office and sent her scotching message: “Not convenient!” But Mrs. Eliot’s reply, which arrived late at night, saying that Katy would appear the next day, brought her face to face with the Inevitable Moment. . . . Unless—oh, Katy’s own suggestion: *a boarding house?* Clarissa knew of one, kept by a Mrs. Baker—if she could get a room there? She lay awake all that night, her heart pounding in her throat, her whole body tense with the desire for dawn, so that she could rush out to Mrs. Baker’s, and arrange for a hiding place! If she could do that, all the hideously mortifying contingencies which she had been picturing to herself during the last six months would be at least postponed. She could shut her mother up in the boarding house—but she must not tell Mrs. Baker who “Mrs. McGrath” was! If she did that, Mrs. Baker would gossip. . . . So, very carefully, she thought it out, lying there wide-eyed, and seeing the dawn come grayly against the window. As far as the boarding house went, it was all simple enough. She would say, “Mrs. McGrath is a *housekeeper* in the family of a friend of mine.” (The noble word, ‘servant,’ had never been

spoken, even in Lissy’s mind.) A housekeeper; “and—and—she took care of me when I was little.” Not a lie. Both statements were fairly exact. Her real difficulty would be to make Katy make the same statements. Would her mother call herself a “housekeeper”? Would she say she had been young Mrs. Wood’s “nurse”? Lissy realized, with panic, that under such circumstances it is necessary for two people to tell the same truth—or the same lie! Could she depend upon Katy (who had never told a lie in her life) to refrain from telling the truth? “I’ll *make* her,” Lissy thought, frantically.

With all this misery of uncertainty, Lissy, when she met her mother at the railroad station, was so white that, for a moment, Katy was frightened, instead of happy. Then happiness flooded back in passionately maternal hope: “Darlin’, yer gashly white! Oh, Lissy, is it—*is* it—?”

“Please,” Lissy said, breathless, “let me straighten your bonnet, it’s—dreadful!” It was—having slipped back until it almost rested on her shoulders.

Katy, laughing loudly to keep her eyes from brimming over with a love that was diamond-bright with tears, said, “Well, h’ain’t you the great girl to look after yer momma! Yes, straighten it, me love, an’ thank you kindly. If I’d wore me shawl, it wouldn’t a’ slipped. . . . No, no; don’t you be touchin’ that carpet bag—” (there were no red-caps in those days); “a young married lady mustn’t be luggin’ bags. Lissy, where’s yer ’usband?”

Lissy, hurrying her down the platform to bury her in a cab, said, “I didn’t happen to tell him you were coming.” She hardly knew what she said; she had not seen her mother for nearly four years, and though she had thought she knew “the worst,” as she would have expressed it, the reality of Katy’s appearance, her language, laugh, illiteracy, absolutely overwhelmed her! If Mrs. Wood, Sr.—if the academic society of the small college town—if Richard himself, should

see Katy and hear her,—“I’d die!” Lissy thought.

She hardly spoke as they drove to the boarding house; and once there, she rushed Katy upstairs so swiftly that her mother, hobbling in her shoes of love, was out of breath. But when Lissy opened the door of the room she had engaged Katy beamed with pleasure.

“Why, h’ain’t this fine!” she said, staring about in open-mouthed admiration, while Lissy, panting, tried to help her off with her coat. Katy, seeing her girl’s very apparent agitation, said, with a sweet, shrewd look, “Don’t be shy with mamma!” Then she sat down, and, laughing loudly, began to unbutton her boots. “I can’t live stylish *all* the time,” she said; “open me bag, an’ see the presents I’ve brought fer you all—yer ’usband an’ ’is father an’ mother—say, Lissy, *does she treat you good?* ’Course she’s a lady; but ladies h’ain’t always good to their sons’ wives, any more than we are. But I’ll fix ’er if she treats you mean! Tell mamma all about everything. That’s why I come—to see fer meself if all is well with ye.”

“Of course, it is,” Clarissa said; “but, mother, please don’t talk that way—I mean saying things like that about Dick’s mother.”

“That’s right!” Katy said, heartily; “stick up fer ’is folks to everybody—except mamma. You can tell mamma ’bout ’em. She’ll damn ’em well if they h’ain’t good to you. Lissy, them shoes ’bout killed me! Well, lovey,”—she was radiant with excited joy—“*open the bag!*”

Clarissa obeyed, speechlessly, and Katy’s happiness in taking out those poor little presents made her oblivious to the agony of her daughter’s silence. “That’s a book; it’s fer ’is mother. Mrs. Eliot gimme it out of the master’s study. ‘Po’ms’ she called it. She thought it was fine—an’ I didn’t ’ave to pay money fer it. An’ Mr. Eliot

gimme those cigars fer your father-in-law. Lissy, does *’e* treat you good? Men is more likely to, than women. Women is meaner ’an men. An’ then, fer yer ’usband, me dear,” her eyes brimmed, and she touched, very lovingly, a little package which Ruth Eliot’s tender hands had tied up with pretty ribbons; “I brought yer little letters, that you printed out when you was just learnin’. I h’ain’t never read ’em—poor mamma h’ain’t no reader! But many’s the time I’ve wore ’em in me buzzom, I was so proud of ’em! Yer ’usband must keep ’em careful—an’ give ’em to ’is first daughter. Fer your *son*,” she said, proudly, “I’ll spend money!”

“Mother,” Clarissa broke in; “I am going to ask you to be very careful at the table. Some of the professors board here, who are friends of ours; and—and if you wouldn’t mind eating properly . . .”



SHE GOT BACK TO MARY JONES LATE THAT NIGHT



"Oh," said Katy, cheerfully, "I don't mind. An' I use a fork fine now-a-days."

Lissy's heart beat so hard that her breath broke. "And, mother, perhaps you'll—not talk, very much? You see—your grammar is—I mean you don't speak as—my friends do."

"Tell me just what I h'ain't to say," Katy said.

"Oh," Lissy said, passionately, "don't say anything!"

"What," Katy said, bewildered; "you don't want me to speak *at all*? But that h'ain't manners, Lissy."

"I didn't mean exactly that," Lissy said; "but won't you just try to be—like other people?"

"But I h'ain't like 'em," Katy said, mildly. She was taking her little presents up and looking at them, and putting them down. Lissy had not noticed them. "This is fer you, me love," she said, and handed something to Lissy; "it's only sweetmeats, but—"

"Oh, thank you," said Lissy; "I am much obliged." Katy, in eager anticipation of her pleasure, watched her; but Lissy put the box down, unopened. "Mother," she stammered, "I—I told Mrs. Baker that you were Professor Eliot's housekeeper."

"Well, lately, it's about that," Katy said, gravely; "Mrs. Eliot h'ain't real well, and when Miss Marion's away I run our 'ouse best I can. I'm worried about me dear lady," Katy said. Then, more cheerfully, she dived down into her carpet bag and took out the sober best dress which Ruth Eliot had achieved for her. "Look at that fer style!"

Lissy looked, in cringing silence.

"Well!" said Katy, stroking the dress with respectful hands; "now let's set down, an' talk! Oh, Lissy, I've got that much to tell ye, I don't know where to begin!—an' it's the same with you. Me dear, I suspicion Miss Marion 'as a feller! I declare, you two girls will be makin' grandmothers of Mrs. Eliot an' me, before we know it! But, Lissy, love, where's yer 'usband? Will 'e come in to

see me to-night? Or will you be takin' me to 'is 'ouse, so I can make me dooty to 'is mother?"

"Why, some friends of ours are coming in this evening, so I think it will be better to—to—wait." . . .

Katy was silent for a moment; then: "You 'ave a lot of friends, h'ain't you, love? Well, friends is nice. But yer glad to see yer momma; I know that."

"Yes, of course. Very glad," Lissy said. Then she had a miserable inspiration: "I'll have your supper served up here. You are tired."

"Oh, I don't want no sluts of servant girls waitin' on *me*—" Katy began, but Lissy went on, breathlessly:

"And, mother, perhaps it will be best for you to say—I mean if you happen to speak to anyone about me, that—that you took care of me when I was a baby. I told Mrs. Baker you were good to me when I was a baby."

Her mother laughed. "An' wouldn't I be good to me own child?" she said; but she put her hand up to her head in a bewildered way.

"I have to go now," Lissy said; "I'll come in in the morning."

"An' when will yer 'usband come to make 'is dooty to me?" Katy said; she had taken up that little unopened present and was holding it in unsteady hands but her voice was quiet with command and dignity; "when will me son-in-law pay 'is respects to yer mother, lovey?"

"Perhaps to-morrow," Lissy said; "unless he isn't at home. He often goes away—"

"What!" Katy said; "is 'e neglectin' you, *a'ready*?" There was quick relief in her tone; to that Love which thinketh no evil of its beloved, this suspicion was more endurable than another suspicion. . . . "If 'e neglects you—" she began, her voice raucous, "I'll take the 'ide off 'im!"

"No—of course he doesn't! Oh, mother, *don't* talk that way! I just haven't told him, yet, that—that you were coming."

"Did you want to surprise 'im?" Katy

pleaded. (Oh, it *must* be that; Lissy was just childish, and was goin' to play, and surprise her 'usband!) "Maybe you'll be takin' me to-morrow to 'is 'ouse, an' makin' me acquainted with 'im—an' 'is mother an' father? An' all these 'ere nice friends?"

"I'll—see," Lissy said faintly, and went quickly out of the room.

Katy looked at the door closing behind her. Then she said, very low, "*Me God!*"

A moment later she looked down at her hands, saw that she was still holding the present, and ran, in her stocking feet, out into the hall—but paused at the head of the stairs, for Lissy, on the next floor, was speaking to some one.

"Yes, Mrs. Baker, she has come. Thank you, she likes the room very much. But she wants her dinner upstairs. Yes, she—she took care of me when I was a child. She was—my old nurse."

Katy crept back to her room on tiptoe.

## CHAPTER IX

What Katy did, and thought, and understood, during that night, no one ever knew. . . . When Lissy came in the next morning, with some feeble, truthful lie about not having mentioned her mother's presence to her husband and his family because they were all "very much occupied,"—Katy listened, silently. But in the midst of it she raised a commanding hand.

"Stop!" she said. Then, very gently, "don't tell a wrong story . . . Mrs. Wood."

Clarissa's recoil at these two words was absolute fright. "*Mrs. Wood!*"

Katy looked at her, and smiled. Her



THE HARVEST WAS OVER

tenderness enveloped Lissy; it touched her frightened mind, as strong, wise hands might touch and reassure a frightened body; it meant: "Don't be troubled. I will take care of you." But what she said was very brief: "The young gentleman's mother, bein' a fine lady, is wantin' a lady daughter-in-law. Lovey—keep yer nose in the air! Tell 'er," Katy paused; then looked up. Her eyes seemed to see something above Clarissa, something beyond her; she made a curious gesture with her hand, as if to wave farewell to far-off heights—to pearly gates through which she would never pass. . . . Then she turned and looked at Lissy, and her voice was Love: "Tell your lady mother-in-law, mum, that she needn't look down on you. Tell 'er you come from grand folks—a cousin you was of me lady's, in England. Tell 'er I was just your nurse—just a servant who took care of you. . . . I wasn't your mother at all. I made it up, I was."

She got back to Mary Jones late that night. She climbed upstairs, very slowly



and heavily, and fumbled at the door knob. "It's me, Mary. Lissy's mother."

Mrs. Jones, opening the door, was dumbfounded. "Where on earth did you come from? Wasn't Lissy home? Well, mercy me, come in—an' I'll give you some liquor and a bit of food—you look wore out!"

The telling lasted almost until morning. They sat, these two fat, elderly women, by the stove—one frightened, crying, protesting; the other rigidly composed. . . . "She was dyin' o' shame o' me. I seen it. So I says, 'You come from fine folks,' I says."

"Fine folks!' Lissy?"

"She thought I was crazy. She was scared. I says, 'Mrs. Wood, mum—' 'course, Mary, I know me place when I talk to me betters; so I says, 'Mrs. Wood, mum'—Mary, she was frightened! She suspicioned I'd gone out o' me 'ead! I says, 'Mrs. Wood, mum, I know your lady mother-in-law 'as put you in terror with 'er mean tongue, because she's so grand'—Mary, I could tear that woman's eyes out, joyful. But what's the use? Lissy 'as married 'igh up, an' she's got to live 'igh up. If she was always stoopin' down to me, 'er fashionable friends would think small of 'er. . . . She was tellin' me about 'er friends. . . . I says, 'Yer mother-in-law h'ain't any grander than you.'"

"What did she say?"

"She didn't know what to say; she just bust out cryin'. 'Are you tellin' me the truth?' she says. An' I says, 'Would I be lyin'? H'ain't I always told you it was 'ell for liars?'" Katy's face twitched.

Mrs. Jones threw up her hands in a despairing gesture.

"If I told a wrong story,' I says, 'I'd go to 'ell. Do you think I want to do that?' Then I says, 'Remember, Lovey, *Never tell a wrong story.*'"

"Well?" Mary said.

"Well, she turned on me, 'er 'eart breakin', Mary, to lose her momma. An' she says, 'But you always said you was

me mother,' she says. Mary, just fer a minute I thought the child was gettin' the best of me, searchin' so, poor love, for 'er momma; an' I says, 'Didn't Mrs. Eliot tell you I wasn't married?' I says; 'ow can I be your momma, an' me not married? You should be ashamed,' I says, 'to be 'intin' such a thing to a respectable woman like me!' I says. Mary, to 'ear me, you'd 'a thought I was awful displeased with 'er. 'I wasn't never married,' I says, very angry like."

Mrs. Jones stared, open-mouthed. Then she burst out in furious protest: "She'd ought to be ashamed—"

"Mary Jones! Yer me best friend, an' I love you well; but if you blame my girl, I'll never speak to you again. Do you 'ear me? It's 'is mother 'as drove 'er to be ashamed of me; she wouldn't 'a been, no matter if she is a lady! Look 'ow good she's always been to me! Why, she 'ired a fine room fer me, an' *paid* fer it. An' she 'ad a tray sent up with food. I didn't eat it; me throat closed up on me; but she 'ad it there fer me. No; Lissy wouldn't never been ashamed of 'er momma, if that woman 'adn't 'a made 'er so."

"But fer a girl to deny her own mother—"

"Listen to me! My child h'ain't denyin' me—I'm denyin' 'er."

Mary was speechless. Katy went on, monotonously. . . . She had told Clarissa her folks was fine people—"they was related to me lady." But they had all died; Lady Clarissa, her cousin, was dead. "They was all dead." So Katy had taken her—Katy stumbled here, in telling her tale, badly; but she was able to be convincing when the one strained listener was so eager to be convinced. "You'd ought to 'a 'eard the questions she asked me! Me God, I didn't know what I'd be drove to sayin' next! 'Where is me family?' she says; an' I says, 'They're all dead. And buried,' I says; 'an' I've fergot their last names. So,' I says, 'I took you. Mary Jones boarded you. *You h'ain't mine.*'"

Mary was so stunned that she could only say, faintly, "'Tain't right."

"If she ever comes 'ere an' asks you, you'll say I told you I wasn't 'er mother."

"But it's a lie, and—"

"I h'ain't askin' *you* to lie, am I? All *you* got to do is to say, 'Katy told me so.' That's no lie fer you! You keep yer mouth shut, an' don't say nothin', 'cept what I tell ye—or I'll tear yer eyes out!"

"If she was mine," said Mary Jones, furiously, "I'd whale the life out of her!"

"She h'ain't yours. You'd be a proud woman if she was!" Mary sobbed, but Katy went on steadily; she broke down once, as she told of Lissy's terrified incredulity—"it killed me to be 'urtin' 'er so; but she says to me, 'ow good you was to me!—an' you not me mother!' so I says, kind o' car'less like, 'Oh, well, I'm fond of children.' . . . Well, Mary, when she got to believin' me, she come up an' put her arms round me, an' kissed me, like she'd kiss . . . 'er own mother."

But in all that long, anguished story there was one thing Katy did not tell Mary Jones, one detail that was left out: those words spoken down in the hall—"my old nurse." But once, trying to wrench the sword out of her heart, she said, under her breath, "it was that woman that frightened 'er into sayin' it!"

"Sayin' what?" said Mary.

And Katy said, quickly, "Oh, nothin'; 'cept fer me to try to be like 'er fine friends. . . . Well, the woman can't make small of Lissy any more! I says, 'Tell yer 'usband's mother you're as good as she is, *an' better!* You come of grand people. An' when you have your babies,' I says, 'an' want a servant to take care of 'em, I'll come. Not fer wages,' I says." . . .

There was only one more step for Katy on this *via inferno*—her Mrs. Eliot. . . . She didn't walk back to Old Chester this time; she was too broken, body and soul. When the stage stopped

at the Eliots' gate and she got out, she staggered a little coming up the path.

"I'm a bit tired, mum," she said; as her lady, in startled inquiry, came hurrying into the kitchen to greet her; "I'll be 'avin' a cup of tea, an' then, if you please, love, I'll be speakin' to you."

Ruth gave her one swift look, and questions died upon her lips. She made her sit down, and brought her the tea, and begged her to eat; Katy silently shook her head, but she tried to smile. "Thank you kindly, mum, but I h'ain't 'ungry." She drank her tea, and then they went up to Mrs. Eliot's room, and Ruth closed the door. They sat down, and Ruth took the two big trembling hands in hers. "Now tell me," she said.

"Mum, I went an' saw 'er. An' she was ashamed of me. 'is mother put it into 'er with 'er crool tongue. Don't think mean of Lissy; it was 'is mother. But she was ashamed of me. So I felt it me dooty to tell 'er—" She paused and looked at her lady; it seemed as if she measured with her eye the abyss which, somehow, she must bridge; "Mum, I will surprise ye—I surprised Mary Jones, too. But I must tell ye. I told Lissy the truth: she h'ain't my child."

"Katy!"

Ruth's recoil was like Lissy's—fright. Had Lissy's mother gone out of her senses?

Katy nodded, her eyes fierce with purpose. "She h'ain't mine. Do you understand that, Mrs. Eliot? *She h'ain't mine.* You'll tell 'er (if ever she asks you), that I told you that I wasn't 'er mother."

The two women looked at each other; some wordless knowledge passed between them. Then Ruth Eliot put her arms round her friend and servant, and wept, silently.

"I'll be goin' to bed, mum," Katy said; she got up, then turned and looked at Ruth. "I won't never see me little Myggie," she said.



# "Portrait of A Man"

BY HANS HOLBEIN

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

**H**ANS HOLBEIN, the Younger—Master Haunce, as he was called in the court of Henry VIII, where he held the official title of "Servant to the King's Majesty," must have seen his time from a peculiarly intimate point of view. Between his early friendship with Erasmus, the great scholar, and his responsibilities as royal painter and designer; between drawing portraits of crusty nobles and performing the feat of a full-length finished portrait of the Duchess of Milan, after a three-hour interview in Belgium (so that his amorous king could fall in love again), Holbein with his sharp eyes could have told many an historic tale. But strangely enough, his life is only vaguely outlined to us. We must guess at his personality and deduce the greater part of his history.

Hans lived at Augsburg, where he was born, for eighteen years. That means he developed in the midst of a busy city which linked Italy and Germany and linked the Renaissance with the late Gothic. He had his father, grandfather, and uncle for his early training—for they were all painters of sorts. Then he went to Basle, designing initials and ornaments for his first patron, the printer Froben, decorating houses inside and out, inventing odd designs for jewelry, glass, and anything to which his fancy turned. He traveled a little, going to Switzerland, where he painted the portrait reproduced on the cover, probably the portrait of Benedickt von Hertenstein, son of the bailiff of Lucerne. This was in 1517 when he was only twenty years old. On his return to Basle he did illustrations for Erasmus' *Praise of Folly* and for the *Dance of Death*. Evidently he could not make a huge success of such work. So with a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More, the literary giant of England at that time, he began his career as a painter of not only the royal family but people of distinction, statesmen, ecclesiastics and court ladies, like Lady Rich and Lady Lee, whose portraits hang in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, together with the portrait of Benedickt von Hertenstein. Several anecdotes about his life in the King's Household have survived; but what is really known about his life there? In 1543 the plague tumbled this ever-popular painter with the ever-dim personality into a forgotten ditch, along with many other victims.

From a miniature, an early engraving, and a half-length portrait one can imagine Holbein's character was centered in his keen yet serene gaze. He was no theorist, probably not even temperamental. He had learned his craft midst the appreciation of the new arts of engraving and printing, so his hand turned naturally to delicate work. The drawings in Windsor Castle are the perfection of quick, accurate draughtsmanship. The numerous portraits in many galleries throughout Europe suggest in the same smooth fashion the power of his vision. Rubens called him "the painter of the living, breathing truth." And that is the opinion of Time. Holbein and Dürer stand together at the head of Germanic art.

ALAN BURROUGHS



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## "HOW TO BRING UP CHILDREN"

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

THESE people who write books on the bringing up of children have an easy time of it. They don't have to apply their own theories. All they have to do is to hand out advice and enlarge on the hideous results of not following it; then they can sit quietly back while the royalties roll in as their books upset the tranquillity of thousands of homes. It wouldn't be so bad if the books agreed with one another; but they don't.

Take the case of my daughter Elizabeth, for example. If books would do it, she ought to be the perfect child. We have a whole shelf lined with these volumes. Now last night, for some unknown reason, Elizabeth decided that she didn't want to be left alone when bedtime came. She was tucked in her crib as usual, and given a cracker to nibble on and a doll to play with, and was about to be left to herself as usual, when it suddenly came over her that solitude was intolerable, and she raised her two-and-a-half-year-old voice in lament. "Don't leave me!" she screamed, or sounds to that effect.

We gave her another cracker to divert her mind, and sternly departed.

Elizabeth set up a sustained howling.

After a while we gave up trying to go light-heartedly about the house as if nothing were wrong. We debated what to do. Here was a chance to make use of our books.

At first we recalled that one of the books had counseled against paying too much attention to crying children. "The child," it argued, "seeks subconsciously to be the center of attention. If he cries

at night, the chances are that he wishes to have a fuss made over him. In such cases it is best not to encourage him by taking too much notice of him. Remember that crying will do him no harm; in fact, it is valuable exercise for the lungs and thorax. Let him have a good hearty cry, and the next time he will have learned his lesson."

So we went on paying no attention, while Elizabeth went on exercising her lungs and thorax.

After she had had enough exercise to do her for a month or two we suddenly recalled that other authorities had laid great emphasis on the importance of a physical diagnosis of emotional ills. "Many a child," we had read, has been permanently injured because his parents thought he was merely bad-tempered, when in reality he had indigestion, an earache, or some graver physical disorder. In every doubtful case the wise parent will make a thorough physical examination, or send for a reliable physician. It is folly to disregard what may be a red flag of warning."

We began to be disturbed. Were we as witless as all this? Shouldn't we at the very least take Elizabeth's temperature, inspect her tonsils, and study her blood-pressure? We returned hurriedly to what we already thought of as a sick-room. As soon as we crossed the threshold a great peace suddenly descended upon Elizabeth. She screamed no more; she only sniffled a little. We sat down and studied the case; and the longer we studied it the more we wondered what a reputable physician would think of us if we called him in.

The peace had lasted several minutes



when we remembered that a third book had spoken sagely of habit. "Many a household is disorganized," the author had written, "many a father and mother is distracted with worry and become prematurely gray, because their children have not formed correct habits of going to bed and going to sleep promptly and quietly. Many a spoiled and fretful nature is the direct result of the weakness of parents who gave in when their children cried to be allowed to stay up. If you capitulate even once, you have begun to encourage a bad habit which some day you may bitterly regret."

"We are weak," we thought, "weak parents." We felt the gray hairs sprouting, and before us in the crib we saw a potential criminal. "Let us go," we said to ourselves. And we went.

Elizabeth's yells split the heavens.

For another lengthy interval we suffered in the cause of correct habits. Then I had a misgiving.

"Do you remember," I said to my wife, "what it said in *The Nervous Conditions of Children* about the terrible after-effects of a fright? Do you remember about the inferiority complexes and thwarted careers and pitifully stunted characters which were found to have been due to panics in infancy? It said that no one knew how many lives of promise had been blighted by fear because fathers and mothers, densely ignorant of child psychology, left their child to 'cry it out' when a few minutes of loving bedside attention would have restored his confidence and his chances of a normal, self-supporting life."

That was it: we weren't weak, we were stupid. I went back myself and tried loving bedside attention for a time while my wife rested.

It didn't seem to work. Once, thinking that fear was banished and every complex under control, I got up and started for the door, but Elizabeth had a scream all ready for me, and I subsided into my chair.

There we were. There seemed to be no reason why this shouldn't go on all night.

Then suddenly I heard the telephone ring out in the hall. "There's the telephone," said I to Elizabeth in my most matter-of-fact-tone. "I'll have to answer it."

I went out and closed the door, expecting to be pursued by a deluge of sound. Silence.

I answered the telephone. As usual, it was a call for party M. I explained that we were W, returned to Elizabeth's door and stood outside, listening.

Silence.

The storm was over, and Elizabeth had gone quietly to sleep.

I don't attempt to explain it. But I think I shall write a book on how to bring up children, and recommend telephone calls as the proper treatment for crying spells. At least it has worked once.

## PLAGIARISM

BY BARON IRELAND

THE literary critics are as usual complaining that the present age is to be noted for the quantity rather than the quality of its product. With the merits of this contention the present writer has no concern, although this article is intended to deal with one angle of the incontrovertible truth that more is being written now than ever before.

At no previous time, one must agree, have so many new ideas been poured forth in print or so many old ones hashed and rehashed. The author who can break out with an entirely original theme need have as his only concern for the future whether the Blynken people will allow him enough on the Roared to justify a trade-in. So vast, indeed, is the grist of the literary mill that to avoid plagiarism becomes increasingly difficult. Which is the nub of this treatise.

The deliberate plagiarist is, of course, no better than a—than a plagiarist. Consciously to lift without credit the stock in trade of a contemporary is, in plain English—er, plagiarism. The argument, frequently advanced, that even Shakespeare was not above stea— bor-

rowing his plots is beside the point. Shakespeare borrowed his plots from folk tales and men long dead whom he could not therefore injure by any stretch of the imagination. Or at least, I don't know that he didn't. It's a good answer anyway.

Of course, a phrase originally coined by an individual may become public property through incorporation into the language by popular usage. This is not a private, but a wholesale appropriation, which is perhaps ethically justifiable on the ground that it is too much trouble to preface a joke with "as F.P.A. says," or "as Don Marquis trenchantly observes" every two minutes, which is the average length of time the average person can refrain from repeating the average new quip of the "Yes-we-have-no-bananas" variety. This public adoption is a sort of literary condemnation proceeding without, however, the usual agreeable concomitant of pecuniary remuneration. The only satisfaction the author gets is the consciousness that he thereafter belongs to the ages.

Public appropriation does not, however, justify private appropriation. It is, therefore, customary among writers, as everyone except some writers knows, to acknowledge, in the manner indicated just above, the authorship of another's *bon mot* when used by themselves. This seems to be the only honest method. Unconscious plagiarism is, of course, constantly committed, what with the constant outpourings of literary matter; indeed, one becomes less and less sure nowadays that one is not thus innocently guilty. If one is to have an absolutely clear conscience, the magazine article of the future will read somewhat like this:

The Baroness, as I have nicknamed her,<sup>1</sup> and I<sup>2</sup> are divided upon the question of a new car. She, backed by a coterie (not to mention a vestry and pantry<sup>3</sup>) of friends, insists upon a coupé, claiming that a touring car (my preference) gives one no more privacy than

a goldfish,<sup>4</sup> as well as being impracticable if we wish to run over to the Blivens'<sup>5</sup> of a winter evening<sup>6</sup> for a dance. On the other hand,<sup>7</sup> I maintain that a touring car<sup>8</sup> is incomparable during the heated term,<sup>9</sup> as I have nicknamed it.<sup>10</sup> The argument bids<sup>11</sup> fair<sup>12</sup> to remain unsettled<sup>13</sup> until our present machine has run its last long mile.<sup>14</sup> Doubtless, however, the little woman<sup>15</sup> will win,<sup>16</sup> as<sup>17</sup> she<sup>18</sup> generally<sup>19</sup> does.<sup>20</sup>

You see the problem. Is there any solution?

You can search me.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Irvin S. Cobb.

<sup>5</sup> Any humorous writer.

<sup>6</sup> John G. Whittier.

<sup>7</sup> Jevons' Elementary Logic.

<sup>8</sup> See advertising pages.

<sup>9</sup> Franklin P. Adams.

<sup>10</sup> See<sup>8</sup> (This particular idea for a humorous reference to another reference was conceived by Deems Taylor).

<sup>11</sup> R. F. Foster.

<sup>12</sup> U. S. Weather Report.

<sup>13</sup> Same.

<sup>14</sup> E. Breitenfeld and Baron Ireland.

<sup>15</sup> Anonymous.

<sup>16</sup> Yale song.

<sup>17</sup> Noah Webster.

<sup>18</sup> H. Rider Haggard.

<sup>19</sup> Noah Webster.

<sup>20</sup> Same.

<sup>21</sup> See<sup>18</sup>.

## IF PEOPLE ACTED LIKE NATIONS

BY NORMAN LEVY

"DO you know," said Bill Frank, the coal merchant, one evening to his wife, "I was going over my books to-day and I find that Fritz Burger, the delicatessen man, still owes a balance of ten dollars on last month's coal bill."

"Indeed!" said his wife. "I had to send for the janitor to-day. The plumbing in the bathroom leaks something terrible."

"That's all right," said Mr. Frank. "Don't worry about that plumbing. Just pack a few things in a suit case. We're moving."

"Moving?" exclaimed his wife. "Where to?"

"Yep, moving to-night. Over to Fritz Burger's. They've got a swell new apartment over near the park. You don't suppose I'm going to let him get away with those ten dollars?"

The Franks arrived just as the Burgers were sitting down to dinner.

<sup>1</sup> Ring W. Lardner.

<sup>2</sup> William Hohenzollern.

<sup>3</sup> Oliver Herford.



"I'm sorry, old man," said Mr. Frank sympathetically, "but you've got to get out of here."

Mrs. Burger turned pale, and the four little Burgers began to weep noisily.

"Why, this is outrageous," protested the indignant delicatessen dealer. "How dare you come into my home like this, and—"

"I wouldn't make a fuss if I were you," said Frank calmly. "Just go out quietly and shut the door after you."

Mrs. Frank in the meantime was strolling about the apartment, examining the furnishings appraisingly.

"Well, here's what I owe you," said Burger, drawing a ten dollar bill from his pocket and handing it to Frank. "Now get out and leave us in peace."

The coal dealer smiled benignly.

"Ten dollars *was* the balance. But you forget all the expenses I had in order to collect this. In the first place we had to take a taxi over here from our house. Then we had to hire a moving man to move our furniture over here in the morning. Then—"

"What is the total?" cried Burger in desperation.

"You're wasting valuable time," declared Frank sternly. "Now get out of here!"

Tearfully, the poor delicatessen man, his wife, and his four children staggered out into the cold, cheerless streets.

"What can we do?" Fritz cried.

"There's a light in old Dr. Bull's house down the street," said his wife. "Perhaps he'll help us."

Dr. Bull was a portly, florid, benevolent-looking old gentleman. It was rumored in the neighborhood that he would take the last nickel from a starving patient, but he did it with such an air of kindness and philanthropy that no one ever complained.

"My, my," he said, indignantly, as he listened to Fritz Burger's sorrowful tale. "I'm surprised at Bill Frank. I really am. And I'm going to help you, my friend."

Burger grasped the good doctor's

hand gratefully. Mrs. Burger put her arms around his neck and kissed him. The little Burgers wept with joy.

"I'm going to help you," repeated the doctor. "You remember that I took all the money you had in the savings bank last year when your youngest had the whooping cough?"

Fritz nodded assent.

"Of course, I can't return it to you now. That wouldn't be fair to me, would it?" said the doctor benevolently. "But you're in trouble, and I'm going to do something for you. I don't think Frank's occupation of your apartment is legal, and I'm going to write a letter at once to the *Times* and say so."

He escorted the bewildered Burgers graciously to the door.

"Any time you're in trouble don't hesitate to call on me."

Once more the Burgers found themselves in the street, but now it was raining quite hard.

"We might try Mr. Sam on the next block," said Fritz to his wife.

Mr. Sam was a tall raw-boned individual, with a shrewd kindly face. He was a bachelor, and he was famous throughout the neighborhood for his many acts of kindness. Wherever a case of poverty or destitution occurred Mr. Sam was sure to be on hand with a big basket of food. He had loaned large sums of money to practically all the people in the neighborhood, and had never charged them any interest. In fact, he did not expect ever to be repaid. For these reasons Mr. Sam was the most unpopular man in the neighborhood.

"Here, kids, have some candy," said Mr. Sam, handing a lollypop to each of the Burger children.

Fritz told his story with straightforward simplicity.

"Now isn't that too bad?" said Mr. Sam. A sympathetic tear rolled down his cheek. "I wish I could help you. But unfortunately you live outside my assembly district."

"But what can I do?" cried Fritz.

"He drove me out of my home. My wife and babies are homeless."

"Between ourselves," said Mr. Sam confidentially, "that fellow Bill Frank is a tough egg. If I had half the money he owes me I'd be on Easy Street now."

"Can't you do something for us?" pleaded Mrs. Fritz. "We'll starve."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Sam. "I don't like to mix in affairs that don't concern me, but I'm touched by your predicament, I'll call up Mr. Frank and Dr. Bull and see if we can't straighten this thing out."

The eager Burgers could hear Mr. Sam telephoning in the next room. After about ten minutes he returned, and across his face beamed a broad delighted grin.

"Congratulations," he exclaimed. "It's all fixed!"

"Then we get our home back?" cried the Burgers.

"Well, not exactly," said Mr. Sam. "You don't exactly get your home back. You see, Bill Frank said he wouldn't agree to a conference unless we promised not to mention the bill you owe him, or his occupation of your apartment. Well, we decided that that was better than no conference at all, so we're going to meet on the fifteenth of next month down in South Carolina. We're taking our golf clubs along."

"But how can I live in the meantime?" protested Fritz.

"I think perhaps we're in for a cold spell," said Mr. Sam as he opened the front door. "I'm glad to have seen you. Any time I can be of assistance don't hesitate to call on me."

The Burgers walked slowly down the steps into the thin cold drizzle that was falling.

## A PERFECT BLANK

BY AMABEL REDMAN

"PLEASE fill out this application blank," requested the brisk young lady as she pushed a long, printed form toward me across the desk.

"Oh, surely." Mechanically I drew

out my fountain pen. After some weeks of job hunting this blank business had at least become familiar, even if it remained annoying. I began my habitual process of skipping about among the questions, lighting eagerly on the easy ones—date, name, address, etc.—while leaving the more intimate and the more impudent to mature consideration. I knew better than to ask if I might take the blank home with me and fill it out at leisure; once I had not known better, and the crushing reply had indicated that some sinister intent was hidden behind my innocent request. I felt as if I had asked permission to look up the answers to an examination paper. Now for the blank!

Question: What work do you prefer?

Answer: Cutting coupons. . . . No, no, this is a serious business; I must be sensible. Anything honest! That's better. (Or dishonest if I can get away with it!) But one can't write that, I suppose. Oh, well, let's skip this one now and come back to it later.

Question: Are you sane?

Answer: I think so. (But they say all nuts do, so that answer isn't very impressive.)

Question: How is your health?

Answer: Fine. (But my belt is growing a bit slack, and a job might improve the situation.) Cross out *Fine* and write *Excellent*.

Question: Are you Married—Single—or a Widower (check one)?

Here I check *Married* by mistake, make a vain effort to erase it, and then check *Single*. But the first check is still visible and embarrassing.

Now for the questions I hate:

Q. Are you a student of languages?

(a) What languages? (b) Do you know Esperanto?

Q. Do you understand Law? (b) Do you understand Medicine?

Q. Are you an Expert Accountant?

Q. Are you an Expert Electrician? Mechanic? Typist? Stenographer? Radio Expert? Do you understand Morse Code?



Q. Are you prepared to take entire charge of (a) Candy Factory? (b) Woolen Mill? (c) Restaurant? Mention any other things you are prepared to do.

Familiar horrors as they all were, I read them through despondently. Then my eye dropped to the bottom of the page, and I filled in: *What salary do you wish?*—\$25 per week; and *What is the lowest you would consider?*—\$20 per week; and *Do you agree to give this agency all your salary for the first three weeks?* etc., before I came back to *Are you a student of languages?* and began to work slowly down the page, filling in each space with a hopeless and neatly written No as was my custom.

I think that it was, perhaps, the patronizing smile awarded me by the efficient young lady, as I absently looked up at her during the printing of an unusually neat "No," that caused a wave of revolt to seize me. And, borne upon the crest of that wave, came my inspiration, the blessed inspiration.

I stepped forward.

"Pardon me," I said; and my voice took on an unexpected firmness. "Pardon me, Miss, but I should like a fresh blank. I have made a slight mistake."

"Surely!" A fresh blank was instantly produced and slapped down in front of me.

And then, gaily and without a pause, my inspired pen flew on its way from space to space, so anxious was I to reach *What salary do you wish?*

And this is a sample of what it wrote:

Name: John Jones. Age: Thirty. Address: The Plaza. *Are you sane?* One hundred per cent. *How is your health?* Never sick a day. *Are you a student of languages?* No, a linguistic expert. *What languages?* English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, all the Scandinavians, Russian, some Hindoostanee, and a smattering of Chinese.

*Do you know Esperanto?* Intimately. *Do you understand Law?* Thoroughly. *Medicine?* Entirely. *Are you an Expert Accountant?* Unquestionably (double and single). *Are you an Expert Electrician?*

Absolutely. *Typist?* Remarkably. *Stenographer?* Of course. *Radio Expert?* I've built and installed more than twenty radio sets for friends.

On raced my pen. Yes, yes, yes, it jubilantly recorded. It stated that I was fully prepared, equipped, and ready to run a Candy Factory, a Woolen Mill, or a Restaurant; and as for the other things I was prepared to do, why, since I was asked, I should be perfectly willing to accept a position as Private Secretary to any magnate who was willing to pay me. Here my pen hung poised for one delicious second, and then traced in exquisite lines: \$200 per week. Below I noted that exceptionally pleasant surroundings might induce me to give my services for \$150. Then I signed my name.

I handed in that outrageous document to the brisk young thing with a confident smile and not the quiver of an eyelash. And if you seek a moral ending to this tale of my duplicity, you will be disappointed.

From the flood of answers, from the countless employers who fought for the honor of giving me a position (not a job, but a position) I carefully selected the one who would not require me to operate a radio or juggle with long columns of figures. My employer did not ask me to recite a Russian poem before engaging me. He knows no language but English, and he is puzzled, though admiring, that I should have gone to the trouble to learn so many. He did not request that I run a candy factory for two weeks in order to prove my capabilities as a secretary. In short, he demands that I do precisely the very few things which I am well equipped to do. And there is no fear in my mind that I shall be caught. For if I am asked suddenly to translate a Chinese poem or to prescribe for arthritis or to settle some knotty point in torts, I shall simply take my leave quietly. There are a dozen other places waiting for me now.

Blank spaces no longer frighten me: they are signals for a bold affirmative.

And I wonder why others have never thought of my plan.

## THE SONNETEER GIVES UP

BY INVITA MINERVA

*The Poetry Review, in connection with a recent contest for the best sonnet on a given subject, announced that preference would be given to sonnets written in the Petrarchan manner.*

**W**HEN I was young I played at Petrarch, too!

"Give me twice-seven splendid words," I said,

"And I will twist a laurel round my head,  
For one, in every line, those words I'll strew."

But, by and by, dissatisfied I grew  
(Something too much on tinsel verbiage fed),  
"I'll put the splendors in the thought instead!"

Did I? I doubt I did, on strict review.

And now, so out of all conceit I grow,  
So much the muse Petrarchan looks askant  
I can no longer get the sonnet slant. . . .

Can you? I give it up, I own, although  
A prize is offered—seventy plunks—or so.  
Let others, if they will, compete—I shan't.

## A PHILOSOPHER'S DOWNFALL

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

**H**E did take her out for a sail in the moonlight one evening. But that certainly was not equivalent to a proposal of marriage. It didn't even show that his intentions were what women call "serious." It was in his eyes an outing, an interlude, a romantic excursion. He had other work to do, other ties; he was an Owl—a philosopher—and she was not the sort of person that any of his family had married. He never dreamed that she might expect him to sail on forever.

But that is just what the Cat did expect, or at least engineer. A philosopher's wisdom is always at the mercy of craft.

They had barely left shore, in the moonlight, in a beautiful boat, and the Owl, overcome by the *mise-en-scène*, had but started to sing, when she snatched at his very first words to settle things.

The female is cool. No *mise-en-scène* stirs her to ecstasy. The rhythmical ripple of wavelets, the long shining path magically spread by the moon on the breast of the waters—all these leave a female as calculating as an expert accountant. The moonlight and waves are her office, they are where she does business.

The Owl had taken out his guitar—a light guitar, you remember. Not a serious settle-down-for-life guitar at all, just a casual one. He looked up at the stars, an emotional thrill stirred his blood, and like many a victim before him, he burst into song. With the innocent idealism of men, he was led in his blindness to attribute the witchery of the occasion to the lady alone. He would never have sung to her thus with a guitar in the daytime, yet he let himself think it was she who was stirring his blood: not the night and the magical waters, no, only the Cat.

If he had looked at the cold, eager eyes of her as she sat in the stern, alert like all parasites to fasten on the first good provider . . . but, unfortunately, his gaze was on the stars. Only his words were of her. He attached no great importance to his words; they were the unpremeditated sounds of the moment: they were not legal instruments surely, with a red seal attached? "Oh, lovely Pussy," he sang—as Samson once among the Philistines, not knowing how swiftly the race of women assassinates song—

"O lovely Pussy,  
O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are."

That was as far as he got. What lyrics he might have gone on to, had she given him time, the anthologists never will know, for she at once interrupted. The female is supposed to inspire lyrics, when in fact she aborts them. Her oily, insinuating tones cut across his first twitterings:



"Pussy said to the Owl,  
 'You elegant fowl!  
 How charmingly sweet you sing!  
 Come, let us be married.'" . . .

Bing! Marriage! She springs the trap instantly. Who was talking of marriage? If you pay the slightest compliment to a woman she pretends you are courting her. All he had said was that she was beautiful, like the waves or the moonlight. One doesn't, and can't, marry everything in sight that is beautiful—one merely sings about them a bit, with the guitar, a light instrument. Imagine the stupefaction of this philosopher on a holiday jaunt, to find that she was proposing to him and accepting him all in one breath!

His song stopped abruptly. He had suddenly learned Lesson Number One in the Book of Experience. From that time on he was too discouraged to say another word. But, like other men, he found he had learned his lesson a trifle too late.

"Too long we have tarried," she continued. (They had only just started. But naturally she was in a hurry to get the deal closed.) She looked at his wide, startled eyes through her own narrow slits, like a serpent hypnotizing a horrified but paralyzed sparrow. Then she too had a feeling of fright. There was a hitch after all. "But what," she cried in her dismay, "shall we do for a ring?"

This was Lesson Number Two for the Owl. He considered it silently. A marriage isn't real to a woman unless there is a lot of fuss made about it. She wants a ring and she wants a church ceremony—*i.e.*, plenty of witnesses. It is part of the technic of lashing her prisoner fast.

For over a year they were unable to buy a ring. There are few shops at sea. The Owl had begun to have his hopes, perhaps, as she sailed grimly on, but it is a waste of time for a man in his position to hope. With the unerring instinct of

the psychic, the Cat steered their craft to the land where the Bong-tree grows—a region not noted for jewelry, and yet "there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood, with a ring at the end of his nose."

The Owl had brought along plenty of money, as a man always must, even if he is only starting out for a sail in the moonlight. But either it was all gone by this time, or the Cat was most economical. "Dear Pig," she said (it must have been she who said it, for the cajolery is feminine; no male would go up to a perfect stranger and call him "Dear Pig")—

"Dear Pig, are you willing  
 To sell for one shilling  
 Your ring?"

No one knows what the Pig was doing there. A refugee probably. He blinked worriedly, his mind on escape. He looked at his brother in trouble, the Owl, and promptly betrayed him. "I will," he said briefly, thanking his luck that it wasn't "I do." The Owl was thereupon hurried away, and was married next day, by the Turkey who lived on the Hill, who was the nearest thing to a clergyman that could be found, and what a good eye the Cat had! A turkey is even better than a clergyman. He is more like a bishop.

The Owl was glad to get it over with; the Cat was triumphant. They ate an indigestible wedding breakfast, as prescribed by tradition—"mince, and slices of quince," nothing could be more dyspeptic than that—and the Cat inaugurated the petty thrifts of married life right at the start by allowing only one spoon for two of them. Or it may have been merely her unhygienic sentimentality. And then, each thinking his own weary thoughts, they went back to the shore, and danced with the abandon of lost souls.

So the curtain goes down on them.



## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

### “In Time of Hesitation”

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HOW does anyone in these difficult times get information enough about Europe to have opinions? It is not that the available information is deficient in quantity, but that it is so conflicting. For example; there is France, lately so much admired, now so doubtfully considered because of her recent dealings with Germany. Great Britain is helped in her consideration of French policies by self-interest. As she considers French behaviors, she thinks of something besides whether they are right or wrong. She thinks, and she must think, of how they affect her own life, her own concerns, her own present, her own future. That helps her to a conclusion, but after all, it does not help her any too much, for England is very much divided in feeling about France—at least an influential part of England feels that to maintain the war ties with France is more important still than anything to be gained by breaking them. But as we Americans think of France, there is hardly anything but right and wrong to consider, for whether France does well or ill in her dealings with Germany it affects us chiefly as it affects the world. To be sure, it affects our ability to collect certain dues from Europe, but that is a comparatively small thing. We are vastly more affected by the effect of these French behaviors on world peace.

Secretary Hughes has had observers in Europe for the State Department this long time and has got reports from them regularly, and the State Department

may have better information than most of us have been able to get about the rights and wrongs of the Franco-German mix-up. If so, would that it might be published, for thousands of readers in these States, who want to back France if she is right, or Germany if *she* is right, do not know and cannot discover whom to back on that basis, and so bring up in the conclusion that all they can do, and all that our country can do for the time being, is to help the one that needs most help, and leave the right and wrong of the dispute to time and events to settle. We people of the multitude cannot hold court and be judges without more power to get at the truth, and perhaps a better trained capacity to handle the testimony we might get. We can look on, learn what we can, watch things work out that we have no say about, and help here and there as we see a chance.

There are other urgent matters besides the wrangle between France and Germany which most of us watch with the same defect in ability to take sides. There is the matter of the League of Nations, the World Court, and the Hague Tribunal: Mr. Coolidge says the League of Nations is not for us, and never will be, but he favors the World Court. The more impassioned foes of the League of Nations insist that the World Court is a creature of the League and subject to like objections. They say perhaps, as Senator Moses does, Not the League, oh, no; not the Court, oh, no; but the Hague Tribunal as heretofore! Now the differ-



ence between the League and the World Court and the Hague Tribunal is a matter for lawyers. The appeal about it is made to millions of people who do not know the difference between the obligations we should incur in the League or the Court, and those we may sustain as members of the Hague Tribunal. They do not even know whether we are now members of that Tribunal, whether, indeed, since the war it exists. All they know is that they would like the United States to do its duty, and not have "cold feet" when there is something in Europe that we ought to do.

In the prevailing religious disputes the case is quite similar except that the mass of our people is very much better instructed in religion than in European politics. In the great fight between liberals and the fundamentalists the Bible readers of the country know at least what it is about. They know the Bible more or less, and are acquainted with Adam, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Jonah, Elijah, and some of the Prophets. You can find a thousand Americans who can tell you the names of all the books in the Bible to one who could name the present states of Europe. What they know about Darwin or the theory of evolution is another matter. They may imbibed a vast deal of misinformation about both, but at least in the religious controversy they know the names of the characters discussed and probably will add to their knowledge by following the discussion. So in the dispute which at this writing has suddenly blazed out in the Episcopal Church, at least they know what the Virgin Birth means, and though, like everyone else, they may have very limited capacity to judge whether or not the story about it is true to fact, they should have some power to form an opinion as to whether belief in it is essential to the usefulness of a Christian minister. The fundamentalists know that there is something very valuable in the Bible and think that if they do not fence it in it will get away. The liberals agree about the value, but

think the Bible is more able to take care of itself than the fundamentalists suppose. Both, however, know in considerable measure what they are talking about, and that is more than can be said for most Americans who talk about Europe and discuss the League, the Court and the Tribunal.

President Coolidge wound up his message in December, in which he said so much that could be understood, with these words which are considerably about Europe:

The world has had enough of the curse of hatred and selfishness, of destruction and war. It has had enough of the wrongful use of material power. For the healing of the nations there must be good will and charity, confidence and peace. The time has come for a more practical use of moral power and more reliance upon the principle that right makes its own might. Our authority among the nations must be represented by justice and mercy. It is necessary not only to have faith but to make sacrifices for our faith. The spiritual forces of the world make all its final determinations. It is with these voices that America should speak. Whenever they declare a righteous purpose there need be no doubt that they will be heard.

Most of us agree with the sentiments he has here expressed, though they are more concerned with religion than with politics. We agree that the world has been bad long enough; that it has smashed itself a-plenty with destructive missiles; that it needs a treatment of good-will and peace; that moral power ought to carry more weight in it; that it is that power which we in particular ought to use. We agree too that it is necessary not only to have faith, but on occasion to make sacrifices for it. We agree that the spiritual forces of the world are what really count in the long run. We review these suggestions in Mr. Coolidge's simple words and when he says in effect that that is the way the United States should talk, we agree to that. To be sure he does not say the United States. He says "America,"

which is a fashion that originated abroad. He might better stay inside the lawful boundaries of the country he speaks for, but that is nothing. What he says is good. But how are we to carry it out? He does not tell us that. What he says is: "America (meaning the United States) has taken her place in the world as a republic—free, independent, powerful. The best service that can be rendered to humanity is the assurance that this place will be maintained."

Well, that is a sort of an answer. It is as much as to say that our most important duty at this time is to keep going as an independent Republic. That is true enough as far as it goes, but it is not very definite in its relation to the present state of Europe and it is almost an anticlimax to the words that preceded it. We must believe, however, having confidence in those preceding words, that Mr. Coolidge, so far as lies in him, would have us do something more for the world than merely to go on living. So far as there is a chance to do something more, he seems like a man who will take it, and not like one who will miss it by over-caution.

For to be over-cautious is to take a great risk. That risk at least France would avoid. To many observers it has seemed that by going into the Ruhr she was taking the first step to bring on another war. They do not deny the validity of the French claims for reparations from Germany. They do not dispute the lawyer-arguments of Poincaré. They do not say what France should have done, except in so far as they suggest that she might have had in a jury of experts from the neighbors and held an inquest on Germany, and got an estimate of her capacity to pay. They do not wish to criticize France, but they do disclose the opinion that the adventure into the Ruhr looks like more wars to come, and they would much rather get on if possible without any more destructive wars in Europe. Over here in these States that feeling crops out incurably. We who live here know that we went

into the late war to put an end to war. We think that, in so far as fighting went, we made a timely and useful contribution to that end, and we don't want to see our pains go for nothing. We had faith and we made a large sacrifice for it, as Mr. Coolidge would have us do, but we had sooner get results from that sacrifice, if possible, than start afresh and make another. Nansen, a good and wise man with no ax to grind, tells us that new wars are making, and will come to birth unless we head them off. Smuts, another greatly respected citizen, is much of that same mind. It makes one anxious to do what is possible, if anything remains possible, to save the world from further experience of drastic discipline, at least in our time.

Earth seems to roll along on its course, and things to happen on it, in singular disregard of the wishes of men, but still at times men do have a voice in determining what shall happen, and sometimes events wait for it to be heard. Eight years ago, for example, we were watching Europe burn, about as now, and a large proportion of us were thankful we could keep out of the fire. We had as now in near prospect this job of electing a new President. Having paid due attention to that duty and discharged it, developing by so much pre-occupation a deceptive reputation for innocuousness, suddenly we responded to the excessive prodding of Germany, and to the surprise of all hands, got into the war. It may be that now again we shall run along, brooding and self-contained until after election, but the situation now differs from that in 1916 both because our present President has strong motives to add to his reputation, if he can, before he comes up for renomination, and because the present international situation is not likely to stand still, and may develop situations that will call for immediate handling even by us. Mr. Coolidge is a great deal better known than he was before he read his message to Congress. He may be better known still before the nominating con-



ventions meet, and still further disclose himself before election day. Not all Presidential years are waiting years. In some of them the race to the White House is a race with events; a race to get something done. The country is none too well satisfied with the course it has followed in foreign concerns since the election of 1920. It sees that it has steadily lost prestige among the nations of the world and, worse than that, has disappointed the hopes of its own people. Materially, it is prosperous, though with important exceptions, but spiritually, it does not glow with any very warming luster. Its body is being fed, but not its imagination, and in the coming campaign a successful appeal to its imagination—to its spiritual side—may win over promises of increase in material blessings. Between a party that said "Our first duty is to ourselves," and a party that said, "We cannot really prosper if we shirk our duty to mankind," which, do you think, would have the most effective slogan?

When dueling went out of fashion and gradually disappeared, it was not for lack of pistols or suitable swords. It was because society had outgrown it. So, evidently, it will be with war. It will not stop for lack of war-material, but because society has outgrown it or is too impoverished by it to support its cost. The world's supply of war material is remarkably well kept up, and constantly improves—so we hear—in destructive efficiency. Airplanes grow more capable, gases more deadly, and we hear of discoveries which are kept secret against the time when war shall blaze again.

It will not blaze again unless men are much stupider than is yet credible, but they may be just that stupid, and we who are in no danger of running to any excess in military preparation will do well to heed the call of General Pershing

to stop reducing our regular army, bring it back to the strength of 150,000 enlisted men and 13,000 officers, give it the housing and the training it ought to have and support the progressive development of the National Guard to a strength of 250,000. Besides that, there is the skeleton organization of the organized reserves to be maintained, the Reserve Officers Training Corps units to be further developed, and provision made to handle more applicants annually in the citizen military training camps.

These are modest enough demands, and General Pershing who backs them is a man of peace even more than a man of war, and asks for no more war preparation than the least he thinks we ought to have. Hereabouts in these days it does not look much like any more large-scale soldiering, but this world is not out of the woods yet, and in spite of the best efforts of some diligent people to get us and keep us out of the world, we are still a good deal in it, and cannot entirely disregard its habits, nor neglect to qualify ourselves to mix with its peoples.

Still, we must not become discouraged about our world. It takes some time to get over any big war, and the recent biggest-ever war is entitled to an extra allowance of after-years of convalescence. We Americans, if we are impatient with France for her compelling measures with Germany, may well recall the dearth of amiability and the reluctance to let by-gones be by-gones that characterized the reconstructive years which followed our own Civil War. In another man's place we might not do what he does, for all men are not alike. But they are more alike than they think, and subject especially to like passions, and prone alike to err. So then to deprecate the present deportment of France is not to say that in her place we might not do as she does, though seen from our place it does not look good.

## EDITOR'S DRAWER



## Fiction Formulas

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

### THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL

THE hero dies in Chapter One,  
 The heroine in Chapter Two;  
 And now that things are well begun  
 The author gives to both their due:  
 He delves into the lady's past;  
 He shows the man in varied roles;  
 He fills the gaps from first to last  
 With subtle talk about their souls.

And so the story onward frisks  
 With lots of dots . . . and asterisks.



## THE MYSTERY DETECTIVE STORY

**M**ISER murdered! Just a start  
 For a host of baffling clues:  
 Who has carved poor Potter's heart?  
 What has stained his lawyer's shoes?  
 Did the penknife play a part?  
 Was the servant prone to booze?  
 M. T. Domes will show his art;  
 Watch the rival ferrets lose.

M. T. Domes proves clear as fudge  
 That the villain is the Judge.

## THE RED-BLOODED NOVEL

**R**ED-BLOODED he-man;  
 Two-fisted Mike;  
 Grog-fuddled seaman;  
 Chrome-livered Ike;  
 Deep-slitted gizzards;  
 Blood-spotted snow;  
 Eye-blinding blizzards;  
 On with the show!

This type of yarn will prove amusing  
 If local-colored before using.

## THE ADOLESCENT GIRL ROMANCE

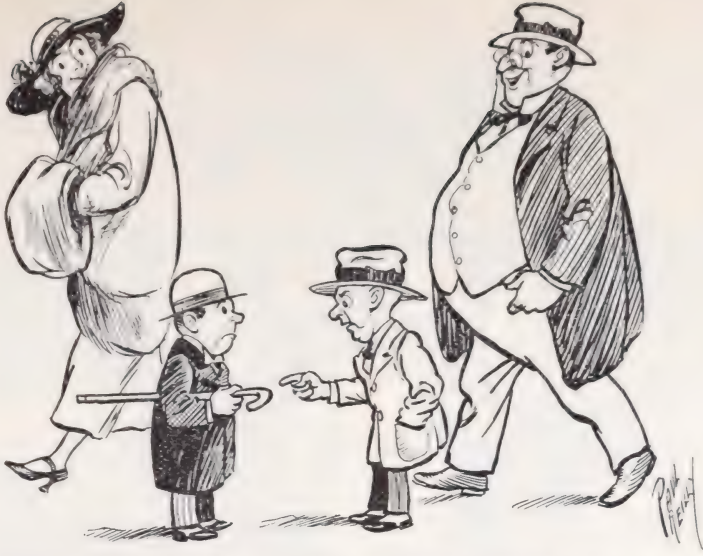
**T**HE legacy withheld from her  
 Creates a tearful situation;  
 But she finds poverty a spur  
 To arts of hidden fascination.  
 In gingham gown, with sleeves rolled up,  
 And wearing just a plain poke bonnet,  
 She drinks from Love's own golden cup  
 And draws a husband plus a sonnet.

The moral is: A Cinderella  
 Will always wed a handsome fella.

## THE SORDIDLY REALISTIC NOVEL

**U**PON a street as drab as sin  
 There dwell a wanton, knave, and clown;  
 In fact, you'll find such folks within  
 Each house that horrifies the town;  
 The girls are brooding mysteries  
 To hyperconscious boys who blush;  
 The plot concerns a few of these  
 Who indiscreetly meet—but hush!

Our lives would not be so complex  
 Without suppressed desires and sex.



OPTIMISTIC LILLIPUTIAN: "That's no way to carry a stick—do you want to poke somebody in the face!"

#### Cat!

TWO women who had not met for years suddenly encountered each other on a train. "How do you do?" said one, effusively. "Now, this is delightful," said the older of the two. "Just to think that you knew me after so many years. I can't have changed much—really I feel flattered." "Oh," quickly explained the first speaker, "I recognized your hat."

#### Figuratively Speaking

JOHN SMITH was not an enthusiastic motorist whereas Mrs. John Smith was a great fan for the sport, particularly for that phase of it known as "driving from the back seat." After much persuasion she finally induced John to take her on a short motor trip one day, but in the midst of her shouts of advice, when five miles from a town, the car suddenly stopped and refused to start again. "Well, John," she said, registering exasperation, "where's the crank? Where's the crank?"

Her husband turned and replied in an ominous tone of voice, "On the back seat, my dear."

#### The Strenuous Life

"I SEE you've got a new office boy. What happened to the other one?" "He got tired of opening his pay envelope every week."

#### Her One Accomplishment

LITTLE Alice was invited to a party one afternoon. When she returned home she gave an account of the good time to her mother and father, and told them that each of the little guests contributed either a song, a recitation, or some music for the pleasure of the others.

"Oh, my dear little daughter," said the sympathetic mother, as she gathered the child in her arms, "how very unfortunate, dear, that you could do nothing."

"But I could, mother!" exclaimed the little girl, proudly, "I stood right up and said my prayers!"

#### A Happy Medium

PETERS was forced to get from Joe, the colored waiter, details of a celebration in the Texas oil fields, to which he had been invited but which he could not attend. The party had been given by two of Peters' pals who had struck oil.

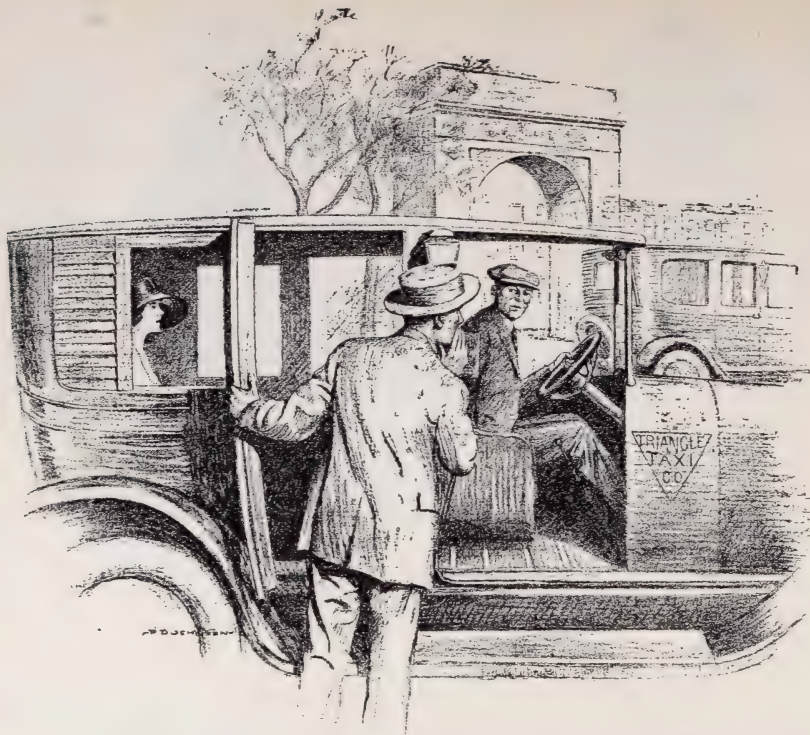
"I expect they had some celebration," said Peters.

"Yessuh."

"Plenty to drink, and pretty good, was it?"

"Well, suh, if it had of been any wuss I couldn't have drunk it, and if it had of been any better they wouldn't of given me any."





*"And, by the way, driver, of course, you know that the longest way round is the most expensive way home."*

#### Why Discuss It?

**BLUMENTHAL** was called to the 'phone one morning.

"This is the bank cashier speaking, Mr. Blumenthal," the voice came over the phone. "I'm sorry to tell you that your account is overdrawn one hundred dollars."

Blumenthal thought for a moment.

"Tell me," he said, "how much did I have on deposit one month ago to-day?"

The cashier referred to the books and replied, "Three hundred dollars."

"Well," demanded Blumenthal, "did I 'phone you about it?"

#### Complete Instructions

**MRS. CALLAHAN** observed one evening to her husband, "Me sister writes that ivry bottle in the box we sent her was broken. Are ye sure ye printed 'This side up with care' on it?"

"I am," replied Mr. Callahan. "An' for fear they shouldn't see it on top, I printed it on the bottom also."

#### Musical Nomenclature

**AN** American girl who obtained her vocal training in Berlin tells of a visit to the household of her teacher, who had recently become the father of a boy.

"What a musical forehead that baby has!" exclaimed the American girl. "What have you named him, Herr Professor?"

"A name has not been decided upon," said the professor. "My wife, she wants he should be Lohengrin, and I vant him to be Siegfried, so yet he iss still yust Opus I."

#### His Facts were Correct

**AN** official of the Civil Service Commission says that even the grave members of one examining board were amused by a certain answer in a set of examination papers.

The question was: "Give for any one year, the number of bales of cotton exported from the United States."

The answer this applicant wrote was: "1492, None."







*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

Illustration for "Emancipation"

HIS PRIDE AND HIS AMBITION HUNG LIKE TROPHIES AT HER BELT

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## *Julie Cane* *A Novel* By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

ANYTHING is possible—and I offer in proof of it, first, Julie Cane's father.

He was a grocer, an unsuccessful grocer, a suburban grocer in a little shop across the street from the Jersey Central railroad station in Findellen. Outwardly, he was a shy and rather stupid-looking small fat man, with hair the color of coffee-sugar and features as weak as the mold-print on a soft pat of butter. If you knew him, even in his younger days, he must have seemed to

you the perfect flower and product of all the dullness of small-town life. Yet he cherished a secret and absurd ambition which he never mentioned to anyone—not even to his wife—any more than most of us confess the impossible dreams that animate our fondest hopes of ourselves. He planned to be some day rich enough to retire, build himself an observatory in a back garden, buy an equatorial telescope, and become an astronomer.

You would never have suspected it.

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He read secretly great numbers of scientific books, especially the books of that elder Dumas of astronomy, Camille Flammarion; but he was naturally as shy about talking of science as most people are shy about discussing their religion, and for the same reason. Moreover, his pious reticence had been made doubly mute by a school principal who had warned him that he should never discuss subjects of which he did not know how to pronounce the words—after Cane had been getting the better of him in a dispute about the nebular theory, across the grocery counter—and although the school teacher's advice was given insultingly, to end the argument, it helped to prevent Cane thereafter from talking about his reading to anyone who seemed educated; and there was no temptation to talk about it to the rest of his world.

This reading and this ambition were not due to any superficial and fantastic whim in him. They came from somewhere in the subsoil of his essential being, where he hid a sort of mystical religious feeling about life. It was a feeling that expressed itself darkly in his failure as a business man, in his lack of push, and in his inability to make friends and sell them groceries—just as a more orthodox religious renunciation of the world might have made him a monk. And it was a feeling that welled up in him like an emotional chill on what might seem, to an onlooker, very commonplace occasions.

It welled up so, for instance, when he heard his daughter Julie's first wail against the world.

## II

That was on a bright October morning in the early eighteen-eighties. He had been summoned excitedly from his shop downstairs, and he had come running in his white apron to the doorway of his wife's bedroom. He had caught at the door jambs with both hands when he saw what the doctor was doing, and

he hung there, staring. The doctor, in his knitted waistcoat, with his shirt-sleeves rolled to his bare elbows, was holding up like a butcher, by the hind legs, a little animal the size of a sucking pig, watching it as if, having stuck it with a knife, he were waiting for it to die. Suddenly, he smacked it. It writhed with a choked and gurgling wail. And at the sound of that wail Cane felt a terrifying emotion.

A sublime emotion! It was as if the earth had dropped from under him and left him suspended by the door posts in the midst of the bottomless mystery of the world's existence which the everyday sights and ordinary aspects of the world commonly concealed from him. It was an emotion that he had once doted on—and dreaded. As a boy, he had often induced it at night—instead of saying his prayers—lying on his back in bed, staring at the darkness. He had not, for years, remembered the imagined scenes by means of which he used to produce it in himself; yet, when it flashed upon him now, it brought with it, instantaneously, the whole elaborate vision with which, in his adolescence, he had so often awed and frightened himself.

He would imagine himself floating through the great void of the heavens, beyond the farthest limits of the known universe; and, drifting there, as a disembodied intelligence—all alone in that empty blackness, in that absolute nothingness and cold vacancy—he would say to himself: "There's nothing here. There never *has* been anything here. There never *can* be anything here. Scientifically speaking, out o' nothing, nothing can never come."

Then, in the vast and blind distance, he would see a vague glow, a sort of dim yellow mist of light; and, in it, little definite centers of light would gradually grow and strengthen. "Ah!" he would say to himself, "this's impossible. Scientifically speaking, this's impossible. Out o' empty darkness, how can light come?"

Slowly he would realize that he was

looking, from the desert wastes of space, at the impossible and incredible solar system. There, in its center, swung the small globe of the sun. The stars came rushing toward him, like a blast of sparks, blown across the immensity above him and below him, at great distances from one another, in a confusion of orderly motion. Unexpectedly from the sun, he felt the miracle of heat. Air began to rush past him. And then, through clouds, he saw the earth, the green earth, full of that final impossibility, life, animal life, human life, and most unexplainable of all, human intelligence. And lying on his back in bed, afloat in that terrific mystery, he would feel a sinking in his insides and be horrified with awe.

Now he seemed to see it all again, in the flash of a second, at the sound of the thin wail from his newborn child. Out of nothingness, a human voice. And the old emotion struck him in the legs like a fright and made his knees shake and his white apron quiver.

To the doctor, smiling at him, he looked merely scared and stupid.

"You have a daughter, Mr. Cane."

He did not answer. He stared through his glasses—a young grocer with small, weak, whitish eyes—a young grocer in a soiled apron, his shirtsleeves gartered at the elbows and protected at the wrists by woven straw cuffs, Cane, the grocer. He had callow side-whiskers in the style of the day, and he wore a paper collar with a neck scarf that was held at its knot by a gold ring.

His wife was looking at him with a peculiar air of peevish and malevolent triumph, as if to say: "There now! Were you wrong or weren't you?" He did not notice her. He turned away, stupidly dumb, with the feeling that his feet were not yet sure of the earth under them. He walked with a sort of fumbling-footed dignity—very important and very old—a father, a person of an earlier generation. His knees were jerky as he went downstairs into the back storeroom of his shop.

### III

He could see customers waiting for him, three of them, sitting on stools before the counter in silence. He drew some cider into a pint measure from the spigot of a barrel behind the back partition, drank a mouthful, replaced the measure, and went into the shop briskly—Cane, the grocer—in the changed manner of an actor assuming a role.

It was a role for which he was hopelessly miscast, and the fact that he was playing it I offer as another proof that anything is possible. The part had been so slowly and so slyly imposed on him that he had never questioned it. And, in fact, the imposition had begun before he was born. His father, a Connecticut school teacher, had taken the first false step by migrating to New York to make a fortune. His commercial ambition had propelled him into the position of bookkeeper in a Broadway grocery, and left him stranded there for life. Having transshipped his cargo of hopes to his son, he forced the boy to give up his school studies and become a clerk in the same shop; and after the mother's death, when the natural conflict between father and son became continuous, John escaped the paternal tyranny by taking to the road as a commercial traveler for a wholesale house. He had some vague idea that such travel would be educational. He was given a suburban territory, and on his rounds he came to Findellen and to Sowers' grocery, where Annie Sowers was trying to run the business while her father lay ill upstairs.

Cane did not recognize her as the next false agent of fate. She was an incompetent, distracted woman of thirty, struggling against sharp customers, bad debts, and a delivery boy who was irresponsible. Cane sold her several bills of goods, between customers, patiently, touched by her expression of pale and worried inadequacy. She seemed to him to be chiefly engaged in a bewildered pursuit of a lead pencil which she always



thrust into the back-knot of her red hair and always forgot to seek there. His mother had had red hair. He felt sorry for her. He was not himself very efficient commercially, and it flattered him to find some one whom he could pity as worse than he.

To her of course, he was a successful New York business man, young and rather handsome.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, swinging back in his suburban circle to Broadway, he dropped off at Findellen to pick up an order from her, and he found her in a madly distracted state, trying to get a doctor for her father—who seemed on the point of death—unable to wait on her customers—farmers and their wives, in town to buy their week's supplies—deserted by her delivery boy with whom she had quarreled, and so unpopular with her neighbors that she would not even ask any of them to help her. Cane hung up his hat and coat in the back storeroom, put on her father's apron, took charge behind the counter, and sent her upstairs.

Old Sowers died that night, and it was Cane who closed the shop and notified the undertaker. She had apparently no relatives and certainly no friends. Some church acquaintances came to her and Cane left them in control of the tragedy and went for the night to the Union Hotel, instead of returning at once to New York. The delay probably indicated an inclination in him of which he was unaware.

The next day was Sunday. He woke to a fine, brightly-painted, newly sun-varnished autumn morning; and after breakfast—having sauntered down the empty Center Street and looked at the black streamer on the grocery door—he turned toward the wooded hills behind Findellen, in need of a solitary walk.

He liked the little town as he passed through it; and he liked the view of the Jersey flats that opened as he ascended the hill-road above them. Findellen had as yet few shade trees; to the

pioneer farmers who had built it trees were an enemy that had to be cleared away. But on the steep and rocky hillside where farming was impossible the woods had been allowed to live in an Indian reservation of their own, and Cane enjoyed them with city eyes. In their barbaric autumn foliage, they were as picturesque as blanketed and painted savages, impassive, indifferent, meditative, sunning themselves. He sat among them, in their own mood, on the top of the ridge, and looked down on Findellen. He saw it as a little friendly gathering of white houses that appeared idle and contented. A man might be very happy there, with a small shop to support him. He would have time to read and to think.

He went on over the ridge into the next valley; and he liked the cedar trees that volunteered along the party-lines, where the farmers let them live till they were large enough to be killed for fence posts. And he liked the Dutch colonial farmhouses which had not yet rotted away, and the yellowing scrub-oak and the crimson sumach. It would be pleasant to walk these roads on Sunday, after a week's work. If he could take over old Sowers' shop—But how? Well, if he could, for instance, get the wholesale people to advance the needed capital on condition that he should always buy his groceries from them. . . .

When he returned to Findellen in the late afternoon, tired and sunburned but full of country air and the country food of a crossroads hotel, he almost had his mind made up to buy the grocery if Miss Sowers would sell it, and if he could get the money to buy it. But he could not decide whether he ought to speak to her about it, or wait and come back in a few days, after the funeral.

And he might never have brought himself to any real decision if he had not seen Annie Sowers coming out of the cemetery as he returned down Mountain Avenue. She was alone. She had evidently been looking at the burial plot. Tall and thin, in a tight black dolman



THE VERANDAH OF THE UNION HOTEL WAS THE CENTER OF FINDELLEN'S LIFE

and a skirt that had once been worn with a narrow hoop, she bore her tragedy stiffly, in a repressed rigidity.

"Miss Sowers?" he said, coming up beside her as she approached a street corner.

She did not turn to look at him, and he kept his eyes on the distance, as if it would have been an indelicacy to glance at her. She had her head dropped a little, her gaze fixed on her clasped hands, in the pose of a mourner coming down a church aisle.

"I oughtn't to speak of it, I guess," he mumbled, walking beside her. "I just wanted to say—I was afraid you'd sell the business before I got back, an' I—"

They were at the street corner. "I'll not," she said, without moving her lips; and she turned at right angles from him into the cross street, continuing on her way with all the conventions of grief perfectly preserved, as if she had not spoken.

His hand moved to raise his hat, but stopped and rubbed his nose instead. He coughed—to show the world that he was innocent of any impropriety—and then went on in the general direction of the Union Hotel, with his future unalterably set.

#### IV

His wholesale firm was far from being sufficiently convinced of his business ability to be willing to lend him money. "We think, however," they assured him, "that you'd be wise to return to retail trade. In fact, we've practically decided to give your territory to Mr. Greening, and if you can swing this proposition at Findellen. . . ."

His idea of swinging it was to propose to Miss Sowers that he should take over the shop from her and gradually pay for it out of his profits. And her idea was that he should come and work for her as a clerk, and gradually purchase the business out of his wages. They compromised by agreeing to go into a sort of partnership: he was to give her his experience and his services, and she was to give him his board and fifty per cent of the net profits. The profits, net or gross, were blissfully unknown, because her father had never kept any books except a day-book of customers' accounts.

Three days later, Cane's trunk was in the back storeroom, and he was at work behind the counter. The public accepted him as a hired clerk; neither he nor Annie Sowers explained the situ-



ation to anyone; and at first no one asked about it. They were left, undisturbed, to those instinctive explorations of each other's likes and dislikes that are the beginnings of better acquaintance—or the end of it.

He found that she was cut off from her neighbors, the other shopkeepers, by her openly expressed conviction that they were all dishonest, all liars, all petty thieves. She told him anecdotes of them, reported to her by her father, and she told them with an indignation which Cane accepted as natural in a woman. To him, their practices were among the usual tricks of the trade. He understood them all, though he did not imitate them. He was too impractical for that. He could not have given a customer short weight without reddening criminally.

"Anyway," he justified himself, "it's bad business. You've got to keep your customer's confidence. That's what's the matter with a lot o' these small-town stores."

She accepted this as satisfactory.

He found that she was cut off from her church acquaintances by an independence in religious thought which she had acquired from her father. She went to church in order to pray, but she did not join in any of the church activities. "Well," he said, "I guess it's good for business to go to church. I don't go myself, but still—"

His mother had been religious, and he was used to having his own opinion in such matters, without offending anyone by expressing it. And this, too, was satisfactory to Miss Sowers.

He knew how to keep books. As a boy he had helped his father. And, for the first month, he was busy at all hours of the night, taking stock, appraising goods, closing old accounts, entering up his ledger, and trying hopefully to figure out an overhead of rent, taxes, repairs, and living expenses—for it appeared that *her* living, as well as his board, was to come out of the gross. He slept on a cot in the back storeroom, beside an

old Franklin stove, with his little library of second-hand volumes arranged in a bookcase made of empty lemon-boxes and he was as happy as a rabbit that had been chased by all the dogs in the world and now found itself safe and quiet in a deep burrow. She did the cooking and the housework. They ate breakfast together before he opened the shop. The rest of the day he spent behind the counter, she relieving him to let him eat the meals that she prepared for him upstairs, and joining him in waiting on the customers when business was brisk. On Sundays he walked over the hills with a book in his pocket.

Meantime, he was momentarily distracted by the conception of a new scientific theory that had come upon him, from nowhere, with a promise of explaining everything in the world. And he felt that if he could first work it out, in all its details, he might even be able to apply it to the solution of his grocery problems.

It was this—and I give it at length because it is a fair sample of the sort of thinking that went on endlessly behind Cane's dumb preoccupation:

It had occurred to him that the vital principle in all things, probably, was heat. Life was warm; death was cold. The moment of dissolution was the triumph of cold over heat. Moreover, all love and sympathy and kindness were warm. They were moral manifestations, so to speak, of the vital principle. But all hate and indifference and ill-will were cold. And, by and large, the struggle between these two antagonistic principles, heat and cold, was at the bottom of the whole battle of life, the succession of the seasons, the moral conflict in the human heart, and the fight between God and Satan.

Applying this to the grocery business, a wise man would always take his stand on the side of warmth. How? Well, to be practical, he would have the outside of his shop painted a warm color—say, red. And the truth of the whole theory was at once strongly supported for Cane



HE SAW IT AS A LITTLE GATHERING OF WHITE HOUSES IDLE AND CONTENTED

by the fact that people naturally liked warm colors, especially red. Then, the inside of the shop should be warm, perhaps a sunny yellow; and it should be well lighted at night. For the same reason, his manner to his customers ought to be warm, kindly, sympathetic. The sawdust on the floor—this being in the days when grocers sprinkled sawdust—should be fresh every morning. He even thought of coloring it in some way, and he decided to get always cedar sawdust, which is ruddy, or, failing that, tanbark. He cleaned up his showcases,

rearranged his windows, and put the brightest labels in the front rows of his canned goods. He improved his manner to his customers, but he was rather blushing and awkward about it—with the result that some of the women thought he was trying guiltily to flirt with them. A growing suspicion of him was increased when he undertook to dress more vitally, and made himself look rather fast. Most disastrous of all, he began to be more sunny and beaming with Annie Sowers, and more appreciative of the cooking and washing and



ironing and sewing that she did for him. He even noticed, with a little thrill that her red hair was on the side of virtue and all things good. He felt that he liked her hair.

He liked, too, the way in which she trusted his business ability and agreed to everything he proposed, without questioning it. She was almost meek in her deference to his superior wisdom. "I never had much to do with the store," she explained, "till father was took sick"; and she had obviously elected him to her father's place in her life, although she was older than he. Even in the matter of his books, she was touchingly deferential. She never read, herself. It had never occurred to her to read scientific books, any more than to read law; and it overcame her like a revelation of new truth that there could be useful knowledge in books and that Cane was wise to read them. "Helps you to know the ropes," he said cryptically, and she agreed.

And then, one Monday morning in November, he wakened early to hear her rattling the kitchen stove-lids overhead. Since it was his accepted duty to be up first, to tend to the fires, he thought that he had overslept, and he jumped out of his camp cot and dressed hastily in the shivering darkness of the storeroom, without looking at his watch. When he struck a light and found his glasses it turned out to be not yet six o'clock; and he smiled to himself, in the forgiving superiority of that masculine efficiency with which she had endowed him. Her watch, of course, was wrong. He went upstairs to tell her so—and to wash in the kitchen sink.

He found her fully dressed, her hair smoothed for the day, very wide awake and palely thoughtful. "I know," she said when he told her what time it was. "I couldn't sleep."

She had always managed not to intrude on his toilet in the kitchen, but now she proceeded to put the coffee on the stove and to boil the water for the porridge while he shaved and washed.

"Don't mind *me*," she said. "Father ust to wash out here while I was gettin' breakfast." And she said it softly, with a smile at once shy and intimate.

He found that he liked having her there. He grinned at her in the glass when he saw her looking, amused, at the spectacle he made with his chin lathered. "Father didn't ust to shave," she explained.

"Mebbe let it grow, myself," he muttered, poisoning the razor.

She shook her head. "No, don't."

"No? Why?"

She looked down at the porridge. "I like . . . It looks better."

He understood that she had almost said she liked him as he was, and he felt the vital principle of warmth slowly rising in a flush under his lather. They were silent, but there was something going on in their silence. He found himself very pleasantly aware of her, even when he could not see her. He liked the subdued clatter of dishes and the scrape of the spoon as she stirred oatmeal into the boiling water. He liked the sound of her skirt as she moved about. And when he turned, wiping his face, he liked the simple gingham work dress that she wore; it had been molded by use to follow the curves of her slight figure.

"I think I'll make pancakes," she said.

If he had been romantic and she had put on an evening gown in order to play Chopin nocturnes while he sat and watched her, it could not have been more effective than the music and the deftness of her batter-mixing at that moment. The aroma of the coffee began to be a boudoir perfume that was seductive. He said huskily, "Lemme help set the table."

She continued absorbed in her cooking while he walked solemnly in and out, from the kitchen cupboard to the dining-room table, handling the dishes almost reverently and certainly with tenderness. He thought them pretty dishes. She had flushed with the heat of the stove; her long pale features seemed less plain

and colorless; and the bend of her head was gravely maternal as she turned the pancakes. She looked up at him once and smiled with a peculiar wistful and apprehensive expression of the eyes.

To Cane all women were divided into two classes. In one class was his mother, who had died young; she was a wholly spiritual being of heavenly benevolence whom you adored and desired to protect. In the other class were all other women. They were either vaguely absurd creatures—all sex and its satisfaction—of whom commercial travelers told smoking-room stories; or they were cunning parasites who lived to exploit man either by marrying him or not. Cane was quite unconscious of this classification in his mind, and he did not realize that Annie Sowers had taken on some of the qualities of his mother's class.

When breakfast was ready she sat down opposite him at the table, poured coffee for him, and helped him to bacon and pancakes. He watched her hands. They were working hands, bony and big-knuckled, but they were offering him the food which they had cooked for him, and the sight of them gave him a grateful emotion. They were motherly hands. He wanted to make some return to them, to protect her, to work for her, to make her happy. He smiled across the table at her. She looked down at her plate and blushed. And then she said hastily, as if it had been on her mind all morning, "They won't let us go on this way."

Her tone conveyed bad news, though he did not understand what she meant. "What way?"

"They say it's a scandal."

"What is? Who?"

"Yesterday, at church—He came up an' spoke to me—the minister. He says we can't go on like this. I told 'm it was a—a partnership. He says they're talkin' about us."

Cane was uncomfortably red. "None o' their business," he muttered, jabbing at the tablecloth with a fork.

"That's what I told 'm." She gave

him a swift glance. He was glowering down at the table cover.

She waited.

Seeing that he had nothing to suggest, she went on shakily, "I told 'm how it was. I told 'm it was a partnership. And he said we couldn't do it—we couldn't have a partnership, this way—unless we got ——"

She swallowed the word, frightened, and when he looked up, her mouth was twisted into a sort of apologetic grimace that tried to pretend it was a smile, but the expression of her eyes betrayed her. In spite of a shameful apprehension, there was a wistful half-hope.

"All right," he said. "Let's."

Her look held for a penetrating moment and then broke and quavered into tears. She gulped, shaking her head. "Oh, no," she breathed out on a sob. And covering her face with her hands, she began to weep.

"That's all right," he said. "I'd—I'd like to."

"Oh, no! No," she wailed.

He went around the table and stood beside her. "Don't feel that way about it. It's all right." He made as if to stroke her hair but ended by patting her shoulder. "It needn't make any difference. We can just do it, so as to stop their talk—you know."

"Oh, don't," she cried. "Don't."

And there was such a shamed pain in her tone that he could not endure it. He bent down and put an arm round her. "Don't feel that way about it. I'm such a—I never thought about it. I've just been thinking how comf'ble I was here, an' how good you were to me. It's—it's been great. An' I was thinking only this morning how pretty your hair was, an' how I liked to see you cooking an' everything—with the way the coffee smelled an' everything. I don't see why we couldn't be just as happy. I've been awful happy. Unless you don't want to?"

"Oh, I shouldn't 've said it," she sobbed.

"You didn't say it," he consoled her.



"It was the minister. You were just telling me what the minister said, an' I said, 'All right, then, let's get married.' I'd've asked you any way. I've been going to."

"You wouldn't! You haven't! Oh, go away," she cried. "Go away. Don't speak to me."

He went away. He went downstairs to the shop. But he knew that it was only a temporary withdrawal. He knew that he had committed himself. He realized that his apparently fluid and unsettled life had suddenly "jelled"; and he felt a natural depression that was partly the mood of indigestion and partly the cramped prospect of his future as a retail grocer.

He began mechanically to shake down the base-burner that warmed the shop, to fill it with coal, to sweep up the sawdust, and sprinkle the floor afresh. It was a dark November morning with a cold rain, and he lighted all his lights. The effect was cheering. He was warm and dry, protected, comfortable, while the whole hurried, driven, weather-beaten world of anxious men and women scurried past his door to catch an early train. He stood looking out at them from his snug shelter, and he began to brighten. As the fire burned up, a pleasant odor of scorched stove-polish joined the distillation of sweet, stuffy smells that make the aromatic essence of a little grocery store. He drew a long, contented breath.

He said to himself, "First thing, I guess, I've got to get a license or something."

## V

Looking at it from the outside, it must have seemed an impossible marriage. She was five years older than he, a confirmed spinster, without any physical charms whatever, and apparently as cold as a neuter bee. He was a shy, timid, impractical failure, of a monastic disposition, unromantic, simple-looking, and dumb. If you had seen them standing up together before the minister,

you could only have asked in amazement, "What in the world do they see in each other?"

You ask that, of course, of half the marriages which you observe in your lifetime. And the answer in the Cane-Sowers case is the answer in every case. Anything is possible, in the way of marriage, with the human mind as that mind is.

It is true that—although she had practically asked him to marry her—she began, in the first week, to behave as if he had betrayed her into marriage and disgraced her. She refused to receive any congratulatory visits from her church acquaintances—refused with resentment—and made him tell them that she was ill, and secluded herself like an invalid. She would not go behind the counter to wait on customers while he ate his meals; she left his food in the back storeroom, and he got it when he could. That amused him; he mistook it for the delicate bashfulness of a bride—which perhaps, in part, it was.

And it is true that—although she had practically asked him to marry her—he began at first to behave as if he had done the whole thing himself. He bore himself toward her with a queer sort of air—a mild and vacillating assumption of the arrogance of a conquering Turk to a new slave in his harem. At the same time he was impatient of the amount of attention that she needed, with her headaches and her sleeplessness and her general mood of being indisposed to eat or exercise. If there were no extravagant passion in his feeling for her—or hers for him—that is to say, no more than that they had married "good pals," according to the best Puritan American ideal; and if they began their married life with little but a decent and companionable respect for each other, that, too, is in accordance with the purest American aspiration.

In short, their marriage was a typical American marriage of a certain sort, and it might have worked itself out, in its natural slow course, according to the

pattern which is most common among Puritan American marriages—no matter how shoddy the material under that pattern may seem to you in this particular case. But, as it happened, an absurd incident suddenly accelerated the progress of their orderly marital history and heightened the disaster of their mutual disillusionment ridiculously. And the incident was this:

One night, about three weeks after their wedding, she had gone to bed rather early, as soon as the shop was closed, and he was sitting up to read, in the front room, beside the stove, in an armchair that had been her father's. It was a stiffly padded easy-chair, so-called, covered in a horsehair upholstery that was slippery. Cane maintained himself in it by drawing it up to where he could recline in it with his feet on the stove, his elbows on the wide arms, the book held high. He had attained his ideal of perfect luxury—to be reading at midnight, alone, in a warm room. And having picked up, at second hand, that afternoon, an odd volume of a scientific series—a volume on *Descent and Dar-*

*winism*—he was enjoying an intellectual adventure. Darwin!

He had hidden the book until his wife went to bed, and he was reading it now like a boy with a forbidden volume. He did not understand more than half the words. And he did not seek to. He was willing to take all the technical details on trust if he could only get to the final general view that was to illuminate existence for him.

In the light of a flaring gas jet, the stuffy Victorian room glared at him accusingly—parlor chairs against the walls, Nottingham-lace curtains over the windows, a yellow-toothed piano with a fretwork front, family photographs and crayon portraits on the walls in frames of dark wood and mats of red plush. The whole place looked outraged by his attitude of informal ease and midnight idleness. He had turned his chair to put his back to it, before he opened *Darwinism*.

He heard his wife roll over in her creaking bed in the next room. She asked, "Are you goin' to sit up all night?"



ON SUNDAYS HE WALKED OVER THE HILLS WITH A BOOK IN HIS POCKET



"Jus' a min't," he mumbled.

A moment later she complained, "My feet're like ice."

"I'll heat the brick," he said.

He felt for it under the stove with an exploring foot, his eyes still on the book; and when he found it, he opened the stove door, popped it in on the coals, and went back to his page with the least possible loss of time.

His wife must have dozed off, for it was at least a half hour later that she called to him again about her feet. He dropped his book guiltily, snatched the brick off the coals, found it overheated, and stood it on end to cool. Meantime he went into the bedroom to get a towel in which to wrap it. "I'll be done in a minute," he assured her. "Just a couple o' pages more."

He sat down with the towel on his knee and began to read again. When he remembered the brick he thought he had been reading for some time. He wrapped it up and hurried into the bedroom with it. And almost absent-mindedly, with his thoughts on Darwinism, he placed in the foot of the bed the bomb that was to destroy his wife's blind trust in him.

"That seems awful hot," she said, drawing her feet away from it.

"S all right," he assured her. "S not too hot."

"I don't want it to burn the bed."

"A brick couldn't burn the bed," he said, with an air of scientific infallibility. "You couldn't get it hot enough for that—unless you got it red hot."

She took his word for it. That was the sort of thing which he, in his superior wisdom, knew all about.

He went back to his reading. And she, with her feet drawn up, waiting for the heat to reach them, fell asleep trustfully.

He was deep in the controversy about the miraculous origin of life when she screamed. She had turned in her sleep, straightened her legs, and put her feet into a red-hot smolder of burned sheets and smoking mattress. "'s fire!" she shrieked.

The book jumped out of his hands. He rushed into the bedroom full of smoke, caught up the water pitcher from the washstand and emptied it on the bedding. She was frantically frightened, and to the accompaniment of her screams he tore off the scorched bedclothes and stamped on the sparks in them. It took two more pitchers of water—brought from the kitchen tap after he got the light lighted—before the last smolder in the mattress was drowned. By that time the bedding was ruined, the bed was a wreck, the carpet was seared and soaked; she was in a fury of tearful rage and indignation, and he was intimidated, resentful, and glaringly dumb.

He went back to the parlor and sat down boiling, in his armchair, and let her rave. She scolded in and out of the room in her nightdress, seeking new sheets and blankets. "Bricks won't burn a bed! Oh, no! Bricks won't burn a bed!" In a pretense of ignoring her, he tried to read, and he continued the pretense when he found how it annoyed her. She retaliated by expressing her opinion of all books containing the sort of scientific misinformation that would set fire to a house. She said something about her father which he did not catch; and he found himself comparing her unfavorably with his mother, in his hurt resentment of her contempt.

He threw down his book at last, turned out his light, and lay down on the sofa in his clothes, determined to sleep there—determined never to heat another brick for her, or to turn a hand to help her when she had a headache, or to wait on her customers for her, or to manage her fool grocery for her. He would go to New York, first thing in the morning, and get back his job as a commercial traveler.

And now it occurred to him that the vital principle of heat in that brick had betrayed him, and with the thought, came the recollection of a passage in *Descent and Darwinism* which explained



HER HOME WAS A LITTLE TWO-STORY-AND-ATTIC BUILDING

heat as "a mode of motion." He had hurried over the passage as he read it, eager to get to an understanding of existence as a whole; but now he realized, coldly, that he had been wrong about heat—and about red hair. Red hair indicated nothing but bad temper. He should have married a sunny blonde. Perhaps it was light, not heat, that was the vital principle. Perhaps there was no vital principle and no purpose and no meaning in life whatever.

In the darkness, cramped on the sofa and chilly, he fell asleep in a mood of depressed disillusion.

## VI

In the morning, of course, the quarrel was patched up over a breakfast which he made and carried in to her, because she was too ill to raise her head from the pillow. But the patching was patching. Their relations had changed. There-

after, whenever she heard him utter any opinion with confidence, she either said sarcastically, "Bricks won't burn a bed!" or she showed the thought in her expression of face. And whenever she did either he boiled up with the same furious resentment that had kept him awake on the sofa, the night of the fire.

Having lost confidence in him, she began to distrust his business ability; and watching him suspiciously, she discovered, of course, that he was a pitiful failure as a business man. For instance, he proposed to run the shop on a cash-and-carry basis strictly, and to give no customer credit; but he was unable to refuse goods to anyone who pleaded for a few days' grace in which to pay for them. He bought unneeded supplies from commercial travelers who were clever enough to appeal to his sympathy; and he overpaid the farmers for their butter and eggs. She quarreled with him about these things, bitterly.



As her manner to him changed, he looked back on the first days of their happy partnership as days of trickery and deceit on her side; and she had much the same feeling about him. He felt that he had been betrayed into marriage by her pretense of warmth and humility and vital regard for him; and she was convinced that he had falsely posed as an efficient and industrious young man of practical ability and superior wisdom in order to marry her and obtain possession of the shop. As he realized that she had lost confidence in him, he lost confidence in himself. It became difficult for him to face his customers. He took refuge more and more in his books, which she began to despise because she saw that they had no practical value.

When she announced, with resentment, that she was going to have a child, he pooh-poohed the idea with unreasonable optimism, because by his incredulity he was able to defend himself from her accusing manner. Having committed himself to this attitude, he persisted in it manfully, long after he knew it was untenable; and that enraged her. She was determined to have a child if only to prove that he was wrong again; and the birth of Julie Cane was no more, at first, to her mother, than the angry end and triumphant conclusion of a long silent argument with Cane. That is why, upon this miraculous advent of a new human being in the world, she gave him a peevish look of saying, "There now! Were you wrong or weren't you?"

I offer that as another proof that anything is possible—though, I suppose, you would have to know Julie Cane to appreciate how inadequate such a reception of her really was.

Enter, then, Julie Cane.

## VII

The home to which she entered was obviously unpromising—a little two-story-and-attic building of weather-

crumbled red brick, with a protruding front of old-fashioned shop windows in small-paned glasses, and two stone steps to the front door. The sidewalk was stone flags, but the road was Jersey mud. You would look in vain, up or down that dull and tawdry street, for any evident beauty, for any promise of romance or adventure, for any plain hint of joy. You would see none in Cane if you entered the shop and watched him writing down orders and tying up parcels and snapping string and saying, "Thank you." And you would see none in Mrs. Cane if you climbed the stairs from the back store to the living rooms, and studied her as she swept and dusted and cooked and washed and made her beds. Your difficulty would be that you would see only the world that was round them and not the world that was within their heads.

To perceive Cane's world as he lived in it you would have to imagine—let us say—that the earth ended at the foot of the street, so that if you walked down there you would come to a bottomless chasm, and look over the edge to behold the sun and the moon and the planets sailing round above and below you, and realize that you were standing on a sort of tiny island of rock and soil—with water and plants and food and animals enough on it to support its human inhabitants—but with nothing in sight to explain how you or your little balloon of mud came to be floating about in the abysmal spaces. As soon as your shop was closed for the night you would hurry back to some book which promised to explain this amazing and incomprehensible street hung amid the stars, and you would read and read in the untiring hope that you were about to learn how you came to be there, reading.

This is an exaggeration, of course. Such a conception of Findellen's Center Street was only intermittent in Cane's mind; although certainly, whenever he stopped living for a moment, in order to look at his life, that was the way it appeared to him.

Mrs. Cane's picture of existence was even more mystical. She saw the world as the handiwork of an eccentric giant who had made the universe and wound it up like a mechanical top and set it spinning. He had made also a number of laws which all human beings were required to obey; he watched everybody, every minute, to see that these laws were strictly kept in thought and deed; and he entered every infraction of his statutes in a police blotter with which the offenders should some day be confronted. In order, perhaps, to make sure that his government was ardently supported, he allowed his rival, an invisible ogre, to go about tempting people to disobedience; and then, when they finally came before him for trial, if they were guilty, he handed them over to the ogre for eternal punishment in a diabolic prison which he kept. Accordingly, for Mrs. Cane, Findellen's Center Street was the scene of a sort of everlasting election contest between the giant and the ogre, and every now and then some one of its inhabitants disappeared—as her father had—to answer

for all his thoughts and actions to the giant, and to be rewarded or condemned forever according to how he had used his spiritual vote and influence in Findellen.

This, too, is a picturesque exaggeration. She was rarely conscious of any such conception of life; she merely acted on it unconsciously. It was the infantile idea of the world which she had formed in childhood; it remained, uninfluenced by intelligence, at the bottom of her mind; and it governed her, automatically, in her attitude toward her baby.

So, though Julie Cane entered the world by way of an apparently dull and tawdry and commonplace and unromantic avenue of everyday life, she really came as the participant in two highly exciting conceptions of existence. To her father she was as mysterious a visitant as any messenger from Mars. To her mother she was as supernatural as an angel. Cane, when he got his first good look at her, was astounded to see that she showed personality. She looked like a little old bald-headed



WITH HER PARENTS ON THE WAY TO CHURCH



Buddha. She reminded him of a portrait-bust of some Renaissance prelate that he had seen in a forgotten art gallery. As a child, he treated her as an intellectual equal who had not yet succeeded in getting control of the body and the brain in which she found herself. She could always put him out of countenance by staring at him solemnly.

To her mother she was an immortal soul who had been sent to earth to suffer the appointed trials and tribulations of humanity.

Naturally, these two points of view came into conflict. But it was not an open conflict. Mrs. Cane had the support of so much social authority that Cane could not oppose her frankly; and she intimidated him by her maternal assumption of sole ownership and control of her child. He had to plot and cheat and slyly frustrate her.

He began, accidentally, one day when Julie was about a month old. Mrs. Cane, going through an old trunk in her attic, in search of material to patch a petticoat, had come on a sampler that her mother had embroidered. After three successful renditions of the alphabet in colored wools, it broke out, with pious exultation:

"There is an hour when I must die  
Nor do I know how soon 't will come.  
A thousand children young as I  
Are called by death to hear their doom.

May I improve the hours I have  
Before the day of grace is fled.  
There's no repentance in the grave  
Nor pardon offered to the dead."

This mortuary work of art had hung on the wall over Annie Sowers' cot in her infancy, and she smiled on it reminiscently as she carried it back to the bedroom and pinned it on the wallpaper near the foot of Julie's cradle. She sat down under it, in the little low chair in which her mother had nursed her, and she began to croon a song to the child at her breast. It was a melancholy song to the effect that you should "love not, for all you love must die," and the tears

dripped down her high cheekbones as she hummed it; but she was far from unhappy. She was enjoying a physical orgy of maternal ecstasy, her face flushed, her thin lips pouting as she gazed broodingly down at her child. Her eyes set in a swimming glaze of transport. By a strange confusion of consciousness, her child, a part of her own flesh, had become herself in infancy, and she was her own mother singing to her. With a mystical exaltation and reeling of the brain, she felt as if her mother's ghost had taken possession of her body, recalled to earth by some spiritual evocation connected with the sampler. She closed her eyes and let her head fall back against the chair, and lapsed into a sort of trance in which she seemed to be sleeping in her mother's arms at the same time that she was her mother nursing her.

She needed sleep. She had been wakened several times in the night, to quiet the baby. And she was really sleeping—as the child was—when Cane, running upstairs from the shop to find himself a handkerchief, stifled a sneeze at sight of them, and tiptoed into the room to reach a bureau drawer without disturbing them. The sampler caught his eye. He read it and frowned.

He hated it at once. He hated it with fear and loathing. His own childhood had been persecuted with this religious insistence upon the ever-present imminence of death. And he saw, with horror, this poetical skull-and-crossbones pinned on the wall above his unconscious child, waiting to poison her with its lugubrious warning as soon as she was able to understand it.

He took it from the wall like a sneak thief, carefully withdrawing the pins. He tiptoed downstairs with it hidden under his apron. There was no one in the shop to see him. He put it in the stove and watched it burn to a fine white ash. Then he drew a long guilty breath, wiped his forehead with his clean handkerchief, and went back to his work.

## VIII

He was prepared to swear that he had not left the shop, that he had never seen the sampler, that he could not imagine what had become of it. He was not prepared to have his wife remain completely silent about it. That puzzled him.

As a matter of fact, when she woke and saw that the sampler had disappeared, she clutched the child to her and sat staring at the vacant wall. What had happened? She looked down at the floor bewildered. There was no sampler on the floor. She shuddered. Had she seen her mother's ghost? And had her mother taken the sampler? Or had she dreamed about the sampler?

She put Julie in her cradle and went searching around the room. There was no sampler to be found. There were no pins on the floor at the spot where the sampler might have fallen. She could not even see any pin pricks in the wall-paper. She climbed to the attic and recognized the trunk, but she could not be sure that she had not dreamed of it. She went down to the shop to speak to her husband, but he was busily oblivious of her, engaged with a customer, and she could not find words to begin. She could not confess her strange hallucination about her mother.

She returned to her housework in a guilty silence. That night she asked Cane, "Do you believe in ghosts?" but when he answered, "No. What do you ask that for?" she did not explain. She could not. At one moment she would believe that she had seen a ghost. At another she would be convinced that she had been dreaming. And again she would find herself suspecting that the whole thing had never happened at all.

Cane was jubilant. As soon as he was left alone with his staring child he winked and grinned at her. "Don't you ever let 'em scare you," he whispered. "I'll take care o' you. They're a lot o' country jakes. You an' me—we can run rings around 'em if we stick together. Don't you let 'em scare you."

That was the beginning of a conspiracy between Cane and his daughter to outwit piety and suppression in the shape of Mrs. Cane. At first, of course, they had no such purpose. Their association aimed at nothing but mutual entertainment. They met chiefly when Mrs. Cane went downstairs to take charge of the shop, in order to let Cane eat his midday dinner or his evening meal; and these he ate on his feet, between the dining room and the baby's cradle, amusing her and talking to her between bites. "She thinks she owns you," he would tell the infant. "We've got to get together on the quiet. I'm not scared of her, but I don't want to make trouble for you, see? She's jealous about *you*. Don't tell her I said so, though. We got to work this out without her knowing."

He winked and grinned at her and tickled her and whistled to her and made funny faces at her; and for a time she took it all doubtfully, without any visible response. Then, whenever he came with his secret antics to her cradle she would welcome him by squirming and gurgling at sight of him, in evident expectation of a tickling; and this encouraged him, because he saw that she remained always staringly quiet with her mother, devoting herself to the business of nutrition as placidly as a cow chewing the cud, with no restlessness and no remarks. He carefully ignored her when her mother was present, and Julie seemed to ignore him too, although perhaps that was only because she could not see him at the distance that he kept.

He carried little toys in his pockets to amuse her with—having begun with his watch—and she never whimpered when he took these from her on leaving, and she did not seem to look for them when Mrs. Cane was present. "We can't let her see you with them," he explained, "or she'd get on to me an' get her back up. She thinks she's going to do all the



doings where you're concerned. You're a girl, see? An' she thinks you're nobody's business but hers. That's all right. I'm not going to scrap about it. But I got plans o' my own for you, an' I'm going to put 'em through. On the quiet though, see? On the quiet."

He believed that she understood him, and perhaps she did. Perhaps she understood as a dog understands, even though it does not know a word you say. From him she sought kisses and caresses, and she got them in abundance, but she never looked for any from her undemonstrative mother. She began to babble to him, in imitation of his garburity, though she was silent with her silent mother; and she was talking to him with great volubility and an occasional intelligible word long before she spoke to Mrs. Cane.

He taught her to walk. "Got to learn to stand on your own feet, girl. Come on now, don't be scared. I won't let you get hurt." And she surprised her mother by coming out with this accomplishment perfected. "She just got up an' walked," Mrs. Cane told her husband. "I never seen anything like it."

"Did she?" Cane grinned. "Well, I'll be switched."

When her crib had been moved into the parlor she would climb out at night after her mother was asleep and sit on his knee while he read. He would whisper, "Keep quiet, now. We don't want your mammy to know. She'd send you back to bed." And she would cuddle up against him and pretend to read with him, staring at the page absorbedly until she fell asleep.

Her mother believed that children should not receive too much attention; it made them conceited. She believed that they should not be encouraged to "show off"; it was good for their souls to ignore them. It was especially good to deny them things. "The way of life is by renunciation." She did not seek her daughter's confidence, any more than an old-fashioned schoolma'am would, and Julie was generally as silent

with her as if she were in school. If she wished to know anything, she asked her father. If she wanted anything—such as candy—she asked him for it and he got it for her if she promised not to tell. As part of the regimen of self-denial, Mrs. Cane was strict about her daughter's diet. Cane, of course, indulged her. She sat on his knee at his meals, when the mother was downstairs, ate anything she wished, drank out of his tea cup, and worried her mother by having no appetite for her proper bread and milk.

One day Mrs. Cane found her fingers sticky with forbidden syrup and punished her for the break in training. And Julie took her punishment without betraying that her father had helped her to the syrup. "You're all right, Julie," he complimented her. He called her "Julie," though she was "Julia" to her mother and everybody else. "You're a good sport. You'll get lots o' lickings in this world for things you never did. Take 'em an' let it go at that. It's only the boobies that expect justice the way things are. Don't let 'em scare you. That's all. Keep a stiff upper lip."

Naturally, with this training, she became a strange, silent, precocious youngster. She did not know any children; her mother did not consider any of the neighbors' children fit for her to associate with; and Cane had an outdoor playground fitted up for her on the flat roof of the back storeroom, fencing it off so that she could not reach the edge. He taught her to read, unknown to the mother, who thought that Julie, sitting in her father's armchair and earnestly turning over the pages of a picture book, was only playing a game with herself. "Read everything you want to," he counseled her. "It's the only chance you got to find out things. They'll never tell you anything worth knowing in school or anywhere else. But don't talk about what you read, see? Keep it to yourself. An' if they say you're not to read a book just go ahead an' read it on the quiet. Your mind's your own."

It's the one thing you got to defend yourself with, an' it's the one thing they'll do their best to get away from you. If you want to know anything, ask me. I'll tell you the truth. But don't you tell your mother—or anybody else. As long as we stick together—you an' me—we'll be all right."

He never quarreled or argued with Mrs. Cane before Julie; he acted toward his wife exactly as he advised Julie to act toward her. "She's all right," he would say. "She doesn't know any better. Let her think she's having her own way, an' then you can do what you please. She's been brought up wrong. It isn't her fault. It's her dad's. But we're not going to make that mistake with you, are we?"

She was a pretty child, red-haired, with the porcelain pallor that goes properly with red hair. She had a tip-tilted little nose, her mother's somber eyes, and a quaint air of repose and sober-mindedness. The older people who saw her in the shop, or met her with her parents on the way to church, were at once delighted with her—as elderly people are always delighted when a child appears to be a quiet and biddable imitation of themselves. But little girls were shy of her. They would stare and she stared. Neither spoke. And both withdrew as soon as might be.

When Mrs. Cane, puzzled by her daughter's placid reticence, complained "I can't make head or tail out o' the child," Cane replied "I guess she's a deep one," and chuckled to himself.

All this was no more than an exaggerated form of the competition that usually goes on between parents for the monopoly of an only child's affections; but it probably helped to produce in Julie some of the more striking qualities of mind and temperament that were noticeable in her later. Both her mother and her father may have contributed to her air of quietly self-satisfied superiority, which probably reflected her mother's contempt for her neighbors as well as her father's metro-

politan disdain of "country jakes." And her father's advice and example may have helped to give her the ability to keep her thoughts to herself, to conform socially without losing her independence of mind, and to do whatever she pleased so long as she was sure that she could do it without being discovered.

Most striking of all, she saw the world round her in terms of her own character—as we all do—and the general effect was quite incredible. On the wall above her mother's piano there was an elderly specimen of the art of chromolithography—made when such pictures were expensive—richly framed in a deep gold molding, under glass. She had as much family pride in this picture as if it were a private art gallery. It was undoubtedly called "The Love Letter" (although there was no title on it), for it represented a powdered footman in satin smalls delivering a billet-doux to a young lady in court costume who had turned her head away with a finger at her mouth. Another court beauty in yellow silk looked up from her embroidery on a tambour frame and smiled like a sister. In some mistaken way, little Julie had gathered that these women were relatives of her mother; and the magnificence of their gowns and their furniture uplifted her with a proud emotion. At the same time she misunderstood the young lady's shy finger at the lips—as well she might, considering the age of the simpering creature. She mistook it for a gesture of secrecy, interpreting it in the light of her father's counsels. So that here, in the way she looked at this one picture, she expressed together her two dominant feelings—her sense of superiority and her prevailing mood of reserve.

There was something of the same two emotions in the way she saw her mother's horsehair furniture. It was stiff to her and proud; it slid her off indifferently when she tried to sit in its lap; and whenever she entered the room she found the furniture gathered in a circle round the walls for a formal



visit and grown suddenly silent, as if waiting for her to go out again before it should return to its gossip. It was aristocratic and it was secretive. On the mantel shelf over the closed fireplace, there was a gilt clock under a dome of glass, and she believed that this was a fabulously valuable work of art, which was not allowed to tick like other clocks for fear it might wear out. So, also, with the piano which her mother kept locked. Mrs. Cane played it chiefly on Sunday evenings, and then it gave forth only a few simple hymn tunes, painfully, with the uncertain quavering notes of a very frail old lady in black whom Julie had seen singing in church—a decayed aristocrat who was as genteelly shabby as the black piano, as wooden-faced and as deaf. Most aristocratic and reserved of all were her father's books. When he read he moved his lips inaudibly, and Julie supposed that he was carrying on a private conversation with the printed page. The first book that she opened was silent to her, and after she had listened in vain to several pages, she supposed that it refused to talk to anyone but her marvelous dad. Later, when she learned to read a little, she found a book on astronomy still unintelligible, and she was confirmed in her feeling of her father's superiority. She saw that her mother never read books. She understood from him that practically no one else in the world read as much as he did.

Altogether, she was a most select and aristocratic person, of distinguished birth, living in what the fairy tales would call an ivory tower of silence, surrounded by high-bred furnishings of an awesome appearance and habit of mind. To be sure, you would never have suspected this impossible truth about her if you had stood across the muddy street from Cane's grocery, and looked up at the dingy parlor windows to see the pale-faced youngster with the red hair staring out at you. You would naturally suppose that you were seeing a Center Street specimen of the meager

childhood of the lower middle classes, in a dull town, over a small shop. That is the absurdity of supposing that people are what they appear to you to be, instead of realizing that for all the practical purposes of life they really *are* whatever they are to themselves.

## IX

It was at about this age—six or seven years—and in her father's shop, that she first met the boy who was later to mean so much to her and her view of the world. Her mother was ill, and her father was upstairs, eating his supper. She was sitting on a box beside the molasses barrel at the back of the shop, with a book on her knees and a poker at her feet, ready, at the appearance of a customer, to summon her father by rapping with the poker on a water pipe that came down the wall from the kitchen above. She heard the latch of the front door click.

A boy had thrown the door open—a boy of about ten, in a Norfolk suit with an Eton collar and a cloth cap. He did not notice her but stood glancing about with an air of impatient assurance that had something in it insolent and slighting. He had planted himself squarely at the door, holding it open, his little round legs looking sturdy in their short knickerbockers and long black stockings. She was reminded of the footman in his satin smalls.

She liked his appearance although there was this air about him that offended her. She did not rap on the pipe. She put down the book and the poker and came forward challengingly.

"Hello, kid," he said. "Got any limes?"

She went behind the counter and climbed a stool so as to be able to see over at him. He was flushed, evidently from running, and he frowned impatiently when she gazed at him without answering.

He came forward to the counter. "I said, have you got any limes?"

She did not like his tone. She answered, with deceptive composure, "I don't know."

"Well, hurry up and find out," he ordered.

He had a small dark face, very handsome, with black lashes and bold eyes. She considered summoning her father, and then her father's generous weakness for parting with groceries without pay occurred to her, and she asked, "Have you got any money?"

"Now, look here, little red-head," he replied, "I'm in a hurry. I haven't time to teach infants. If you don't know whether there're any limes in this garbage shop find some one that *does* know."

His face was unfriendly. His manner was contemptuous. She was aware of a curious sinking sensation in her insides, as if she were about to cry. She climbed down from her high stool, went to the back of the shop, and rapped on the water pipe.

"Well," he said, watching her, "this is a hell of a grocery store."

She did not return to him. She waited for her father and then followed him slowly in.

"Got any limes," the boy called out.

"Limes? No. No limes," Cane said affably, as if he had everything else in the world.

"Got any *Cane* sugar?"

Cane, surprised, adjusted his glasses, the better to see the boy's expression. And that expression was impudent.

"Get out o' here." He pointed a quivering finger at the door. "Get out!"

The boy turned with slow insolence. He asked over his shoulder, "You didn't think I was going to stay all night, did you?" And then, as he sauntered out, leaving the door open, he called back: "Sugar Cane!"

Julie did not know that the school children cried these words, as a peculiar insult, whenever they saw Cane's delivery wagon on the street—which was often enough—or whenever they saw Cane himself, which was rarely. But she understood well enough that her father was angry and insulted. He threw the door shut with an indignant foot. "There you are," he said. "These people are like *that*. Don't notice them. If they call that name after you, pretend you don't hear. It's a dog's yap—a cur's. Whenever a cur sees anyone better than himself he always yaps. It's a compliment. It shows you're diff'rent. It shows you're not like them. An' they know it."

She went upstairs to think it over, and she did not go depressed. She went rather with the stiffness of bruised pride that denies it has been hurt. She had liked the look of the boy. She would have been friendly with him. And he had barked at her like a bad dog, as her father said.

"Sugar Cane!" It was as silly as a bark; it meant nothing; yet it was sneering. Why? Why did the boy act that way to her and her father?

It was the first indication she received of the difference between her own opinion of herself and the world's view of her.

(To be continued)





CERTAINLY the furniture was of satin-wood,  
 Painted with a lovely design of strawberry flowers and heliotrope,  
 And the carpet was Aubusson, all pinks and golds.  
 On it stood frail chairs, their seats covered with green and yellow silk,  
 A striped pattern, continued and broken in the folds  
 Of the window curtains. The clock on the mantelpiece  
 Was a gay conceit of porcelain flowers springing from fantastic sprigs of ormolu,  
 And in the bookcases that lined the walls, three bookcases with glass doors and  
 gilded locks, were volumes bound in blue.  
 The smell of clipped box floated in from the garden outside, and the sound of a rake  
 On gravel stirred the silence with an impression of placid order  
 Peacefully repeated through a season and seasons perhaps, but the odor of the box  
 was an ache  
 After the same perfection which existed inevitably in every parterre and border.  
 Mirrors of a yellow-silver shining topped the consoles at either end,  
 Behind twin alabaster vases, and in tarnished and golden duplicate, a blend  
 Of fact and potent possibility, the room stretched dreamily through  
 Walls that were solid or not as one beheld them, depending on the point of view.  
 Sunlight fell on the satin-wood *escritoire* between the windows,  
 And on a single Malmaison rose  
 And the green Ming vase which held it,  
 Also on a letter, I suppose.  
 White paper with ink upon it may be taken for such, I opine.  
 But the letter, being without superscription, could hardly be considered mine.  
 On the whole, I preferred to leave it untouched and preserve the nicety of my honor.  
 (Positively I thought I heard a giggle from the lips of the Botticelli Madonna.  
 On the chimney-breast; but that was solely her affair.)  
 I was a poltroon maybe, or wise with a wisdom which haunted the air,  
 Coquettish reserve, that was it, but brazen armor could have stayed me less.  
 Ah, madame, did I obey your desire, or possibly disobey it ruthlessly? I confess  
 I never became aware of your attitude, for I tiptoed to the door,  
 And left the room which had caught your trick of smiling,  
 Exactly as it was before: a beautiful *entourage*, *bien entendu*,  
 But to me nothing more.

# Through the Eastern Gate

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

(Mr. Tomlinson is the author of one of the most distinguished books of modern travel, *The Sea and the Jungle*, which is already a classic in our literature and a matchless piece of English prose. His recent tour to the Far East, undertaken exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, included the Malayan jungles, Straits Settlements, Java, Celebes, and the all but inaccessible islands known as the Moluccas. Mr. Tomlinson's graphic narrative, which begins in this issue and which will be a feature of the Magazine for several months, is as masterly and exquisite a piece of prose writing as anything he has heretofore produced.—Editor's Note.)



WE had seen the shadow of Crete in the north, and the next noon our ship was somewhere off the Nile. Whatever its age, the sky was still in its first bloom, and the sea was its perfect mirror. It was easy to feel older than the

sky and the sea, for our ship was solitary in the very waters where, out of the traffic in ideas and commodities between Knossos and Memphis, had grown the Athens of Pericles, and Rome, and Paris, London, and New York. If there is anything to be said of that awful thought, perhaps it would never do to say it here. It may be altogether too late in the day to brood with fond and kindling eye upon the cradle of that particular deep which rocked our childhood into the beginnings of Chicago and Manchester. Let us say nothing about it.

The next sunrise it was the skipper himself who called me. This was a genuinely surprising event. His white figure was even startling, for he is a senior master-mariner in a service so august as the Blue Funnel, the house-flag of which is, I suspect, east of Suez, more potent than the emblems of not a few proud states. The honor was startling enough to cause me to strike my forehead against the opened port as I sat up respectfully. Our master has been at sea for forty years, so his appearance of

weariness and of ironic understanding may mean that his experience of men has been extensive, or it may mean nothing. "We are entering Egypt," was all he said, his lean hands resting on the edge of the bunk; he then turned away as if he supposed this sort of thing would never end. But possibly he had been up all night.

There was an apparition of a city resting on the sea ahead of us, so delicate that the primrose of early morning sky and the reflections of enclosed and quiet waters might in that place have conspired to produce a mirage of one's bright expectations. That was the gate to all that the romantic, with implications eager but scarcely articulate, call the Orient. Yet which of us is not romantic when we see it for the first time? I watched that gate heighten and become material as our ship insensibly approached it, till I could read on the seaward brow of this entrance to romance the famous legends, "Topman's Tea" and "Macgregor's Whisky." Port Said, you soon discover, is just like that.

If it is anything at all, it is more west than east. A somber flotilla manned by a multitude of dark fiends was waiting for us, and our ship hardly had way off her before she became Tophet with coal-dust, unholy activity, and frightful jubilation. It is the special mark of civilized men to give their appetites and repulsions the sanction of reason with its logic, and therefore I did not accept



Port Said because I did not like it. It is certainly not the Orient, and I hoped it was not even its gate. Its address and its manners are as abrupt and threatening as the Stock Exchange to a timid stranger who has misadventured within the crafty precincts. I went ashore, but returned early because I felt there was something more sociable if inexplicable in a group of our Chinese firemen sitting on their hams on the afterdeck, chanting while punching holes in empty paint kegs.

For what are the significant things in travel? Let travelers candidly own up. He is a wise traveler who has few doubts about that, and that man would be silent, of course, being wise. Who would believe him if he spoke? There was, for example, that great French mail steamer close to us at Port Said, homeward bound. Her saloon passengers, the ultimate Parisian reflection of the grandeur that was Rome, surveyed in aloof elegance and in static hauteur the barbaric coarseness of Port Said. But for a chance hint, I should most certainly have saluted, as is our habit, the refinement and pride of the folk on the Frenchman's promenade deck as the very sheen—which is so hard to attain—of western civilization's most exquisite stuff. But my glance drew away to the Frenchman's foreward deck, and there I saw something which tumbled down my hitherto unquestioned convictions about those qualities which make, as we should put it, the right folk. That deck was loaded with passengers from Cambodia and Cochin China, people of quite another culture—or of no culture. They did not seem to be travelers by deliberation or decision, like ourselves; it was easy to guess they had merely obeyed, like little children, the stern directing finger of fate. They showed no curiosity in us, or in Port Said. They were as still, and as watchful or as indifferent, as delightful images. They stayed where they had been put.

Yet if the French ladies were beautiful, then what shall we say of those little

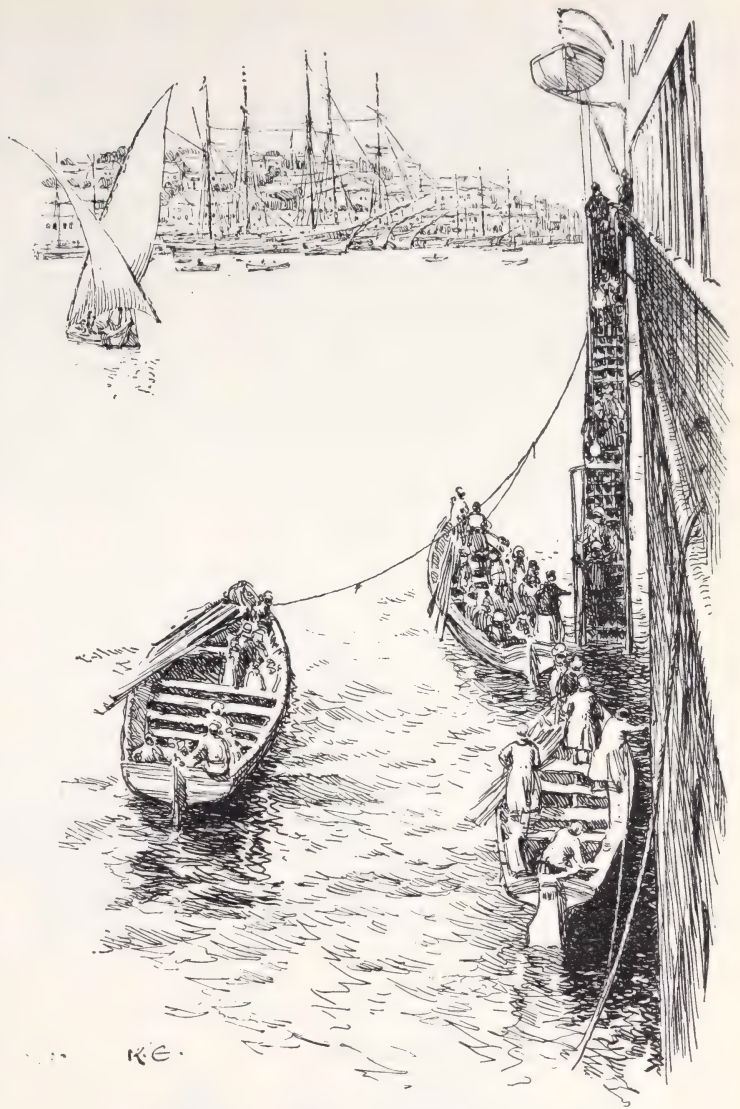
figures? By what means, by what habitual, tranquil, and happy thoughts, did they attain without wish or effort to a countenance which made the refinement and haughty demeanor of the first-class passengers above them all one with the barbaric challenge and assurance of Port Said? It did not surprise me that for our exhibition of western enterprise and energy those children of another world had no attitude but one of shy and mild astonishment. One of them, who might have been an attractive piece of craftsmanship in ivory and ebony, did give to the busy and heated scene the faintest of smiles. A doubt as to what made him smile blurred for me later the enduring testimony to our skill and activity of the Suez Canal, and even the still more remarkable evidence of our energy at Kantara, a wilderness of abandoned railways and earthworks, with square miles of forsaken air-dromes and rusting and sandblown wreckage, where the British genius for scientific organization, and British wealth, had built the camp and engines for the last conquest of the Holy Land. It is most disquieting to get a hint that the established way of life of one's kin may, after all, be foolish, and that there are other ways.

Why should a Cambodian smile have so haunted me that my hope and endurance in travel were not rewarded with the satisfaction I had a right to expect when witnessing the marvels in foreign lands created there by the superior culture of my dominant race? Did I go to sea for that? Nothing like it is ever in our itinerary. And next morning, when I looked out from my cabin port, there still was the mere canal. Beyond it was the desert, and over that gray and vacant plain was an announcement of the coming sun. The sky was empty, like the desert. Nothing unusual was expected, evidently. But it was only with the first half-awakened glance that I guessed it was the accustomed sun which was to come. In another instant I was aware that that hushed and obscure

and was humbly awaiting its lord. The majestic presence suddenly blazed, and ascended to overlook his dominion. A terrifying spectacle! It would have frightened a poet, in the mood to hail the beneficence of one of man's earliest gods. The glances of that celestial incandescence were as direct as white blades.

In the south, to which we were headed, a high range of Africa's stark limestone crags stood over a burnished sea. The sun looked straight at them. And just above them, parted from their yellow metallic luster by a narrow band of sky which seemed on the same plane, was the full globe of the declining moon; and the moon herself was no more distant and no more spectral than earth's bright rocks beneath her. It was not surprising that that scene was motionless and constant.

There was no wind, there was no air, or all would have vanished at that touch like a visitation of what has departed. Those luminous bergs and headlands were of copper, with tracings as clear and fine as the far landscape of a newly risen harvest moon. Suez was not far away, and its lilac shadows made it as bodiless as the desert. But there was substance almost alongside our ship. Some villas were immediately below, arbored in tamarisks and mimosa. A few trees in that green mass were in crimson flower. I could smell the burning ashore of aromatic wood. A child in a cerise gown stood under a mimosa, but



PORT SAID IS MORE WEST THAN EAST

she was so still that, like the polished water, the hills of brass, and the city built of tinted shades, she might have been bewitched. A tugboat rounded a point, shattered the glass of the sea, and the child moved from under the tree released from the enchantment; men in our ship were shouting. Mail bags for Singapore, Hongkong, Shanghai, and other places as well defined, were thrown inboard. Life began to circulate. These men gave no attention to dead hills and the tyrant in the heavens. I am prepared to believe they would have been incredulous concerning any town about



there built of lilac shadows. Our ship rounded away into the Gulf of Suez, the northern corner of the Red Sea.

We are aware—though we should not dare to whisper our knowledge—that even our street at home will, at rare times, cause the sensational idea that we really do not know it, that it can exist in a dimension beyond our common experience. We think we glimpse it occasionally on another plane. This sense, luckily, is but fleeting. We are not prepared for a continued apprehension of a state of being so remarkable. We come down to our beans and bacon, and are even glad to answer the bell to those and the coffee. Well, it is remarkable of the Gulf of Suez that it permits no certain return to common sense. The coast of Africa, and its Asian opposite, remained within a few miles of our ship all day, as pellucid as things in a vacuum, but as unapproachable as what is abstract and unworldly—the ghost of a dead land, though as plain as the noonday sun. There can be no other shores in other seas anything like the coast of that gulf. The panorama of heights silently opened and went astern, monotonous, brilliant, and fascinating. In all those long miles

there was not a tree, not a shrub, not a cloud, not a habitation. The sky was silver, the sea was pewter, and the high bergs were of graven gold or bronze.

The chart informed us of Moses' Well, and of Badiat Ettih, or the Wilderness of the Wanderings, and Mount Sinai. "Moses, sir," said the bo'sun to me, "he had rock in plenty for his tablets, but that was a hot job he had getting them down." But since those early days and tribulations the land has been left to mankind, but as a reminder of things gone. Nobody to-day ever lands on those beaches, on those arid islands. How could they? That we could see the contortions of the exposed strata, and the dark stains thrown from yellow bowlders on the immaculate sands by the sun, was nothing. We see, in the same way, the clear and dilated pictures of a distant region given by a telescope, but that is as near as we can get to it. There were numerous small islands between us and the shore. They were always glowing satellites of bare ore, without surf, fixed in a sea of lava, and blanched by the direct and ceaseless blaze in the heavens. Unshielded by air and cloud from the fire, they perished long ago.

Our smoke rose straight over the ship's funnel, then curled forward, showering grits. If the hand was placed carelessly on a piece of exposed metal work one knew it. Our bo'sun, who has no expression but a disapproving stare, who never sleeps, who has the frame of a gorilla, and whose long hairy arms, bowed inward and pendant as he walks the deck, are clearly made for balance and dreadful prehensibility, admitted to me that it was "warm." Yes. The sprightly fourth engineer ap-



A GROUP OF CHINESE FIREMEN

peared from below as I went hurriedly along a gangway which had the fierce radiation of a nether corridor, and he drooped on the engine-room grating with the languid air of a fainting girl; he did not call it warm, but that is what he meant.

At night the cabin has to be faced. The hour is made as late as possible, but it is sure to come. Reading is not easy. It would not be easy for a young novelist to read the press cuttings assuring him of those original features of his work which distinguish it from that of Thomas Hardy. But the cabin makes it no easier to do nothing, for how can one lie sleepless in a bunk and merely look at time standing still because the thermometer has frightened it? Beside me was a book the skipper had lent to me, with a hearty commendation of its merits. "Facts," he had said to me significantly, looking at me very hard. "Facts, my dear sir!"

So it looked. It looked like nothing but facts. Who wants them? What are they for? And the coarse red cover of the book betrayed its assurance in its uncontaminated usefulness. A copy of it will never be found in any boudoir. (This is probably the first reference to it by a critic.) I lifted the weighty thing, took another look at my watch—no hope!—summoned so much of my will as had not dissolved, and began.

When I awoke the sun was pouring heat again. The decks were being drenched. But my cabin-light was burning foolishly, and the book was beside me. If already you know something of that special sort of literature which is published exclusively for use in the chart-houses of ships, you will under-

stand. And you will know, too, where R. L. Stevenson got much of the actuality which in places lights the ships and islands of *The Wrecker* and *The Ebb Tide* into startling distinction. The pilotage directions for the Pacific were volumes into which Stevenson must often have pushed off, like a happy boy in a boat, to lose himself in that bright wilderness. Yes, and if only the writers of other kinds of books commonly knew their work as well, could keep as close to the matter in hand, and could come by their knowledge, or admit their want of it, with the brief candor and unconscious modesty of the compilers of the

works published for mariners by a Mr. Potter, of the Minorities, London! I hope that some day I may be able to enter Mr. Potter's shop, where books are published in so unlikely a place as Aldgate, which is Whitechapel way; and press Mr. Potter's hand in silent gratitude, for I am sure there is no phenomenon in nature, not even an exhibi-

tion of human gratitude, which would astonish him, or move him indeed to anything more than a perfectly just comment in words not exceeding two syllables each.

I will make no secret of the book which put away the heat for me, and abolished time—for I do not remember looking at the time after 1.30 A.M., when I was still far from sleep, and had been reading steadily for hours. Yet this book no more resembled a best-seller than a chronometer resembles the lovely object out of a prize packet. Its name is *The Red Sea and Gulf of Aden Pilot*—the seventh edition, we may gladly learn of so respectable an exhibition of prose. Its price, I noticed, proved that the



HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PIECE OF  
CRAFTSMANSHIP IN IVORY AND EBONY





OLD AND NEW ON THE SUEZ CANAL

truth—or as near to the truth as one should expect to attain—is no more, is really no more, than the price of more doubtful commodities. And let us remember that it is all very well for pilots in other seas to assume they may teach young voyagers the right conduct for the deceptive and fog-bound coasts of philosophy; that is easy; we may make our charts then according to inspiration, or desire; but when it comes to advising a mariner where he may venture with a valuable ship, according to her draught, then it is essential that words should be chosen with care, and the student warned to note with unusual caution every qualitative parenthesis. There

can be no casual and friendly parting over a mere difference of opinion as to what the truth may prove to be when the question concerned is a coral reef in five fathoms, and a ship drawing thirty feet. In that case, one must be able to assure a sailor either that his ship can do it, or he must be told he may not try. Yet with what confidence each of us has ventured forth into the more dangerous, the more alluring, and the supremely frustrating elements of morality and æsthetics!

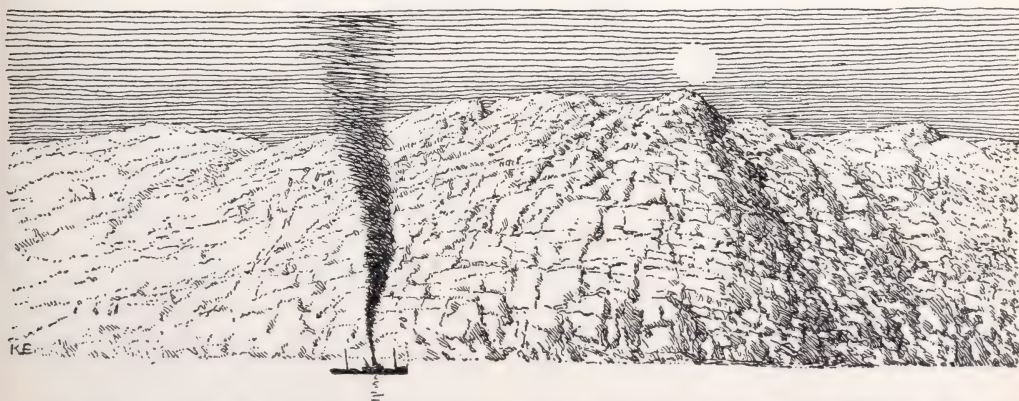
My bed-book made no attempt to beguile me. It opened with the simple statement that its purpose was to give “Directions for the navigation of the

Suez Canal, the Gulf of Suez, and the central track for steam vessels through the Red Sea, Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and the Gulf of Aden; also descriptions of the Gulf of Akaba, the African and Arabian shores of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Aden, and the southeastern coast of Arabia to Ras-al-Hadd, the coast of Africa from Siyan to Ras Asir, including the Gulf of Tajura, then to Ras Hafun, Abd-al-Kuri, the Brothers, and Socotra Island."

And Socotra Island! We know the South Pole better than that island, although from prehistoric times every maker of specifics has depended on Socotran aloes. After this simple avowal the book informs its reader that "all its bearings are true, and in degrees measured clockwise from 0° to 360°." Dare we ever ask for more than that? Here was a book which actually declared that its bearings were true, and were not magnetic. No work could be more frank. It relied entirely on its reader being a man of honor, of common sense, of skill in his craft, and of a purpose so simple that his only care was the safety of the lives and the property of others. Yet such is the force of habit, which sends us to a book to look, not for the life we know, but for the glory of its falsification, that at first I was inclined to put the captain's volume aside, and trust to boredom and the whirring of the electric fan to send me to sleep. But something prevented that. Here I was, in these

very waters; and their uninhabited islands, beaches, and reefs, which had been passing us all that day, were altogether too insistent. These Arabian and African gulfs have more coral to the square mile than any other seas in the world; so although their shores, during all a day's run, may be rainless and dead, the waters are more alive than the most fertile of earth's fields. Sometimes, when listlessly gazing overside, one was shocked by the sight of a monstrous shape dim in the fathoms.

And one evening, when the very waves, as though subdued by the heat, moved languidly in hyaline mounds, several black fins began to score the surface of the mirror. A few dark bodies then partly emerged, gliding and progressing in long, leisurely arcs. As soon as those dolphins saw us they woke up. They began leaping eagerly toward us, in the direction of our bows, as though the sight of our ship had overjoyed them. They behaved deliriously, like excited children released from school at that moment. Now we were used to a small family of these creatures so greeting us; they would amuse themselves for ten minutes by revolving round one another immediately before the ship's stem, weaving intricate evolutions in the clear water so close to our iron nose that one looked for them to be sheared apart; and they were so plain that it was easy to see the crescent-shaped valve of the nose, or blowhole,



A HIGH RANGE OF AFRICA'S LIMESTONE CRAGS STOOD OVER A BURNISHED SEA





EGYPTIAN CRAFT ALONG THE BANKS OF THE CANAL

open whenever a head cleared the surface. But the exhibition this evening was phenomenal. Thousands of them—yes, thousands, for I will imitate the *Pilot*—as though they had word of us, appeared at once, throwing themselves in parabolas toward us, and, when alongside, breaching straight up, perhaps because their usual curved leap did not take them high enough, and they intended at all costs to get a view of our amusing deck. The level sun signalled from the varnish of their bodies. One of these little whales moved for some time below me, turning up an eye now and then in the way of a swimmer who converses with his friend in the boat.

He rolled over lazily, went down, and dissolved into the mystery under us. When I looked up, the sea was such that dolphins might never have been created.

That sea was so plainly the setting for legend and narrative. Crusoe and Sinbad would both be at home there. This was where Lord Jim went overside so casually, almost inadvertently, but fatally, one hot night. I should say, however, from what we saw of the coast and the islands, that this was more the world of Sinbad than of any practical or merely romantic adventurer. Djinns might be looked for in those desolate gorges into which we had glimpses. It would be wrong to pretend that the

*Pilot* ever mentioned such beings by name, but now and then I suspected in the text fair substitutes for such infernal and maleficent powers. The *Pilot* would check the reader going easily through its pages with an unexpected Caution: "The coast from Ras Mingi northward to Ras Jibeh, a distance of 330 miles, is mainly inhabited by the Jemeba tribe, who generally have a bad character." The faithful *Pilot*, however, would allow no harsh judgment on the Jembas. We ourselves might develop a similar bearing toward visitors who appeared to be unduly prosperous, if we were as poor as the Jembas, had no boats, and had to "depend on inflated sheepskins" for our "fishing operations." Of certain channels we were advised not to attempt them "unless the sun is astern of the ship, and a good lookout is kept." The reefs in this sea do not behave like reefs. They are numberless, but they are rarely marked by so much as a ripple; and that, I can vouch, is true. Their fatal presence may be revealed, on a lucky day, by a change in the color of the water. For those seamen who are not fortunate when watching for the water to change color, the *Pilot* gives advice on what may happen when boats must be beached, and help sought. The beach "was formerly inhabited, and remains of dwellings are still to be seen."

I was leaning on the rail of the bridge with the captain, watching the brown scum, peculiar to the Red Sea, pass

alongside with its not really pleasant smell, for it hints that the very deep itself is stagnant and decomposing; and I was foolish enough to tell him that to me the bearings of his excellent book of sailing directions were not only true but magnetic. He half turned to me sharply, considered this remark and myself for a moment, and then made the noise of impatience in his throat. It was at the

moment when we were passing into the Red Sea proper. The Ash-rafi Islands were abeam, with Shadwán Island, the greatest of the group, the picture in little of what this earth will be when its ichor will all have evaporated. Behind the barrier of outer islands is a labyrinth of reefs and coral patches, where the signs of danger may be mistaken for the usual mirage, or an innocent and fortuitous shadow may have the obvious face of a genuine reef, and thus scare a ship away on a safer course till she runs full upon the real and unannounced rocks. I mentioned to our captain that his book occasionally whispered of a few inexplicable

tents to be seen on those uninhabited islands.

"Oh, tents! That's right. A man I know got aground here," he said, "and in half an hour his ship was surrounded by little boats. He never saw the coming of them. There they were. A year or two before the war a steamer got aground here one night, and at day-break she was boarded by a big mob. The crew were stripped of their clothes. The Arabs were in a hurry to get the



THE CHILD MOVED FROM UNDER  
THE TREE



chief engineer's ring, so they cut his finger off. They then tried to shift a copper steam pipe. Steam was still on, and they took an ax to that pipe. The engineer told me it did his finger a lot of good when the Arabs got down to the steam with their ax. The pressure was all right."

Even a deep-water channel of the Red Sea may commit the crime which some think worse than murder—the betrayal and mockery of a confiding trust, of a simple faith in the pledged word, in the moral order of things. A steamer, the *Avocet*, where the chart, the Admiralty chart, and Mr. Potter's *Pilot*, led her master to repose on the comforting knowledge of deep water, struck a rock. "Naturally the Court of Enquiry," commented my captain bitterly, "as much

as told that man he was a liar about the rock." Our own master exhibited the sort of displeasure which good craftsmen reserve for theorists and experts—the learned men who would debate such a subject as the Red Sea in the Law Courts of London. But even then he did not begrudge them a fair word. "But they didn't suspend his certificate." They sent a gunboat from Aden to search for his rock. The gunboat cruised and dragged for it for three weeks, but the rock had gone. "Got tired," suggested my captain, "of waiting for another ship, I suppose. Went down below for a rest. The gunboat said there was no rock. And there you are, sir. That proved the *Avocet's* skipper was a liar. Couldn't be plainer. Ten months later another ship found it, though she wasn't



looking for it. It don't do for a sailor to say a thing isn't there because he can't see it, and has never heard of it before. Give it a margin."

The Red Sea, I suppose, will never be a popular resort. No pleasure, as it is commonly defined, may be found where the shade temperature may rise to 110°, where rain rarely falls, where there is either no wind or a malicious stern wind, where the enclosing shores have no rivers, but only beaches of radiant sand and precipices of glowing metal, and where you are not likely to meet any folk but an occasional group with a bad reputation, which is so poor that they go fishing on inflated sheepskins. At the lower end of that sea there are a few ports, used mainly by the pilgrims to the holy places, Mecca and Medina. And indeed, the *Pilot* does not attempt any attractive testimony. Even of such a choice subject as a small island secluded within an unfrequented gulf it is but terse, even exasperatingly brief. It will merely report of it that it "produces no vegetables, except two or three date palms and a few pumpkins. There are a few jackals, gazelles, and wild asses here. Cephalopods are abundant in the surrounding waters, and sperm whales are common."

But is not that enough? Could you get that at Monte Carlo? What more could a traveler wish for as he looks over-side at such a coast? What more does he deserve in a world which has become a geometrical pattern of petrol stores for flying machines? These coasts are no more placable and are little better known than they were to the early navi-

gators. There are large and even populous islands which great ships pass almost every day, that are still as they were when the insatiable curiosity of Marco Polo drew him to so many first views of the earth's entertaining wonders. For there, on our starboard beam, immense on a sea which moved in mounds so slow and smooth that the surface of the waters might have been filmed with silk, rose the battlements of Socotra. I think the last we heard from that island was dated 1848. Yet, the *Pilot* informs us, "it is said to enjoy a remarkably temperate and cool climate." Its capital, Tamrida, appears to be less frequently visited by Christians than Mecca. It should be worth a visit, if one had the heart for it. The town is pleasantly situated, and its people are mixed of Arab, Indian, Negro, and Portuguese blood. The natives have an unwritten language peculiar to themselves. But we are kept out of so attractive an island because, for one thing, though it is a British possession, both monsoons appear unacquainted with that important fact, and there are no harbors, and no safe holding-ground for ships; in addition, there is the "unfavorable character of its natives." Is it then surprising that the literature made by tourists in these seas is mainly devoted to arabesques of places like Port Said? A day in Socotra would be worth a year in the Riviera. And, as it happened, the southwest monsoon was waiting for us. When we had cleared the easterly point of the island it caught us, filled our decks, smashed the crockery, and at night set the mast-heads describing dizzy arcs amid the stars.

(Mr. Tomlinson's second article, "*An Island Prelude*," will be published next month)



# Emancipation

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

WHEN Philip Kenmore's novel *Frustration* had been bought and paid for by a quarter of a million people even the more academic critics blinked pale eyes behind their spectacles and, seizing their pens, indited rather belated appreciations of it. But, as some of the discerning ones perceived, it was not only the phenomenal sale of the book which commanded attention to it, but it was also the fact that it was a truly great book. Now, when a book which is truly great is clamored for and devoured by the multitude it is, I think, a sustainable proposition that the author has genius.

Philip Kenmore, let us admit then, was a genius; but he was not a ludicrous, intolerable genius in spite of his youth and his dazzling success. I mean that he didn't immediately assume airs of superiority and of omniscience; that he didn't set himself up as an arbiter; that he neither wrote nor lectured on what the novel should be or what the novel should become. *Frustration* was his first published work, and he was modest about it—pleased, of course, at its success, and encouraged, but not at all sure that it wasn't a fluke.

"I wonder," he said once, "I wonder if I can repeat. They so seldom do."

Some one told him that the reason they so seldom did was because, after a huge success, they usually ransacked the trunks in the attic and inflicted on the public the rejected works of their adolescence.

"Well," he said seriously—he was always a trifle over-serious—"I shan't do that anyhow. I've burned everything else I've ever written."

He was always, I repeat, a trifle

over-serious, and he was certainly oversensitive. He was given to too much introspection. Even in his early thirties, when he wrote *Frustration*, he was not what would be called an hilarious companion. He shunned clubs and crowds mainly because he derived more pleasure from his own thoughts than from the inanities uttered by his fellow men and women. In view of this, it is the more amazing that he should have met Costanza Folcare, and particularly so that he should have met her at a quasi-Bohemian entertainment in a studio apartment near Central Park.

Costanza was the daughter of an Italian father and an American mother; at least that was her story and it is given here for what it is worth. Nobody in America ever saw either of her parents, so it is to be presumed that they had remained in Italy; but Costanza apparently was able to prosper without their assistance. When Philip Kenmore met her she was a dancer at the Summer Garden and her name stood on the billboards in large letters. She deserved them.

She deserved them, for she was a magnificently beautiful creature and she knew her business. Her dance was, in theory, a banal enough affair called the "Adoration of Pan." It had been done before, it is being done now and, doubtless, it will continue to be done—but not as she did it. She danced as one possessed of a devil—a pagan devil, for her interpretation was completely pagan. Indeed, her interpretation was merely an expression of herself; for she, herself, was pagan, body and soul.

She was dark, of course—the legacy probably of that Italian father—and

she was tall and supple and mobile. She was mobile and yet she moved, it seemed, languorously except when she danced. She had a lazy smile and beautiful teeth behind very red lips. Her black hair she parted in the middle and drew down, in a series of rhythmic and regular waves, across her temples and over her ears. From her ears hung long, intricate earrings of jet spangled with small diamonds.

Beholding her thus, a more sophisticated man than Philip Kenmore would have coveted her but would probably have tried to avoid falling seriously in love with her. She was far too flagrant, too obvious. But Kenmore, where women were concerned at least, was almost naïve. Even in *Frustration* his tendency was to idealize his women characters, to deal too gently with them, to attribute various virtues to them as theirs by inalienable right; and so it was not really surprising that before very long he fell passionately in love with Costanza Folcare. Not surprising but lamentable.

At that abominable studio party where he first encountered her he scarcely left her white, rounded elbow. He fetched and carried for her, brought her champagne and cakes, sat on a cushion at her feet, and in his enthusiasm forgot to be shy or even reticent.

And she? Well, she flattered him, of course. He was a good deal of a lion and he had money of his own besides the enormous royalties he was deriving from the book. She played with him, encouraged him a little—not too much—tried to converse about literature, of which she knew nothing, and allowed him to converse about love, of which she knew far more than he. The other guests, seeing how the wind blew, smiled and shrugged their cynical shoulders and left them strictly alone—all except one, a particularly intimate friend of Kenmore's called Basil Humphrey. He, to do him justice, tried to drag Kenmore away. It was no use.

"Run away, Basil," said Kenmore

jocosely, "can't you see that Miss Folcare and I are busy?" And Humphrey, who was sixty years old and had white hair and was the best literary critic in New York, ignominiously ran away.

"You're just a boy, aren't you?" she said, and touched his hair gently with a ring-laden hand. Her tactics, though primitive, were not without their effect. He experienced an unmistakable thrill at her touch. For almost the first time in his life he found a woman desirable.

He told her vehemently that he must see her again—again and often. Might he call to-morrow? She leaned forward a little to scrutinize his face, the lazy smile tinged now with a hint of melancholy; and when she answered it was as if the refusal cost her a valiant effort.

"No," she said, "I think not." And then she added, "Not to-morrow."

It is probable that she had already completed other arrangements for the morrow—arrangements which it would be awkward for her to disarrange; but it was to be expected that after a decent amount of hesitation she should consent to allow him to see her the day after.

Accordingly, after a day of impatient idleness, during which he gave not a thought to his projected second novel, he went to her small but rather over-elaborate apartment on Central Park South. There was a neat maid; there was a host of flowers whose perfume hung in the air, thick and sweet as molasses; there were innumerable little Dresden ornaments; there was a very nude bronze statuette; there was a chaiselongue—Louis XV—and some flimsy chairs, Louis XV; there was a rococo French clock; and everywhere there was salmon-pink and old gold. Costanza was in old gold.

She seemed to him so beautiful, so unattainable, that at first his wonted shyness enveloped him. He stammered, he found nothing but formalities to utter. Not displeased, she permitted this to continue for awhile but not, one can be sure, for too long. She asked him about his new book.



"I have done nothing on it," he answered. "It is planned, I have it in my mind, but I haven't written a word of it on paper."

"Oh," she said earnestly, "but you must! The world is waiting for it."

"Let the world wait," said he moodily. "All yesterday I thought of nothing but you. The book never entered my mind. You see the effect that you produce?"

"That is very wrong. A man's work should be the main thing in his life. We poor women are only secondary; we exist for a man's hours of idleness—for his amusement."

"You are pleased to be cynical," he said.

Very tactfully, then, she introduced the subject of finance. One was paid, she said, so badly on the stage. She had had fabulous offers to go into the movies, but she was an artist and she scorned the movies. Literature, she presumed, was remunerative, especially if one could write a best seller. And had he been forced to live in a garret and starve before he achieved his gigantic success? She hoped so—it was so romantic. *Vie de Bohème*, you know.

In this manner she extracted from him, almost without his knowledge, complete and accurate information as to his financial position. He had ten thousand dollars a year of his own and his novel might bring him in as much as sixty thousand more, aside from dramatic and motion-picture rights. She thought that was wonderful, and said so, adding that she supposed he could write a novel at least once a year.

"Oh!" she cried, "you must work hard—hard!"

He protested. A novel every two years, perhaps, he said.

Making a rapid mental calculation, she arrived at a disappointing result. He wasn't so very rich, after all. Perhaps she had better look elsewhere. At any rate, the matter demanded a deal more of thought. Her manner, ac-

cordingly, during the rest of his visit, was kind but unequivocally platonic.

That evening he dined with Basil Humphrey, and the elderly critic seized the opportunity to deliver him a severe, unpalatable lecture of which the gist was: "You've got to stop it before you make a fool of yourself. Costanza is notorious."

At length, in a rage, Kenmore cried, "I won't hear any more against her! She's the woman I hope to marry."

It is probable that Kenmore himself was as surprised as Humphrey at the statement of this amazing aspiration, for the thought had hitherto not even been formulated in his mind.

When the two men parted they were scarcely on speaking terms. But Kenmore, in the course of a sleepless night, had leisure for meditation which, according to Carlyle, is the greatest gift the gods have to bestow. Certain of Basil Humphrey's more convincing arguments stole back into his mind like ominous, evil ghosts, and when, disheveled and heavy-eyed, he blinked at the dawn, he had come to the conclusion that he would invent some pretext for canceling his engagement with Costanza for that afternoon. He, like her, determined that the affair needed thinking over.

But he was not compelled to invent a pretext, for at ten o'clock his telephone rang and Costanza's maid informed him that her mistress had a distressingly severe sick headache and regretted that she would be unable to receive Mr. Kenmore.

"Well," he thought almost jubilantly, "that will give me a chance to get to work on the book."

It gave him the chance, but nothing seemed to give him the inspiration—or the volition, or the energy; call it what you will. He sat all afternoon at his desk, contemplating blankly paper as blank. The outline of his book lay before him; his characters had already been named and assigned to their roles; he had even jotted down happy phrases

to be used at given points. But he was unable to write a word. He could think of nothing but Costanza as he had seen her in her old-gold teagown, lying languid and graceful and fragrant on the salmon-rose chaiselongue. The picture of her obsessed his mind and his vision—her blue-black hair, her dark ivory skin, her lazy red-lipped smile, the long curving lines of her slender body.

"Damn Humphrey," he thought. "Humphrey's an old woman—a gossip, mud-slinging old woman."

Abandoning his vain attempt at work, he went out and ordered flowers—an abundance of flowers—to be sent to Costanza's apartment. And with them he enclosed a note begging her to receive him the next day if her headache should be better.

She permitted him to come, not the next day, but the day after. The delay only increased his impatience and his passion. He paced his room and he paced the streets. He was a man gone mad. He was thirty and in love with a woman for the first time in his life, and this renders his condition comprehensible.

"You were so kind to send the flowers," she said—"and so many flowers."

She was a little pale—powder, perhaps; and there were dark circles beneath her darker eyes—crayon, perhaps. He seized both her hands and kissed them. "You have suffered," he said.

"It was nothing very much."

"I've suffered, too. I've suffered because I have not seen you." He was sitting on a tapestry-covered cushion on the floor beside her, and he still retained her cool hands, heavy with rings, in his.

"Costanza," he said abruptly, "I want you to marry me."

She turned her head slightly and slowly—her only sign of surprise or, indeed, of any other emotion. For a long space she looked him steadily in the eyes, her lips parted just enough to show a gleam of her white teeth between.

Then, "You don't mean that," she said gravely.

He loosed her hands and raised his arms to heaven.

"I do mean that!" he cried. "I never meant anything so much in my life!"

She shook her head in slow negations.

"Listen to me, Philip," she began gently; "this is a thing that both you and I should think over coolly and quietly before we make any definite decision. To-day you want to marry me—yes. To-morrow you may not. You don't know me at all. You are simply—well, if you were a woman I should say hysterical. And I don't know you either. I like you—that much I know, that much I admit. I like you a very great deal. But don't you see that that isn't enough? If I marry you I want first to be sure that I love you."

"That will come," he said with the confidence of the male.

"Ah, but will it? No, my dear, I can't give you a definite answer yet. All I can tell you is that I don't say 'no' and I don't say 'yes.' Can't we leave it at that for a while?"

They did leave it at that for a while—for a very long while; and that was the cause of the ruin of Philip Kenmore, novelist.

He saw her and he refrained from seeing her alternately in spells of perhaps a month, but it is certain that the days when he saw her were more numerous than those when he did not.

It was only through the exercise of enormous self-control that he left her side; and this was true no matter how shabbily, how arrogantly, she treated him. Day after day, patiently, doggedly, he presented himself at her apartment. Sometimes he found her alone, sometimes surrounded by suave satellites. On the latter occasions poor Kenmore would sit, moodily silent, impatient at the rather boisterous hilarity. This aloofness did his cause no good, for Costanza liked people about her to be gay.



She liked singing and dancing and clowning and even casual embracing and kissing. Kenmore hated it, but Kenmore had nothing of the Latin in him.

They got along far better when they were alone with each other. Costanza, then, seemed really to make an effort to be sensible, to face the situation in which Kenmore found himself. One wonders exactly what went on in her mind when she found time or inclination to think about him. The idea of marriage must have appealed to her greatly, as it does to all women whose position in the world is precarious; but to offset this appeal there was the distasteful certainty that financially she would not be as well fixed as, thanks to the generosity of her admirers, she was at the time; and there was the even more distasteful probability that life with Philip Kenmore would be a life hedged in by rules and conventions and shadowed by a certain Anglo-Saxon seriousness and heaviness which he undoubtedly possessed. She was enjoying herself hugely as it was; why change?

But Kenmore grew, quite naturally, restive, and complained.

"I can't work," he said bitterly. "I can't work and I can't play. I can't concentrate on anything but you. If I were that sort of a man, I'd take to drink."

"I wish you would," she answered lightly—"you'd be far better company. As it is, you stalk round the apartment as moody as Hamlet, and when we go out with a party to a cabaret you just sit in your chair at the table and sip ginger ale and frown. Why don't you go away for a while? Why don't you pack up and leave town? It would do you good and you could get started on that novel. And meanwhile I could be making up my mind. I assure you, my friend, that I could make up my mind much better if I knew you were safely installed in some nice country farmhouse, communing with nature. You need a rest and so do I. Why don't you go away?"

He went away. He went to join Basil Humphrey at the latter's cottage far out in the tip of Long Island. Humphrey was delighted.

"Cured?" he inquired briefly but sympathetically.

Kenmore stared at him.

"We won't speak of that, if you don't mind," he said. "But lest you get a wrong impression, I may as well tell you that I feel toward Miss Folcare exactly as I did before."

"Oh," said Humphrey, "all right. I didn't know."

For three days they walked and read and talked—talked about everything except Costanza.

"Why don't you do some work?" suggested Humphrey.

"I will—I'm going to—I'll begin tomorrow."

And the next day Philip, haggard and morose but obstinate, announced that he was about to pack up and return to New York.

"I can't stand it, Basil," he said with almost a sob. His hand was shaking so that he could scarcely get the coffee spoon to his lips.

So he returned to Costanza, and there was one cure tried and found unavailing.

She was not particularly pleased to see him—had been getting along very nicely without him, and had been counting on at least a week more of complete freedom. Kenmore, one must suppose, was often in her way, and she was undoubtedly irked at being forced to invent lies and excuses to satisfy him.

"Well, what now? What's the matter? Why did you come back so soon? Are you sick?"

She fired the questions at him rapidly, heedless of his murmured explanations.

"I can't live anywhere without you," she heard him say at length. That softened her a little, brought her to realize how absolute her power over him was. The victim had ceased to struggle; there was no longer even a fluttering of

the moth's wings. In so complete a victory she could afford to be lenient.

"My poor, dear boy," she said, and pressed her smooth cheek against his.

He seized her face in his hands and swung it around, holding it so that he could see her eyes.

"Does that mean that you'll marry me?" he asked.

She drew back, pushing him away with her hands.

"You're hurting me."

He dropped his arms hopelessly to his sides. She moved quietly and quickly across to the piano and began to play a new jazz tune.

"Don't you like this?" she inquired cheerily and brightly in the midst of the ridiculous refrain. "It's got a lot of snap, I think."

She played and sang for half an hour and then, with her arms round his neck, she kissed him good-by and dismissed him.

"Don't think too harshly of me," she whispered, "because I think I love you." And that was sufficient to send him home—elated.

His elation, of course, did not last, for Costanza had no intention of unduly encouraging him. But she fed him just enough hope to keep him in a state alternating between misery and ecstasy. No matter how brutally cruel she had been to him one day, she found that on the next he was eager to forgive her or, even, pathetically, to assume the blame of the quarrel himself. He was a broken man.

As was to be expected, given the circumstances, he was unable to do any work on that second book of his; and, more disastrous perhaps, he seemed to have lost any desire to work on it. His pride and his ambition hung like gruesome trophies at her belt.

At the end of about six months, and after a particularly venomous quarrel, Costanza had her first fright, the first hint that there was a limit to even his patience and forbearance. He had stamped out of her apartment in a rage

and, without any warning to her, had packed a bag and boarded that very evening a train for Chicago. He had done it on impulse, with the rage still in his blood and the clamor for emancipation beating against his heart. He was in haste to cast off the shackles and, lest his resolution should fail him, as it had so often done before, he dared not wait to deliberate. He was afraid, with reason, that he would forgive her in the morning.

For two weeks she had no word of him or from him, but she was not in the least perturbed. "He's sulking," she thought and went about her business and her pleasure with, if anything, a feeling of relief. When her intimates wondered a little at Kenmore's absence she smiled felinely and said, "I've given him a vacation. He needs it, poor dear."

At the end of the two weeks she wrote to him, directing the letter to his New York apartment with the request that it be forwarded, and she wrote the word "Important," liberally underlined, in a lower corner of the envelope. It was a careful, non-committal letter, in which she merely expressed her regret that he valued her friendship so little as to have gone away without a word to her of his intentions.

His reply from Pasadena reached her about half a month later at a moment when she had given up any reply. It was polite—it was even flattering, but it might have been written by a casual acquaintance. Pasadena, he told her, was a delightful spot and he was enjoying it thoroughly. He had begun writing on his book. He had met several charming people. He was contemplating buying a house and settling down there for an indefinite period. His closing sentence alone gave her any cause for hope. "Of course, you realize," he wrote, "that I left you purely in self-defense and in order to regain possession of my soul which you had usurped."

That was an admission, but an admission of the past only. It hinted, even,



that already he was in a fair way to regain that soul of his which he considered a valuable possession. And he had commenced writing on his novel—evidence of a mind once more able to concentrate on something extraneous to her! She could not tolerate that.

With much thought and many erasures she composed a telegram.

"Must see you and am willing to do anything you suggest. If you love me come back at once. I realize how wrong I have been."

"That," she said to herself, "should bring him." And then she added peevishly, "What a lot of bother he does put me to!"

He came back and Costanza met him at the station and was very sweet to him, indeed, and said that she would marry him; and almost immediately she commenced a series of postponements and evasions. Once she had him at heel again she wondered to herself why she had troubled herself so much about him. The truth of it was that he bored her more dismally than ever.

"Why can't you be like other men?" she exclaimed. "Other men don't want to marry me."

"Other men don't love you," he answered.

"Well, whether they love me or not, they're at least cheerful about it. If love means being a gloomy nuisance I don't want it."

"You got me away from Pasadena, I see, by lying to me," he said quietly. "You have no intention of keeping your word. You have no intention of marrying me."

"Don't be such a frightful bore!" she cried impatiently. "You're trying to make me out much worse than I am—you're trying to make me out an awful person."

"You are," he said grimly. He was strangely white, she noticed, about the lips. And he was strangely calm. He got up and crossed over to her and held out his hand.

"Good-by," he said.

"Shall I see you this evening after the show?"

"No," he answered, "I think not."

"Well, to-morrow then, I suppose."

"No, I think not."

"Oh, well," she said carelessly, "come round when you get through sulking."

"Good-by," he repeated, took her hand, bowed briefly, and left her.

A week later he married Millicent Fielding.

The marriage was, of course, a vast surprise to Kenmore's friends—a vast surprise and a vast relief. Millicent was a placid, unimaginative, Junoesque girl with a comfortable amount of money.

"The ideal wife for Philip," his friends observed. "Keep his feet on the ground and make him work. And enough money so he won't have to worry. Now we'll see some great books from him."

But his friends saw no books from him at all. His second novel remained almost untouched and scarcely ten pages farther advanced than when he had quitted Pasadena at the behest of Costanza. In reply to impertinent questioners, Kenmore would say, "Oh, I don't know. Millicent and I are pretty contented to jog along quietly as we are. What's the use in sweating one's heart out over a book that people will forget in a year's time? Who cares about literature or art, anyhow? What good do they do in the world? Writing a book is simply a form of egotism, and so is painting a picture or playing the violin. So is producing children, for that matter. No, Millicent and I are going to travel around and take no thought for the morrow. We sail for Italy next week."

They sailed for Italy or Egypt or Japan or South America many times. They avoided New York, it seemed, as much as they could. Costanza was still in New York, but that might not have had anything to do with it.

After several years of persistent but vain appeals, Kenmore's publishers and a multitude of magazine editors gave him up and forgot about him; and so

infrequent were his appearances among them that even his best friends began to forget him. His adverse critics nodded wisely and said, "I told you so. Philip Kenmore was just a flash in the pan. A man of one book only."

And during all this time Kenmore himself was as surprised and as puzzled as anybody else at his inability to write. It was not, he was sure, that he was still under the devastating influence of Costanza, for she was scarcely ever in his conscious thoughts. It was not because he had made a marriage where love was not, for he found himself completely contented—too contented perhaps—in his married life. And it was not, certainly, that Millicent was a wet blanket on the fire of his ambition. On the contrary, she was extremely proud of his genius and did her utmost to urge him to resume his abandoned career.

No, he knew that his inability was due to no external cause—the cause lay within himself. He was willing to work; he was eager, in spite of his protestations to the contrary, to work; but something vitally important had been taken from him, and he found himself actually incapable of composing a chapter or even a paragraph that would satisfy his own still excellent critical judgment. It was as if he had never before in his life written anything—as if he had lost all knowledge of his craft.

Seven years after his marriage, he and Millicent found themselves in Naples, *en route* for Sorrento, where they were planning to pass the month of April. With them was Basil Humphrey, who frequently accompanied them on their travels and who had long ago forgiven Kenmore for the Costanza episode. With them, also, were a young artist, called Breen, and his stupid, fluffy little wife. Breen and his wife are unimportant except that it was because of them that Millicent and Kenmore made the trip to Sorrento separately and by different routes.

Breen was eager to see Amalfi and, his wife being eager to see anything he

wanted to see, they had chartered an automobile for the day and had invited Millicent to go with them. With profuse apologies they pointed out that they could not take Kenmore and Humphrey without crowding the car to the point of discomfort, and in any case, they would all meet at Sorrento that evening.

Accordingly it was arranged that Millicent should leave with the Breens very early in the morning, and that her husband and Basil should take the afternoon train which connected at Castellamare with a tramway to Sorrento.

"And don't you two dashing young men get into any mischief," Mrs. Breen had adjured them kittenishly but, as it turned out, almost prophetically.

Now the journey from Naples to Sorrento is a journey from effable beauty to ineffable beauty. Neither the dirt and heat of the average Italian train nor the proximity of gay but ill-washed neighbors can dull the glory of the prospect that sails serenely by outside the smudged compartment windows. The railway, for the most part, skirts the bay, with brief excursions inland to circumvent some over-difficult cliff or chasm, so that one has almost continually as a background the lazulite sea reaching out to the scarcely less vivid sky, while in the foreground the sun whitens walls and intensifies the red of roofs and polishes the various rich greens of the trees and the vineyards. And that most costly of all artists' colors, rose madder, is ever present in the rocks which run down to the sea.

At Castellamare Humphrey and Kenmore descended from the train and boarded the waiting tram.

"Ah!" sighed Basil in a long breath of pleasure, "the windows, by some miracle, are open. From now on I foresee that every prospect will be pleasing and not even man be vile. What's the matter with you to-day, Philip? You don't seem very communicative."

"I don't know. The heat, perhaps." The tram lurched out of the Piazza



amid a waving of hands and accompaniment of farewells in lilting, cadenced Italian. Obviously, it was not an unimportant event, the departure of the tram. It clanged through narrow streets, shattering the privacy of those who dwelt so near on either side that one could almost have leaned out in passing and spanked for them their brown, naked little babies that kicked and squealed on the cobblestones of the doorways. And then, abruptly, the town was left behind. White sunlight and blue shadows and a hard white road that wound alongside; the gray-green of the olives touched with silver; the warm saffron of oranges and the more chaste yellow of lemons, bright among their dark leaves; the flash of streams hurrying, at the bottom of the trestle-spanned chasms, to the sea; the fragrance of that sea and the fragrance of innumerable roses.

In admiring silence, then, they passed through Vico Equense, Sejano, Meta, Carotto, Pozzopiano, and Sant'Agello—towns whose names on Italian lips are like phrases of music; towns which cluster about their church towers like iridescent doves. And they came to Sorrento.

As the tram groaned to a standstill in the Piazza, a woman came out of a near-by shop and crossed the sunswept square. She was in white and she wore over her head a black mantilla which partially concealed her face. She passed, walking smoothly and rhythmically, within perhaps twenty yards of Kenmore, and there was something in the way she bore herself, in the easy nonchalant grace of her movements, in the poise of her head and the languid swing of her arms that caused him to lean quickly far out of the window in an endeavor better to observe her.

For one brief instant she turned her head to regard the tram from which the passengers were now alighting; but that brief instant was sufficient—more than sufficient, perhaps, for it is probable that he had known from the first

glimpse of her that he was looking Costanza.

She moved rapidly across the square and Kenmore sat motionless in his seat following her with his eyes. Humphrey plucked vainly at his elbow.

"Come on, Philip," he urged impatiently. "What's the matter with you; what are you dreaming about?"

It was not until the splash of white that was Costanza's dress had disappeared around the corner of a twisting street leading from the Piazza that Humphrey received an answer. Then Kenmore looked up with a start, like a man waking suddenly from sleep.

"Oh," he said, "I beg your pardon, Basil. Are we here already? I must have been dozing."

Humphrey regarded him anxiously. "Dozing with your eyes open?" he inquired.

"Yes, I suppose so. Funny—the heat—"

Humphrey took his arm and led him to the hotel. They had taken rooms at the Vittoria, which clings in the midst of its gardens and terraces to the very edge of the cliff that rises sheer above the Piccola Marina. From the balustrade of the terrace one can drop a stone into the white border of the lazy sea.

"I wish," said Kenmore, "that you'd do all the necessary about rooms and everything, Basil. I'm a little sunk and I think I'll sit awhile on the terrace and breathe some cool air into my lungs and maybe a little cigar smoke besides."

"You'd do better to take a nap," recommended Humphrey.

"Well, perhaps I'll do that, too, but not in a stuffy room. Just leave me alone for a bit, like a good fellow, and I'll be all right."

He spoke confidently and reassuringly, but he knew very well that he was not all right, and he doubted if he should be for some time.

The sight of Costanza had erased with one brief gesture the interval of seven years and more during which he had not seen her and during which he

ad convinced himself that he had forgotten her. Now, with alarming suddenness, he found that she still possessed him, that in her there lay for him the old, familiar lure which had proved for so long irresistible. He had seen her; he lived in Sorrento—somewhere—perhaps only a stone's throw from the terrace where he was sitting, chewing on his unlit cigar. He knew that, in spite of himself, he must endeavor to find her; and he knew that the arguments which he heroically advanced against doing any such thing were sound but futile. He laughed at the arguments and cast them aside deliberately. What was the use in reasoning about a thing into which reason did not enter?

Quitting the hotel terrace as unostentatiously as possible, he traversed the Piazza and entered a pharmacy to make inquiries.

"Can you tell me," he asked in Italian, "where Signora Folcare resides?"

"Assuredly, signore," said the chemist unhesitatingly. "The signore has but to follow the line of the tramway for half a mile beyond the Piazza. The villa is on the left, toward the sea—a small, white villa, very beautiful with many flowers. The name is on the gatepost. Villa Costanza, it is called. We know the signora well, for she has lived here for five years. A most beautiful woman, signore, and a most charming one."

Kenmore murmured his gratitude and, as he left the shop, he smiled. It had been so very easy.

"Trust Costanza to establish her identity and to impose her charms wherever she goes," he thought.

He walked the half mile as buoyantly as a boy. He was filled with a magnificent exhilaration. What he should do when he saw Costanza once again he did not know, nor did he give much thought to it. He had no plans but, for the moment at least, he had no scruples.

He rang the bell at the gate of the rose-covered wall, and presently a man servant with a white apron over a yellow-and-black-striped waistcoat ad-

mitted him. Yes, the signora was at home. Would the signore be good enough to follow him to the house; and whom should he announce?

Kenmore hesitated. He wanted to surprise Costanza, to catch her off her guard. He was morbidly eager to see what emotions the unexpected sight of him would arouse in her.

"Tell the signora," he said with the smile of one who is perpetrating some innocent practical joke, "that it is a friend from America." And he handed the man a twenty-lire note.

He awaited Costanza in a marble-paved loggia overlooking the sea. There were rugs and wicker furniture and a cockatoo in a cage. A priceless Pekingese blinked in the face of the low sun. It was all very unlike the New York apartment and yet it was all very like Costanza.

He heard her heels tapping on the floor of the inner room. He stood up, a little dizzy, his heart tumultuous; and then, suddenly, she stood before him.

"Oh!" she cried, and he saw her go very white beneath her paint. One of her hands fluttered up to her bosom, where it lay for an instant before she permitted it to drop slowly and languidly to her side. "You shouldn't have done this—without warning," she said tremulously. "I am seven years older than I was, Philip Kenmore. I am thirty-nine years old."

With an unpleasant shock he realized that she was indeed thirty-nine years old. She looked older. The Italian beauty which was hers matures early and splendidly, but dies early and forlornly. And Costanza, having deliberately secluded herself from the critical eyes of the world—and especially of the male world—had been too indolent, too indifferent to care for her beauty. She had, as they say, let herself go to pieces, little remaining to her of her former radiance. The grace of her movements, yes, that she would always retain; and it was by that mainly that Kenmore had recognized her.



He stood facing her, completely at a loss for words, all his fine exhilaration gone from him.

"I am sorry," he said at length. "I saw you an hour ago crossing the Piazza and I could not resist the temptation of coming here."

She sank into a chair and motioned him to one beside her. She kept her face averted from him, perhaps that he might not perceive all that seven years had done to its beauty.

"And now that you are here," she murmured, "aren't you sorry that you came?"

"I am sorry if it distresses you—my coming."

She was silent for a space and then, with a shrug, she seemed to rouse herself. With something of her old imperiousness of manner she said, "Tell me exactly what urged you to come. You know and I know, too, that it was wrong of you. You are married—probably happily married. Is your wife waiting for you back in the hotel? Are you playing truant like a silly school-boy? Have you come to me for a brief vacation from the school of matrimony? Is that why you are here?"

He had the decency to flush.

"God knows why I'm here," he answered vaguely. "I couldn't help it."

He was profoundly embarrassed. He knew perfectly well why he had come—he had come to throw himself on his knees before her and beseech her to take him back. He had come, impelled by a burning desire for her that had overwhelmed all his better, saner instincts, that had obliterated his sense of duty and responsibility toward his wife and the world in general. He had acted upon that deceptive phrase of bravado: "Love—and the world well lost." And now that he had so acted, he found to his consternation that love did not exist.

His predicament, to a disinterested spectator, would have had its humorous side; but to him there was no humor in it. Nor, as it developed, was Costanza inclined to consider the situation lightly.

For almost the first time in her life she found that Philip Kenmore had for her a definite and undeniable appeal. Perhaps it was his apparent patient fidelity that moved her; perhaps it was because she was and had been lonely perhaps it was because she was thirty-nine and no longer beautiful and no longer able to pick and choose. Whatever the reason, when she next spoke to him there was a wistfulness in her voice that he marked with an uneasy premonition.

"Seven years, Philip, is a very long time. A great deal can happen in seven years to a man and to a woman. Seven years ago you said that you loved me and I—well, I treated you abominably, I suppose. Is that why you came, Philip—to remind me of how abominably I treated you and to gloat over me a little?"

"No," he said, "that is not why I came, Costanza."

She plucked at the lace of her gown with nervous, restless fingers—ringless now, he noticed subconsciously.

"If you wanted to gloat," she continued, her eyes on the floor, "you would be justified. I'm not very happy. Are you very happy?"

"No," he answered, "I'm not very happy."

"Your marriage? I don't suppose I should ask."

"I don't regret my marriage," he said quickly.

"In that case," said she, "I don't quite understand why you are here. Philip—" she began, but stopped and, reaching out, she laid her hand over his, where it lay on the arm of the chair beside her. She regarded him with dark, distressful eyes.

"Do you still—care for me?" she asked.

There it was—the disastrous question which he must answer. And he had no answer ready. If he lied to her he was lost; if he told her the brutal truth it would appear that he had gone out of his way deliberately to insult her in her

own house. His coming to her after seven years was excusable only if he loved her.

Naturally enough, but unfortunately for him, she interpreted his hesitation as a reluctance to lay himself open, once again, to a rebuff. She imagined that he was treading cautiously until he should be sure of his ground. She determined, to the amusement of the ironical gods, to reassure him.

"Philip," she said, "I've never been anything but sorry for the way I treated you seven years ago. I think that I loved you even then; and I know that I love you now. And perhaps my love is worth more now than it would have been then." Her voice trailed off into a whisper, so that he could scarcely hear the last phrase.

He was sorry for her and a little sorry for himself; but her words and even her touch on his hand failed to stir him. It was as if their positions of seven years ago had been reversed. Incongruously he found himself wondering what time it was. Would they have missed him yet at the hotel? Would he be late for dinner? Would his wife and Basil Humphrey be worried? He would have given a good deal to have been able surreptitiously to look at his watch.

The breeze of twilight had come, bearing the salt tang of the sea, and a violet haze over the west. Surely it was late—past the dinner hour probably. Millicent would be frantic with anxiety. Explanations would be demanded. Explanations! He shuddered. Explanations for being late for dinner when, if things had been otherwise, he might never have returned at all!

Disengaging his hand, he stood up and went to lean against the balustrade of the loggia. Below him the sea complained musically among the rocks, half veiling them with rose-tinted foam. A white gull flapped languid wings against the sky. It was late. He must say something—anything. He must say anything and go at once. He turned to Costanza.

"Costanza," he began, "you say that

in seven years you have changed—your attitude toward me has changed. I wonder, then, if you can understand and forgive me if I admit that in seven years I have changed, too. Oh, please believe that I did not know—did not realize it when I came here this afternoon! I didn't come to gloat, as you say. I didn't—"

"That's enough," she interrupted him in a cold white voice. And then, in an instant, she lost her self-control completely and became the old Costanza who had so often raged and stormed at him.

"That's enough!" she repeated in a fury. "You can stop right there. And you can get out. Do you hear? You can get out! Right away! You can get out!"

She commenced to call him names—the vilest names she could think of. And, amazingly, a feeling of vast relief came over him. For Costanza, the fishwife, he need have no sympathy. As she had been, so she was and so should she forever be—superficial, vulgar, artificial, an actress and an opportunist. He knew at last the shackles which had bound him were broken; he knew the blessings of emancipation.

He was late, of course, for dinner. His wife and Basil Humphrey and the Breens, anxious and uneasy, were waiting for him in the hall. He said that he had taken a walk and had lost his way, and his confident, almost joyous, manner served completely to reassure them. Never before had he felt so lighthearted and, I suppose, never before had he so appreciated and admired the really excellent qualities of Millicent, his wife.

He smoked a cigar after dinner on the starlit terrace. And then, excusing himself, he went up to his room and completed the first chapter of his second and greater book. He found himself working with the old eagerness, the old gusto, the old inspiration, but with a sanity and a poise that were new. The seven barren years that he had lived were now to him gone as an evening.



# Two Poems

BY W. H. DAVIES

## THE GHOST

**M**Y girl has reached that lovely state  
That's half a bud and half a flower;  
But I am near my berry time,  
Outnumbering her by many an hour.  
Yet Love, who sometimes raises kings  
To the level of our common race,  
Can see no difference in our state,  
In look, in word, or grace.

The Moon to her has life and power—  
It is the Earth's white ghost to me;  
Which tells the Earth of its decay,  
And mine, which Love's too blind to see.  
Love her, my heart, that she may give  
My ghost this praise she gives the Moon:  
Let her not shudder, when she sees  
It thin away so soon.

## THE WILL

**I**F I should die, this house is yours,  
A little money too:  
It's but a poor reward I make,  
For all this care from you.

And though you take a second mate,  
And think that man the best,  
I would not change—if dead men could—  
One word of this bequest.

Would that I could bequeath to you  
My joy in earth and sky—  
Worth more than gold or precious stones—  
To be remembered by.

# A Manual of the New Mentality

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

I HAVE been busily engaged of late in preparing a Manual of the Human Mind. I give here some parts and sections of it as far as it is yet completed. When it is finished it will be sold in twenty-five installments, which may be read either singly or all at the same time. The final edition will be bound in half-calf for ordinary readers, with a university edition for scholars (complete calf), and for the rich an *édition de luxe* sold at an addition *de luxe*.

The object of the entire work—I need hardly say—will not be to make money, but to perform a service to the community. To make this certain, the word *service* will be stamped in gilt letters on each volume of a special or “service edition” of the book—sold to servants.

Such is the object of the manual, in addition to which it will have an *aim*. And this aim will be to bring within the reach of even the richest the essential facts about the great *Movement of Mind* which is rapidly transforming the globe on which we stand—or sit.

In effect, one of the most cheering things about this good, gay world in which we are at present living is the recent pleasing progress of the Human Mind.

For ever so many centuries the Human Mind had lain more or less dormant. It was known that it was there. But just where it was and what it did and how it did it was a matter on which nothing, if anything, was known.

## THE MIND WAVE

Within recent years all this has changed. A great wave of mind culture

has swept over the community. People who never had any before now have little else.

It is generally admitted that the human mind was first discovered about four years ago by a brilliant writer in one of the Sunday journals. His article “Have We a Subconscious Ego?” was immediately followed by a striking discussion under the title “Are We Top Side Up?” This brought forth a whole series of popular articles and books under such titles as *Willing and Being*, *How to Think*, *Existence as a Mode of Thought*, *The Super Self*, and such special technical studies as *The Mentality of the Hen* and the *Thought Process of the Potato*.

This movement, once started, has spread in every direction. All our best magazines are now full of mind. In every direction one sees references to psychoanalysis, auto-suggestion, hypnosis, hypnosis, psychiatry, inebriety, and things never thought of a little while ago. Will power is being openly sold by correspondence at about fifty cents a kilowatt. College professors of psychology are wearing overcoats lined with fur, and riding in little coupé cars like doctors. The poor are studying the psychology of wealth, and the rich are studying the psychology of poverty. Memory has been reduced to a system. A good memory is now sold for fifty cents.

Everybody’s mind is now analysed. People who used to be content with the humblest of plain thinking, or with none at all, now resolve themselves into “reflexes” and “complexes” and “impulses.” Some of our brightest people are kleptomaniacs, paranoiacs, agoraphobists, and dolomites. A lot of our



best friends turn out to be subnormal and not worth knowing. Some of the biggest business men have failed in the intelligence test and have been ruined. A lot of our criminals turn out not to be criminals at all, but merely to have a reaction for another person's money.

Still more gratifying is the fact that we are now able to locate with something like certainty where the mind is. And it appears that is away down—in fact, is sinking into a bottomless abyss. What we took for the mind is only an insignificant part of it, a poor glimmer of intelligence, a rush light floating on the surface of an unknown depth. Underneath the mind lurks the *subconscious*, and away down under this again, the *sub-liminal*, and under that is the *primitive complex*, and farther down, fifty feet in the mud, is the *cosmic intelligence*. This late item, cosmic intelligence, is thought by some people to be found in Buddhism, and other people say that it is seen in Walt Whitman, and in Dante at his best. It may also be connected with music.

But what is now an assured fact is that, while human beings have only just begun to learn about these things, the animals have known about them and been using them for years. It seems that the caterpillar doesn't think at all! He gave it up long ago; he merely "reacts." The common ant (*formica americana*) instead of working all the time, as we thought it did, does not work at all. It merely has a community complex in the lobes of one of its feet. What we took to be the play of the young lamb (*lambens piccola*) is simply a chemical movement of its tail under the influence of one or more stimuli.

In short, the whole mental world has been thrown into the greatest excitement. Everybody is "reacting" on everybody else. Mind waves and brain storms blow about like sand in the Sahara. Things good and bad come at us like an infection. We live in deadly fear that we may catch bolshevism, as we might a cold. Everything

rushes at us in "waves." A New York chauffeur chokes his employer, and it is called a "crime wave." The man is rushed off to a rest house to have his complex removed, while the people leave the city in the flood. Then they hear that a repentant burglar has given a million dollars to Trinity Church, and that a moral wave is flooding over the city; and they come back.

In this disturbed state nobody's mind can act alone. Everybody has to be in it with a lot of others. Family love is replaced by Big Brother Movements and Little Sister Agitations, and a grown-up man subscribes twenty-five cents and wears a pink ribbon to help him to be kind to his own mother.

All these new developments I hope to treat at extended length in my manual. But I select a few of the outstanding ones for discussion here and now.

## THE OUTBREAK OF PSYCHOLOGY

Prominent among all these phenomena is the great movement which is putting psychology into the front rank of human activities. In earlier days this science was kept strictly confined to the colleges. It was taught by an ancient professor in a skull cap, with a white beard which reached to the foot of his waistcoat. It had no particular connection with anything at all, and did no visible harm to those who studied it. It explained the difference between a "sensation" and a "perception" and between an "idea" and a "notion." As a college subject, it was principally taken as a qualification for the football team, and thus ranked side by side with architecture and the Portuguese Ballad. Some of the greatest players on the Harvard and Yale teams knew little else.

All this changed. As a part of the new researches, it is found that psychology can be used not only for the purpose of football, but for almost everything in life. There is now not only psychology in the academic or college sense, but also a Psychology of Business, Psychol-



THE CATERPILLAR, THE ANT, AND THE LAMB HAVE KNOWN ABOUT COSMIC INTELLIGENCE FOR YEARS

ogy of Education, a Psychology of Salesmanship, a Psychology of Religion, a Psychology of Boxing, a Psychology of Investment, and a Psychology of Playing the Banjo. In short, everybody has his. There is the psychology of the criminal, the psychology of the politician, and a psychology of the infant. For almost every juncture of life we now call in the services of an expert psychologist as naturally as we send for an emergency plumber. In all our great cities there are already, or soon will be, signs that read "Psychologist—Open Day and Night."

The real meaning of this is found in the fact that we are now able to use psychology as a guide or test in a thousand and one practical matters. In the old days there was no way of knowing what a man could do except by trying him out. Now we don't have to do this at all. We merely measure the shape of his head and see whether, by native intelligence, he can, immediately and offhand, pronounce TH backward;

or count the scales of a gold fish. This method has been applied for many years in the appointment of generals in the Chinese army, but with us it is new.

### THE INTELLIGENCE TEST

In other words, the intelligence test has come to us as one of the first fruits of the new psychology. In practically every walk of life, this bright little device is now being introduced as a means of finding out what people don't know, and for what particular business they are specially unfitted. Many persons, it now appears, go through life without being able to distinguish colors, or to arrange equilateral triangles into a tetrahedron, or to say the alphabet backward. Indeed, many persons of this sort have in the past gone clear through and got away with it. They could hardly do so now. And yet incompetent persons of this sort used often to occupy positions of trust, and even to handle money.



Let us see then what the intelligence test means.

If we wish to realize how slipshod is the thinking of persons in apparently sound mental condition, we have only to ask any man of our acquaintance how much is 13 times 147. The large probability is that he doesn't know. Or let us ask any casual acquaintance how many cubic centimeters there are in the Woolworth Building, and his estimate will be found to be absurdly incorrect. The man, in other words, lacks observation. His mind has never been trained to form an accurate judgment.

Compare with this the operation of the trained, keened mind such as is being fashioned by the new psychology. This man, or shall we say this *mind*, for he deserves to be called it, walks down the street with his eye alert and his brain active. He notes the cubic contents of the buildings that he sees. He can tell you if you ask him (or even if you don't) the numbers of the taxicabs which he has passed, or overtaken, in his walk. He can tell you what proportion of red-haired men have passed him in a given time; how many steps he has taken in going a hundred yards; and how many yards he has walked in a given number of steps.

In other words, the man is a *thinker*. For such a man the intelligence test has no terrors. I questioned a man of this sort the other day. I said, "You have been in such and such an apartment building, have you not?" He answered, with characteristic activity of mind, "Yes." "And did you on entering such and such a hall in the building observe such and such a gold fish in such and such a bowl?" Judge of my surprise when he told me that he had not only observed it, but had counted its scales and given it a peanut. My readers, moreover, will readily believe me when I say that the man in question is the head of one of the biggest corporations in the city. No one else could have done it.

But for persons who lack the proper

training and habits of observation the intelligence test acts as a ruthless exterminator of incompetence. The point of it is, I repeat, that it is aimed not at eliciting the things which, from the very routine of our life itself, we are certain we know, but at those things which we ought to know but don't.

Here are a few little samples of what I mean, taken from the actual test questions used by one of our leading practical psychologists:

#### *Intelligence Test for Bank Managers*

1. Can you knit?
2. Name your favorite flower.
3. Which is the larger end of a safety pin?
4. How many wheels has a Pullman car?
5. If a spider wants to walk from the top corner of a room to the bottom corner farthest away, will he follow the angular diameter of the floor, or will his path be an obese tabloid?

It is the last question, I may say, which generally gets them. Already four of the principal bank managers in New York have lost their positions over it.

Let us put beside this from the same source another interesting set of questions:

#### *Intelligence Test for Hospital Nurses*

1. What is the difference between a Federal Reserve note and a Federal Reserve Bank note?
2. Suppose that a general buoyancy had led you to expand beyond what you considered prudent, and you felt that you must deflate, what would you take in first?

I may say that of seventeen trained nurses only *one* was able to answer these questions, especially No. 2, without wandering from the essential meaning; even the odd one hardly counted, as she turned out to be engaged to a bank teller.

Still more striking is the application of the intelligence test to the plain

manual occupations. The worker fulfils, let us admit, his routine duty. But we have to ask, is this all that we have a right to demand from him? No. If the man is to be really competent, his mind ought to have a reach and an outlook which go beyond the mechanical operations of his job. I give an example:

#### *Intelligence Test for Marine Engineers*

1. Are you inclined to sympathize with Schiaparelli's estimate of Dante's *Divina Commedia*?
2. Luigi Pulci, it has been said, voices the last strains of the age of the troubadours. Do you get this?
3. Alfieri must always be regarded rather as the last of the *cinquecentisti* than as the first of the moderns. How do you stand on that?

Let us put beside this as an interesting parallel the following:

#### *Intelligence Tests for Professors of Comparative Literature*

1. How much pressure per square inch of surface do you think a safe load to carry?

2. Suppose that, just as you were getting to work, you got trouble somewhere in your flow of gas, so that that set up a back-firing in your tubes, would you attribute this to a defect in your feed?

3. Suppose that you were going along late at night at moderate speed, and properly lighted up, and you saw a red light directly in front of you, would you stop or go right on?

From all of which it appears that by means of the Intelligence Test we have now an infallible means of knowing just what a man amounts to. If we want to know whether or not an applicant is suited for a job we have only to send him to the laboratory of a practicing psychologist, and we can find out in fifteen minutes all about him. How vastly superior this is to the old and cumbrous methods of inquiring into a young man's schooling, and into his family, and reading personal letters of recommendation, can hardly be exaggerated. Let me quote as a typical example the case which I have just



AS A TEST WE SEE WHETHER HE CAN PRONOUNCE TH BACKWARD



mentioned, that of letters of recommendation. Compare the old style and the new.

*Old-Fashioned Letter of Recommendation  
Given to a Young Man Seeking a  
Position in the Milling Business.*

To Messrs. Smith, Brown, & Co.

Dear Sirs,

I should like to recommend to you very cordially my young friend Mr. O'Hagan. I have known him since his boyhood, and can assure you that he is an estimable young man who has had a good schooling and is willing to work. When I add that he was raised right here in Jefferson County, and that his mother was one of the McGerrigles, I feel sure that you will look after him.

We have had an open fall here, but a good spell of cold has set in since New Year's.

Very faithfully,

*New-Fashioned Letter of Estimation as  
Supplied by a Psychological  
Laboratory Expert*

Messrs. Smith, Brown, & Co.

Dear Sirs,

This certifies that I have carefully examined Mr. O'Hagan in my laboratory for fifteen minutes and submitted him to various measurements and tests, with a view to estimating his fitness for the Milling Business. He measures 198 centimeters from end to end, of which his head represents 7.1 per cent. We regard this as too large a proportion of head for a miller. His angle of vision is 47, which is more than he will need in your business. We applied various stimuli to the lobes of his neck and got very little reaction from him. We regret to say that he does not know what 17 times 19 is; and we further found that, after being in our laboratory for fifteen minutes, he had failed to notice the number of panes in the windows.

On the whole, we think him better suited for social service or uni-

versity work or for the church than for a position of responsibility.

Very truly,

P. S. We enclose our statement of account for 17 tests at \$5.00 per test.

The value of the system, however, does not stop even at this point. It is proving itself an invaluable aid in weeding out incompetent men who have perhaps escaped detection for many years. For example, a firm in Kansas were anxious to judge of the selling power of their salesmen. An intelligence test applied to their staff showed that *not a single one knew how to sell anything*. The firm had been misled for years by the mere fact that these men were successfully placing orders. A furniture factory in Grand Rapids submitted seventy-one of their employees to the test to see what they knew about furniture: it appeared that *they knew nothing about it*. One of the Kalamazoo Celery companies, anxious to develop the Psychology of Growing Celery, instituted a searching test on fourteen of their gardeners. It appeared that only four of them had ever heard of psychology and only one of them could spell it. Yet here were men who had been professing to grow celery for twenty years. Instances such as these show how far from perfect is our industrial system. Nor will it ever be improved until sweeping intelligence tests and wholesale dismissals have put it on a new basis.

### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ANIMAL MIND

The sad truth is that as yet most of us do not know how to think. We think we think, but we don't.

Nor can we begin thinking until we are prepared to begin all over again and build up our thought-process from its basis up. Herein lies the peculiar importance of Animal Psychology in the new wave of mentality. To this a very



THE INTELLIGENCE TEST ACTS AS A RUTHLESS EXTERMINATOR OF INCOMPETENCE

large space will be allotted in the manual which I am preparing.

Already the ground has been broken. Careful investigations of the thought-complex of the hen, the worm, and the bee have revealed to the world something of the wonderful mentality that was formerly rudely classed as "instinct." We now know that the bee could not construct her honeycomb in the particular form which she uses had she not some knowledge, however modest, of the mathematical law of the maximum cubic content. Where she got it we do not as yet know. But we hope to find out. Our psychological investigators are sitting among the bees, following the hens, and associating with the worms, and adding daily to our store of knowledge.

My own researches in this direction are not of wide extent. But I have endeavored to fit myself for discussing the subject by undertaking the study of one particular animal. I make here no claim to originality of method, and readily admit that my researches are based upon—I may say, are imitated from—the best models of work in this

direction. I selected as my subject the common Hoopoo, partly because no one had investigated the Hoopoo before, and partly because good fortune threw the opportunity in my way.

In other words, the observations which I have carried on in regard to the mentality and habits of the Hoopoo fall within that large portion of the new mentality which deals with the mind of animals. I should be ungrateful if I did not express my obligation to the authors of *The Play of Animals*, *The Behavior of the Toad*, *The Love Affairs of the Lobster*, and other well-known manuals of this class. But, so far as I am aware, I am the first to subject the Hoopoo to the same minute scrutiny which has been so successfully applied to the bee, the garden worm, and the Bengal tiger.

My acquaintance with the Hoopoo herself I owe to the fortunate fact that beside my house is an empty brickyard devoid of grass, occupied only with sand, litter, and broken stone—in short, a tempting spot for the entomologist.

It was while sitting on a brick in the empty brickyard, occupied, I fear, with nothing better than counting the grains



of sand in a wagon load that had been dumped upon the ground, that I first saw the Hoopoo. She was making her way in the leisurely fashion that is characteristic of her, from one tiny pebble to another, daintily crossing the minute rivulets and ravines of the broken soil with that charm which is all hers. The glorious occasion was not to be lost. As hastily as I could, I made my way back to the house to bring my notebook, my pencil—without which my notebook could be but an aggravation—and my lens. Alas! by the time I had returned the Hoopoo had disappeared. I resolved henceforth to be of a greater prudence. Blaming myself for my lack of preparedness, I took care next night to sleep with my lens in bed with me so as to be ready at the earliest dawn to proceed to the brickyard.

The first beams of day saw me seated upon the same brick, my lens ready at hand, my notebook on my knee and my pencil poised in the air. But alas! my hopes were destined to be dashed to the ground. The Hoopoo did not appear.

The entomologist, however, must be patient. For five successive mornings I found myself seated on the brick in eager expectation. No result. But on the sixth morning there flashed through my mind one of those gleams of inductive reasoning which make the entomologist what he is. It occurred to me with such force as to make me wonder why it had not occurred to me with such force before that on the first occasion I had seen the Hoopoo at *ten o'clock in the morning*. On all the other occasions I had sat on the brick at *four in the morning*. The inference was obvious. The Hoopoo does not get up until ten.

To wait until ten o'clock was the work of a moment. With renewed expectation, I found myself seated on the brick at the very moment when the shadow thrown by the morning sun from behind the chimney of a nearby factory indicated to me that it was ten o'clock. With a beating heart I watched the shadow steal across the ground. Alas! I was doomed again to failure. Ten o'clock came and passed and no sign of the Hoopoo greeted my anxious eye. I



OUR PSYCHOLOGICAL INVESTIGATORS ARE STUDYING THE BEE, THE HEN, AND THE WORM



I FOUND MYSELF SEATED ON THE BRICK IN EAGER EXPECTATIONS

was just about to leave the place in despair and to select for my researches some animal less erratic than the Hoopoo, such as the horse, the boa-constrictor, or the common kangaroo, when a thought flashed through my mind calculated to turn my despair into a renewed anticipation. Six days—so it now suddenly occurred to me—had elapsed. One more would make seven. Seven days is a week. The inexorable logic was complete. The Hoopoo must appear once a week. The day of her first appearance had been Sunday. Tomorrow she would come again.

The reader may imagine in what an agony of expectation I waited till next day. Spasms went through me when I thought of what the morrow might or might not bring. But this time I was not doomed to disappointment. Seated on my brick at the precise hour of ten, and watching the moving shadow, I became suddenly aware that the Hoopoo had appeared and was moving daintily over the dusty ground. There was no doubt of her identity. My eye dwelt with delight on the beautiful luster of her carapace and the curvical appearance of her snortex. Her antennæ gracefully swept the air before her while the fibulæ with which her feet were

shielded traced a feathery pattern in the dust. Hastily taking out my stop-watch, I timed her. She was moving at the rate of the tenth part of a centimeter in the twentieth of a second. Her general direction was north-north-west. But here entered an astounding particularity which I am as yet unable to explain. The direction in which the Hoopoo was moving was *exactly reversed from that of the previous week*.

I determined now to test the intelligence of the Hoopoo. Taking a small piece of stick, I placed it directly across her path. *She stepped over it*. I now supported the same piece of stick by elevating it, still lying in the Hoopoo's path, on two small pebbles. *She went under it*. I next placed both stick and stones together so as to form what must have appeared a formidable barrier directly in her path. *She went round it*. I now varied my experiment. With the blade of my knife I dug, directly in the path of the moving animal, a hole which must have appeared to her a considerable cavity. *She jumped across it*.

I need not, however, recite in detail the series of experiments which I carried out on this and the following Sunday mornings. I tested the Hoopoo in accordance with all the latest intelligence



tests of animal life. And in every test she acquitted herself not only with credit but with distinction. I lifted her up with blades of grass, carried her to a distance of fifty yards and set her down again, to see if she could walk home (which she did), and fed her with minute particles of farraginous oatcake soaked in champagne. The result of my experiments showed her to be right up in the front class of animal psychology, along with the ant, the bee, and the filipino. Had the Hoopoo lived, a great career

would have opened up in front of her. Alas! she did not. An attempt to see whether the Hoopoo could eat gravel proved disastrous. But she at least lived long enough to add one more brilliant page to the growing literature of insect life.

I cannot but feel a sense of personal loss as I sit now in the solitude of the sunlit brickyard, listening to the hum of the zocataquil and the drone of the probiscus and the sharp staccato note of the jimjam.

## Secret

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

SHAKEN with beauty, could I choose  
 The pale mauve lily of the dawn, and lose  
 Reluctantly and all too soon  
 The last rose noon?  
 Or, dropping shadows like a silken husk,  
 The violet dusk?

Should God Himself choose one of three,  
 To make the color of Infinity,  
 Which would it be;  
 What lovely hue,  
 Shaped like a mirror to look through?

Midnight in answer, came the ancient way,  
 In wide, dream-haunted robes of gray,  
 Whose age-old rents and tatters are  
 Each one, a star.  
 And then the lifted silence heard  
 A lyric word,  
 That is too beautiful to say!

# Captains of Industry vs. Captains of Finance

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

**B**EHIND most of the extreme and ill-considered revolts of our time there is a grain of truth, some legitimate ground for protest which has too long been ignored by the men whose hands are on the levers of power and authority. This bit of truth, in the hands of reckless doctrinaires, is inflated into a dangerous falsehood and made the inspiration of a radical propaganda which, now and then, flames into actual revolution. Revolutions never spring from pure theory. Widespread discontents are never born of the imagination alone. They may be fed and fanned by designing theorists, they may be harnessed to utterly indefensible programs by able demagogues, but usually they have their beginning in some legitimate protest.

There are usually three states in the development of revolutions. The first stage is marked by the *immoral content* of the oppressor, by that blind satisfaction with the status quo felt by men who are indifferent to everything save their own comfort. The second is marked by the *moral discontent* of the oppressed, by the legitimate protest of the men upon whom the status quo rests heavily. The third is marked, frequently although not always, by the *immoral discontent* of the men who seek to exploit the legitimate discontent of their time in the exclusive interest of themselves or of their class.

It seems to me that one of the social tragedies of our time lies in the fact that we rarely deal with discontent until it has reached this third stage, until it has entered the field as a clearly formulated and ably organized propaganda, until it has been captured by doctrinaires and demagogues. And in this tragedy I

think we business men must be classed among the chief sinners. We should, if we were really good business men and not mere tradesmen, anticipate and discount most of the unrest of our time. We should, if we really met the challenge of our jobs, forestall most revolutionary movements by rendering it increasingly difficult for their leaders to find a sympathetic audience. We should remove the menace of immoral discontent by removing the causes of moral discontent. We are directors in the field of economic activity from which most discontents and revolutions arise. It is our business to see to it that in that field there is no soil in which mutiny can take root. And this is not a "social welfare" chore to be undertaken after office hours as evidence of our "public spirit," but one of our primary business responsibilities. If, as business men, we cannot or will not meet this responsibility, we deserve to see our leadership in economic activity superseded—*we shall be superseded*.

I am not leading up to a suggestion that we business men should align ourselves with all sorts of anti-radical propaganda. It is the easiest thing in the world, a thing demanding little imagination and less intelligence, to wait until the world is rocking with revolution and then to rush hysterically to the support of superficially conceived and essentially futile "anti-bolshevik" propagandas. It is as useless as it is easy to swear at the *results* of radicalism. Our more difficult but fundamental obligation is to remove the *incentives* to radicalism. It is the cause rather than the effect that should be our chief concern.

We business men pride ourselves upon



our ability to think clearly from cause to effect when the financial interests of our businesses are involved. We should be heartily ashamed when we fail to think with equal clarity from cause to effect about the wider social implications of our businesses. We should realize that, in times of threatening unrest and revolutionary agitation, adventures in "professional patriotism" are not a valid substitute for business statesmanship.

The time to defeat a revolution is before it starts. It is shortsighted to wait until a revolution has reached the "terror" stage before we take notice of it. We must deal with it in its "germ" stage. This means that the business man must be more alert than the radical in sensing those legitimate grounds for protest which, as I have suggested, are usually the points of departure for the dangerous activity of the doctrinaire revolutionist. We must, as a simple business duty, deal with the causes of radicalism earlier and more efficiently than the radical leaders do.

It is not, however, a mere opportunism that I am suggesting. I am not suggesting merely a better way of guarding the bank. I am discussing this challenge that radicalism means to business as one aspect of a larger plea for the introduction of the scientific spirit into the administration of business and industry. I am suggesting that we must parallel the achievements of preventive medicine with the achievements of preventative economics.

Let me illustrate what I mean by business men's anticipating revolutions. There is abroad in the world to-day a revolt against the modern business system and against that free individualism which most of us, even when most aware of its sins, believe must always be the dynamo of any truly creative and happy society. This revolt finds its extreme expression in the proposed dictatorship of the proletariat. The tools of the world should belong to the men who use them, say the leaders of this

revolt. The creative forces of society should be the controlling forces of society, they contend. They want to rid the world of the practice of paying men for "owning" things, and to organize a society in which men shall be paid only for "doing" things. They exalt enterprise above ownership. These are the general principles that lie back of the slogans of this revolt. I am not here concerned with the futuristic political schemes that are offered as means of attaining these ends, but only with these simple statements of principle—or catchwords, if you prefer—which the leaders of this revolt have preached to the masses, and with the reasons why the masses were so ripely ready to listen to them and so easily inflamed by them.

Here is a revolt that has reached its third stage, a revolt that is keeping business men awake at night the world over. What, if we are scientifically minded business men, will be our attitude toward it? What could we have done to anticipate and to discount it? Too many of us, I fear, think we have discharged our duty in the matter when we have written an article or made a speech attacking the unsound economics of the revolutionist. We may subject the revolutionist's interpretation of his catchwords to all sorts of valid criticism. We may rightly challenge the notion that the proletarian workman is the only creator of wealth in the economic process. We may rightly protest against the wholesale indictment of the men who own things. There are brain-workers as well as brawn-workers. We may rightly insist that the men who contribute "the toil of their ideas" to industry are creators of wealth as well as the men who contribute "the toil of their hands." But the point I should like to emphasize is that it is now too late to meet this revolt with mere argument. Fifty years ago we business men should have been dealing with the germ of this revolt, with those legitimate criticisms of our business and social order that were the soil in which this revolt took root. And it

does not seem to me that any particular clairvoyancy was needed to see it.

Now I do not mean to suggest that the present revolutionary movement could have been completely prevented by business men alone. Social issues are not as simple as all that. Harmonious social advance is never the fruit of the cleverness of a single group, but the net result of a wise collaboration of statesmen, business men, labor leaders, scientists, educationalists, in short, of all the men who stand in key positions, determining the purpose and administering the power of society. But I do mean to suggest, as one of the most firmly established convictions of my life, that the revolutionists would have had a vastly more difficult time getting a hearing from the masses if, for the last fifty years, we business men of the United States, of England, of Italy, of France, of Germany, and of Russia had been thinking constantly and clearly about some of the neglected issues of business and industry.

By neglected issues of business and industry I mean some of the issues which, despite the fact that they underlie the whole future of our businesses, have been given scant attention because their immediate relation to the year's balance sheet was not obvious. The whole matter of democracy in industry, for instance, is one of the neglected issues with which we did not deal until we were driven to it. The relative authority and influence of the administrative and the financial points of view in business and industry is another neglected issue, and one that I may well use to illustrate my contention; for I think it is true to say that the slow and, to my mind, sinister encroachment of the financial upon the administrative point of view in business and industry has given the modern revolutionist one of his best arguments.

It is not by accident that the radical agitator attacks the great financier oftener than he attacks the great administrator. It is because there frequently is, although there should never be, a

basic difference between the financial and the administrative approach to the problems of business and industry.

Since illustration always lingers longer in the mind than exposition, let me suggest a hypothetical case, based upon numerous instances which have caught my attention, that will indicate what seems to me to be the frequent antagonism between these two points of view.

Let us suppose that X—— is the able and ambitious proprietor of a single restaurant. Not content with his limited activities, he dreams of himself as the initiator and administrator of a great chain of restaurants stretching across the continent. He is animated by a definite ideal. He purposes to create a chain of restaurants that will sell wholesome food, cooked in sanitary kitchens and served in clean and attractive dining rooms, at the lowest possible prices. Let us say that he sees the wide social usefulness of such an application of the principles of mass production and mass distribution, but realizes also that in carrying out such a program successfully he will be not only a great benefactor but a good business man.

He sets about the realization of his dream. He builds slowly, making each expansion justify itself by patronage won and profits made. He gives the best years of his life to the project. He succeeds. Finally the cheerful fronts of his restaurants may be seen on the streets of most of our cities. His interests stretch far beyond the walls of his restaurants. He has, in his ceaseless endeavor to eliminate every needless expense between producer and consumer, become the owner of great farms and dairy herds that supply his tables. He has, by making wholesome food available at low prices, protected the pocket-books and preserved the health of a vast army of low- and medium-salaried folk. He has become a very wealthy man by performing a needed national service. A good social policy has once more proved a good business policy.

Now all through this adventure,



stretching over many years, X—— has brought to the administration of his chain of restaurants a genuinely creative enthusiasm, the spirit of the good craftsman, the spirit, if I may say it, of the artist. The chain of restaurants has been his medium of self-expression, as truly as "Hamlet" was Shakespeare's.

He has, by selling wholesome food to the largest possible number at the lowest possible price, rendered his public service to his generation, as truly as Andrew Carnegie rendered a public service to his generation by dotting the country with public libraries. The spectacular success of his enterprise, the business man must not forget, has been due to the fact that X—— always thought from service to profits, not from profits to service. His restaurants have become a national institution supported by an enthusiastic and loyal clientele. The "good will" value of his business is enormous.

But suppose that X—— is getting old or, at least, a little tired of the responsibility of administration. At this critical moment—and the tiredness of the creative administrator is always a critical moment in a great business—he is approached by a syndicate of financiers who offer him an extravagantly large amount for his business. They may ease his exit by making him an officer of the reorganized enterprise, but, when the transaction is closed, he is no longer the dominating spirit of the business.

We may now see what happens when the financial point of view succeeds the administrative point of view in the direction of a business that touches intimately the welfare of a great section of the consuming public. The financier-owners of the chain of restaurants were attracted to the undertaking by the possibility of quick and large profits that might be made from a vigorous exploitation of the reputation and good will built up over the years by the dreams and deeds of X——. The chain of restaurants is not the "life work" of the financier-owners as it has been of X——.

It is only one of a long list of interests. Now what happens as a result of this change in ownership?

A program of expansion is promptly set under way. The links in the chain of restaurants are multiplied rapidly month by month. The old ideals of simplicity, personal service, and low prices figure less and less in the business. The dividends for the money paid for the good will of the business and the bankers' very large "organizing profits" must be provided. The reputation and good will won by the administrative point of view that thought from service to profits are capitalized and exploited by the financial point of view that thinks from profits to service. Here and there certain restaurants in the chain are made more fancy and conventional, and the added overhead charge involved means a marked advance in prices. All along the chain prices are advanced slightly from time to time. This means, in the aggregate, a handsome addition to the profits of the enterprise. The new owners can carry on this policy of exploitation for a number of years before it begins to alienate the clientele built up by X——, because the original service was so much above and the prices so much below the service and prices of the average restaurant that there is a large margin of safety for change. A long stretch of time may intervene before the public as a whole loses the confidence that was slowly won by X——. And in that interval huge profits are extracted from the enterprise.

But ultimately the ideal of the originator is lost, the big chain of restaurants ceases to be a social asset and becomes simply a collection of conventional restaurants. The medium-salaried clerk who in the old days could get a decent meal for, say, forty cents, now finds that a really satisfactory dinner costs him perhaps a dollar. Necessity forces him to turn elsewhere, and his going signalizes the beginning of the disintegration of the real usefulness of the business. The financial point of view has killed

the goose that laid the golden egg, and the public must empty its pocketbook in high-priced restaurants or ruin its stomach with shoddy food while it waits for another X—to appear on the scene.

I could multiply such hypothetical cases indefinitely or compile an imposing list of actual instances from the business history of our country. I could bring numerous instances to show how the substitution of the financial for the administrative point of view affects good relations between employer and employees, and seriously hinders social progress. But since it is not my purpose either to write a text book on economics or to try my hand at muckraking, but simply to suggest the point of view in business that is, in my judgment, both commercially and socially sound, this single illustration will amply serve to point my contention.

It is clear, I think, beyond need of explanation that most of the sins for which the modern revolutionist indicts our social system are sins of the financial point of view, not of the administrative point of view. By this indictment of the financial point of view, I do not mean a wholesale indictment of the banking fraternity. I am trying only to suggest that the narrow and purely financial point of view is not "good business" in the long run. The financial point of view, one regrets to say, is too often found in the board of directors of business and industrial concerns no less than in the board of directors of financiering organizations. Our whole business philosophy needs an overhauling to the end that the creative spirit of the engineer may everywhere dominate our stores, our shops, our offices, our factories, and our banks. It is because the spirit of the engineer has hovered only on the outskirts of our business and finance that we are to-day face to face with a frank revolt against the whole modern business system. It may seem that I am wandering from economics

into evangelism, but my quarrel with the financial point of view in business is not only that it courts revolt but that it is, in the long run, bad business. The engineer is a better patron saint for business than the sort of financier who thinks only in dividends, although there is no excuse for the existence of any business as a business that does not pay proper dividends.

My contention that the best social policy is the best business policy is as sound for the banker as for the shopkeeper, and some of our best bankers are already seeing this. The task of the modern banker is not the simple and soulless task of the ancient money lender. He needs a wider equipment than a mere mastery of interest tables. He is, if I may steal a word from the arts, the impresario of the productive abilities of society. In a very real sense he controls the team-work of mankind. Through the instrumentality of credit he may combine the skill and knowledge of men for creative undertakings. The administration of credit is one of the most important social powers in modern society. Credit is the life-blood of the business system which feeds and clothes and shelters mankind, and it is, therefore, a species of social treason not to regard its administration as a public responsibility and a creative opportunity. The real rulers of modern society are not the men who own the most, but the men who exercise the most control over enterprise, namely, the men who administer the world's money.

Moreover, their rule will be more and more important during the next ten or fifteen years. We are on the very eve of basic changes in production and distribution, which will bring with them mass production and mass distribution as the methods that will most surely bring success. This will include the co-ordination of production from its source in raw materials to the finished product in order to meet the coming super-competition and in order to prevent most of the costly "hold-ups" of production and dis-



tribution by some of the intermediate processes and transactions on the road from raw materials to the ultimate consumer. These "hold-ups" are due to lack of adequate training, to ignorance, or to cupidity on the part of some of the producers, distributors, or financiers necessary for the production and distribution of almost all products, and are so dangerous to the coming mass production and mass distribution that this co-ordination—this vertical trust organization—requiring larger and larger capital and credit, is inevitable.

It is vital to the future of society, therefore, that the financial point of view become less and less exploitative and more and more creative. As an astute critic of our social system has said, "an adequate study of the modern political organ that has grown out of the ancient business of exchanging and storing money must soon be undertaken," for the fact is that the administration of credit has become one of the greatest forces of social control in modern times.

To go back to our illustration, one of the basic problems of our time is to bring the creative spirit of X— into the syndicate of financiers that buy his restaurants. It is, we must admit, harder for the financier than for the administrator to maintain a sound social sense and act always from the motives of the engineer rather than the motives of the money lender. It is difficult for the financier to feel the thrill of creative effort because he is one step removed from the actual creative process. The engineer *sees* his vast reclamation project realized under his hands. The banker who financed the project mean-

while is at his desk studying still other projects on paper. The shopkeeper presides over a little "civilization" all his own as he goes out and in among his hundreds or thousands of employees and watches the flow of customers through his store. It is all very human and very engaging to him. But the banker who extends to him the credit that makes his business possible must meanwhile keep to the business of dollars. The creative thrill that the banker feels is at best a thrill at second hand.

Then, too, the public applauds the engineer and the administrator oftener than it praises the banker who makes their achievements possible. The banker may furnish the credit for creative effort, but he rarely gets the credit for creative results. The business of rightly administering our applause is a thing we Americans have never thought out.

But there are too many inviting by-paths to this discussion. I hope I have succeeded in what I set out to do, namely, to suggest that we business men might anticipate most of the discontent and forestall most of the revolutions of our time if we were our own severest critics and gave as much thought to the social implications of our business as we give to its purely financial aspects. The financial point of view in business seems to me one of the best illustrations of the sort of fundamental questions we business men must think through if we are to keep the modern business system secure against social assault. It seems to me one of the rusted links in the business armor. If I have done nothing more than to call attention to it, I am satisfied.

# The Ruined Hortons

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

THE Circle Garden Club had asked for a "paper" on Asparagus at the next week's meeting. Kopp, the asparagus expert, was to be present, also Halsey Simmonds, the man who wrote *Asparagus Moods and Tenses*. A thrilling week for Mrs. Horton.

The familiar tool basket and gloves were on the Spanish carved wood-chest in the great hall. The girls, lounging in from the porch breakfast table, laughingly jostled their mother; Asquith put a cool finger down her neck.

"Now, what are you up to this morning, Toddy, dear? Landscape stuff, I suppose? The divorce of the pink peonies from the white? Moving a tree or annoying some honest mole in his community effort to have things the way moles like 'em?"

"Prize Asparagus!" exulted the white-haired Toddy. Her gray eyes snapped with the challenge. "I still lack the eighth of an inch if I am to get ahead of those Miss Faradays. They always grow such huge stalks! I want to exhibit something gigantic as I read my paper, holding up a specimen for the whole club to see!"

"Why not have four college boys eating hundreds of Horton asparagus stalks—melted butter and all? Great stuff—" Peach Horton added sympathetically, "Don't you let us tease you, mummy. I expect that there sparrow-grass will be the big noise in the Garden Club."

Their mother, thus encouraged, admitted, "I rather think Miss Faraday will have to fall back on her chives."

"Her chives," sounds something like 'her hunkies,'" murmured Peach. "Mums dear, I'd be glad to weed for you or claw for you, or swish the wheelbarrow round!"

This from the blonde daughter, pretty person, coppery hair, unfathomable eyes.

Asquith, of dark mien, came up on the other side. "Parent, Sweetie, you're not getting *too* tough, with your gardening and all. . . ?" (Mrs. Horton's brunette daughter arranged her mother's garden hat to her own better liking as she mused.) "You older women do overlook some of the finer things in your charming struggle with the naughty weeds. Didn't I hear some slang yesterday?" . . . Asquith winked a broad wink at her sister. . . . "You were discussing beets with Mollie Torrindge—what you two gray-heads didn't say about beets! To think that any mother of mine" . . .

"Where were you?" demanded Mrs. Horton.

"In the bathtub!" (This demurely from Peach.) "Her bathroom window orients, as you might say, on the world!"

"Of course, you older people are perfectly innocent," excused Asquith indulgently, "even when most rakish! You used expressions you couldn't possibly understand; that is why, darling, we are going to be harsh with you. Why any mother of mine should be overheard using such—er—colloquialism as 'screen siren' and 'little glow-worm'!" "You *are* so idiotic," protested Mrs. Horton.

But the two dragged her to a canvas hammock where, between their laughing interruptions, she explained:

"I was reading a letter from my precious boy, reading it aloud to Mrs. Torrindge. We were trying to understand it better—the awful slang of to-day!"

The expressions of two young damsels changed.



"Then you *have* heard from Hunch, mummy—and you—er—conveyed that you hadn't. A hem! The plot thickens. You're trying to protect him!" Peach fairly sniffed the air, demanding, "*Where* is Hunch? *What* is he up to? Why does he hang round at Sea Circle? His silly old flu must have disappeared long ago, yet there he stays palm-gardening and Panama-hatting and solariuming, as if he were a soprano with a throat. What is that rascal up to, Elder, dear? You've got the amplifier—shoot! Is it that thing Cordy Drexel hinted at? Cordy's jealous, of course—but—"

Mrs. Horton bowed her head for a moment; the girls silently stared.

It was a late spring morning, wet blooms sparkling under the sun, leaves moving, shadows wavering, sudden start of wings from blossomed bush to brimming pool. Asquith's dark curly head rested on her mother's shoulder. Peach's bare arm was round her mother's waist. The girls' pretty legs in trim knickers and smooth silk stockings, their soft silk blouses with flowing kerchiefs, made them look with their bobbed hair like charming young Princelettes - in - the - tower. But they were knitting their brows like two highly responsible jailors.

"Hunch—making a get-away, at his age—with no job—not out of college!"

"Settling upon a girl before we gave him leave!"

They even scorned the letter paper on which the love-confession was written.

"Same old princely hotel paper. The kind of thick, creamy, lugg-usury stuff that the Never-Nevers always write to the home folks on. Why does the cheerful lion eternally spoof the unicorn, over the name Smith? Why do hotels go in for heraldry?"

Peach, reaching out a long lazy hand, ironically explained, "Royalty in the grand old bloody days. Diligence pulling up in the courtyard. 'Fear God, Honor the King, and take a drink' . . . !"

"Quiet!" commanded Mrs. Horton.

"Do you girls want to be sent to bed without your meals?"

They laughed. Good antifat stuff, they said. Together they sprawled over their mother, scolding her for not having the maid put bluing in her lovely white hair to make it more spun glassy, variously "sassing" and cuddling her, but she held firm, merely looking at them until they decided to calm down.

Then Mrs. Horton read her son's letter:

"So that's the way of it, mothering, dear—She's the girl for me! I knew it right away. So did she. She got down to the real fellow under the chap I thought I was. She says I got down to the real woman that lives under the girl she thought she was—and we both know that's love! You're going to care for her, Parent—sure thing! A low voice and big, honest eyes. The profession hasn't hurt her a bit, in fact, she's only been in it a year. She's very poor, but she won't be engaged to me right away—don't you love that—because she wants to be sure she loves me for *myself alone!*"

A short silence. Three women's faces interrogating one another make quite a variety of feminine expression. Asquith's white hand pushed back her fluff of black curls. "Hum! I thought so." Hunch's elder sister resumed, "There are always lots of Screenies at Sea Circle. It's a good hunting ground for sons of wealthy manufacturers. They go down with sham flu and the Perpetual and come back with sons and heirs like our Hunch for the Transient."

"That 'she doesn't want to be engaged right away' stuff," murmured Peach . . . "don't you love it? Worked the same dodge myself last year at Bar Harbor. . . . You do it when you want to keep the man busy as a little bee. . . . You know," prodding at her sister, "or maybe you don't bother with such details—you being an old Eastern soul in a young American body."

The Old Eastern Soul in the Young American Body was digging in her pocket for something. This something was a rather crumpled bit of paper bear-



"IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO LOOK POOR, ISN'T IT?"

ing the same hotel emblazonry as Hunch's epistle. Asquith handed it to her mother, advising, "read the last paragraph. It's from Mike Livingston. He was at Sea Circle last week."

The girls stared meaningly into each other's eyes as their mother deciphered the screed:

"Squithy—Pal, do you mind if I give you a steer about your only sonless brother, Hunch—seeing that when I marry you he's going to be my brother too?"

"Since when—?" Peach raised incredulous eyebrows — "the marriage stuff, I mean?"

"Mike gets that brainstorm once in so often," returned Asquith, without emotion. "We set the stage out by the upper pool every June for the final 'Nay!' Mike wears white flannels and turns his face up to the moonlight when I give

him a sisterly kiss for farewell. Last time when he got to 'There will never be anyone but you,' I gave him a push to see if he would topple over into the pool, but he recovered, never even halted in the windup."

"Do I read this letter?" asked their mother patiently.

"Your dainty little half-back, Hunch, is being pretty securely vamped down here by a screen Kitty-Mouse, who is perfectly all right . . . Aunt Chaperon and all marks of propriety . . . but who looks to me some Main Chancy. . . . It takes them that way, occasional. You know, on account the screen life ties you down to so few facial expressions that you go dead on the matrimonial market rather soon. . . .

Now, Pal, dear, I don't want to start anything or to mitt this little Mamie, for she would be a nice consort from the looks of her —only, take it from me—they do think in



terms of ancestral acres and eight cylinders with monogrammed bodies, and seeing that your brother, Hunch, is a Greek God and guileless nobleman (with some Irish), I thought I ought to tip you. I thought that if I tipped you off before the bans, maybe you two girls could get up a grandmother's funeral of sorts, send a night message to friend Hunch, who, we'll agree, is slightly Galahaddy, and that maybe we can save him a few more years for future and longer torture.

Good-by, little wrecker,

Your old whistling buoy,

MONIKER MIKE."

"Where does he get it all?" admired Peach.

She was about to resume; Asquith in an undertone stayed her. "Grief!—here comes Mollie Torrindge—gantlet gloves, smashed hat and hoe—Can you beat it? Now to the merry weeds!"

In spite of their smothered remarks of criticism, the two young Princelettes rose at the arrival of the neighbor. Mrs. Torrindge came breezily onto the terrace. A fine fresh matron with lively eyes and voice, who was—as Peach not too softly commented—getting more and more "Um, bung poigny."

"Well, I am glad," began the newcomer's deep voice, "you've not gone to work yet. I wanted to catch you before you flitted, Toddy."

"Mrs. Torrindge and mother always talk about 'flitting' and 'flying' and 'alighting,' as if they were buzzards."

"I didn't want you to have all the fun of hoeing that asparagus. Your mother and I are going to hoe to-day, girlies; want to help?"

"Mrs. Torrindge, if you call me 'girly' again, like a traveling salesman—"

A waitress appeared on the piazza for special directions about luncheon.

"Mrs. Glance and her daughter are coming," explained the girls' mother. "Will you stay, Molly dear, we'd love to have you? We thought we ought to do something for them, new people, you know. The girls have promised to lunch at home for this day."

The maid then handed Mrs. Horton a telegram in its yellow envelope.

"From George!"

The lady tore the envelope open. "I thought he was coming to-night. Delayed again."

She read the message aloud with slightly puzzled inflection,

No truth report failure—pay no attention papers—names mixed—home next week—explain everything O. K.

HUB.

Peach, treading out a dance step, raised curious eyebrows. "What's dad's delirium now?"

"Failure—what failure?" Asquith looked quizzical interest.

Mrs. Horton seemed hardly to care, but their neighbor heaved a very definite sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven!" said Mrs. Torrindge emphatically. "Thank heaven! Thank heaven!"

"Why, Mollie," the asparagus enthusiast looked mildly at her, "you seem excited!"

"My dear," Mrs. Torrindge, with plump hand, gesticulated, "excited—! You three haven't even heard a rumor! Dear unconscious souls . . . the whole town is talking about it, we couldn't help being terribly anxious, wondering what it would mean for you all!"

She stopped, widening her eyes, adding, "Eldridge did say that he knew all about your husband's holdings and that none of those smashed interests were his."

Peach and Asquith sprang to investigate. They squared away, holding the sheets out in their long arms, eagerly scanning the sensational headlines:

George Horton Ruined!—Millionaire Marooned on Island of Private Ventures, Makes Militant Move Market Mines.

"Does that mean us? Listen to this one!"

Rebellious Rubber Remands Romance of Reckless Rotarian.

"That *isn't* Us—Rubber—? Father never went in for rubber. Here it says 'Wealth in Wax.' What rot, are we bumble bees? It isn't us at all!" the two agreed.

Mrs. Horton looked only a second's mild interest, turning with her former enthusiasm to the topic of asparagus, when a sudden wild yelp came from her daughters. They threw down the paper, they clasped each other and began a tremulous shaking dance, from which they appeared to derive curious satisfaction. They whooped and leaped into the air, the two older women looking on in detached bewilderment.

"Do you get it?" shrieked Peach.

*"The Ruined Hortons!"*

Happy American Family Ruined in Single Night. Pitiful Plight, Reduced Circumstances. Son, Regaining Health at Sea

Circle, Cynosure of All Eyes. Leaves Brokenhearted Fiancée on Learning News. Impoverished Mother and Sisters—Heart-rending Scenes."

Mrs. Horton looked meditatively upon her daughters.

"Asquith, there's a hole in your stocking. Girls, why is it necessary to go on like this? Do you do it because you want to, or because you feel that it's expected of you? Molly, did we, at their age, wear boys' things and yelp?"

"We did not," returned Mrs. Torrindge flatly.

"There are miles of knitters talking this over on the piazza at Sea Circle," declared Peach. "The solariums and card rooms, the swimming pools and sun-umbrellas are dripping with it: 'Horton, the great Chain-Manufacturer, ruined!' Oh, you know that small-change talk-



"YOU SEE, WE ARE RUINED!"



stuff with the vox humana attachment? Old Hunch, in good-looking riding-togs, is being dolorously pointed out, "There he goes, the son of the ruined Hortons! So sad—charming romance—young love—Father cleaned out in a day. . . !" Don't you *see* they'll all commiserate Screeny Susie, or whatever her name is?"

The two girls glowed with excitement. They kept rattling the newspapers under their mother's nose.

Mrs. Horton sighed. "Something should be done to them," she admitted to Mrs. Torrindge's old-fashioned and disrespectful suggestion, "but what it is I do not know!"

The two discussed the matter of the engagement.

"I've known many a girl to stick through a thing like that."

"Indeed, yes. The true woman comes up and they hardly know why they stick, but they've been known to stick."

"Well—she—may—er—come up. She may show the cloven hoof and Galahad Hunch may—he may see," growled Peach.

For a moment there was silence. Asquith looked dreamingly off on the green lawns where white birches shimmered.

"Why not get ahead of Screenie?" she suggested. "Get ahead of her game. Hunch has asked us to have her down here. Let's do it—right on top of the Crash. . . . See? Let's be three ruined women—(well, you know what I mean)—everything swept away—pitiful make-shifts. . . . Do you get me? No maids, red hands, awful clothes, smashed hats, smashed everything!"

The girls' mother stared. "You mean," she said slowly, gray eyes youthfully widening, "you mean, just like those headlines—*Play Fail!*? Invite her here just as Hunch begged us to—before—he—er knew—have her here to fail *with us*? Be one with our failings, as it were? You mean, let's see if she will rise to it?"

With sighs of joy the two threw themselves across the maternal knees.

"Mother," they said, "scold us, beat us, separate us from our swains, confiscate our rouge—but, for them words, we will never have any mother but you."

Mrs. Horton, chuckling, tousled their heads. "Horrible little things, I know exactly what you want. And"—eyes flashing—"I guess perhaps, it's the best way to warn Hunch, if it isn't too late for warning!"

She sighed, then turned briskly to Mrs. Torrindge. "Now, neighbor, if that asparagus can be helped, as you say, we ought to be getting at it. . . . Oh, if I only had mulched last autumn!"

With sweet faces and intertwined arms the two Princelettes stepped to the downstairs telephone room, where, with angel earnestness they proceeded to concoct this message:

You have seen the paper—everything swept away—come at once—mother says bring Miss Jocelyn comfort us all.

SISTERS.

They looked at each other, grinning happily.

"You licked the pencil, I see," remarked Asquith. "Your lips are blue-penciled."

"Yours ought to be blue-penciled after what I saw last night," retorted her sister. "After all, that horse-chestnut tree isn't a stone wall and when a girl wears a white accordion-plaited skirt and white fur-collared cape . . ."

All that morning the two went about setting the stage for the proposed drama of "The Ruined Hortons." There were interviews with the butler and upstairs maid. The seamstress was packed off on what seemed to her a heaven-sent holiday. The gardener's family were accorded the use of the service car to go to visit far-distant relatives. Cook, to her voluble surprise, was offered a week-end with her family, expenses paid, blessings on the journey.

"Pop would not especially care for this skit," remarked Asquith, thought-



"NO, MA'AM, I KINNOT BE STANDING ROUND TO SERVE TEA"

fully. Horton Senior was for regularity in the home.

"When we have time, shall we withdraw from our present preoccupations and try to outline exactly what would be pop's reactions?" giggled her sister. "Not game, like mummy, I expect!"

"Mummy's game for anything as long as no one objects to her sweating over the sparrow-grass. . . . Say, can you think of a time when asparagus could mean *that* to you? Imagine!"

At luncheon the three ladies of the Horton household appeared in irreproachable daintiness to greet their guests, rather *de haut en bas* persons who vibrated between curiosity and fears

that "things were worse for the Hortons than the newspapers had intimated!"

That night there were long confabulations in Asquith's apartment. The Three Act play of "The Ruined Hortons" was planned. Together the plotters went over the cast and its capacity.

"Mollie Torrindge has always thought she could cook, and is willing to come over for luncheon," observed the girls' mother. "I expect we shall have to handle the other meals ourselves."

"I can boil eggs," declared Peach.

"I suppose, girls, we ought to seem to break down gradually. I confess," admitted Mrs. Horton, "that I have never noticed particularly how ruined people



behave. Now, for instance, Hunch's fiancée is asked for a week—surely, we should reserve some service for her room; she'll put her boots out at night!"

"Hunch can do them," giggled Peach.

The mother looked at the two thoughtfully. She leaned on Asquith's bed, where the dark beauty lay in a gold-colored kimono on languishing pink pillows. Peach, in a sort of *pousse-café* chiffon negligée, was stretched on a divan, lifting one pretty bare foot, then the other.

"It's going to be a little difficult for you two girls to *look* poor, isn't it?" observed their mother doubtfully.

"Yes, but we peel off gradual, getting down to brass tacks by degrees. You must understand, mummy, dear, that though fortune still permits us a cook (Mollie Torrindge), we do all service hand, foot, and mouth. Now, listen (reading from the paper in hand),

*"The Ruined Hortons"*

First Act. Arrival of screen-lady and the depressed young Hunch on morning train. Peach meets 'em in old Futility that they keep in the garage for carting."

"Mercy!" This from Mrs. Horton.

They chuckled triumphantly. "You're in this act, mumsey! You are on your knees, scrubbing the entrance hall when that car bumbles up."

"As the Main Hall is all cypress and cedar intarsia, would you say 'scrubbing'?" came Asquith's critical inquiry.

"Can't I sort of mop it?" pleaded Mrs. Horton. "What do the maids do to it? I never noticed."

Peach was adamant. "We are down in the dregs of poverty, Parent, dear! Mopping, nowadays, is too restrained, vacuum cleaners are capitalistic; you aren't just trying to keep your golf wrists strong or anything like that. . . . No, down on your poverty-stricken knees!" insisted Peach sternly.

"Well!" sighed the leading lady.

"Second Act. Luncheon surrounded by a torn-up dining room. Burlap bags and packing barrels. A sort of messy,

stewy, burned dinner served by Mollie Torrindge in a red wig, sofa-cushion figure, rolled-up sleeves and rouged nose."

"Ha!" breathed young Asquith, exultingly. "Those packing boxes around—sordidity itself! Excelsior!"

"At dessert comes Asquith's steady, Moniker Mike, who wants to crash in on this as auctioneer. He is perfectly crazy to be insulting and to jew Hunch down and offer to lend Asquith money (and everything) before Hunch. . . . See?"

"Won't Hunch know him?" inquired their mother dazedly. "You girls go so fast—you make my head reel!"

"Hunch, as it happens, never has gazed upon my Pretended," explained Asquith. "Him being away at college during our—ahem—courtship. That is how Moniker Mike had a chance to study up the Hunch-and-Garda spasm at Sea Circle without the contracting parties ever knowing they were being agent-provocateured."

The girls lay back and laughed. They laughed, showing every tooth in their mouths. Their wavy hair flared back from their heads; laughing like morning goddesses, they flung out their white arms.

"You are different from any kind of girls I ever saw in my life," sighed their mother.

Mrs. Horton looked dubious.

"I don't know—children; you are so sure!" she demurred. "What if—? I can't bear to carry any deception so far! Apart from our seeming so vulgar and horrid, Miss Jocelyn may be—well—really *nice*! I think (Mrs. Horton made a desperate effort to recall tradition) any Jocelyn I ever *heard* of was all right."

"Nonsense . . . !" insisted Asquith. "She's a Screen-Pirate, a Vitriol Virgin! Mommy, dear, get down on your knee and let's see how you'll look in that floor-polishing act."

"Get down on your knees and beg my pardon for suggesting such a thing," returned Mrs. Horton with spirit. "I would serve you girls right if . . . Poo old Hunch! I half hate . . ."

Coming home on the train, Hunch tried to keep the sense of blur away from his brain. Things had happened very quickly. The telegram from his sisters had driven into his very flesh all the awful questions and impudent suggestions of the newspapers. These sheets, by their patronizing reassurance, made him realize the slavish attitude of the popular mind toward wealth, and yet to feel with bitter scorn the way in which the Big Man is the plaything of the Public.

One enterprising reporter had even advanced the advice of a hasty marriage with the little dark-eyed creature sitting by his side. Now through this blurry mist of events he cast a furtive look toward the furs and appurtenances of the little creature, at the softly enveloping traveling coat with its rich lining. Garda seemed—suddenly, expensive! And he had always thought her so exquisitely simple, recognizing something fresh and rose-leafy—was it—just clothes? What would Garda be if there were nobody to sign checks?

Hunch was no fool. His fiancée, he knew, had nothing back of her Screen-work. Two lucky strikes, where they happened to want lissomeness and fragility, dark eyes—that had made her for the time able to "have clothes," and to take a long rest after a severe bout with flu-pneumonia. . . . Well, some of

Hunch's college friends had married on precious little. . . . They and their wives got down to hardpan pretty quick. . . .

Soft-gloved fingers crept into his. "I said," came a reproachful voice, "that you were not to worry. . . ."

He smiled, Hunch's good gritty smile with its brown line of chin.

"You have me and I have you," said Garda with satisfaction. She turned down her glove so that they could both look at the ring.

Here it was, trembly pearl-and-diamond white—a token of love that (this the soft voice whispered in his ear) "made her think of things she couldn't say . . . now."

Jove! this ring of itself had cost him half a quarter's allowance. He had counted on a genial hold-up of the indulgent elder Horton.

Hunch put his brown hand over the little white one. He squeezed each finger separately, as the train carried them farther and farther into the Eden of early summer.

"Elmways is the next station," he whispered. "I'm glad you came out. I

want you to see the old ranch before it's—dismantled. Things will go quick, I expect! Pop's one that would shove all his assets on his liabilities . . . he'll fail honorably, of course. . . . Poor old pop!" . . . The boy's brows contracted. "I wonder if he's back yet. I ought to be there to meet this with him." His



"IN THE BACK WAY," THEY PANTED



face took a sudden strange twist of remorse. "I've been such a sucker . . . always *taking* . . . just running up bills," he groaned.

"You have *me!*" reminded Garda.

Who could help being touched? Almost curiously, he looked at the ivory skin, the thick sheaths of hair, the dark eyes black lashed. . . . "You little thing," he choked. "You don't know what *real* poverty is." . . . This from Hunch, who, himself, didn't know!

At the station was Peach waiting. Peach could not be said to be looking her

best. She was in khaki shirt and knickers with a handkerchief of a horrible putty color knotted on her shoulder. A creased Panama hat, minus a hatband, was jammed over her pretty nose. Altogether, Peach was not at her smartest. She looked—Hunch reluctantly thought—well, tough!

"Well, old dear?" inquired Peach with bravado. Her unfathomable eyes went slowly to the strange girl.

"This is Miss Jocelyn"—Hunch tried to keep the appeal out of his voice—"Garda, this is my sister!"

Nothing could have been more firm and defiant of poverty than Peach's handshake.

"It was good of you to come to us—in our trouble!" The slow eyes went to Hunch. "Have you seen to-day's papers? Loathsome! They have gone into personal descriptions and called Asquith and me *twins*—'the penniless Horton twins'—can you beat it?"

Hunch nodded grimly. Then he looked around. "You drove down for us?"

"Yes, in old Futility—it was the one car we thought we had the right to keep. Pop got right down to brass tacks, telegraphed a lot of directions . . . where to turn in stuff!" Hunch's sister kicked at a pebble, her eyes down.

As they came to the corner of the station, the new arrivals spied "Old Futility," a debauched catamaran of a car, sloshing on its world-weary springs, its immoral hood up, its wheels splashed with mud.



"I WAS NEVER SO HAPPY"

"Mike!" groaned the engaged one. He glared at the seats, their stuffing protruding. Hunch tried to say coolly, "Dad isn't back yet? Have you any idea how he takes it?"

Peach shook her head, she bit her lip. Hunch thought he saw tears.

For a few moments the summer swam about them as they stood there, staring at each other for entirely different reasons.

Suddenly, the newly arrived remembered his fiancée. "Garda, will you get in? I—I'll stick your luggage there and I'll sit in front!" Gravely, he piled the neat black hat box on the suit case at the trim little feet. As the car started he saw the delicate figure slide uncomfortably back, and set his teeth. As the old machine spluttered forth into the street, Hunch turned, scanning its driver wonderingly.

"Some brave girl!" he remarked.

This was a little too much for the first actress to take the stage in "The Ruined Hortons." Peach was a person of compunction; she didn't exactly like the implication—a flush came on the profile nearest him.

"Don't—er—say such things till you—er—*know all!*" stammered the young driver. The brother turned miserably away.

As they neared the Horton place and the smooth drive curved up between the avenues of white birches, Garda leaned forward with a little cry of pleasure. The house with its long pleasant lines approached by pools and rose-arcades, came mistily into sight; she caught vistas of gardens exquisitely flowered, stretches of glade. There was a running brook laced with tulips; pale narcissus starred the distance.

"It's like a place in a story. Oh!"—turning eagerly to her fiancé—"you never told me your home was—like this!" . . .

Peach turned a grim smile upon her, showing square resolute whiteness of teeth. "Our home no longer. The real estate man comes to-night . . . merely a question of comparing bids, I think."

Garda touched Hunch's arm furtively. It took another girl to know what this touch meant.

"Huh," muttered Peach, "sob stuff—hey?" The young driver slammed down a gear, and circled round the drive in a highly poverty-stricken manner.

Mrs. Horton rose from the hall floor, throwing down a rather obvious scrubbing brush. There were oily rags stuffed in the pockets of her unbecoming apron. Other dubious rags smelling of floor polish trailed 'over the soft arms that met round Hunch's neck.

Hunch gulped, an uncertain look came into his eyes.

"Mummy. . . !"

There was a speechless moment, then Mrs. Horton's big discerning eyes took in the visitor's flowerlike presence; the pretty hat, the face delicately modeled set between clear wefts of brown hair.

"Miss Jocelyn!" murmured Hunch, "Garda, my mother!"

"Dear, it's kind of you to come!" the erstwhile scrub-woman looked with the honest admiration of one woman who has been beautiful at another who is beautiful and who will be beautiful for a long time yet. It is the first measuring moment of two lovely creatures before they begin with the thumbscrew and Procrustean bed of the competitions of pretty ladies.

Hunch was clearly nervous, as men may well be, between those two highly charged wires—mother and betrothed.

Mrs. Horton noticed this with appreciation, also, that the visitor assumed no pretty airs of proprietorship over her boy. The grower of strawberries and asparagus knew something about breeding, but she knew also about fertilizers and how plants pined and withered without them. With human plants money was sometimes a fertilizer. Did this girl engage herself purposely to a man who would inherit enormously? How would she behave when faced with the full three acts of "The Ruined Hortons"?

Hunch tried to draw his mother away from her occupation. It was obviously



heating and messy. "Mother dear," he stopped and bit his lips, then said sternly as befitted the man of the house, "One of the girls or I must attend to this sort of thing—if—there is no one else!"

Over Hunch's shoulder a slow eye, something like Peach's, took a fleeting glance at Hunch's fiancée.

Asquith, looking especially strong and noble, now appeared in the hall. She had put a net round her curly bob, which gave her an appearance of intellect and renunciation. She was clad in a frock of about five seasons back, a thing of handsome material and hopeless cut. Her composure was icy. She was Youth facing life in *démodé* skirt and *passé* sleeves.

"Hullo Squith! How—?" Desperately Hunch tried to keep a brother's despair out of his voice. If Peach had looked "tough," Asquith looked *unbelievable!* "Garda, this is my other sister!"

Asquith's voice had the timbre of the haughty sufferer who refuses to be pitied. She took the little hand with the engagement ring, noting the ring with rancor, and said, "Will you not bring Miss Jocelyn's things to her apartment?"

"By Jove, I forgot!" apologized the good Hunch.

Seizing the luggage, the youth noted his mother's bright, brave face. Had poor Hunch not been completely bowled over by the first act of "The Ruined Hortons," he might have reflected that every face he had seen so far looked a little *too* bright and brave. But something was tearing Hunch's heart, something primitive and pioneer and to his credit. When the floor-polisher shook her head, murmuring, "That lovely little Garda, what a terrible thing for her!" he drew himself up. Hunch, without his knowing it, was himself almost "bright and brave." Without his knowing it, he was a creditable understudy in the three-act play, "The Ruined Hortons."

"Garda will be all right" (master-

fully). Hunch was upstage now. He took command magnificently. "It's *you*, mother, dear." He put down the luggage to light a cigarette, tossing the match superbly on a silver card-holder as he muttered, "I've got to get to work quick—take care of all four of you."

It was a large order, but as Moniker Mike had said, "Hunch was a Greek god and a noble gentleman (with some Irish)."

The girls broke in on this mother-and-son scene, Asquith, with gloomy propriety, announcing luncheon.

"Can you wait until I wash my hands, dears?" pathetically inquired the erstwhile scrub-woman. She passed to the butler's pantry where, encountering Cook Torrindge, she perpetrated a somewhat undignified wink.

Luncheon, in spite of itself, was rather jolly. Novelty is a strange stimulant, and the whole "sordidity" aspect of the dining room, the household furniture furiously disarranged ready for the auctioneer and antique man, made a sort of Exodus atmosphere that was somehow spontaneous.

Asquith dashed up now and then for a forgotten bit of silver, Hunch carved the cold joint, while Peach held on to herself not to make too obviously "literary" remarks like "Easy on the olives, Hunch, they're awfully expensive!"

Meanwhile all three of the theatrical producers had covert eyes upon their visitor. But the little screen actress was calm, almost enigmatic, and they got small satisfaction. Garda's face, gracious and attentive, was kept mostly upon that of her hostess, as between them passed the subtle intimations and comprehensions of women.

The guest, in a dark-blue traveling frock and white frills, was modestly self-possessed. Her voice, calm and unobtrusive, answered and asked polite little incurious questions of surface intercourse. But when Hunch's hand, under the table, touched hers and she looked up at him quickly, there was a shy revealing softness stabbed by a vivid blush

that made Mrs. Horton's heart turn completely over.

The trio of producers subtly communicated with one another. It was as if Asquith wanted to bite the table. Naughty words lay in Peach's chartless eyes. On the fresh face under the white hair was a look of motherly concern.

"She loves him, *anyway*." The three producers communicated this to one another by something that was neither word nor look nor gesture—"She loves him, *anyway*. Oh, bother!"

After luncheon, with their visitor sitting dreamily by, they sipped gritty black coffee, served by Peach on the upper terrace, while glib tongues further acquainted the stunned Hunch with the devastating aspects of their reverses.

Mrs. Horton said little; already the thing was palling upon her. With a mother's instinct she began to see ahead the surf of revelation.

But the two producers, reckless and with the strange sense of the power of creation, sailed regardlessly on.

"Everything is to be sold!" announced Peach, with drawn face. She twisted her mouth into such actress anguish as she had seen a hundred times during the winter; she hoisted up a deep chest tone—"Everything!"

"My new baby grand!" murmured Asquith. "We have been fortunate to dispose of all the cars promptly, and now—this place." . . .

Garda Jocelyn looked up eagerly.

"Not this lovely home! It isn't bought yet?" Then a little impulsively, "Why, this should bring you a small fortune in itself!"

Some one coughed. (So she was—er—interested? What amount was to be salvaged out of "The Ruined Hortons?")

Asquith stared meaningly at Peach, who took her cue, which she did a little shamefacedly, still the words came out distinctly, "*All we have between us and the world!*"

"How much do you ask for it?" demanded their visitor quite practically. Garda could not know that to the three

producers she then for the first time seemed to show the cloven hoof.

For a moment there was no answer. It was rather horrid—this lack of answer to his fiancée's question. Hunch, alive to something in the air, rose hastily; he spilled magazines from the table, made a great job of picking them up.

Mrs. Horton raised her head and met her two daughters' significant gaze. "Did I hear the bell?" she inquired, remindingly. "It may be the auctioneer. Asquith dear, will you see?"

Garda's question was aptly side-stepped.

In the kitchen the three discussed it.

"It was cleverly done!" said Peach, rather ruefully. "If—"

"If, what?" snapped Asquith.

"If you like to do that sort of thing!"

The two Princelettes were rather sobered. So far Garda Jocelyn's part in the play had been one which threw the other parts into a dubious light.

"Well—that's what she truly is, isn't she? Interested!" Asquith spoke slowly. "She proved it conclusively by that question about how much the place would bring. Pretty snoopy, if you ask me!"

Garda sat alone on the upper terrace, gazing off on the long shrub-shadowed stretches of the Horton grounds. There was a gathering of pain between her eyes. Quick color had sprung to the cheeks that were touched by the wings of shining hair. "What—what did they mean? Oh, well!" . . .

At last the girl drew from her mesh bag a book in which she made a small note and some figures.

She was closing the bag with a determined snap when Hunch appeared. His face worried, almost pinched, the young fellow seemed defiantly to meet his fiancée's eyes. He went quickly up to her, searching her face.

"Garda, dear, I'm damned sorry for—everything. . . !" His voice gulped. He took her in, standing there, staring.



Hunch went on, "I never dreamed the extent of things. It—it is embarrassing, *dreadful*, for you to be here!"

He looked helplessly down at her, he leaned over, trying to see into the lash-curtained eyes.

"Garda"—the young fellow pleaded in a strange voice—"this must make things different for us. . . . What can you think but that—that I have nothing—no right. . . ? You see, we are *ruined*!" said Hunch. He swept his arms out in a helpless, awkward way—"Ruined. There just isn't anything to—to offer you—just nothing!"

They looked at each other in a long silence in which the clear, honest eyes were like pools from which the trouble brimmed over, then merged into the one great trembling pool of love. This brimming pool swept them off their feet. They stared, drowned in seas of new feeling.

At last the hand with the ring went up very timidly and touched Hunch's drawn face.

"The only thing about you that isn't nice, Hunch," complained a little soft voice, "the only *not* nice thing is that you seem to overvalue the importance of money!"

"Huh?" inquired the "nice" Hunch, rather stupidly. "Wha—you think that I. . . ?" He stood looking confused at this little thing with the calm sure way of saying things.

Hunch's eyes, brown and very clear, suddenly opened with new inquiry on these mysterious adventures called Women! Why, they had strength—they—er—*knew* things. . . ! They—Garda—seemed to be sure about—about . . .

"But," stammered Hunch—then his man's look sweeping her—"Garda," he burst out, "I'm all wrong—all mixed up. It's hell. I'm all roiled up, out of my depth"—the boy choked—"I can't bear it." He spoke fiercely through his teeth. He lifted his young fists and shook them at the sky. "To bring you into—this . . . ! Can't we get off somewhere alone," he begged fiercely. "I want to talk—*talk!*" he almost sobbed.

"So do I," said the little fiancée, decidedly. "And I've got things to say, too. But not now—we mustn't yet! Hunch"—she hung her head—"I wish now that we have a moment . . . you'd kiss me—just once. I—I," Garda's voice shook—"I've been growing afraid this last hour!"

He stared at her.

"I've grown somehow—frightened." She quivered and hid her face from him.

He swept his arm around her. "God!" said Hunch.

He was perfectly appropriate. He caught the slight form to his breast. His lips pressing into the little neck where the brown hair was knotted, was what caught Asquith's eyes as she stepped out on the terrace, still in her bleak triumph of sartorial ineptitude.

Asquith recognized a high spot; her voice was in harmony: "Oh, excuse me!" Great coldness and remoteness. "Hunch, the antique man and auctioneer are here. Mother thinks all—er—arrangements should be made through you. Miss Jocelyn" (with a proud, bitter smile) "will you come—or will it bore you?"

Peach followed up. "Nasty for—all of us," Peach murmured to the guest. "Meanest of all for you two."

Garda nodded without speaking. The other girl, rather alarmed, saw the dark eyes fixed upon Hunch heavy with tears. They entered the house all together.

"My hat!" Peach, slipping into another room, grabbed Asquith excitedly. "She's liquifying—she's due for something. Would you say high strikes? That would only speed Hunch on the downward path—what?"

"Hush! No, she's too calm and noble, drat it! Can't we choke off some of this 'I am not the Lady Clare'?"

As the auctioneer slipped about, appraising things and hanging on them his objectionable little green tags and numbers, the two Princelette sisters, apparently taking leave of a cabinet full of priceless Venetian glass, compared notes.

"Will you please lamp Moniker Mike, the dressy auctioneer?"

The auctioneer was indeed subtle, suave, and secure, deferential to all but Hunch, who in some way, feeling his responsibility, tried to engineer prices and profit.

"In my father's—ahem—absence," the young collegian observed to this satanic person in belted coat and the tennis shoes that left impertinent prints on the polished floors, "I feel that I must make — er — some suggestions. Surely, you don't think of auctioning off these things to—er—negligible hordes?"—Hunch was a little proud of this language—"Anyway, not those Flemish and Spanish pieces? They ought to go privately to collectors or dealers of distinction."

Moniker Mike, who had been introduced to Hunch as Ecker of Eckers', the New York auctioneers, looked up, smiling a perfunctory grin that conveyed Toledo blade incased in Genoese velvet. He shook his young head, grinning seductive patronage.

"Sorry, Mr. Horton, but rilly this is your opporchunity—Hoi Polloi—is what wants this stuff nowadays, and they've got the coin. Hoi Polloi is more death on Chipp'ndale and Shurryton nowadays—even—than you folks. The aristocrats are sort of behind the-age, nowadays, if you get me. Now Madame Horton told me you people wanted to sacrifice—er—everything. . . !" The unctuous auctioneer let his gaze stray a little appraisingly to Garda.

Hunch flamed. The auctioneer added soothingly, "So many more hundred, Mr. Horton; every penny counts, as we say!"

He turned with a fatherly look to Peach; his voice was pontifical interior decorator. "Please leave that Comback Windsor where I had it, Miss Horton; I want to examine it," said Ecker of Eckers', alias Moniker Mike. "If you scratch it some it shows the traces of—er—counterfeit!"

Peach suddenly turned her head

away. Asquith made a little sharp movement as if to hide her face. Hunch flamed.

This fellow—this cheap-skate auctioneer—to call their beloved old Comback Windsor chair that Washington once sat in, that generations of Hortons had owned, *counterfeit*—Oh—*sickening!*

Hunch shut his eyes, and caught hold of a portière. "*Damn him!*" he whispered fiercely to Garda. "*Damn—him! Damn him!*" The boy strode into another room, brutally kicking a hassock before him.

Mrs. Horton, suddenly putting her hand to her head, said that she feared the unaccustomed floor polish had affected her. She murmured apologies, and was about to desert the little group, still being blatantly patronized by Moniker Mike, when Cook, attired in a strangely stuffy and misfitting costume, appeared.

Cook, it seemed, was a little shy about coming all the way into the room; beyond that she knew no restraint. She stood out in the hall, bawling informally, "*Mis' Horton—Mis' Horton!*"

Cook advanced with large black-smoked glasses and flaming red wig, chewing violently. Cook in this guise would hardly be recognized as the President of the Garden Club. Now she shouted her objections to life in general, seeming to take a certain satisfaction in the shudders she evoked.

"It's them orders for this here afternoon tea, ma'm; for tea on that there tearass—I won't hear of it! I'm used to where, if they've got notions like that, they have a butler or a gal to serve them especial. That's the time I takes me nap and does me mannycurin'. No, ma'am, I kinnot be standing round to serve tea like you say you're used to. . . . Not at the price *you* pay. My Gawd!"

There was something like fluttered consternation on the part of some of her hearers, on the part of the others, weary resignation. Hunch, still smarting over the incident of the Comback Windsor, seemed fairly cowed. Asquith stepped



forward, giving orders in bitter concentrated tones.

"Be quiet, Mrs. Horton will speak with you later!"

The auctioneer, examining an Italian olivewood desk with heavenly pearl and gilt intarsia, now put his head into its lower cupboard place and kept it there a long time. The desk seemed to shake.

Peach wandered away to the telephone to confer privately with an Oyster Shylock Theater confederate. "And if you want an older woman for a character part sometime, Mrs. Torrindge, the President of the Garden Club, is corking. I know, because I—er—have seen her act."

Amid the miserable silence a slender figure went up to Mrs. Horton and took her hand. "Dear Mrs. Horton, your head aches—all this is so sudden and hard for you!" . . . Garda made a little protecting gesture, turning to the hardened Princelettes, saying appealingly, "I wonder if you wouldn't let me take care of afternoon tea—while I'm here—every afternoon? . . . You see," with an arch look, "I could do it much better *without* cook. I am accustomed to . . . managing. . . . Cook," added Garda with a little sparkle in her dark eyes, "seems such a disagreeable old thing!"

There was a moment's awed stillness. The auctioneer from Eckers' stuck his head in the desk again and kept it there a long time.

Cook Torrindge, aghast at this frank comment on her temperament, departed with something very queer happening to the expression which she strove to conceal.

"We can't let her be as pretty as that any longer. So far this whole act has starved her—do you get me. . . ? She and Hunch have somehow held the center right along . . . can you beat it?" Asquith bent her black brows. "What do you say to the farmerette scene? Unbecoming land costumes—sunburn, and so forth? Anyway," growled As-

quith, "I've got to get this doggoned basque off me."

Together, they glowered upon the little figure now drawn near to Hunch, face turned sweetly up in grave concern.

"She's *got* to stop looking pretty and—um—er—sympathetic. Hunch is overwhelmed now."

It was then about two-thirty; the time on summer afternoons when no one has much enthusiasm but bumble bees and cocks; and why they have it has never been told.

Mrs. Horton, with a last weary sigh doing her credit, sought her room, there to ponder with rather serious face the very evident devotion of Garda Jocelyn and her boy.

Hunch was engaged telephoning worriedly and earnestly to the local newspapers, asking for fresh particulars of the Horton Failure. They could hear his desperate voice repeating, "I can say nothing until my father returns—I can say nothing until Mr. Horton returns."

At last Peach, Garda and Asquith started up to the long strip of high garden slope where, walled and protected by rims of fruit trees, were the vegetable gardens. The three, clad in very heavy khaki uniforms, looked exceedingly serious and determined.

The afternoon wore away under this rather grim absorption, a blazing June sun beat down, no breath of air freshened the sunny slope, and there was no beguiling talk among the three. Once Peach saw Garda stop and pass her hand over her eyes rather blindly, and then tie an absurd little lace handkerchief round her neck where the sun was beating down. Once she tried to flex her hands growing red and blistered.

Peach, in spite of herself, felt a sudden rush of sympathy. Garda was, after all, such a game little figure in her ridiculously large land costume; she was so adaptable and anxious to fit in. Wasn't this rather mean, this grueling? Wasn't there any way—now that she had so proved herself. . . ?

"I say, don't you want to rest?" asked the more athletic girl kindly, then a little anxiously, "you're getting rather sunburned, aren't you? Your face is awfully red; perhaps we ought to have powdered. . . . Really, *wouldn't* you like to go in for a rest? Asquith and I can get on all right!"

But to the surprise of the two grim Producers, this fragile figure, outlandishly dressed in the old uniform, with its wide trousers, the bulgy blouse falling loosely away from the soft little breast, went doggedly on. The two Plotters took rather a dubious satisfaction in the fact that Garda no longer looked entirely pretty, though they could not conceal from each other the fact that she did look desperately gallant and plucky. If they had been men they would have observed that she looked agonizingly dear.

"I hope Hunch doesn't come up here just now," growled Asquith. "That would only cinch things. 'Me little feminine love given over to the coarser pursuits of me hardened athletic sisters'—you know that drivell!"

"But, she's some sport," declared Peach (admiringly whispering). The more generous Princelette stared at Garda working away, acknowledging reluctantly, "one dirty little sporty farmer, if you ask me!"

Asquith made no answer; gouging at refractory roots, she hoed in a well-imitated peasant stupor, and Garda herself, remembering how she had been snubbed when she did show interest, evidently felt like saying little. From time to time, however, the guest stopped and wearily tried to straighten up. Then, seizing the rake anew in her sore hands, she would go at the work with redoubled vehemence. At last, however, Garda grew very quiet; the other two girls, hacking their way up the slope, hardly noticed her.

So that, when turning at the upper end of a long row of dwarf beans, the two Producers suddenly saw a slight figure huddled up by some currant

bushes, livid face turned up to the scorching sun, they were smitten with a sudden and awful dread—a dumb fear such as they had never known before in their whole lives. They scrambled down to their guest. Garda's eyes were closed, her small throat gasped convulsively.

Asquith caught her sister's arm—"it's—it's sunstroke," she stammered. "She seems . . . it's . . . it's . . ."

"Wha—wha—?" stuttered Peach. As suddenly the *savoir faire* of these two Princelettes departed.

In spite of First Aid and nursing courses, they were frankly, horribly, scared. They had never before handled a thing so terrifying. Garda—why Garda might be *dying*—she was unconscious—she was . . .

"What do you do for sunstroke?" muttered Asquith to herself. She spoke thickly, her lips shook. "We must get her to the house quick—she might be . . ."

They leaned over her. They knew how to get her up and to keep her flat as they carried her. But the fact that she was very little and light in their strong arms did not make them feel any better.

The Princelettes began to see very clearly what had been their treatment of their guest. Hunch had spoken once or twice about Garda's long bout with flu-pneumonia, but his fiancée herself had made light of it. Perhaps they—the Horton girls—had . . . Well, what had they done?

The two on that long, plunging, short-breathed way to the house were almost whimpering as they talked incoherently to their apparently lifeless burden; they dared not look at each other. They only mumbled directions with dry mouths. "In the back way," they panted.

In the cool deserted kitchen they laid her on the floor, they stroked her hands, whisperingly imploring more tenderly than they knew, "Garda, dear" (get some cold water and splash it in her face), "please, Garda, open your eyes.



Dear, we didn't mean . . . Can't you open your eyes? . . . (Undo her blouse, brassière.)" No answer! The small face, white and dreadfully gone looking, never even quivered.

Peach suddenly broke down. "She's unconscious," the girl shivered. "Wait I'll call Hunch—no, I don't *dare*." Then to her sister's stricken look, "Asquith, if . . . if . . . we've . . ." Peach gestured feebly.

The older sister moistened her lips, she leaned over the prostrate girl on the floor, speaking with attempted authority, "Garda, open your eyes. . . . Why, you're all right. . . . Can't you—can't you?" . . .

Suddenly the calm Asquith's knees gave out from under her, she threw herself on the floor, sobbing abjectly, "Oh, Garda—Garda—we didn't mean it, we didn't mean it!"

Peach flew for Hunch; and the two Producers, without appreciation, touched the highest peak of the production, "The Ruined Hortons."

It was fortunate that the doctor was young, that he was able to come at once, that he had some knowledge, not only of exhaustion but of the vagaries of the Horton Princelettes, and guessed somewhat of the general situation with which he had to deal. Also he knew Garda slightly, so it evolved; had talked with her at Sea Circle, where he, himself, had spent a fortnight recovering from a doctor's special variety of flu.

Now, as Jim Burton worked over the girl, regarding carefully all the symptoms and indications, he held her poor little rake-blistered hands in his, and mentally disciplined the two Princelettes somewhat after the manner of Mrs. Torrindge's old-fashioned preference. He peremptorily banished the sisters from Garda's room until Hunch himself should give them permission to enter it. Having put this galling prohibition upon them, he required them very sternly to remain where he "could speak with them later."

"Well, by Jove!" he ejaculated, as

later he stared severely at the two. "Why—you two brutes!"

He had attended them in occasional attacks of indigestion. He knew with whom he had to deal. "You two have had a scare that has really tamed you—haven't you—? It serves you jolly well right. If it had been worse . . ." He stared again.

"Of course, your excuse will be that you didn't know that Miss Jocelyn was just over a grave attack of pneumonia with exhaustion complications?" The young doctor snapped the questions at them, enjoying the effort of two pairs of eyes, usually so impudent, to try to stare back into his. "This poor little thing, alone in the world, could hardly understand the sort of entertainment you two thoroughbreds would offer her. You thought you were superior. . . !" "Stop, please," Asquith's curt voice came suffocatingly.

But would he stop when he saw how they writhed?

"One doesn't monkey with such an illness as she has had; she was trying to get strong enough to go back to work while you two pampered . . ."

"Oh, please—please," Peach turned passionately away. She flung herself down on a divan and sniffed.

"Lucky for you two," remarked Doctor Burton, looking down at her coolly, "mighty lucky for you two girls that she comes into her inheritance next week and that there will be no more worries for poor little Garda Jocelyn!"

The young doctor snapped his thermometer back into its case. Smiling a little less scathingly, he held out his hand. "Cheer up, you devils—weren't you going it a little strong?"

It certainly wasn't very pleasant—his patronizing air, his doctor's professional rallying, while his man's face said, "Oh, you poor pikers, you mean, jealous shrews—if I were your brother . . ."

And then Hunch . . . and then Hunch! Well, things rapidly became quite dreadful for the gay young Producers. The telephone ceased to ring at the Shylock

Theater. Things had run themselves into that queer play entitled "Actual Human Emotions!"

"Can you beat it?" sobbed the emotional Peach miserably, after Hunch had told them what he thought of the Producers of "The Ruined Hortons!" "He said we were '*vulgar and commonplace* ca-ca-cats . . . ' everything awful, and af—after all, it was only for his good. It was because we wanted to—sa—sa—ve—him!"

In Asquith's room three figures in very becoming negligée talked things over. The two Producers sat deep in the Valley of Humiliation; they stared around on such crags and depths of feeling as they had never before known. Who, they asked, with some what shamed faces, started this idiotic thing, anyway? Each Princelette took the blame on herself and refused to allow the other to be implicated. And Mrs. Horton, looking appropriately concerned, never said, "I told you so!"

The Producers' mother merely patted them. She laughed a little, she said that she, herself, had had a very good time and had learned a lot of things. She patted them again, said she wouldn't worry quite so much because Hunch would get over it, and it was plain that Garda was a really fine girl who would never quite take it all in.

If Mrs. Horton had twinkles in her eyes she didn't let them show. She never told them how she had seen Hunch privately and gathered him to her breast and told him how she adored his lovely girl, and that he must not be severe with his poor misguided sisters.

Being sports, the Producers went through to the bitter end. One after the other, they crept into that guest room

and with heightened color and carefully controlled voices explained or tried to explain. It sounded very raw!

There was a wondering little face on the pillows; Hunch, like an offended High Priest, remained solemnly standing by the door waiting for them to depart.

Garda, it seemed, could only stare and giggle. "But, how funny . . . what a queer idea!" Eventually that spirited little person shook a fist at them. . . . "Oh, stop talking," she commanded, "I was never so happy—I never knew how much I loved Hunch till I thought he was poor. . . . Oh!" (She cast her eyes adoringly on the Galahaddy one.) "He seemed so wonderful—so noble!"

"But we were so rude to you—that time on the terrace!" moaned Peach.

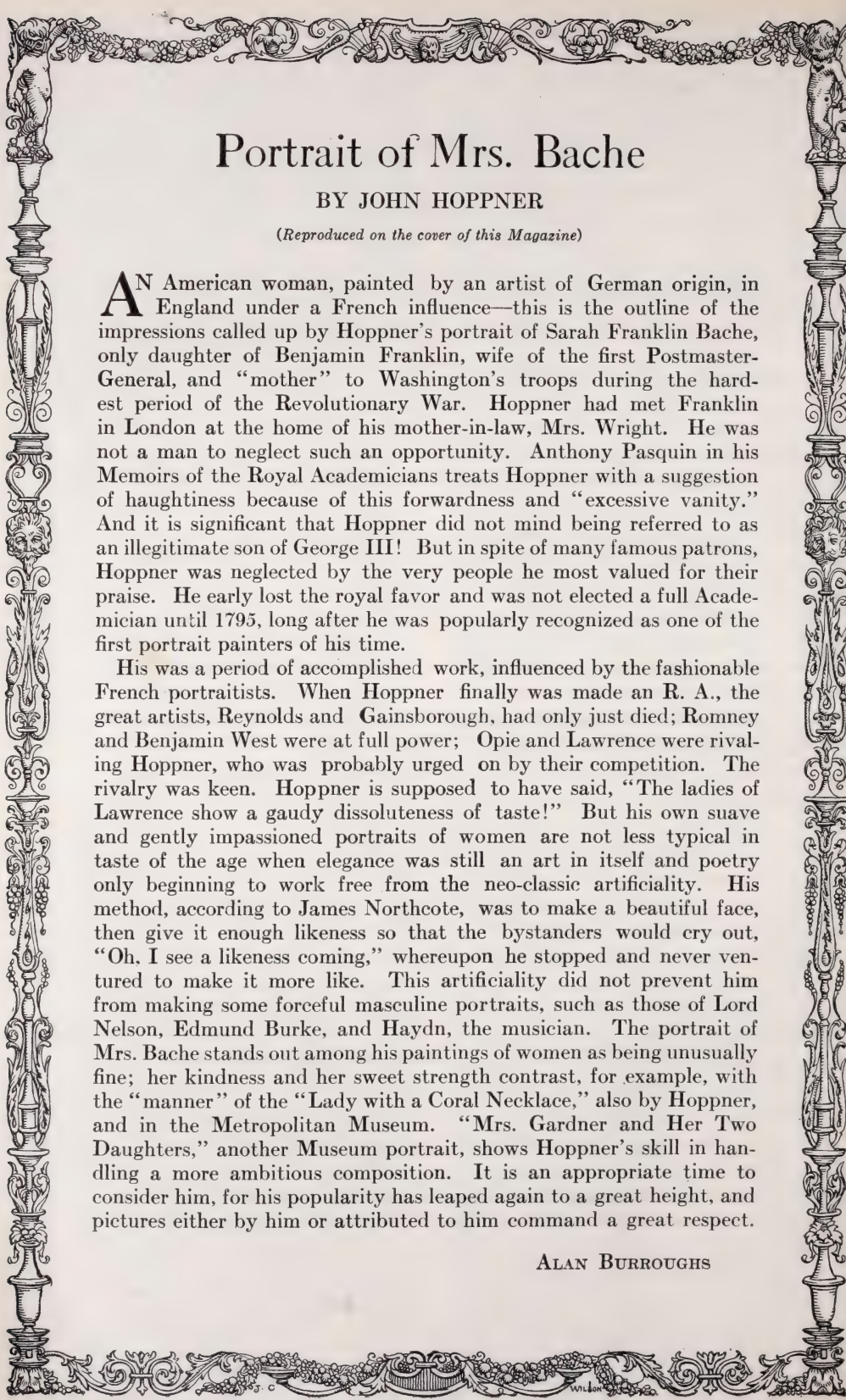
Garda admitted that she had been puzzled. "You see," she added quite modestly, "I only wanted to know how much you thought the place would bring . . . because I shall be twenty-one soon—and I sort of come into a fortune, then—(timidly)—I knew that I could buy this place at your own price and give it to you all."

"Give it to *them* all!"

So that was that!

When late that evening a rather subdued Asquith, clad again in restful feminine trappings, related these things to Moniker Mike, that young person said that was the way he believed a woman should talk . . . loving a man better because he was poor and so on; and Asquith admitted guardedly that she thought it possible for some women to feel like that. Whereupon, a certain tableau behind a horse-chestnut tree was repeated, and this time a dark-haired maiden made no effort to push her suitor into the pool.





# Portrait of Mrs. Bache

BY JOHN HOPPNER

*(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)*

**A**N American woman, painted by an artist of German origin, in England under a French influence—this is the outline of the impressions called up by Hoppner's portrait of Sarah Franklin Bache, only daughter of Benjamin Franklin, wife of the first Postmaster-General, and "mother" to Washington's troops during the hardest period of the Revolutionary War. Hoppner had met Franklin in London at the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wright. He was not a man to neglect such an opportunity. Anthony Pasquin in his *Memoirs of the Royal Academicians* treats Hoppner with a suggestion of haughtiness because of this forwardness and "excessive vanity." And it is significant that Hoppner did not mind being referred to as an illegitimate son of George III! But in spite of many famous patrons, Hoppner was neglected by the very people he most valued for their praise. He early lost the royal favor and was not elected a full Academician until 1795, long after he was popularly recognized as one of the first portrait painters of his time.

His was a period of accomplished work, influenced by the fashionable French portraitists. When Hoppner finally was made an R. A., the great artists, Reynolds and Gainsborough, had only just died; Romney and Benjamin West were at full power; Opie and Lawrence were rivaling Hoppner, who was probably urged on by their competition. The rivalry was keen. Hoppner is supposed to have said, "The ladies of Lawrence show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste!" But his own suave and gently impassioned portraits of women are not less typical in taste of the age when elegance was still an art in itself and poetry only beginning to work free from the neo-classic artificiality. His method, according to James Northcote, was to make a beautiful face, then give it enough likeness so that the bystanders would cry out, "Oh, I see a likeness coming," whereupon he stopped and never ventured to make it more like. This artificiality did not prevent him from making some forceful masculine portraits, such as those of Lord Nelson, Edmund Burke, and Haydn, the musician. The portrait of Mrs. Bache stands out among his paintings of women as being unusually fine; her kindness and her sweet strength contrast, for example, with the "manner" of the "Lady with a Coral Necklace," also by Hoppner, and in the Metropolitan Museum. "Mrs. Gardner and Her Two Daughters," another Museum portrait, shows Hoppner's skill in handling a more ambitious composition. It is an appropriate time to consider him, for his popularity has leaped again to a great height, and pictures either by him or attributed to him command a great respect.

ALAN BURROUGHS

# Stabilizing the Dollar

BY IRVING FISHER

Professor of Political Economy, Yale University

A NEW phrase is on the tongues of men: "stabilizing the dollar." Ten years ago a few economists began to use this phrase; five years ago a few bankers also; and recently a vague apprehension of the evils which gave birth to the phrase have set business men to using it. Even the general public is getting interested.

Some of these have thought the matter through; some have thought it through nearly enough to give their votes to a congressional candidate who had thought it quite through, and who had made the stabilized dollar a plank in his platform for re-election. This candidate, Mr. Goldsborough of Maryland, having been duly re-elected, has tried to make good his pledge to his constituents by sponsoring a bill now pending before Congress—pending but (at this writing) not passed. The specific purpose of this bill is to correct the evil of flighty prices by taking the flightiness—not out of goods, but out of the real culprit—the dollar.

From the beginning of things monetary mankind has been harassed by mysterious, periodic price-floods—both ebbing and flowing—comparable to the plagues of Egypt. We have always blamed the wrong man—the "gold-bug" if prices went down; the "profiteer" if prices went up. Yet both of these alleged scoundrels have been merely carried by the mysterious tide they were accused of consciously making. Within the past three years this tide has surged up and down in such quick and bruising succession that the real truth has begun to get itself knocked into a few of us. For who can now go on believing that

mere little cliques of human beings whose interests are opposed could take turns at controlling the tides in opposite ways three times within a year! When, therefore, most economists, some business men, a few bankers, and a legislator or two begin to talk "unstable dollar," the rest of us may at least feel justified in taking notice.

What has so long prevented the ordinary citizen from detecting the motions of the dollar is the same thing which prevents the child on a train from detecting the train's motion. To the child the fences seem to go scooting backward when it is the train carrying him forward. Even to the grown man the sun seems to move from east to west when it is the earth carrying him from west to east. So we, who ride the tide of dollars, think the price-shore is receding when it is the money-tide carrying us out to sea.

Naturally, then, we trust to the wrong expedient to bring prices down. We trust to increased production. But production is already adequate. It is a fact, however, that increased production would lower prices, and therein, if we but look, we shall find the real secret of high prices. Prices are a mutual thing. If money buys goods, goods buy money. If, therefore, over-produced goods mean cheap goods, why does not over-produced money mean cheap money? It is in fact cheap money and not dear goods from which we are suffering. When the abundance of money is sudden, as in war, we sometimes come to acknowledge it and call it by the name of "inflation." But war-inflation is sudden inflation. What we fail to notice is the stealthy, slow in-



flation that has been the cause of the mysterious slow rising tide of prices through the ages (for prices have mostly risen), and the occasional slow deflations that have been the cause of the occasional historic ebb-tides of prices. Sudden deflation has also been tried, in 1921, as a counter-active against high prices, and it proved so successful that nobody liked it.

But that is another story. Suffice it here that during the ages the rise of prices (namely the weakening of the purchasing power of money) has in fact been preceded by an influx of the money-tide which acted as a diluter. Either new mines—as in California, Africa, or the Klondike—had burst open; or else paper money had flowed from the government printing press; or else banking facilities had been automatically widened. There is, for instance, the story of gold. When prices have gone up or down in one gold country, they have gone up or down in all gold countries concurrently with the tide of gold and other money redeemable in gold. There is also the story of silver. When prices have gone up or down in one silver country, they have gone up or down in all silver countries concurrently with the tide of silver or other money redeemable in silver. But then there is the story of both gold and silver together. For prices have sometimes gone in opposite directions simultaneously: down in all gold countries, up in all silver countries, because simultaneously the gold tide was ebbing and silver tide rising.

As if this were not enough to lay the blame on money rather than goods, there have been times when goods have been notably abundant and yet prices, so far from going down, as one would expect by observing goods alone, actually went up. For (as the trained observer saw) though goods were abundant, money, as it were, "beat goods to it" by becoming super-abundant. Such was the case just before the war. Prices had been stubbornly rising for eighteen years; therefore people thought that

goods must have been growing scarce for eighteen years. But statistics now prove that goods had not been growing scarce at all, but that money and money-facilities (including paper money and banking facilities) had been glutting the market.

But, I hear someone say, we could endure a rising tide of inflated prices if our salaries rose proportionately. And wouldn't they?

No, they would not. They do not. The very case in which we all acknowledge inflation to be the real cause of rising prices—namely, the case of Germany to-day—is a case of rising prices without equally rising salaries. It is the law of inflation that when the money-flood comes, it inundates the goods-market quickly but trickles slowly into the salary-market—and the wage-market. So in Germany the middle class, who are the stabilizers of society, are being wiped out by the unstable mark. German teachers and clerks and others of their class were recently reported to be committing suicide at the rate of fifty a day.

Why do salaries and wages thus lag behind prices? Because when a man agrees to accept a salary or a wage he does not feel justified in at once demanding an increase just because he finds he must pay a bit more for bread, shoes, and rent. He hardly expects the rise to be permanent. Nor does his employer, who is entirely innocent of the rise (though he profits by it), see why a demand should be made for a rise in wages. Between the two classes there is a kind of understanding—a semi-contractual relationship which provides that a salary-rate, or even a wage-rate, once fixed is fixed for a long time. This pseudo-contract sits, as it were, frozen on the edge of a salary-earner's pocket and keeps out the slowly rising flood of money which invades all other cavities.

There are other contractual relationships still more frozen. They are those existing between borrowers and lenders. It is the time element in these borrower-

lender contracts which is the undoing of one party to them or of the other party to them as the case may be. For if I lend money just as prices begin to rise and if I get the same money back when prices have reached their predestined high level, I cannot then buy the same goods with that same money. Its purchasing power has meanwhile fallen, and I have been cheated for my thrift. Such a process began in 1896, when the gold-flood began to rise once more, causing a rise of prices, or fall in the purchasing power of the individual dollar. The working girl who in 1896 put her money in a Savings Bank was, of course, able, in 1920, to draw a considerable amount of interest. But by 1920 a great hole had been made in the purchasing power of each individual dollar. The loss in each individual dollar had become so great as entirely to offset the gain in the number of dollars. With her principal and interest together in 1920, that girl could buy as much as she could have bought in 1896 with her principal alone. She had been cheated for her thrift. Like Alice in the Looking Glass, she had run hard and long and still found herself in the same place!

Widows are also lenders. They inherit loans in the form of bonds—very gilt-edge bonds indeed. The law insists on this. Yet when a certain trustee boasted to me how thrifty he had been on behalf of a widow whom I knew, I gently pointed out to him that he had, after thirty years of diligently going through all the motions of thrift, left his unfortunate beneficiary \$15,000 in the hole. For her capital and interest together, though nominally more, would actually buy \$15,000 less of goods than when her dying husband had very carefully put her into the very careful hands of her trustee.

"Heavens!" said the latter, "that's not my fault!"

"No," I said, "it's the fault of the law which compels the widow to accept cheaper dollars than she lent."

The story is told of a Polish clothier who, after the World War, retired from

business, selling out his stock of a hundred suits of clothes for 100,000 Polish marks. He then lent his 100,000 marks at 10 per cent interest. When three years later he was repaid not 100,000 but 130,000 he found that with this apparently augmented sum he could buy himself exactly one suit of clothes!

This is what diluted or depreciating money does to the lender and to the employee. What does it do to those on the other side of these time-contracts—the borrower and the employer? The farmer is a good example of both. He is a borrower of the money lender and an employer of the farmhand; and so long as the recent rise of prices continued, the farmer did a humming business at the expense of these two. Every day he got more for his produce while he paid the same to his hands (less in purchasing power), and repaid the same (less in purchasing power) to his money lender. What really happened, therefore, was that the furtively thieving dollar robbed the farmhand and the lender and slipped the loot into the pocket of the farmer. The farmer did not know this, but he enjoyed it all the same.

Is the farmer happy? Oh, no, not now. For as soon as he had adjusted himself to a better life, and stocked up for a new drive, money got scarce—was deflated—prices went down; so that while he went on paying the same to his hands and repaying the same to his lender (more in purchasing power), he was getting less for his goods. The furtively thieving dollar had turned the tables. It began picking the farmer's pocket and handing the loot to the others. The farmer got worse caught than if he had not prospered in the first place. He was lured to his doom.

The same fate that overtook the prospering farmer falls also upon the giants who, like him, borrow and employ. A luring prosperity, based not on merit but on a thieving dollar, leads the business-giant, just like the farmer, to overstock and to overborrow. Then the tide turns. Hard times come. A crisis develops.



Often a panic follows with a "linked chain" of bankruptcies, "long drawn out."

Thus a rise in prices robs Peter to pay Paul and then a fall robs Paul to pay Peter; and both movements end by lassoing and throwing the fancied winner.

But the punishment of the fancied winner does not wait for the rising price-tide to turn. Long before this more or less automatic vengeance for automatic cheating the cheated laborer takes vengeance into his own hands consciously. He knows he is poorer. He sees who is richer. He takes no stock in automatic fraud. Therefore he strikes. He strikes with fury. Sometimes he runs amuck and destroys the machinery that feeds him. In either case he sterilizes production on which both he and his employer feed, not to mention the rest of us.

Thus, rising prices eventuate in impaired production. Do falling prices then eventuate in augmented production? No; falling prices too eventuate in impaired production because they wipe out the producer's incentive—that is, profits; and further because, after the producer is bankrupt, his business passes into less experienced and therefore less competent hands.

On top of economic injustice comes social disease. For he who laughs at the idea of automatic unconscious fraud becomes a fount of discontent plus animus. In the memory of the present generation there have been two great price-tides eventuating in social disease. From 1873 to 1896 prices fell 30 per cent. There followed that form of class hatred known as "populism." For the farmer was then the great automatic sufferer. And then from 1896 to 1914 prices rose 50 per cent, and during the war 100 per cent more. There followed the recent sickness which we all remember. The labels of it were "high cost of living" and "profiteer"; and there were strikes and bread-riots and even blood-letting. Then came the deflation of 1920-21 with

its disastrous depression of trade. And now for two years prices are more stable.

Now, social disease always leads to foolish legislation and to the constant menace of the quack panacea.

Is deflation a cure for inflation, and *vice versa*? It could be so only upon the following impossible condition: that all of these frozen time-contracts be entered into at one time, and no more made, and the makers of them live through two equal and opposite tides precisely. In that case the precise set of people who had profited by a change of prices at the expense of the other set could be made to lose precisely what it had gained and the other set to gain precisely what it had lost, by an equal and opposite dose of deflation or of inflation, as the case might be. This was Mr. Bryan's idea in 1896. In 1896 he wanted to punish the lenders of 1873. But, alas, in 1896 most of the existing frozen contracts did not date back to 1873. They involved two entirely new sets of people—new sets of borrowers and lenders, new sets of wage-earners and wage-payers, many of them born since those of 1873 had died. Instead, therefore, of recouping the borrowers of 1873, Mr. Bryan would have mulcted the lenders of 1896—including servant girls. It would have been a case of two wrongs not making a right.

Nevertheless, the second wrong which Mr. Bryan meditated managed to get itself done without Mr. Bryan's help. What Mr. Bryan wanted was inflation by means of silver. Well, inflation came right enough, but by means of gold. The gold-mine owners poured in gold not quite so suddenly nor quite so copiously as Mr. Bryan would have poured in silver; but as Elijah said of his troubled life, "it is enough." And as Mercutio said of his mortal wound, "'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'twill serve."

The evil does not consist in either high prices or low prices. It consists in the

unequal and incalculable and deceptive transitions from level to level. What is needed is price-stability. But that means stability of the great price-maker—the dollar.

All commercial units but the dollar were stabilized long ago. Once upon a time the unit of weight was a stone. Now it is the weight of an object so accurate that you can weigh a hair by it. Moreover, this accuracy is prescribed by law and, in America, protected by the Constitution. Once upon a time the unit of length (called a "yard") was the king's girdle. But now it is the length of a metal bar, kept in Washington, kept under a glass case, and kept at a fixed temperature lest it expand or contract a hair's breadth. This, too, is a legal definition protected by the Constitution. What would have become of modern American business if the yard had been the girth of the President, first in the administration of Roosevelt, then of Taft, and then of Wilson? Yet the tribulations of American stockholders, bondholders, servant-girls, widows, laborers, and pathetic little Mr. Public have been even worse, under the affliction of a fluctuating dollar, than they would have been under the handicap of a fluctuating yardstick. For yards measure only a few kinds of goods, while dollars measure the values of all kinds of goods.

What is the unit of *length*? A fixed *length*—the yard. What is the unit of *volume*? A fixed *volume*—the bushel. What is the unit of *weight*? A fixed *weight*—the pound. What is the unit of *value*? Is it a fixed *value*? Alas no—it is a fixed *weight*. For the word "dollar" stands for weight, not value. And the law which sanctifies the clarity of the yardstick and the clarity of the bushel and the clarity of the pound, sanctifies equally this confusion of the dollar. As a creditor, you must accept a fixed *weight* though its *value* be half what you lent. As a debtor, you must pay a fixed weight, though its value be double what you borrowed. Such is the law.

To be sure, a dollar (that unit of

weight) does have value also. But so has a yardstick—that unit of length. So has a bushel-basket—that unit of volume. Yet we do not use the value of a bushel-basket to measure its volume, nor do we use the value of a yardstick to measure its length—nay, nor the value of a pound-weight to measure its poundhood. It is high time, therefore, to release ourselves from this burden of measuring value by weight. It is a gambler's burden. We should not care how the value of a yardstick gamboled if only its length keep sober. We should not care how the value or the length or the volume of a pound-weight might skip about if only its weight be the same every day. Why, then, be solicitous about the weight of a dollar if only its value or purchasing-power stay put?

Such is precisely the plan of the proposed legislation now pending before Congress. It proposes to turn the tables and make the weight of the dollar dance attendance on its value instead of its value dancing attendance on its weight. Specifically, it proposes to reduce that weight whenever its value (or purchasing power) starts to go up, and to increase that weight whenever its value (or purchasing power) starts to go down. It is a continuous, steadying process, like steering.

Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer and all-around man of science, and several other pioneers in this line of thought, had similar schemes. Without wearying the reader with all the details, suffice it to describe in a general way the two elements which constitute the gist: First, how to establish a good criterion of value, second, how to vary or steer the weight of the gold dollar so as to make it conform to the criterion.

First, then, what is the criterion of value? It is an average assortment of goods—an average family-budget of goods—what you want to buy with your dollar and what you had in mind to buy with it when you earned it. It is this budget of usable things which has fixity in your mind. Suppose we take a fifteen-



hundred-dollar yearly budget. To reduce it to about the present value of a gold dollar, take one fifteen hundredth of it—one fifteen hundredth of every item in it—and in imagination put this assortment into a basket and call it "one goods-dollar." This must not vary. It is a composite whose components, singly and collectively, remain fixed. As a group they are to be our standard to refer to—our criterion. It will be clearly the most fixed criterion of value; for though the physical conditions which vary supply and demand may still act upon any item in the basket (whether gold or goldfish), they will never unite to affect *all* the items in the basket *in any one direction at one time*. The average pressure will be more nearly balanced and motionless than any other one thing you could name—far more so than gold or silver. The goods-dollar is, of course, not meant to circulate. It is a statistical concept, to be used as a criterion of value.

The reason why this criterion has never before been tried is that never till recently have we possessed that ingenious device for statistical averaging known as "the index number."

Having thus established our criterion—a goods-dollar—the second problem confronts us: how to vary the gold coin to conform to it; that is, how to reduce its weight when it starts to be worth more than one "goods-dollar" in the market, and increase its weight when it starts to be worth less than one "goods-dollar" in the market.

Vary the weight of a coin? Now, of course, we cannot vary the weight of a *circulating* coin. But few gold dollars take the trouble to circulate, and none need to. Most of them are content to repose comfortably in the Treasury, and all might well repose there. For it is by thus reposing that they perform their chief function, which is to confer upon the paper dollars which *do* circulate whatever purchasing power these have; that is, whatever purchasing power the gold dollars would themselves exercise if

they circulated. The purchasing power of paper is vicarious. It exists because any paper dollar can at a moment's notice be redeemed at the Treasury for one of these restful gold dollars. (Some paper dollars can be redeemed directly, some by a roundabout journey which need not here be followed out.) Now the law which entitles you to a gold coin in redemption of your paper dollar may be changed so as to entitle you not to a gold coin reposing in the Treasury, but to a quantity of gold bullion reposing in the Treasury—not a fixed quantity of gold bullion, but whatever quantity happens, at the moment of redemption, to be equal in value to one goods-dollar. What this quantity would be at the moment would have been previously ascertained by the use of the Index Number.

The effect on prices in terms of the legal dollar will be as follows: The prices of separate commodities represented in the goods-dollar will still vary, but the average price of those commodities will remain fixed; or, to be more exact, will be constantly refixed before it has had time to vary more than one or two per cent. So that at the end of a year the fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-year-man just described will find that, though he may have spent more of his fifteen hundred dollars for shoes and less of it for rent, he will have spent the whole of it for the same amount of shoes, rent, bread, salt, gasoline and the other items of his yearly budget.

But some people may refuse to be satisfied because the component articles in the goods-dollar are still free to vary in price, individually. For will not any article whose price thus varies vary the income of the man whose livelihood is made by the sale of that article? Certainly. A stabilized dollar is not the philosopher's stone nor perpetual motion. The stabilized bushel-basket relieved the world's incomes of many ills formerly incident to sale and loan, and a stabilized dollar will confer a similar boon of much greater importance; but no recti-

fying of a standard of measurement can relieve the human race of drought and boll-weevil and other natural vicissitudes. Incidentally, however, a stabilized dollar will reduce many fluctuations in expenditure and some fluctuations in income—this in proportion to the numerosness of the articles involved. Average prices will no longer vary as they have varied hitherto. Therefore the income of a department store if its volume of trade is fixed will remain more nearly constant than hitherto. But the income yielded by a single crop will still be subject to rainfall and other conditions. How much worse, however, would be the fate of such an income if not only the income itself depreciated but each dollar of it depreciated at the same time!

This is the gist of the plan to stabilize gold money which is the foundation of our monetary structure.

But "foundation" implies "superstructure," and a superstructure is not necessarily stable because the foundation is. What is the superstructure of our monetary system? Chiefly it consists of two circulating categories: paper money is one; the other is credit or bank-deposits subject to check. Both paper money and credit are quite as inflatable and deflatable as gold and silver. In time of war, paper is usually the chief offender. But in this last war, in America, credit also was a great offender. The inflation of paper money often goes so far as to carry it entirely away from its parity with metal; but before this point of separation is reached the inflated paper reacts upon the metal itself so as to impair the purchasing power of both equally. During the war, for instance, our gold was inflating, therefore losing purchasing power; paper and credit both were inflating, therefore losing purchasing power; paper and credit were reacting on gold and helping to deplete its purchasing power. Since the gold base and the paper and credit superstructure are thus parts of one total circulating medium, both should be regulated. To

regulate either alone, though it would tend to regulate the other, would not always be sufficient. An unregulated contraction or expansion of one medium could for a time more than offset a regulated expansion or contraction of the other medium.

Therefore, besides providing for the adjustment of the weight of the metal dollar, the government must in the first place resist the wiles of its printing press.

In the second place, through the Federal Reserve Board, it must regulate the flow of credit—bank deposits subject to check—for bank deposits come from bank loans. The flow of credit is therefore governed by the rate of interest. The rate of interest is like a valve. Tighten it and less credit will flow. Relax it and more credit will flow. This is an old art in Britain, whose financial wisdom has hitherto led the world. In America this art of *consciously* using the rate-of-interest as a valve to govern the total credit-tide is comparatively new. As a really conscious American art, it dates from the inauguration of the Federal Reserve System in the year 1914. By means of that act we strode abreast of Britain. If now we complete the machinery of stabilization by stabilizing the metal foundation of our currency, we shall have stridden ahead even of Britain. All the world will then be glad to follow in our path—the path that leads away from Bolshevism, populism, and socialism, because it leads away from the automatic injustices which beget these immensely dangerous quack remedies. I do not mean that social disease will utterly disappear. A stable dollar will not precipitate a millenium. But it will be a seven-league stride in progress.

At the Genoa Economic Conference, thirty-one nations unanimously approved of stabilization by banking methods. In England Reginald McKenna, J. Maynard Keynes, Lord Vernon, and others are preaching stabilization. Probably England will soon become its chief battleground.



# Tragedienne

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

A SENSATION of movement . . . the feel of wind blowing freshly against her face . . . a straight white road slipping silently past. These things struck through to her consciousness. A low droning sound that seemed to come from far off grew suddenly near and immediate . . . a steady rhythmical hum, which seemed to carry her forward through the coolly streaming air. . . .

Was she waking from sleep? In that case she would remember, would know where she was. No . . . this was not at all like waking from sleep. It was something far stranger than that . . . of much greater importance . . . as if, having been long dead, she returned now to life.

Objects began to materialize about her, fantastically big at first, coming slowly to focus.

Beside her a strange man sat . . . before him, his hands, stranger's hands, rested lightly, expertly on the ebony rim of something round like a little wheel—could it be she was in an automobile? She had never been in an automobile in her life. . . . Her life . . . How had she come here? Where was she going?

She struggled to grasp reality. Memory seemed dead.

The man at her side turned abruptly, and spoke over his shoulder to some one in the rear seat, and from there voices answered.

Identity flashed upon her like a sword cleaving the darkness.

They were her children's voices! Mary's first, then Roddy's—and afterward Jim's. Why . . . how had Roddy got off from the plowing? The harness broken, maybe . . . But Mary . . . and Jim . . . Jim should be down at the river cutting the winter's wood . . .

surely he couldn't have finished, and got it all stacked . . . no, Mary was helping as Jim brought the loads up. . . . Something had happened to stop them . . . and she herself . . . had she too stopped in the midst of what she was doing? . . . Ah, yes, now she remembered. She had been mending the carpet, getting it ready to turn for the winter, so that the thin place in front of the stove would be over against the wall . . . she could see the exact stitch she had been taking. . . .

By every law of her life they should be there now . . . she and Mary and Roddy and Jim . . . doing the things she recalled. . . . Yet here they were, riding swiftly along this unfamiliar road, with this strange man in an automobile.

Her mind began to work clearly, as if she had wakened refreshed from a good night's sleep.

It would come to her in a moment now. It would explain itself quite simply. Some foolish little explanation, she had no doubt.

Perhaps she had been ill. Yet she remembered no illness—except those two hot days in the summer when the harvesters were there; she had grown faint over the cook stove, and Mary had insisted upon her lying down while she finished the dinner. But she had only rested half an hour each time, there was so much to do. There had been nothing particularly alarming in that. She had heard Mary tell Jim that they couldn't expect a woman mother's age not to have a little spell once in a while. Mother had worked pretty hard in her life.

No, it had been something else. . . .

A wisp of hair loosened itself from the

scarf about her head, and blew across her face, blurring her vision. Involuntarily, she raised her hand to brush it aside. But the gesture stopped as it began. . . . Her hands held fast . . . she looked down . . . Shining rings encircled her wrists—and a little chain ran from one to the other. . . .

Recognition dawned slowly. She had seen those silver rings once before . . . that dreadful day they took poor old Emaline Stone away . . . she could never forget how the man got them out of his pocket, and held them before Emaline and said . . .

The man beside her leaned forward, adjusting the glass wind-shield.

Horror surged through her. Dear God . . . it was *he!* the man who had come for Emaline Stone . . . *the man from the Asylum!*

The blood in her veins seemed to stop dead with the shock, and then to run backward with sudden sickening revolt.

Not her brain alone, but every atom of her flesh seemed informed with the hideous news. . . .

They were taking *her* to the Asylum! And she knew . . . she *knew!*

Gently, she felt herself sinking down into an abyss of blackness, and instinctively again her hands went out, catching at nothing, for again they were balked in midair.

Fresh horror lodged in her mind. A picture rose up before her—the picture that had haunted her sleep for weeks upon weeks after they had taken poor Emaline Stone away. . . . She had helped three others to hold Emaline. She would have done herself harm . . . there were one or two unforgettable details . . . then the man had come, and had held those bright rings up before Emaline's eyes, and had locked them on her wrists. . . .

Slowly, she brought her own hands within line of her vision. At the movement the man at her side turned upon her a steady appraising look. A strange caution possessed her. She pretended not to see; to be brushing back that

stray wisp of hair that still blew free of her scarf.

Her hands came up together, held by the little chain. As her fingers touched her face they encountered a long, freshly healed scratch. . . . The place began to sting sharply, the nerves coming to life. Then her fingers passed on to another . . . a deep ugly scar . . . and another . . . like fingers of the blind reading their horrible chapter.

She grew suddenly faint, her mind rejecting the truth. She began to slip downward again into unconsciousness, but forced herself back with a grip on her will. She fastened her mind upon the spaced fence posts filing past at the side of the road . . . one, two, three, regularly, rhythmically . . . four, five, six, seven, eight. . . .

Thus mercifully the brain sought respite, while all her subconscious forces marshaled their strength. And when again she let the reality come back, she was fortified and calm.

In a moment now, she would speak . . . would tell them she had come back. She must think first of the right words to use . . . she must take care not to shock them too much . . . to make them, above all, understand that she *had* come back. For it was some deep instinct that told her that her cure was complete; that she was never again to return into that dark region from which she had just emerged. And no memory of it had accompanied her into the light. A great thankfulness filled her heart—she was not to have memory to haunt her days and nights. And they should never tell her anything . . . they would all agree never to speak of it. . . . Yes, that was the only way. She would tell them she had come back; and when they understood, they would turn about and drive home again, and take up everything where they had left off. . . .

And then, in the very act of turning to speak, something stayed the words at her lips—something very subtle and indescribable that came to her in the voices of her children.



They had begun talking together, softly, subduing their voices, as people do in the presence of death. It was not in the things they were saying—she had heard nothing of them, had not tried to hear. It was something within the tone of the voices themselves; something hushed, final, resigned, and—it came to her like a clear spoken word—as if they had *wept their tears*; as if they had done all they could, all that there was to be done; and already they thought of adjustment; already they had begun to recast their lives in the new mold.

It was like a finger laid on her lips, like a message warning to silence.

Still she made no effort to hear their words, listening only to that eloquent counter-speech of tone.

Yes, it was there, unmistakably, in those hushed familiar voices—a sense as of all being over and done—a problem solved, a new era begun.

And then, because it was Roddy and Mary and Jim, she began trying to think what it would mean to them, what changes it would bring to their lives—yes, she must face it—what change it had *already* brought.

Would they stay on at the old home? Was Mary planning to keep the house, while the boys worked on at the farm?

Roddy had always wanted to go—where was it? Yes, to Los Angeles. He had talked about it a great deal years ago; but since father died they hadn't heard him speak of it. Well, Roddy was the oldest of the three, and he had been more or less the head of the family since then; had stood responsible for the bills and everything. It occurred to her now that Roddy had always stayed because of duty, but now—

And Jim—Jim might take a place in a machine shop, where he had always wanted to be, and try out some of those notions of his—Jim had a fine head for mechanics—but that would leave Mary—Mary would need her more than ever before if the boys should go. And then, like a stab, sundering the last tie to the old place, she knew that it would be the

chance for Mary to go to the city and learn millinery, the thing she had dreamed of since she was a little girl.

Why had they always stayed? Had it been only because of *her*? Had she, their mother, bound them hand and foot, held them year after year to that worn-out bit of land, the ugly uncomfortable house falling into decay for all their repairs—the hoping in spring and despairing in autumn, the sullen soil resenting the plow and choking the seeds? . . . And all the time saying nothing to her of their youth and their dreams.

She began to wonder how much they had talked among themselves in the years since father died. Probably not at all. They were not that kind. She had not been that kind. And her life had had its disappointments too.

It began to grow upon her—the things her children had left unsaid. They came to her now much more vividly than the children themselves could have expressed them in words. All the facts of their relationship to her, of hers to them, stood out suddenly and terribly clear. . . .

And so at last the truth was before her, paying no heed to her heart beating out its no, no, no, its hopeless pathetic denial. They would be better off without her—Mary and Roddy and Jim. Her going would set them free.

Vaguely, as a few moments before objects had materialized out of darkness and void, so now a plan seemed to be coming toward her, full formed, but as yet uncomprehended—as if in some obscure part of her being she already saw it clearly in detail—as if it had been a clear vision there since the moment she had first caught that essence of futurity in the tones of her children's voices.

She became aware of something Mary was saying to Roddy, something very quiet and casual, as one remembers to speak of a detail.

"I think, Rod," she said, "a good trunk would be just as cheap in the end, you'll have it a lifetime, you know."

Roddy buying a trunk—he *was* going, then—and so soon. . . .

She could tell by Mary's voice that it had all been talked over, settled and done.

And now the plan stood out plainly before her. She knew what she must do. There was no question in her mind—no weighing of one side against the other—those few words of Mary's had pointed the way.

Mile after mile slipped past.

Now and again the man at her side sent a quick glance in her direction, then turned and nodded reassuringly over his shoulder, as if to say, "No change—all goes well."

Now and again the children talked together, fragments of conversation, chiefly questions and answers, perfecting their plans.

It was true—Mary and Jim were going—just as she had thought they might—to the city to see what they could do. There was a tinge of excitement in their voices when they spoke of it.

Vehicles began to pass them more and more frequently. They were nearing the village now. Houses dotted the roadside, green lawns showed about white cottages. They passed the little railroad station, and the freight yards, turning abruptly into the main street of the village itself, on through the village and into the open country again on the other side. And at last they came to a broad road paralleling a high brick wall, with the tops of green trees showing above.

They stopped presently before great iron-grilled gates. A man in uniform lifted his hat, nodded familiarly to the driver, and unlocked the gates. They swung noiselessly back, the man in uniform stepped aside, and they drove through the great entrance and into the driveway that swept grandly up to the door of a massive red-brick pile like a castle—and, like a castle, barred and protected. Smooth green grass spread away on every side, dotted with shrubs, and shadowed by wide-spreading trees.

From an upper window a round white face peered out between iron bars, moving from side to side like a beast caged.

From another, a clawlike hand beckoned—to no one—insistently, between the bars. . . . An odor filled the air—the odor of September roses, mingled with mignonette. . . .

They had stopped before a broad flight of steps. The driver got out first, then the others, one at a time. There was an instant's awkward pause. Then Roddy came round beside her, reached in and opened the door, then held up his arms, and said, avoiding her eyes:

"Come, mother."

He lifted her down.

"This way," said the man, and led the way up the broad steps, and into the red brick building. . . .

Half an hour later, Roddy and Mary and Jim came out, down the broad steps, and walked quickly away.

On page two hundred and one of the big red-bound book in the outer office a new entry ran:

"No. 2649—*Isolate. Watch for recurrence of violence.*"

Saturday was Visitors' Day at the Asylum. At three o'clock in the afternoon Mary and Jim sat in the outer office, waiting. They had listened to the report of the attendant. There had been, so far, no indication of change. It seemed, so the attendant regretted to say, that there was little hope for ultimate recovery. No—there had been no return of the—the first condition. This was quite another phase, and indicated permanency. Very passive and quiet—much less terrible, of course, than the other. There were times, indeed, when she appeared quite sane; when she would answer some question so rationally that anyone not accustomed to such cases would think she had recovered her reason. These moments were, however, invariably followed by most irrational statements, and at times, long periods of brooding silence.

A thing had happened the second night. She had asked for some camphor. Supposing it to be for a headache, they had brought it in a small



bottle, and given it to her. She had uncorked the bottle, and before they could prevent her, had sprinkled the camphor over the gray blanket on her bed, saturated the corner of her pillow, and poured the remainder of it along the window sill. Then she had handed back the empty bottle, as if quite satisfied. And when they asked her why she did it she had said: "To shut out the roses and mignonette."

They had, of course, watched her very closely that night, but she had seemed to drop off to sleep after the incident, though she had slept not at all the previous night.

Aside from these reactions, and one or two symptoms the first day or two, she was doing very nicely indeed. She had been given her daily exercise in the grounds, with the rest. She was allowed to spend her afternoons now in the "harmless ward" with the other women. It was always best for these silent solitary cases to have companionship—and, indeed, they had very good times together.

The door of the waiting room opened. Mary and Jim started up. There, inside the room, stood their mother. A woman attendant ushered her in and placed a chair.

But she did not sit down, nor make any step forward at all. She stood perfectly still, the eager light stricken out of her eyes by the thing she saw revealed in the faces of her children—a thing for which she was utterly unprepared; whose possibility had not even come within the farthest borders of her consciousness.

And there rose before her a vision—the vision which had, through the long days and nights just past, saved her from madness. For from the first she had found herself thinking less of the horror about her than of her children. She had fared forth with them into the world. She had been stirred and thrilled, as if she too had set out on the high adventure of youth, in quest of life and its riches. And there had been with her

constantly, at times mounting almost to exaltation, the feeling that she herself had created this freedom for them. That thought had sustained her, had kept her alive. For all the bars on the windows, the locked doors, and the iron gates, she had followed her children where they went. Roddy, with his things all packed into the new trunk, down at the station, getting into the train, the long ride in the chair car with the red-velvet seats, to Los Angeles. And Mary—what hours upon hours of talk they would have had over her getting away, what she would take, what to wear, what kind of things she would need! She would need some black sateen aprons if she was going to learn millinery. How she would have enjoyed making them for her! She wondered if Mary would remember that apron pattern Leila Burden had given them the last time they were there. It would be just the thing for sateen. She could see Mary sitting among other girls in the millinery work room, her black sateen lap filled with bright flowers and bits of ribbon, and the girls all laughing and chattering, with Mary the happiest of them all. She had dwelt long over that picture, until it had seemed at last as if she were really there, invisible, in the midst of that gay busy scene.

And, brightest of them all had been her picture of Jim. Jim, who would always seem just her little boy, with his tender heart and his brown eyes like his father's. This picture had had more the quality of a vision than the others—for the scene of it was a great machine shop, and that was a place she had never seen; she had only imagined a great room filled with bright whirring things, enormous belts running smoothly, delicately wrought mysteries of steel and speed, and in the midst of it, Jim, with his strong young arms bared, and his serious young face bending over his work with the rapt look she had grown to know so well, the look she had never been quite able to understand.

So her pictures had all been bright; not once had she imagined them dark.





*Drawn by W. K. Starrett*

SHE STOOD STILL, THE EAGER LIGHT STRICKEN OUT OF HER EYES



And how she had dreamed of to-day—looked forward to hearing them tell!

And now they had come, and before they had spoken a word she knew. It looked out from their eyes, and spoke from their drawn wordless lips. How was it she had not known? How had the false visions cheated her heart? For suddenly she saw. If she had gone with her children out into the world, they had been here with her—had suffered her tortures and more—had lain awake through the long nights seeing her here in her bare narrow room—with the guard outside the door—and, with her, strained their ears for those sounds she had at first feared to hear, perhaps they even had heard them—she knew well how complete such a picture could be.

She had wanted to set them free—and this—this had been the result. Their faces were the faces of children who have seen unspeakable things, who have lain nightly with monstrous dreams.

Almost she cried out to them in her old voice—almost—but again, as on that first day, caution seemed to lift a finger and bid her wait.

She felt Mary's arms about her, Mary's kiss on her cheek. She began to tremble—feeling herself all at once unequal to the task she had set herself. And when a moment later she felt herself drawn into Jim's strong young arms, her tired head rested an instant against his shoulder while she prayed for strength to go on.

For she had begun dimly to see what must be done. One thing stood out above all: the thing she had already done must not go for nothing—must not be lost. She must find a way *not* to fail.

And it came over her then that their vision had been as false as her own; that as they had shattered hers, so she must shatter theirs. It was she who had been freed, she who had gone forth into the world; and they had been prisoners here, fettered and bound inside the red brick walls, the locked doors and the barred windows. And now she must find a way to set them really free. Strange she had

counted so little on their love for her; it had been all *her* love for them. She felt a little ashamed at the thought, yet strength came with it, and purpose. She had not lost what had already been done. She had loosened the fetters about their feet, had set them in new paths, and now she must free their hearts.

She became suddenly aware that Mary and Jim were waiting, white and frightened, for her to speak. But she could think of no word that might not betray her. And after a moment, to break the silence, Mary said, patting her hand, "And how's mother?"

And Jim, as if Mary had said something wrong, came in quickly with: "I guess mother's all right—mother's fine," then stopped, fumbling confusedly with his hat.

She recalled times years ago when they had made believe they were grown up—they had acted in just this way, embarrassed, not knowing what to say next.

So had begun that strange half hour, during which she could not trust herself once to speak, yet waited hungrily for them to tell her their news; and she had come presently to see that they were not telling her because they believed she would not understand, and still she could not ask. But at last, because it had grown unbearable, Mary had begun in sheer desperation to talk—making everything gentle and simple and clear, as she would to a very young child, telling the things she most longed to hear, as if they had been the most everyday casual things in the world. And the attendant, who knew well that urgent need of trivial, commonplace talk, had listened, saying just the right thing here and there, as if she were a hostess upon whom they had come to call.

Mary was going to work on Monday—she had, after a disheartening week, fallen into astonishing luck—a girl leaving, and she was stepping into her place. Jim had found nothing yet, but he expected to get in somewhere soon. Several shops would need men before long; and he spent every day looking. They

had had a letter from Rod, just after he had arrived and before he had looked over the town at all. But he thought he was going to like it there. He sent his love to mother.

And she had not once imagined them *looking* for work, being denied; had not for an instant seen a cloud in their sky! Now that the colors had faded, and the clouds had come into the blue, it seemed to her that all at once the picture took on the hue of life; it was better, truer, altogether more—sane.

It came into her mind that she had, after all, been no less mad than the rest. There was a woman in the “harmless ward” who for hours at a time held her arm crooked as if she held a child, and asked everyone who came in if they didn’t think her baby pretty. It was *her* hallucination. And another—a great amazon of a woman—who talked of some one named “Jacqueline”—Jacqueline, who went out to parties and balls, and the theater—who wore the prettiest dresses, and had long silky brown hair—and always white-satin slippers.

Well, she had had *her* hallucination too. The only difference was that they spoke theirs aloud, and she kept hers to herself. A little step indeed between, yet covering she knew what dark abyss into which she had once descended alone.

It comforted her queerly to know that the children’s vision had been, in its way, as untrue as her own.

Mary had moved aside and stood talking to the attendant. Jim still sat by her side.

It was something she heard Mary saying in that lowered voice to the attendant that somehow made clear to her the thing she must try to do.

“If only I could think she didn’t realize . . . that’s what hurts, the feeling that maybe she knows everything, realizes what’s happened to her. . . . If even she had an idea, like some of those others, that she was somewhere else . . . not here . . . not in a—a place like this . . .”

Ah, that was the key! She must make them believe she was happy! Then their hearts would go free.

And again in that obscure part of her being a plan seemed to shape itself and grow clear.

And when Mary and Jim had said their pitiful good-by, with their awkward embraces, and their eyes avoiding hers as if they feared to betray some terrible secret, strength seemed to well up from vast inner reserves, to fortify her for what was to come.

It was on Thursday they received the letter. They had asked to be informed at once of any change. And when they had read and reread it in silence, they laid the letter down.

“Thank God!” cried Mary.

“Yes, thank God!” echoed Jim.

The letter bore them this news: The hallucination had begun on Sunday, and had continued without a break, and yesterday it had been pronounced of the type likely to prove permanent. The writer was glad to be able to say that the hallucination was one in which their mother seemed absolutely happy. She believed the building and the grounds were her own home; she seemed to think she had suddenly acquired great wealth. She took the keenest pleasure in walking about the grounds and in planning what should be done the following season in the way of new flowers and shrubs. She was very gentle and gracious, and quite as she might have been had such a thing in reality occurred. Her appetite was better and her health would in all likelihood improve. They must understand that their mother was not suffering.

Jim reached out and laid his big hand over Mary’s. For the first time in weeks they looked into each other’s brimming eyes, unafraid of what they should see.

When next they visited the great red-brick building the attendant came forward to greet them as one who bears good news. There had been no change. The hallucination continued, and she



seemed each day to grow more happy and content.

And when, a few minutes later, she came in at the door, and sent one swift questioning look into their faces, a great tide of relief swept her heart—for what she saw was no longer horror, but their old love, softened and made tenderer by sorrow. And sorrow, she knew, did not kill.

It was the first of many Saturday afternoons when she and Mary and Jim walked arm in arm about the beautiful grounds, or sat talking together under the trees, and Jim and Mary talked of their plans and their hopes and ambitions. And little by little she saw the look of sorrow grow less in their eyes, so that there came times when she almost forgot.

Jim had waited a month before he had found a place in a shop; but once he was really at work he seemed to wear more and more that look she remembered when he had worked with his improvised tools as a boy.

She had caught a trick of leading them on to talk together, as if she were not there, so she might sit by and hear—little daily incidents of their new lives, of the new friends they made, their news of Roddy, whose letters were read to her, with omissions she well understood. If she asked a question direct, but lightly, inconsequentially, as if it meant nothing really to her; and if she appeared not to hang on the answer, hardly to pay attention at all, they would tell, just for the sake of conversation, all the things she most longed to hear. It was a strange ingenuity she had never known she possessed, one of which she was sometimes almost afraid.

During the winter their visits had been less frequent and less regular. Two weeks, three, and sometimes even four between when the weather was severe. Sometimes Jim came alone, and Mary sent a little present to make up for not coming herself. It was spring now, and they were busy at the shop, working

Saturday afternoons. Mother would understand. It had been easier for her, in spite of her longing to see them, her desperate need to keep hold upon the reality and the success of the task she had set herself.

It was on a Saturday in June that Mary, after spending more than half an hour inside the red-brick building, came smiling across the grass to where she and Jim were sitting, sat down on the bench beside them, and taking her mother's hand in hers, said: "We're planning to have you come home, mother—would you like that?"

The suddenness was like a blow.

"Home . . ." she stammered . . . and for a moment she had a vision of going back to the old house on the farm, a vision of their all going back, and taking up the old life—as if all these things that had happened had really not happened at all.

"Yes, mother, home with us, to the city, to live . . . wouldn't you like to come?"

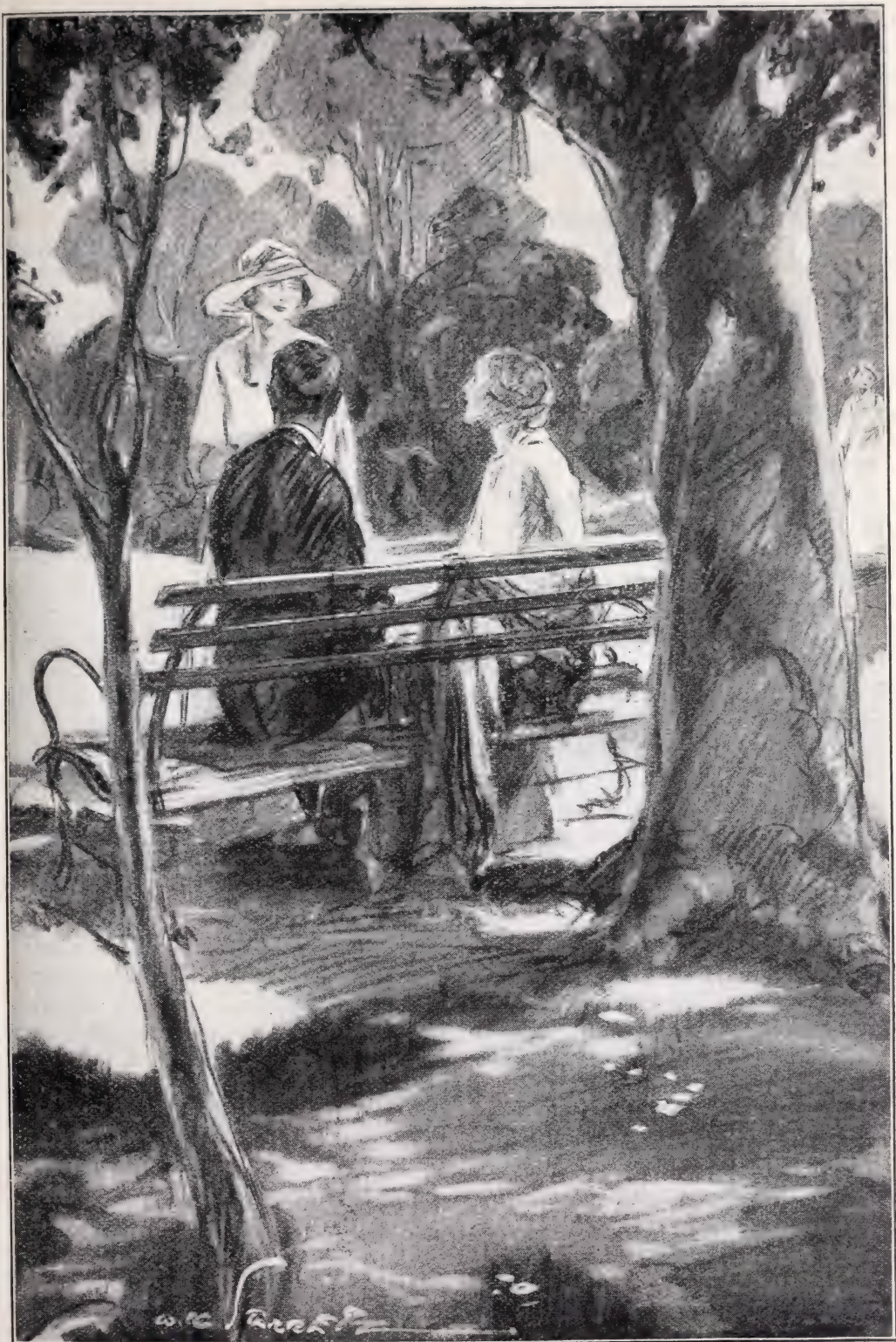
Her sudden welling tears answered them, for she could not trust herself to speak. Confusion and a kind of fright seemed to have taken possession of her mind, so that there was no room for relief or for joy.

That casual, gentle tone of Mary's voice—what did it mean?

This was not the way it was to have been; this was not as she had pictured it; for, deep down where the scenes of hope enact themselves in the mind, there had been a picture, a dramatic bright scene, which she had lived over and over again. . . .

The news was not to come from them, but from her. A moment would arrive—what moment she did not know—but a moment when their great need of her would be suddenly clear beyond any doubt. They would be sitting here on this very bench perhaps, and one of them—it was always Jim in her dream, Jim, her baby, who had always seemed to need her most—Jim would call to her out of his need, "Oh, mother, if only we





*Drawn by W. K. Starrett*

"WE'RE PLANNING TO HAVE YOU COME HOME, MOTHER"



could have had you!" Then she, in the voice she had used long ago, would quietly say, "I'll come then, if you need me, dear." And Jim, like a child wakened out of an evil dream in the night, would cry out sharply—how often she had heard that cry in her dreams—"Mother!—it's you!"

But this . . . Mary, inside there, talking it over, without a word to her . . .

"You've made arrangements?" she managed at last to ask.

"Yes," said Mary, "everything's arranged. Week after next. You must keep well and strong now for the trip."

She stood in the bedroom of the little three-roomed flat, and looked about. Her hat lay on the dresser. Her suitcase lay open on the bed.

Mary was making her a cup of "something hot" in the kitchenette that opened like a flat cupboard in one side of the sitting room. They had just arrived, and Mary wanted her to have something right away. It was Mary who had lifted off her hat and laid it there, who had opened the suitcase, and told her to get out her kimono and put it on, and lie down while she made the hot drink. But she had not moved since Mary left the room. Something within her was very still, as if listening.

She could hear Mary and Jim talking a little in subdued voices, then out clear, as if remembering to be natural.

The telephone rang with a loud careless clangor in the sitting room. Jim's voice answered.

"Hello! . . . Yes, this is Jim. . . ."

How strange it was to hear Jim talking in that easy familiar way to some invisible stranger; how much a part of the city it made him seem, almost as if the city itself had called him up to talk, like a friend! Jim seemed suddenly different too, grown up.

"No," he was saying. "Not to-night. I can't go out to-night . . . well, maybe some night next week. . . . No, I *can't* to-night. . . ."

Silence, while some one at the other end of the wire talked.

Jim laughed, a suppressed awkward laugh, as at a joke out of place. "All right, good-by." He hung up the receiver, and she could hear a question from Mary and his answer in the same subdued tone. Jim whistled a little, then stopped.

Mary came in with a steaming cup.

"Oh, mother, you ought to be lying down."

"I'm not tired, Mary—I'm all right."

"I know, dear, but after the trip; sit here in this rocker and let me brush your hair while this cools."

It was only six o'clock. You would think she was being put to bed.

Mary's hands were tender, oh, so terribly tender, as she took out the pins, and began to brush in long gentle strokes, back from the forehead, down the length of the hair.

"There, I think it's cool enough now. Drink it, dear, it will do you good."

She sipped the hot drink obediently.

Mary came round to the dresser to lay down the pins.

"You didn't bring anything from the old place, did you, Mary?"

Mary looked startled, as if the question held some embarrassment. . . . Wasn't she supposed to *remember* the old place?

"No, we sold everything as it stood. We rent this place furnished, you know."

Without quite knowing it, she had looked forward to seeing the old familiar things—she had imagined them here—Mary and Jim using them—that was why the little flat had looked so strange to her at first.

There was the sound of a light skipping step in the hall outside, a rat-a-tat-tat on the sitting-room door, the knob turned, and a girl's voice, fresh, eager, a little breathless from running up the stairs:

"*Me*, Mary! . . . Oh, hello, Jim—Mary here?"

Mary went out to the sitting room, leaving the door ajar.

Their voices came through, mingled, exclamatory, bright.

"Aren't you coming out to dinner, Mary, you and Jim?"

"No," said Mary, "we're cooking a little dinner in to-night."

"Why? It's Saturday night. Everybody's there. Come on!"

"Not to-night." Mary's voice dropped low. "Mother's here, you know."

"O—oh."

A little silence. Had Mary whispered something, or made a warning gesture toward the bedroom door? Now the voices were different, on guard.

"You couldn't—bring her along?"

"Oh, no—it's been a tiring trip."

She wasn't tired!

The young voices, lowered, intimate, were in the hall.

"Bye!" they called at the head of the stairs. "Good-by!"

Mary came through to the bedroom again.

"Didn't you want to go out with your friends, Mary?"

"I should think *not!* The first night you're here!" She smiled and patted her mother's shoulder as she passed.

"But you mustn't let me interfere; you mustn't let me make any difference."

"Interfere, the idea!" Mary's voice was playful, full of loving reprimand. "Now you're going to lie right here and rest while Jim and I get supper," she said. She got a checked apron out of the closet and tied it on.

So she lay and "rested" until supper was ready, and Mary came in and did up her hair in a soft loose knot, and brought her out to the sitting room where the table was set.

They said how good it was to be all together again; they talked of Rod, his last letter, and how he was getting on; and of many trivial cheerful things; they said how good the home cooking tasted after "eating round in restaurants"; they laughed and made little affectionate jokes. Yet—was she wrong—were they really avoiding her eyes, though she felt

they were watching her anxiously all the time?

After supper they let her help "clear the table," but insisted upon her sitting there in an easy chair while they washed the dishes and put them away.

That night when they were getting ready for bed she said suddenly: "Mary, I've put you out of your room."

"It's your room now, mother. I'm perfectly comfortable here on the couch in the sitting room."

The next day was Sunday. It was ten o'clock when she heard Mary and Jim moving carefully about, taking care not to waken her. She had been lying awake since dawn.

There were little extra delicacies for the late breakfast. She could see how much pains they had taken to have things nice for her. Yet within her continued that stillness, that curious *listening*.

In the afternoon their friends began to drop in. It seemed there was always a knocking or a young fresh voice at the door. She could see they were used to meeting there on Sunday afternoons. Mary and Jim were popular, that was plain. And she was proud of them; proud of those bright-eyed girls and boys who were their friends, who were so kind to her because she was the mother of Mary and Jim, and who came in so happily, so full of high spirits and talk, yet so soon seemed to grow uneasy and make an excuse to hurry away. She wondered how much they knew, or if she only imagined that her presence embarrassed them.

Again Mary and Jim cooked supper, and allowed her to help only in the lightest work.

To-morrow, she thought, to-morrow would be different. The children would be away at their work, and she would surprise them with a nice supper prepared when they returned. She planned what she would have. All the things they liked. To-morrow would be different. To-morrow their life together would really begin.



But when to-morrow came, and breakfast was nearly over, there sounded a knock at the door, and Mary started up as if caught in some sudden guilt.

"That must be Mrs. Adams now!" she said, and went to open the door.

Jim made an excuse to carry something to the kitchenette.

A stout elderly woman, plainly dressed, was following Mary into the room.

Why did she feel that sinking of her heart?

"This is Mrs. Adams, mother, who's going to stay with you while Jim and I are at work. . . ."

That instant everything seemed to have stopped. The stillness within her seemed to encompass them all, to reach to the walls of the room. Would she ever be able to move or speak? Was it for this that deep-rooted caution within her had been waiting, listening? . . . A guard, O God! a guard! And they had not been able to tell her before! . . .

She was suddenly aware of the beseeching frightened faces of her children, waiting now in that stillness for her to move, to speak. A passionate pity for them swept her to her feet.

"Oh—yes," she said, "yes—I just didn't think for the minute who it was—" She managed a smile, and Mrs. Adams responded at once in a strong pleasant voice:

"Don't you worry, Miss Mary, we'll get along all right together, I guess."

Time flew, stood still, moved on again—a minute or an hour, while Mary and Jim went here and there in the little flat, putting on hats and coats, getting ready to go.

"Now you won't be lonely, mother, with Mrs. Adams here—and there's everything for a nice lunch."

"Yes, dear," she said, "yes, dear."

And now they were gone. They had kissed her good-by and gone. Mrs. Adams had hung up her hat and coat, and was beginning to clear away the breakfast things. The day that was to be "different" had begun. . . .

"Yes," Mrs. Adams was saying—it was noon and she was clearing away after lunch, and talking as she worked—"yes, my children made a great fuss. You'd have thought I was going out to scrub offices. But the minute Miss Mary asked me, I said I'd come. It was something to *do*. The children said they didn't want their mother to work, but I told them it was just what I needed, something I could do by *myself*—that didn't depend on anybody else—"

The voice that interrupted was quiet and conversational.

"I shouldn't have thought they'd object so much just for a week or two."

Mrs. Adams' back was turned, and she paused rigid a second with arm upraised to the shelf where she was hanging up the cups, before she turned slowly round, and tried with all her presence of mind to speak in her casual pleasant voice.

"A week or two? I understood Miss Mary to say you'd be here right along."

"Oh, I *couldn't* do that," she even smiled, a little superior, "I have my work too, you see. I've so much to do this summer at home, so much transplanting in the gardens, and work on the house. Then you see I'm not used to being crowded like this, my place is so big. It's all right for Mary and Jim, they're young, but when you're older you want your own home. . . . No, I don't think I'll be staying more than a week or two. . . ."

She could see, by the expression of Mrs. Adams' face, how easy it was to be.

# Civilized Unreason

BY ELTON MAYO

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A VISITOR to London or New York or any great city approaches the metropolitan center in a comfortable railway carriage, every convenience at his hand; and he rides high above ugly roofs and mean streets. If he reflects at all, the contrast cannot fail to strike him. The triumph of science over problems of rapid transit has created, apparently as a necessary by-product, the sordid slum. In his novel *The New Machiavelli* Mr. H. G. Wells draws a vivid picture of these undesired consequences of "progress." The pleasant country village of Bromstead in Kent, after centuries of smiling repose, is caught in the outward thrust of metropolitan expansion. It acquires railways and a gas works, and becomes an unsightly gash upon the face of nature. Ordinarily we forget these things; we are content with progress "upon the whole." Yet it remains true that civilization must be judged by its by-products as well as by its triumphs; the by-product no less than the triumph plays a part in ultimate determinations. Mr. Wells, to drive home his argument that disintegrating factors cannot safely be ignored, applies it to the individual. His hero, Remington, is unusually able, his education is of the best. He works hard for intelligent reform based on "fine thinking," but at the moment when a deserved success is within his grasp he ruins his own career and the influence of his group by inability to keep faith with his wife. A disregarded by-product of his education has destroyed him. Individual education and social democracy must be judged by the totality of their achievement. It was easy for the nineteenth century to feel a complacent sat-

isfaction with progress "on the whole." Emphasis of success and disregard of failure can always contrive a speedy satisfaction. But in the twentieth century we cannot afford to follow such a lead. We look out over a world seething with international suspicion and industrial unrest; the number of individuals suffering from mental breakdown shows a serious increase. There are few of us who cannot now understand an assertion made by James Bryce many years ago—that the believer in democracy needs to be grimly determined to see between the clouds all the blue sky he can.

But there is nothing in the scene which justifies a pessimistic estimation of civilization and democracy. We have before us, it is true, serious problems which urgently demand solution; but progress is accomplished by the statement and solution of problems. The sciences are like the mills of God; they grind slowly but they grind exceedingly small. Until recently Science has left the handling of humanity to politicians and other empirics. There are many indications now that Science is lifting her impersonal gaze to the social scene, that she is preparing to ask what facts of human nature have been left out of account in our historic social organization. As the scientific investigation of man advances, the sense of social futility and hopelessness will be exorcised. Society will discover once again that knowledge and understanding are the basis of civilization.

By this I do not mean that civilization is to be saved by pseudo-scientific essays in the direction of socialism or syndicalism or bolshevism. These things are of the past; if once they had life, that life



is now dead. It is by study of man the individual that the cause of progress will be advanced; we have known little of man himself, we have substituted mere theory for knowledge. It was natural enough, of course, that this should be so. The struggle of civilization has been so strongly directed to conquest of the material forces of nature that the need to understand the nature of man has been largely forgotten. Yet the forces which make for civilization or anarchy are all human forces and take their origin in the human mind. Only so long as it seems worth while to the average individual will the struggle of civilization continue. But obvious as this would seem, society has nevertheless failed so far to undertake that systematic and sustained investigation of human nature without which our empires are built only upon the shifting sands of history.

I have said that mere theories of human nature have been substituted for knowledge of human nature. The pseudo-psychology of crowd and herd, that product of democratic pessimism, illustrates very clearly the manner in which a too-abstract philosophy misleads. The theory is based on a survey of the social scene and not upon investigation of the individual. The argument claims that democracy is breaking down by reason of the irrationality of the motives which operate in social groups; non-rational factors predominate in thinking and especially in "collective thinking." From this it is easy to pass to the conclusion that humanity, at any rate in the mass, can never be other than irrational. Le Bon, for example, claims that "unconscious phenomena play an altogether preponderating part—in the operations of the intelligence. The conscious life of the mind is of small importance in comparison with its unconscious life." (*The Crowd*, pp. 30-1.) The word "unconscious" as he uses it does not at first mean anything more than "the incapacity of crowds to reason rightly." The logical gap between this and the subsequent assertion that the life of the mind

is mainly unconscious is apparently unnoticed by Le Bon. He goes on, indeed, to claim that individuals of the same race all resemble one another in respect of these unconscious mental elements. Consequently, the "collective mind" is determined not by the special achievements of special individuals but by the unconscious elements which are the common possession of the race. Any effort to make nations or social groups intelligent or reasonable is, on this view, foredoomed to failure. Wherever a few men are gathered together, there irrationality is sure to reign supreme. It is an intolerable situation but, so far as the crowd-psychologist can see, there is no remedy.

The herd-psychologists also derive their views from a scant inspection of the European industrial and international scene. Trotter observes the unquestionable gregariousness of human nature, the absolute necessity to the individual of the society of his fellows. He concludes, without any justification whatever, that this denotes the presence in man of a special herd-instinct (*Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War*) which governs his relations with other men. He points out, and rightly, that the majority of opinions commonly held possess no ground in reason. He infers, and wrongly, that this must be due to "herd-suggestion," that is, to inherited instinct rather than cultivated intelligence. The outcome of this social philosophy resembles that of the crowd-psychology in that it is pessimistic. If social relationship is governed by a herd-instinct, there is small chance of saving civilization in Europe. Let us accept with becoming cynicism the fate that lies ahead. Social groupings are based on irrational urges which can be but little controlled by reason.

The mere fact that it is pessimistic does not, of course, condemn a philosophy. Writers such as Dean Inge probably feel that a modicum of pessimism is necessary to a sane estimation of human achievement and human powers. The objectionable features of the crowd

and herd theories are, first, that they are not based on investigation of human nature and, second, that they utterly neglect the directly relevant investigations of the anthropologist and the psychopathologist. Having called attention to the unquestionable fact that crowds are irrational, these writers ask no further question as to why individuals should be so easily influenced by "herd-suggestion"; they go on to build a complete social philosophy on an essentially superficial observation. The same species of inadequate reasoning greeted the publication of the American Army psychological tests. Many writers proceeded to argue directly from the unexpectedly low level of achievement in the tests to the biologically inherited mental capacities of the persons tested. They did not pause to investigate; they did not even ask what causes, if any, tended to make for mental incapacity. They preferred to conclude that the average citizen, if not actually a moron, is at least not much above that level. It is only another instance of the same irrationality which these writers themselves condemn. Their opinion of humanity is determined before the discussion begins; they seek only indications that fortify or "rationalize" their preconceived ideas. That science properly so-called does not work thus is very clearly illustrated by anthropological research. For many years anthropologists have been occupied with the collection and classification of the magical ceremonies of primitive man. It is difficult to understand why all primitive peoples should surround the important events of individual and tribal life with curious and apparently irrational ceremonies. But one has yet to hear an anthropologist make the forlorn suggestion that perhaps there is a magic-instinct. Anthropology realizes that this road leads nowhere; such an hypothesis implies that there is no cause. The study of inherited tendencies is undoubtedly part of psychology. But the importation of "an instinct" into a discussion merely as a

mystery is irrelevant and meaningless. It serves, indeed, to justify the abandonment of investigation.

If we consider a few Remington cases taken not from Wells's novels but from actual life, we begin at once to see that the irrationality which breaks a man, or which keeps him at a low level of capacity, is not in any sense a mystery. Human unreason and its sources are as open to inquiry as any other fact. The unreason which shows itself in industry and in political movements is closely akin to the unreason which showed itself in shell-shock hospitals. In the latter case the civilized world did not merely deplore the fact and publish pessimistic philosophies; psychiatrists set themselves the task, and with some measure of success, of discovering and removing the cause. The attack upon the former type of unreason should be by the same road. I do not mean for a moment that industrial adjustments are the peculiar province of the psychiatrist. But I do mean that education and the humane sciences have much to learn from psychopathology.

A soldier on his return to civilian life developed the annoying, and to him alarming, habit of fainting whenever a trolley car passed him in the street. Expert aid enabled him to discover that in some manner unknown to himself he had identified the noise made by the trolley running along the overhead cable with the sound made by a particular type of shell coming over the trenches in France. After this discovery he fainted no more.

An artisan developed the habit of feeling faint and giddy upon ladders. Investigation showed that he was eccentric, judged by ordinary standards, in other respects. He had an abnormal hatred of authority; if a boss or foreman ordered him to do something he was accustomed to walk off the job. In spite of the fact that he was an excellent worker and his services much in demand, he consequently rarely held a position long. His disorder proved to be amenable to psychological treatment. He had



been badly treated in childhood by his father, and hatred of authority was traceable to the childhood situation. He recovered simultaneously from his feeling of giddiness and his objection to those set over him.

A soldier had not recovered from shell-shock three years after the armistice and was regarded as a hopeless case. It was thought, indeed, that he was becoming definitely "mental." He was brought into a clinic one day in order to illustrate to students the type of mental disorder found in military hospitals. Discussion brought to light an incident which he had "forgotten"—a bursting shell had killed seven of his comrades round him and had left him unscathed. It was pointed out to him that he had a wrong trick of revery—that he was afraid to "think out" and get rid of his war fears. After this he gradually recovered, in spite of his three years in hospital.

A woman factory operative in her early twenties was unable to continue work if the men around her raised their voices. On such occasions she became mentally confused and ill. Investigation showed that her father was a confirmed alcoholic who in moments of intoxication raised his voice in abuse. She had developed in infancy a fear of the raised masculine voice. At the age of eight she used to wait outside the cottage door on her return from school; if her father's voice was loud she would find excuses for staying out until the late evening. This fear had gradually extended itself to men in general, and to such an extent that when she engaged herself to marry a young man of her own age she immediately fell into a condition of hysterical breakdown. She "had no idea" that her incapacity for work and her nervous breakdown were related to her infantile experiences. She did not even know that she had a special fear of the masculine voice.

Here then are four actual cases, two of which are military and two industrial. They all illustrate the fact that a life may be made wretched and brought to

nothing by irrationalities developed during that lifetime. Are we to conclude that the first and third cases, being military, are amenable to psychological investigation, and that the second and fourth, being civilian, are not? Such conclusion is so patently absurd that it requires no discussion. Yet this is in practice the attitude we take. The social hostilities and unrest so deplored by the crowd-philosophers are not primarily social ills; they are rather symptomatic of individual ills. It is true that social conditions may provoke or exacerbate such ills, but if we attack the problem merely from the social end, we get nowhere. Attacked from the individual end, the problem shows itself to be by no means insoluble. We may not get an immediate solution but we get at least a fruitful method of attack. The fact is that irrationality of this type is not native or instinctive or inborn; it is not human nature that is at fault but rather the influences which twist and warp that nature. Eccentricities can be bred into the individual by unsuitable surroundings or by what might be termed broadly a continuously mistaken education. Remington, like the four actual cases quoted above, was the product of his upbringing. The merit of Mr. Wells's novel is that this point is made clear. We have to ask what is meant by the term education used in this broad sense.

Education should be the prelude to adventure, and life the adventure. The sentence halts me because I do not think that civilization has achieved an educational method of this type yet. There has been notable improvement, even in the last forty years, but we still consider the needs of the society too much, the needs of the individual too little. We make the same mistake in industry. The sudden development from a relatively primitive eighteenth-century to a highly articulated twentieth-century society has been too much for us. The situation is not that the structure of civilization is out of hand; but we seem to be always

afraid that it may become so. Consequently, education tends to reflect the urgency we feel. Certain social niches must be filled, and, with this in mind, we ruthlessly impose careers, professions, trades upon unfortunate little mortals before they quite realize what has happened to them. This is something of an overstatement, perhaps, but it is true enough to give us ground for doubt. Is education a conspiracy against the young, a conspiracy to narrow them, to clamp them down to a definite life-work before they know anything of life? I do not know whether it is or no, but I think that thus far we have escaped, by virtue alone of some devoted educationists, this particular road to calamity. It is certain that in proportion as civilization ceases to be an intellectual adventure and becomes a merely material organization the flame of its inspiration flickers down.

There is too much social urgency in our education and too little understanding that it is by education alone that man wins freedom. The psychology of the schools has failed to take account of one half of the relevant facts. By reason of a social need we train a man to do some special duty. We do not ask what has happened to the mental areas left untouched by this rough process. We treat the very metals better than this. We have at least a chemist who studies their peculiar properties as well as a manufacturer who uses them. Our general attitude to man being what it is, it is natural enough that protest gathers force from the investigations of the mental specialist. One such specialist has recently pointed out that in the United States alone fifty thousand persons are committed to state mental hospitals every year—and no one quite knows why. They are not imbeciles or epileptics; they do not suffer the diseases which carry mental disintegration as a sequel. These fifty thousand have simply failed to adapt themselves to modern civilization. The number increases a little yearly. Here is a developing irrationality which the crowd-psychologists

have not noticed. The proportion of educational failures is too high, the penalty too heavy. It would seem that our sense of social urgency may culminate in self-defeat.

The psychology of the schools has failed to take account of one-half of the relevant facts. There are still educationists who urge their students to "concentrate — concentrate — concentrate." This advice is based on superficial observation and not on careful investigation. The leaders of the world are not men who bustle and work incessantly. Knowledge comes by study and reflection. Concentration in such men means reverie quite as often as it means concentrated attention. We can distinguish between active and passive thinking—concentration and reverie. That reverie is as important as concentration in respect of education and mental health is the special discovery of psychopathology. This may not seem at first sight to be a very great discovery; it is only when we follow it out in detail that we begin to see its importance. In the mental condition of reverie, usually known as day-dream, we are doing nothing; frequently, if challenged, we should declare that we are thinking of nothing. The idea that the major decisions of life are all made in this mood challenges ridicule. Yet it would seem to be so; it would seem to be reverie rather than bustling concentration which determines the individual's attitude to life—whether life be writ large or small. It would seem to be our capacity to control our reveries which determines whether we shall be bound or free—cramped and hindered by irrational superstitions or free to understand and choose.

A few days ago I offered someone a cigarette; the cigarette, not properly grasped, fell back into the case. "I oughtn't to take that one, he doesn't want to come," was the comment. This comment is the typical expression of the irrationality which is born of reveries inspired by fear. Even though made in jest, an assertion of this type is evidence



of extensive brooding under the dominance of pessimism or melancholy. Such thoughts do not exist *de novo* or alone; they always have a history in the individual life, a widely organized mental disposition behind them. Society has partly recognized this and has for long discouraged brooding. The difficulty has been that society, in the person of educator or parent, has not known how to substitute better reveries; it has attempted merely to substitute bustle or physical exercise. And even under a so-called healthy-minded regime of activity and exercise these reveries tend to live on. I once examined nineteen happily active persons of both sexes, most of them graduates and instructors, and discovered that, without exception, they had all, in revery, decided upon the particular form of suicide they preferred. I chose them at random as they entered a busy university office; some were married, some unmarried; the oldest was fifty, the youngest nineteen. Practically none had realized his or her preference, or that he or she had a decided preference. Yet all could reproduce long trains of unacknowledged revery, once they had permitted themselves to do so. It is in this fashion that humanity develops compulsions and taboos, superstitions and magical ceremonies.

How has psychopathology arrived at this discovery of the part played in mental development by revery? It is too long and confusing a story to be told at length here. The approach can, however, be briefly indicated. The problem before the psychopathologist is that of inquiring how far the wrong use of a mind renders that mind useless. There are, of course, many medical problems intimately associated with this; mental breakdown may be, and often is, caused by physical injury or by disease. But over and above strictly medical cases of this type, there are other cases where a mistaken upbringing or a defective environment has led to neurotic ills or even to dementia. It is this other, and large, group of cases which has increasingly at-

tracted the attention of medical men. Can a wrong trick of thought, a mistaken way of living, bring about mental breakdown? The answer is that it can and does; the habit of thought established by the early training of the individual apparently counts for more in the matter of mental health than has commonly been supposed.

But, as we have previously said, it is not by study of overt acts of thought that psychopathology has arrived at this conclusion. The methods of medical psychology are all devised with the object of getting behind the thinking process—the so-called “stream of consciousness.” Charcot made use of hypnosis, Janet of a “method of distraction,” Jung of association tests; to Freud and his followers the most interesting mental manifestations are dreams. The very diversity of methods employed is largely responsible for the confusing multiplicity of theories with respect to the nature of the mind-behind-the-scenes. One psychopathologist describes the mental hinterland as “unconscious”; subsequently his school distinguishes two varieties of unconscious and a “foreconscious.” Another equally eminent investigator speaks of islands of consciousness dissociated or separated off from the mainland. Still other writers make much play with the notion of “subconscious” mental areas. That all this terminology means something is made clear by the increasing number of cases reported. But the mist of words and phrases acts nevertheless as a smoke screen concealing a discovery of unquestionable value.

To understand the significance of these investigations, to realize that *these investigators are one and all inquiring into the effect of revery upon development*, one has to turn from the explanations offered to the facts investigated. Charcot and Janet describe all cases of hysteria as “somnambulisms”; that is to say, they identify hysteria and sleep-walking. A man sets out on a short walk to meet his wife. Heavily preoccupied, he does not come to himself until he has reached an-

other city one hundred miles from his starting point. Although a casual observer would have noticed no abnormality in his speech and conduct, he yet has not been fully awake; some melancholy prepossession has obsessed him day and night. Once aroused, he apparently has no recollection of the events of his long walk. The evidence alleged by Freud points in the direction of the same type of fact. "Hypnoid states," he says, "are the basis and determination of hysteria." Put in simpler language, this implies that the victim of obsessional ideas is mentally in the condition of being unable to rouse himself from an evil dream.

Reveries of the type just quoted are, of course, abnormal; but they have their normal counterpart in moods of heavy preoccupation and oblivion of reality. There may be few of us who walk one hundred miles from Sydney to Newcastle without recollecting our ordinary responsibilities. But all of us have upon occasion, for instance in a trolley car, become immersed in a reverie which has left us utterly unobservant of the people about us; some of us have even been at times carried beyond our destination. In such cases both characters of a hysterical fugue, such as that described above, are observable—the preoccupation and the oblivion of reality. Exaggerate the two characters a little, and normal "absent-mindedness" becomes hysteria. This fundamental identity is displayed in yet another character common to the two. Concentration has been described as active thinking, and reverie as passive thinking. In the one condition we feel that we are actively directing our thinking, we are definitely "working"; in the other condition we lie passive and allow our thoughts to drift. Reverie, in other words, seems to direct itself, it is relatively "automatic." Exaggerate this a little, and again one has a picture of the "automatisms" of the obsessional neurotic. Beyond this, it explains why the "anxiety neurotic" is terrified by his thoughts, and yet unable to escape them.

The whole technic of psychopathology, it matters not what school, Janet, Freud, or Morton Prince, is directed to the discovery of terror-ridden reveries that have broken away from the neurotic's control and become relatively automatic. The sufferer is unable to guide his reveries into happier paths or to get rid of them; the remedy he ultimately seeks is suicide. I can think of many instances in which suicidal impulses altogether disappeared when the terrifying group of reveries, not in themselves suicidal, had been discovered and put to rout. There is a striking similarity between the neurotic and the infant terrified by a dream. There is the same subordination to terror, the same inability to discriminate between reality and dream. It might be said, indeed, that the so-called nervous breakdown is simply the adult version of the infantile alarm.

There is more in this last comparison than mere similarity. One has to remember that certain reveries come into being before the self. The self, as we know it in adulthood, is a synthesis or integration of many developed capacities. It is always possible for certain infantile reveries—fear of the dark, fear of death and so on—to escape the revision and synthesis of adolescence and to continue a semi-independent existence in the mental hinterland. This is especially true of those whose infancy has been unhappy. The children of divorced parents, children brought up in institutions, children who have been over-disciplined—these are the adults who suffer a high incidence of nervous breakdown. Soldiers who had had an institutional training in orphanages and the like were more liable to shell-shock. In one such case, terror-dreams of pursuit by the enemy speedily changed into terror-dreams of pursuit and punishment at the orphanage. A young man who became suicidal at the age of thirty had apparently everything that life offers in the way of comfort and security. He had many friends, he was happily



married, he was better off in respect of this world's goods than the majority of people, he was physically well; but he was suicidal, and he could not explain why. Investigation showed that his parents had been divorced when he was six. From the age of seven he had lived in various boarding-schools, visiting his parents alternately in the holidays. Both before and after the divorce each parent seized upon and condemned in the child traits of character which suggested the other parent. As a result of this the child developed a deep-seated conviction of his utter unworthiness, reveries which escaped his control and were excluded from his adolescent mental synthesis to continue an independent existence. He could reproduce to me the very words and phrases of condemnation which had been used. One finds not one but many such cases. Even in those whose childhood has been more normally happy, there are always indications of persisting reveries of infancy. A prominent manufacturer of Philadelphia told me that until he was middle-aged he was unable to overcome fear of an open cupboard door upon a stair. A leading psychiatrist of New York, a man nationally eminent, admitted that he suffered a fear of the dark during a large part of his adult life. Only when he was fifty did he discover the infantile source of the fear-revery and so overcome it.

In these facts, the educational effect of revery, there is a new study for civilization. The psychopathologist has shown the direct relevance of his discoveries to education and to such social phenomena as those described by the phrase social and industrial unrest. All degrees of ineffective mental synthesis and control are discoverable. At one end of the scale is the obsessional neurotic, at the other the man who is occasionally irritable or who has a mysterious devotion to patent medicines. Are there any who escape the charge of suffering reveries of fear that are not easily controlled? The answer must be that there are, in truth, very few. This fact

is a social phenomenon of profound importance. It may well be that, in any group of humans we ordinarily encounter, there are few, if any, who are likely to suffer serious "nervous breakdown." It remains true that the minor irrational reveries they carry are cumulative in their effect and find expression not in individual but in group manifestations. This is the probable source of the "mob-psychology" so superficially described by the crowd-psychologists. Here and not elsewhere must the investigations of the social psychologist begin.

A final question suggests itself. If it is possible for revery to break away from concentration with such consequent disaster for the individual—if this is so, what is the right relation between concentration and revery? It would seem that effective thinking in those fortunate enough to achieve it consists in an alternation of concentration and revery. A so-called period of concentration is a period in which concentration and revery directed to the same topic replace and aid each other. All creative thinking is done in revery; the amassing of data and the testing of ideas are done by concentration. There are classic instances of the manner in which a scientific idea is born in revery and worked out in subsequent concentration. The best known is perhaps that related of Charles Darwin. He had been reading Malthus' *Essay on Population*, and the idea of natural selection and the origin of species came to him as the book lay idly on his knees.

It is not necessary, however, to study the life of genius to discover the right use of revery. Some years ago a student entered a class of mine who seemed very unpromising human material. The stupidity one expected revealed itself; at the end of the year he failed to pass his examinations not only with me but all along the line. The Faculty permitted a supplementary examination in three months, and he repeated his original performance. This made it necessary for

him to do his year's work again. At the end of his second year's work I read his paper with astonishment. It was a brilliant piece of work showing real insight and comprehension. I placed him first with distinction and discovered that examiners in other subjects had also revised their previous estimate and awarded him varying degrees of distinction. From this point he has never looked back. "Starred" all through his degree course, he is still a star performer in the educational field.

What happened to him? I discussed it with him on many occasions. He said that he suddenly came to see that psychology meant something, that it had a direct applicability to life. Until that moment education had been a nauseating experience, a continuous grind to concentrate upon studies of no real interest. Such reveries as he had were altogether irrelevant to his work; they provided a species of relief from an enduring martyrdom. The first gleam of comprehension came when his mind in relaxation began to play with ideas taken from psychological study. The old reveries lost value and, instead of resisting the educational process, every mental capacity seemed to leap up to collaborate in the development of knowledge.

This incident illustrates the difference between education as an intellectual adventure and education as a dull and so-

cially imposed grind. In so far as the educational process fails to light up the imagination and to break into the reveries of youth, it fails altogether. Worse than this, it tends to encourage the growth of reveries of the unacknowledged or dissociated type. Irrationality developed thus is at present playing a large and unsuspected part in social development. In Europe and in the New World we are facing problems created for us by the Bromstead village and the Remington type of leader. But there is no call for pessimism. If we know the difficulty, we know also the road out.

It is evident that our present system of education tends to consider social, to the exclusion of individual, needs; the work that might be done is not being done. If we were to change our attitude toward education, it might be possible for us to change the mental stature of the nation in a generation. And this would be achieved not by any improvement of biological endowment (a problem in itself of the highest importance), but by making available much mental capacity which is at present wasted. What education should do is, first, to eliminate damaging reveries such as those described and, second, to demonstrate to the individual the right use of revery, the right relation between revery and concentration. In education of the whole man lies the beginning of freedom.

## A Toast to Poets

BY LAURA SIMMONS

**T**O you alone our shivering souls confess,  
 Since you the inexpressible express.  
 Magi!—whose wizardries  
 Shake star-dust in our eyes—  
 For all Life's hurts and hazards ye have lent  
 Ointment and alabaster. Rest content!



# Letters from America

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Edited by His Granddaughter, Hester Thackeray Ritchie

*(This is the fourth and final installment of hitherto unpublished letters by Thackeray. The first of the letters in this group was written to Albany Fonblanque during the novelist's first American trip in the winter of 1852-53, when he was lecturing on the English humorists. The others date from his second visit to the United States, which took place in 1855-56; during this trip he gave his lectures on the Four Georges.—EDITOR'S NOTE.)*

W. M. Thackeray to Albany Fonblanque  
Richmond, Virginia.  
March 4 (1853)

My dear Fonblanque,

I hope you have kept carefully all those "Letters of a traveller in America" which will form the basis of my future work in 6 volumes—the drawings are not the least valuable part, don't you think so? *Entre nous* young Crowe touched them up and—enough of this small joking which may reach you about the First of April and which please put down to the compliments of that waggish season. I've not written a word that's the truth. I've seen and remarked nothing: in the great cities I had hardly leisure to write to my family and those one or two kind female correspondentesses to whom a man writes not about the country he is travelling in, but about himself—and all I have to say about this great country that's worth saying might be put down on the remainder of this side of (the) paper.

What could Dickens mean by writing that book of American Notes? No man should write about the country under 5 years of experience, and as many of previous reading. A visit to the Tombs, to Laura Bridgman and the Blind Asylum, a description of Broadway—O Lord is that describing America? It's a mole or a pimple on the great Republican body or a hair of his awful beard and no more.

I have hardly seen as much as that; and gave up sight-seeing at once as impossible to a man in my position here. Your room is besieged all day by visitors, you go about from dinner to tea-party and ball, and the people don't talk to you but try and make you talk. "Well Sir, how do you like our Country Sir?" that's the formula and as you are answering this query, the host comes up and says "Allow me Sir to introduce you to Mr. Jones of Alabama, Sir"—shake hands with Jones of Alabama, query as before; it is not answered when you are presented to Mr. Smith of Tennessee. "We know you very well Sir," says S of T., "your works are extensively read among us, allow me to present you to My Lady, Sir, who is a great admirer of," etc.—Mrs. Smith of Tennessee then commences, "How do you like our etc. Sir"—and, by Heaven, evening after evening passes off in this way. I know 100 people more every day, and walk the street in terror lest every man and lady I meet should be my acquaintance of the night before. It makes one half crazy, the constant representation—and what must it have been in Dickens's time when deputations met him daily and his life was watched by myriads of admirers? I have refused to be a personage with all my might, nor indeed has there been much of that sort of honour thrust upon me; and though I have had plenty of

praise from the newspapers I have had plenty of assaults too which were quite refreshing. Ah Monsieur! if one might but hit again, here and on t'other side of the water, how invigorating and pleasant it would be! There are 2 dear friends I know of in my beloved country—O for the day when Makepeace might just cease to be Makepeace and 'go in'!

A great good wh. an Englishman who has seen men and cities gets by coming hither, is that he rubs a deal of Cockney arrogance off, and finds men and women above all as good as our own. You learn to sympathise with a great hearty nation of 26 millions of English-speakers, not quite ourselves but so like the difference is not worth our scorn certainly; nay I'm not sure I don't think the people are our superiors. There's a rush and activity of life quite astounding, a splendid recklessness about money wh. has in it something admirable too. Dam the money says every man. He's as good as the richest for that day. If he wants champagne he has champagne, Mr. Astor can't do more. You get an equality wh. may shock ever so little at first but has something hearty and gen-

erous in it. I like the citizenship and general freedom. And in the struggles wh. every man with whom you talk is pretty sure to have had, the ups and downs of his life, the trades or professions he has been in—he gets a rough and tumble education wh. gives a certain piquancy to his talk and company.

There's beautiful affection in this country, immense tenderness, romantic personal enthusiasm, and a general kindness and serviceableness and good nature, wh. is very pleasant and curious to witness for us folks at home who are mostly ashamed of our best emotions, and turn on our heel with a laugh sometimes when we are most pleased and touched. If a man falls into a difficulty a score of men are ready to help. The Editor of a newspaper in this little city with 12,000 whites and as many negroes was shot in a duel—the city subscribed £200 a year for his orphans. Meagher told me yesterday (a fine fellow Meagher, manly, modest, brave, funny, handsome, immensely in earnest and at war with the priests) that there came a girl to Washington from New York bound to Louisiana. She asked leave to sleep on



THACKERAY AT A DANCE

Drawn by Thackeray



board the boat at Washington, the Captain took her to his own house, gave her in charge to the Conductor of the Railway at Acquia Creek, who saw her through the journey to Richmond, and ran off instantly thence to get her a carriage and see her luggage packed and herself forwarded to the Southern Station. And the Queen being abused by an Englishman at New York, who should be her champion but this Meagher the rebel—(this is *par parenthese*). Three as fine Irishmen as ever I met were he and Dillon and O'Gorman, refugees and flourishing lawyers at New York now. I tell you it's grand country entirely. The young blood beating in its pulses warms one, like the company of young men in England. I don't know what I wouldn't do if I were 10 years younger—if I were 10 years younger I might sneer to be sure and satirise Jordan because it wasn't like Abanah and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus. As a refuge for men who can't make their way at home, it's a great place. What a country where a labouring man begins with earning a dollar a day. An Irishman dictating a letter home to his friends in Ireland out of Maryland, bade his Master write, "My dear Phil, Me Masther is the best of Masthers, and I ayt mayt three toimes a week"—"Three times a week" says the Master—"you eat it three times a day you rogue, and 6 times if you like!" "Hush Master!" says Paddy—"Sure they wouldn't believe me if I said more than 3 times a week!" Think of country laborers in England and 10 children and 10 shillings a week! and to be sure let us set to and bemoan the blacks afterwards, and sign the Sutherland House Womanifesto!

The happiness of these niggers is quite a curiosity to witness. The little niggers are trotting and grinning about the streets, the women are fat and in good case, I wish you could see that waiter at our hotel with 5 gold medals in his shirt 2 gold chains and a gold ring. The African Church on a Sunday I am

told is a perfect blaze of pea-green, crimson, ear-rings, lace collars, satin and velvet which the poor darkies wear. I don't mean to say that Slavery is right but that if you want to move your bowels with compassion for human unhappiness, that sort of aperient is to be found in such plenty at home, that it's a wonder people won't seek it there. I don't think it's of long duration though—unless perhaps in the cotton-growing countries where the whites can't live and the negroes can. Every person I have talked to here about it deplores it and owns that it's the most costly domestic machinery ever devised. In a house where four servants would do with us (servants whom we can send about their business too when they get ill and past work like true philanthropists as we are) there must be a dozen blacks here and the work not well done. The hire of a house slave from his owner is 120 dollars—£25—besides of course his keep, clothing, etc. When he is old he must be kept well and kindly and is—the little niggers wait upon the old effete niggers. The slave-servants working in the tobacco manufactories can lay up 100 dollars a year. The rule is kindness, the exception no doubt may be cruelty. The great plenty in this country ensures everyone enough to eat—and the people here entreat me to go on a plantation, to go about by myself, ask questions how and where I like and see if the black people are happy or not. This to be sure leaves the great question untouched that Slavery is wrong. But if you could decree the Abolition tomorrow, by the Lord it would be the most awful curse and ruin to the black wh. Fate ever yet sent him. Of course we feel the cruelty of flogging and enslaving a negro—of course they feel here the cruelty of starving an English laborer or of driving an English child to a mine—Brother, Brother we are kin.

I am doing very well with the lectures—the 2 Presidents came at Washington—I've saved some money £2,000 in this country and shall probably make half as

much more; but O how sick I am of the business!

I bid you a shake of the hand and am yours always, dear Fonblanque,

W. M. THACKERAY.

*To Mrs. Frederick Elliot*

November 27, (1855)

O you kind friend who ask me for nice long letters, you little know how difficult it is to write 'em! Three days ago to Anny I began and wrote 10 lines—never 10 minutes leisure have I had since—the room is never clear of visitors. I have been lecturing every night except 2 in the week, and in the intervals fever and ague. Isn't it good fun. Four attacks this month; and yet müssfully I have never missed a lecture—only a dinner or a breakfast or two wh. would be more pleasant than shuddering in bed but wh. I don't care for losing. What a comfort it was to me to get your letter on Sunday, Mrs. J. E.\*—and to hear your voices again after this long silence.

I have been away for 2 days to Troy on the Udson River and staid with some kind people, English and of the H. drop-pers too, but very good and hearty, at a pretty country house between Troy and Albany—preached to a multitude at the former place, pocketted 200 dollars, agreed to go back again day after Christmas—spending the Anniversary with my English friends, and think that country the prettiest I have seen in the States. The river is like unto a certain Rhine we saw together, Albany is a fair old city with some houses 100 years old. Troy very picturesque, in fact it was a pleasant trip but for the 5 hours journey in the stifling cars where your feet freeze whilst your head throbs with heat. What very very small beer is this I am letting run! This gay world of New York I have not seen. I am not a man, I'm a lecturer this time.

Of all the birds in bush or tree though many be more gay

\* Jane Elliot.

The one I love to hear and see, it surely is a J.

(What matter though its wings may be a somewhat pied with grey).

Those plumes are dearer far to me than birds of more display,

Than Molesworth splendid as a pea-hen on a sunny day—

Than golden pheasant Ailesbury—what other name to say?

O happy shall that meeting be (for which my heart will pray)

When I (as Alphabets agree) shall once more come near J.

O blessed shall the steamer be and fortunate the day

Which sees me safe across the sea and moored beside my K.†

Quick weary months and flee and flee! Speed dreary frost away

Come Spring! and those will seem to me as welcome as the May!

Quick William! go and fetch the tea and bread and butter tray,

And send—next door to sixty three—and if Mr. B's away,

Our best regards and Mr. T. has come back home today.

I see 3 *days* in the rhymes and I don't know what more repetitions, but isn't friendship only a continuation of repetitions? and don't we go and see each other though we have no news? You must know I came home from visits wh. I must pay thinking I was going to have a chill, and have been toasting at the fire and written myself out of it. Let us go out again on the tramp and come back at night after the lecture please God, and write the girls their letter for tomorrow's steamer. Wednesday 28. *Bon jour Mesdames Adieu Mesdames.*

*To Mrs. Frederick Elliot*

Buffalo, Dec. 28 (1856)

New York, New Earsday

A friend who takes charge of me at Philadelphia writes me word that several letters are there waiting for me—most looking like business letters—one

† Kate Perry, Mrs. Elliot's sister.



in a female hand wh. he daresays I should like—I wonder whether the female letter is from Chesham Place, London? I should like it to be from there. What have I been doing since I wrote to it last?—having a very good time at Boston. The Bostonians much better pleased and of course far better judges than at New York. At Buffalo they came 2 nights running, 3,000 of them! They are really surprizingly almost touchingly friendly. Prescott gave me his book—but Ticknor, whose book no one reads, is a cleverer man than Prescott. Both have comfortable old houses, handsome large libraries and famous Burgundy and Claret in their cellars. So has Longfellow at Cambridge, who lives in a noble old house whilom occupied by Washington. I have fallen in love with Bayard Taylor. He was a poor boy almost without shoes 10 years ago, since then he has travelled the whole world over to Europe, Egypt, Nubia, China, Japan, buried a wife whom he married in the last stage of consumption—made 6000£ by his books and lectures—is coming to London in Spring and is one of the most interesting men I have ever seen in my life. Lord, you should have seen the theatres full of people coming to hear yours truly! Providence is as jolly a place as Boston almost. There is always a knot of pleasant folks fogeyfied respectable fond of literature with whom it is jolly to consort, and I shall remember Lawyer Ames and a nice old University Library and a half-dozen fellows with kindness always. From Boston I came 100 miles through a sweet country wondrously peopled to Greenfield—such a nice village—with such a good fellow for my host there, Hon. G. T. Davis, a man you'd all delight in. And the people flocked through the snow and absolutely peopled the railway cars to hear the lecture. *Bon Dieu*, what do they mean? It was Xmas Eve when I was there and in a glass of wine I drank it to friends at home. I wonder whom I thought of besides my children? Can you guess? All

Xmas Day travelled to Albany and drove to Mr. Dunlop's house where was the kindest welcome and quiet, and a jolly little sleigh drive next morning through a fairyland of frozen land, river and city-scape where all the trees were glistening with silver, and all the houses iced with plum-cake snow, and so, on the 27th. from Albany I came on to Buffalo wh. I reached at midnight—and to-day I have been sleighing about the grim looking place and seen the darkling lake and a bow shot across Niagara river, the black firs and glittering white houses in Canada. But I mustn't write any more of this letter but keep it for next mail. Next year I am to begin at Philadelphia and then who knows whither I go? to New Orleans perhaps—but wherever I am you know there's always an electric telegraph between me and Cheshogan Place.

New York, January 1. A happy new year to all dear friends says somebody who thinks about them a great deal. What a blessing to be able to come 500 miles through the driving snow—warm, snug I was going to say, comfortable and I shd. have been but for an Irishman who sate next me and had a cold and used his fingers as we use a pocket handkerchief. 20 years ago that journey wd. have taken a fortnight. Oughtn't I for one to be thankful for railroads who never could have made all these dollars without 'em? Aren't you bored by my perpetual talk about dollars? Last night 2 hours after my arrival we had a fire in the hotel. Didn't I dash at my desk and sermons? It burned in a cellar but luckily the hour was early, the injines quickly on the spot—sermons, preacher, portmanteaux all were perfectly safe—and I went to sleep so sleepy that I guess I forgot even that little prayer which is said upon my pillow most nights. . . .

*To Mrs. Frederick Elliot*

Cairo, St. Louis,  
March 24-26 (1856)

I did not write to you from New Orleans, but a pleasanter thing I heard

from *mes bonnes soeurs*. I am just off the Thomas Small Steamer. Don't you see how my hand trembles? The boat in her passage up the river throbbed and trembled so that I thought she would shake her cranky sides off her ribs. And the river or the trembling of the boat gave me a fit of my old chill and fever which served *pour passer le temps* and occupied one day out of the 5. "Look there, Sir!" says a cheerful friend of mine on the Levee at N. O. as we looked at a hundred enormous steamers moored there—"There, at the white mansion do you see? That post was knocked out by a piece of the boiler of the *John Jones* which burst here, Sir—here on this spot where we are standing—and the heads and mangled limbs of the people were scattered and a mule, by G——, Sir, was cut in two in a day, and I saw it lying where you stand now!" The morning I came away I read that a ferry steamer had taken fire on the Delaware and 25 persons were killed, that the Alabama steamer on the Red River had bursted her boiler and afterwards taken fire, the number of the killed not known—pleasant wasn't it? for a man just setting out on the river journey—but it's over and we didn't blow up and we only took fire twice and burned down our upper cook house and 2 hours ago I was quite sorry to leave the T. Small. She was very clean and the servants civil and I had Marryat's novels which kept me in amusement through Alabama and Mississippi too.

He is a vulgar dog but he makes me laugh and very few can now. Certainly not yours truly the author of V. F.

Where do you think this is written from?—the place they say that was Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden, Cairo, at the confluence of the Ohio and Miss. such a dreary Heaven abandoned place! but it will be a great city in 6 years spite of overflows and fever and ague. Twelve hours tonight D. V. will take me to St. Louis and then I shall feel as if I am on my road home again to see my children and my *bonnes soeurs*.

Why need I go on making a quack of myself any more? But if when I come home—after speaking of Queen Vic. in the very handsomest manner, after making thousands of folks that hated him feel kindly for old George, I am attacked for speaking my mind about George IV (mind I left out the Q. Caroline scandal entirely)—by Jupiter!—It will do me good. I want a fight, I have always told you I can hit harder than any man alive, and I never do—but o! I think a little exercise would do me good? In fine I want to get home more and more every day. To do what? to dawdle about Europe again and write another novel? Who can say for tomorrow? But I want to kiss my dear children and see my *bonnes soeurs* and speak to people whom I can speak to. Two months more of the *tréteaux* and mayn't we hope for these things? Yes if winds and waves and Heaven permit. I wonder after being how many whole weeks in London I shall want to be on the move again? God bless you. I keep this little piece for tomorrow and this is the 24th of March and isn't tomorrow my lady's day?

Although it was my Lady's day I didn't fill the corner:

But each day here and far away, I love and bless and mourn her.

Upon My Lady's Eve the cars a weary wight did carry

He wakeful looked upon the stars the pinewood and the prairie,

And as the weary travel ceased the sun arose in splendour

And sure he looked towards the East where dwells his Lady tender.

He blessed the East he blessed the mother (methinks 'twas mid-day yonder)

That saw his gentle Lady born ——

O me! I couldn't finish the rhyme—haven't I had ten visitors? And isn't it post time? and mustn't I put up with a kind kind greeting to *mes bonnes soeurs*.



Mobile. Alabama

A welcome letter of Feb. 1. reaches me on the 29<sup>th</sup> after such a dreary weary half dozen journeys from Savannah - to <sup>Macon</sup> ~~Columbus~~ 10 hours, 200 miles, through pine flats - 3 days there and only 170 dollars for my trouble - to <sup>Columbus</sup> ~~Macon~~ 100 miles in 8 hours through pine flats; to Montgomery 100 miles 7 more hours, & 100 miles more pine flats, and from Montgomery down the Alabama River to this place - where I have got into such a nice hotel into such a beautiful room, have had such a comfortable warm bath, and read over a clean breakfast such a comfortable letter from my women. I think sometimes of writing descriptive letters with remarks on the scenery & institutions - but I have not the face for that kind of conversation with my family. The dreariness of this country, everywhere, almost consumes me - there is no thing to draw - one sketch I made on the river yesterday - & what a dismal scene!



FACSIMILE OF A THACKERAY LETTER

To His Daughters  
Mobile, Alabama,  
1856.

A welcome letter of Feb. 1 reaches me on the 29th after such a dreary weary half dozen journeys from Savannah—to Macon 10 hours 200 miles through pine flats—3 days there and only 170 dollars

for my trouble—to Columbus 100 miles in 8 hours through pine flats; to Montgomery 100 miles 7 more hours, and 100 miles, more pine flats, and from Montgomery down the Alabama River to this place—where I have got into such a nice hotel, into such a beautiful room, have had such a comfortable warm bath and



What you see  
before you <sup>at</sup> dinner



This is what you see day after day - but the stink and the dirt the foul glasses, the dingy shirts (many of them with grand diamond brooches making a sunshine in those shady places) the peeps of flannel the hands and nails - O my, who is to draw those? On board the boat a gentleman asked me to drink at night. We go and liquor at the bar - next day after dinner I offer him a drink - 'hossie I have dined Sir - ~~but~~ don't drink after dinner Sir. Before breakfast there was a fine groggy smile about the bar through. What I shall never understand is how there were no bugs on board. As a favor I got a basin & bowl for myself - other gentlemen fixed themselves in the barber's shop.

#### FACSIMILE OF A THACKERAY LETTER

read over a clean breakfast such a comfortable letter from my women. I think sometimes of writing descriptive letters with remarks on the scenery and illustrations—but I have not the face for that kind of conversation with my family. The dreariness of this country, *everywhere*, almost consumes me—there is nothing to draw—one sketch I made

on the river yesterday—o what a dismal scene!

This is what you see day after day—but the stink and the dirt the foul glasses, the dingy shirts (many of them with grand diamond brooches making a sunshine in those shady places) the peeps of flannel the hands and nails—o my who is to draw those? On board the



boat a gentleman asked me to drink at night. We go and liquor at the bar—Next day after dinner I offer *him* a drink—"Nossir I have dined Sir—we don't drink *after* dinner Sir!" Before breakfast there was a fine groggy smell about the bar though. What I shall never understand is how there were no bugs on board. As a favour I got a basin and towel for myself—other gentlemen fixed themselves in the barber's shop.

This is far too pretty a view of the country for a thousand miles. The trees are not so tall nor can one give the ragged air wh. pervades everything by any scrabble of this pen. Well, I am glad the journey is over so far. To me it is beyond measure stupefying and depressing. In the midst of it though I heard people talking about longing to get home and when they did get home *O mon Dieu!* It was a swampy sandflat of 100 wooden houses 4 churches and a hotel and a newspaper office—where they skipped out quite pleased to be back at this Elysium. When we emigrate it must be to live at Boston—that is a Xtian place anyhow. We have beautiful weather in the steamer, and a volume of Marryat's collected novels kept me quite amused. I might as well have seen Havannah though—This trip will not make us 100£ the richer, 100? no scarce 50. Never mind I did for the best. How can I help it that it's pouring with rain so that hundreds will be kept away from hearing me tonight?

Sunday. Another famous letter from my gals and their Granny. But when will this one reach them? Why, it can't leave Boston for 10 days to come. And though I've cautioned Granny yet I know she'll go for to frighten herself.

I am very well here; and as for money, how much do you think we cleared by our lecture of last night? no less a sum than three dollars. The night was awful that is the truth, the rain was making such a row on the roof of the hall that I was obliged to uplift my voice and master if possible the roar of the storm—I wonder that 120 people were to be found to venture out on such a night—The hall cost 50 dollars that was 100 of 'em—the advertisements 5 dollars, 10 people more—the door keeper 2 dollars—remain 3 dollars for me, Charles and my family. But what must it be when 50 poor devils are dependent upon a theatre, and nobody comes; and they want money for their dinners and breakfasts? Afraid I shan't get those other 9000 dollars I want. Well, we must be longer getting them that's all. Have been to church and heard a good sermon—saw the parson at my sermon last night.

March 4. The boat for New Orleans sails in an hour and I pop my little letter into the post beforehand. Have I said that I have had famous good health here? better spirits and appetite than I've had since I've been in the States. Last night was a famous full house and I hope we shall have the same at N. O. where at any rate I shall have 10 jolly days and then for the West and then for my old friends of Boston Philadelphia New York—and then for some older friends yet—O how welcome the end of May will be and the sight of Liverpool steeples. God bless my women and my dearest old Mother & G. P.—and Miss Anny I insist on your having some money—and that's a famous letter about the Cricket on the Hearth and I am my dearest Children's loving father always.

(The end)



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## A LITTLE LECTURE ON THE ATOM

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

THE atom is one of the marvels of modern science. It is more than that: it is *the* marvel. Go to a meeting of scientists: if you find a lot of men gathered together in the corner of the room, gesticulating and getting all tangled up in one another's beards, the chances are that the subject over which they are embroiled is the atom. Pick up a scientific journal and turn to those pages where the mathematical formulæ and diagrams are most thickly congested: there you will surely find a paper on the constitution of the atom. It is a constitution which is being constantly amended. Hardly a day passes in which an epoch-making discovery does not upset all the results of former investigations and lead to a new atomic theory. It is, then, with the doleful certainty that the onward rush of science will have made my words ridiculous by the time they are printed, that I have the temerity to contribute to the great American public, thirsty as it is for scientific truth, the first intelligible treatise on the atom.

To begin with, the atom is very small. Nothing is more important than for my little readers to get that fact firmly planted in their minds. It is not only so small as to be invisible; indeed, if a thousand atoms were clustered together, they would still be invisible, although if you listened very intently you might hear the little fellows breathing. We are accustomed to think of the point of a tack as rather tiny; but if the teachings of modern science be true, a million atoms could sit on it without

discomfort. Or, to give still another illustration, if the *Leviathan* were stood on end beside the Woolworth Building, and all the railways in the United States were placed end to end in a line reaching from New York to San Francisco, and the nearest fixed star were set in motion along this line with the velocity of light (186,000 miles per second) the atom would be still smaller. Possibly the most brilliant experiment to determine the minuteness of the atom was that performed by the famous Norwegian physicist, Nils Bjosh, when he placed in the lefthand pan of an extraordinarily sensitive balance (which we shall call pan A) the minds of three Congressmen, selected at random, and in the righthand pan (which we shall call pan B), three atoms, likewise selected at random from among those in the Royal Norwegian Kennels. At the drop of a hat the scales were released, and after a moment's hesitation pan A gradually sank, outweighing pan B, amid the applause of the assembled Academicians. Need I say more?

Having thus made abundantly clear the smallness of the atom, I may well turn to a description of its structure. This is, of course, the subject of controversy, and scientists are constantly changing their minds about it, or, to use their own phrase, modifying their hypotheses in accordance with fresh evidence. The world of science is now divided into two classes: the deadheads, and those who admit that they used to be all wrong about the atom. Ten years from now there will still be two classes: the deadheads, and those who admit that the stuff written about atoms in 1924 was absurd. This is known as the



progress of science. Let us, however, examine the atom as constituted by modern scientific thought.

The first thing you must realize is that the atom is not solid at all. It is full of great open spaces where electrons are electrons. It is extremely hollow. I hesitate to mention this fact, because it appears that structural steel, like everything else, is made up of atoms, and when the hollowness of the atom gets to be common gossip in lower New York, it is likely to be a good deal harder to rent the upper floors of our loftier skyscrapers; but the truth must out, and I might as well be the culprit as anyone.

The atom, in fact, is very much like a little solar system. In the middle is the proton, as the sun is in the middle of the solar system. The proton is said to be a charge of positive electricity, or something of the sort. I am not quite clear about this, and had rather pass it over somewhat hurriedly, but at least I've mentioned it, and if you should be handling an atom in your laboratory and should get a shock, don't say I didn't warn you. Well, round the proton revolve the electrons, each in its orbit, just as—you've guessed it—the planets revolve around the sun. They go at an immense rate of speed. I haven't the figures with me, but take any that you happen to have handy and add half a dozen zeros, and the chances are that you'll still be on the safe side. So there we are: hollow atom, proton in the middle (pass at your own risk), electrons revolving about, lots of space for all of them; no congestion, no traffic on the roads, plenty of room for the kiddies to get out and play and grow to be strong, useful electrons. Is it not a charming picture?

But that solar system illustration isn't much good, I'm afraid. The physicists like to use it, but they overlook the fact that the solar system is much too large for purposes of ready comparison. What you want for these illustrations is something that you can

put on the corner of the living-room table for all the family to look at, and say, "That's about the way an atom is shaped, except that it's thicker behind the ears." You can't do that with the solar system. So let us try another approach to the problem.

Snodgrass, whose magnificent work is substantiated by that of Bjosh and Zogduff, and in part accepted by even such conservative astro-chemists as Schwillig, has aptly compared the atom to an auditorium, or theater. In the middle of the auditorium, as if hanging from the ceiling by an invisible thread, is a very small homeopathic pill, while round the pill revolves a swarm of bees. Do you get the picture? Pill in the middle; bees swarming around it; plenty of unoccupied air in the vast auditorium. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the atom. The pill is the proton (danger—third rail alive); the bees are the electrons, busy little fellows; the auditorium as a whole is the atom.

You may take the solar-system illustration or the auditorium one, just as you wish. I don't care. But for heaven's sake, take one or the other. If you don't know yet what an atom's like, you might just as well put down this scientific treatise and read yourself a bedtime story; science is not for such as you. I've wasted enough time explaining the structure of the atom. We now pass on to a more important subject: the future of the atom.

Probably one of the big dates in the history of modern science will prove to have been 1919, when Zogduff, hoping to break down an atom, bombarded it with alpha particles. At first blush this would seem to have been a peculiarly heartless thing to do, and we can sympathize with Mrs. Zogduff, who, being a gentle, motherly soul, was divided in her mind as to whether she ought to let the bombardment go on until the atom broke down or call in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Atoms. But it is just as well that she did nothing, for callous as was the soul of

Dr. Zogduff, his results were important to science. They are too technical to be explained here.

The next big date was 1921, when Schwilling succeeded in breaking up an atom. He lost the pieces almost immediately, and is said to have left the laboratory in disgust; but he had triumphed none the less, and now that he has shown the way, anybody with a good stout ax and a sharp eye can break up atoms with the best of them. Then early in 1923 Bjosh and Sindelbug succeeded in taking moving pictures of the collisions of electrons. Though you might think that this would make rather a spirited film, as a matter of fact it was rotten: just a tiny flash as the two diminutive gasoline tanks went up in flames, and there you were; but scientifically it proved something very important, which is too technical to be gone into fully here. At the present moment experiments are under way which show that there are in the atom great untapped sources of energy, and if you pass one of our great research laboratories on a still day and have sharp ears, you can hear the professors inside trying to tap them; and this too is of enormous potential value, although so technical that a full explanation of it cannot be undertaken in the limited space at my command.

What wonderful discovery will come next nobody can tell, not even I.

We can only close this lucid exposition of scientific progress with the assurance that the future of the atom, while very technical, is bright.

## THE RISING TIDE OF CULTURE

BY WILLIAM McFEE

"NICE people!" muttered the Doctor as he closed his cabin-door quietly. "Nice people, but it's a relief to see them all ashore and look forward to four or five days' peace and quiet."

"I shouldn't have thought you would have found them an infliction," said the

man who conducted a column in a daily newspaper. "In fact, I'd call your life here on a great beautiful ship like this almost ideal. Far superior to my horrible job. Sisyphus had nothing on me, I can tell you. What?" he added, glancing at the Doctor, who stood in front of his medicine chest, a look of inquiry on his agreeable and sophisticated features, "why, yes, I guess so. Only put a little water in it, please."

The other guests—there were four of us, counting our host—made corroborative murmurs, and soon the Doctor seated himself in his chair to fill his pipe.

"I dare say you do," he agreed equably. "Your imagination is stimulated by the romantic environment of a ship's officer. You are thinking of the moonlight nights, with deck chairs in dark corners, the unearthly radiance of the smooth sea as the ship plows on her way, 'the steady forefoot snoring through the planet-powdered flooring,' and so on, eh?"

The columnist laughed, for he had the delightful reputation of being a professional optimist and an easy victim of beautiful phrases.

"Well," he said, "even at that, I'd change with you. And I don't see your precise reason for wearying of your passengers. Would you prefer to sail on a ship without them, for instance?"

"Yes, I should, nice as they are. I can conceive of no more beatific existence than the rank of surgeon on a warship. I know because I served four years in that capacity, and except when we had a number of young flying men on board, who are startlingly feminine in their intellectual make-up, it was a blissful time."

"Oho! It's the women you wish to be shut off!" said one of the Doctor's guests.

"To a very large degree it is," admitted the Doctor. "It is from them one feels the most powerful cultural influences proceeding."

"Now what in the world does he mean by that?" demanded one man of another



as the Doctor, smiling slightly, busied himself with a prescription that included Bacardi.

"I never suspected him of mysogynism," replied the other man, vastly entertained.

"I don't believe it is that exactly," I hazarded.

"It isn't," confirmed the Doctor as he shook something in a napkin vigorously. "That would be a very shallow assumption. When I spoke of powerful cultural influences just now I was trying to give a hint of what was in my mind."

"You object to culture in women?" suggested the columnist, who held the usual American male ideal and had a vague sympathy for the political emancipation of the other sex.

"No, I don't object to it in a general way, but it would be better to let me know first what you mean, by 'culture in women.'"

"Tell us what you mean by culture anyhow," said one of the other men who detested the word.

"Well," said the columnist, "I've brought it on myself, so here goes. In the broadest sense I should call it interest. A peasant has no culture because he has no interest in what is passing round him. A modern educated woman is interested in everything that is going on. She is in touch—"

"Well?" asked the Doctor, sampling his own cultural effort with a critical and abstracted air. "What is she in touch with?"

"I was going to say, in tune with all the intellectual currents of her time."

"Only you feared I should smile? Whereas there is nothing to smile at. I'd go farther and say that the preoccupation of the American women with what you call intellectual currents is one of the most serious features of modern life."

"Why women more than men?" asked one of the guests, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Because they devote so very much more time to the job," replied the Doc-

tor. "And also because of the intensity with which they pursue an idea. They remind me, these modern huntresses of culture, of sportsmen who in their anxiety get so close to their quarry that they blow it to smithereens with both barrels. By the time they have done with it there's nothing to be found save a few feathers."

"Well," said the columnist, whose conversation was a remarkable contrast to his writings, "there's the definition. I knew you'd pick it to pieces. What's the answer?"

"First of all," said the Doctor, apparently satisfied with his labors and offering samples, "let us go back to your peasants. You said they had no culture because they have no interest in what is passing. Haven't they? Did you ever talk to an English yokel about the birds round his village? Or to a Scotch small townier about politics? Or to a Welsh steel-worker about music? Or to an Italian either, for that matter? I have just read a book about wagon-making in England, and the author holds one entranced with his account of the lost arts of the wheelwright and the profound knowledge of timber his illiterate workman had received orally from their predecessors. Not interested? Let us get the matter clearly set out. What a peasant knows, he knows. So your notion of culture, as regards peasants, requires a little modification."

"We in England used to define culture as a trained instinct for the best," said some one. "Is that any use to you?"

"The best what?" shot back the Doctor keenly. "The best automobiles or the best restaurants?"

"Best books and pictures and music and so forth," returned the other man. "And the best ideas too, I suppose."

"Well, that's a good definition, but it isn't of much use in discussing the state of affairs in America because nobody will submit to authority, and without an accepted authority competent to pass judgment, how do you know what is best? Excellence in execution is an

admirable standard, but I don't observe very much attention being paid to it. I am afraid we'll have to shift our ground. Culture in America, and especially in the American woman, is an affair of emotion. It must inevitably be that in a country of so recent establishment, and with so strong a tradition of transcendentalism. If you adopt that last idea, that culture is a trained instinct for the best, you are probably interested in structural form; and form, in art, or literature, is not one of those points in which the American woman is interested. It is the content, the emotion, and even the artist, who is the vehicle of that emotion, that holds her with intense eyes and parted lips."

"But has this emotional deflection any actual bearing on her behavior?" asked the columnist.

"Yes, any amount," declared the Doctor. "I can give you an easy instance in practical life. I dine out a good deal, as you know, and I observe. I find people employ a skilled architect to design a beautiful house or apartment, they employ a skilled interior decorator to attend to the furniture and painting and so forth, and then they travel to Europe themselves and bring home pictures that won't go into their house at all without causing pain in the beholder's breast! They *like* those pictures, you see. A small matter, however. There is a larger aspect of the same characteristic in their attitude toward novels. This applies to literary and artistic men as well as to women."

The Doctor paused and raised his glass with an abstracted air, as though his thoughts had become fixed upon an insoluble enigma.

"As for instance," said the columnist.

"You know," remarked the Doctor, "I hardly like to say it after all. It will seem cantankerous to you, but I can assure you I have been watching this thing for a long while. And I am driven to the conclusion that the minds of most cultured men and women who read are focused, to an incredible degree, upon

sex. Mind you I am *not* speaking of those good hearty folk who go to see leg-shows and who read the crude magazine tales of sex. I mean the cream of the public, the sort of people who support little theaters and intellectual magazines, and buy books largely with monthly charge accounts. It has got to this with me, that when my bookseller solemnly takes a new best seller from the pile and hands it to me, or when I see a lady passenger reading some distinguished best seller on deck, and she holds it up and asks me if I have read it, or if the name of a book like that crops up in conversation and I am asked what I think of it, I am ready to bet twenty to one that book deals in frank fashion with adultery."

"Oh, come!" complained one of the guests.

"Yes!" insisted the Doctor. "You can check it up yourself by recalling the intellectual literary best sellers of recent years. I am not apportioning blame. I only point out a symptom. My diagnosis is that the incredible material prosperity of this country has released so many medium intellects from the bondage of wage earning, that there is now a majority of educated and tolerant folk who reveal a truly marvelous *naïveté* towards sex. You have heard the phrase, The Sex Best Sellers. It is so naïve it disarms one. What never occurs to any of them is, that in no other period in history, and in no other race, has virtue been so curious about her sisters."

"Then, in your opinion, American culture is in a bad way?" asked the columnist.

"I never said that," replied the Doctor. "And I do not say it now. Our argument about the definition you know. And my notion of culture is somewhat beyond yours. I do not look for culture in the reading a man or a woman affects. That reading may have its influence later but in an almost infinitesimal degree. I look for culture—in any race—in manners. Manners are the style of a people. And when I said we found



powerful cultural influences among women I was misunderstood. I was alluding to the manners. Where in the world will you find emotions and characteristics so highly developed in manners as in the United States? My only complaint is they give one eventually, if one comes from an older and more homogeneous civilization, a feeling of fatigue. I say it in all humility, I find Americans living in houses of such exact perfection as would drive me insane. I doubt if they are easy in them, themselves. They are not homes, they are residences—a very different thing. Yet I would not have it otherwise, especially as to manners. They are developing new resources in human intercourse, and these in turn will have their influence on literature. It is strange to me how rarely, when foreigners come to America and comment on the national culture, they see any connection in it with manners. After all, they are the objective, I should say. And judged by that standard, I find the American woman, with intervals for the repose of my soul in solitude, the most cultured in the world."

"And the men—are they rising to the same heights?" asked some one.

"They excite my highest admiration," said the Doctor smiling. "So many of them are prepared even to break the laws of their country, merely to entertain me within their gates."

## PHOTOGRAPHS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

**I**N the days when I was a child—before "films" were so much as heard of—there was a photographer, a certain photographer, very particular, who might have figured in the Arabian Nights as some one of importance.

A photographer was then very much a person in the community. If we were a people of nicety as to precedents, I think he would have stood, in all our reckonings, fourth in the realm: minister, doctor, lawyer — *photographer* — with

mere bankers, cooks, icemen, aldermen, and mayor, following subservient. Everyone, sometime, somehow, sooner or later, came at last to the photographer. In the flat glass show case that hung outside the steps leading to his upper parlor, they all hung, some of them fiercely in high collars, some of them frightened, in low ones; but all there.

I was prepared for a visit to the "photograph parlor" with some occasion, I assure you, the process being long, painstaking, and full of admonition. I was now nearly three years old and there was needed, I suppose, an official photograph to send to distant and inquiring aunts and uncles.

I recall the photographer perfectly, or my composite recollections of later years—for he remained long with us—serve me perfectly. He had masses of curly hair through which he often temperamentally ran his delicate long fingers; a poetic personality; and eyes that never left you for so much as an instant, once the real ordeal had begun; and an index finger that flew up and remained rigid at unaccountable moments. He had imagination; for he was repeatedly referring to a little bird, and asking me to look at it, which I did my utmost to see, but which for me was never there.

After sundry final preparations I was ushered into the strange "parlor." I was parted from my mother's hand, as a ship from her moorings; was for a moment lost, then saved; for the photographer took me in tow. I was guided to a velours chair, and allowed, no, assisted, to climb upon it. There was some talk on the photographer's part, I believe, of naturalness. Then, almost immediately, he began dancing back and forth intensely, fantastically, with lithe poses and bendings of his lissom body this side and that; his eyes half closed, fixed all the while on me, with a rapt attention I had never before received.

"A *lit-tle* more to one side! *There!*"

He even took my head delicately between his terribly firm fingers and turned

it ever so little. Why? I should have preferred it as it was. At last his assistant under his direction—a rather elderly man he was, and disillusioned I think, bent, and with long fingers too, but bony and no hair to run them through—placed some sort of a terrible iron thing I never saw nor could have imagined at the back of my head.

During all this, the photographer's eyes never left me. What was it he saw? Then up flew his forefinger.

"So! Keep that!"

(Keep what?)

He flew like a dragon fly to the hooded instrument, ducked his head under the hood, lost his own head, it seemed, took on the hooded head of the instrument, *became* the instrument as it were, so that it now had human arms and legs clothed in a checked suit, and in this metamorphic condition, proceeded with an unaccountable section of the Eleusinian mysteries.

So, this was the manner in which one had one's picture taken! Was that all? Bless you, no! We had but begun! He suddenly turned into a man again, and the instrument degenerated into a mere instrument.

We made, I cannot imagine, how many false starts. The index finger would fly up. I would be recommended to watch the little bird I could not see. The old assistant would stand ready to click the instrument. The photographer would count three. So! Now! Off we were, surely! But no! Something was suddenly altogether a mistake. What was the matter? I wish I could tell you. I suppose I must have altered infinitesimally his precious pose. So, *da capo!* Well! Now! There! So! Up would go the index finger. We are off now!

No! by my strapped slippers, we are not! Spoiled again!

Then he would run his fingers really wildly through his hair. Patience! Reconstruction. I know I was not to blame. I was healthy and well disposed, and eager to do my part, but he wanted something better than the best.

I do not know how long he worked feverishly, but I have still the perfectly good-natured, secure, contented likeness which seems to have resulted—not because of, but in spite of all this frenzy; a baby likeness showing as nothing else in the world could the immeasurable distance between our two worlds, his and mine.

I was showing it laughingly, perhaps a little wistfully, to an artist friend of mine the other day. He appeared to be startled almost by its certainty, its poise.

"Good Lord, how wise! How *secure!* It is like the Raphael babies! I've always thought they *knew*," some knowledge you could not shake."

The mistake is, of course, to limit the observation to the Raphael babies. Of course children of that age *do* know, but it is a sad mistake to say you cannot shake their knowledge. This I can prove to you, if you are in doubt, by another photograph, taken two years later, when I was of the tenderly advanced age of five. It was no official photograph like the first, but a hasty unofficial matter, an emergency affair, a tintype, and taken in a hurry. And this is its story:

There was in our home, as in most homes of its class of that day, a deep tradition of family affection. We were told, I cannot imagine how early, that we must love one another. In the prayers we said at night, tiny as we three youngest ones were, we asked God severally to bless each member of the household, naming them, before we severally asked Him to "make us a good girl"; and these petitions, linked with a shadow and possibility of our perhaps "dying before we waked," gave love, I am inclined to think, in our inadequate conception of it a certain solemn tone.

I was an impressionable child, and easily devoted. Besides my much older brothers and sisters, I had two sisters rather close to my own age. A day came when the one nearest to me in



years went away with some older relative, an aunt, I believe, to the East, for a long visit; eight months indeed.

I know I must at first have missed her very much. But I think I had always a certain zest for life. The wind blew as mysteriously in the tree tops as it ever did; the birds built in quite as fascinating half-secret places; the lilacs waved incredible plumes announcing that the roses were about to arrive. Amid all this present glory the sister who was absent faded gradually, in my memory.

Who can trace the beginnings of terror in early years? I wakened at last to the hideous realization that I had lost her; not in a bodily sense, not in a sense of absence or loneliness, for I knew she was in the world still; but in a terrible sense—as though a witch had caught me by the hair, or I had caught my feet in the hideous net of some spell—she was obliterated—I *could not remember what she looked like!*

There are terrors of many kinds in life. I know. I have met not a few; but for abysmal terror, that realization, it sometimes seems to me leads them all. Blackness without a gleam of light, depth without a bottom. Downright mental panic. I know I made a few desperate efforts. "Jeannette!" Her name I knew, and often heard spoken; I could remember things she had done and said; but not form or feature.

My mother was away that day; but I was blessed by a special providence with an oldest sister some seventeen years older than myself—whowascompounded of all that was best and most sympathetic in the world. I rushed to her; was held close in her arms; but could tell her nothing for sobbing.

When she at last got the circumstance from me, her delicate handling of it was, I think, very nearly as good as the mercy of God; only it was debonair besides, in good measure.

She kissed me, and laughed, and said that she was just thinking that minute that in all that time Jeannette might

have forgotten what *I* looked like! (Think of the delicacy of her putting it that way!) So, let us go to the photographers and have a little tintype taken of myself; let us send it this very day to Jeannette; and let us ask her to send us one of herself in return.

So, my disloyalty was blotted out, and all tears were wiped away from my eyes. I was dressed quickly, a lace fichu was put about my neck, my drooping leghorn was set upon my head; I think I must have felt that goodness and mercy would follow me all the days of my life and I would dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

No appointment was necessary. There was no art to the taking of this picture. It was to be a tintype precisely because these partook of immediacy and expedition. The young temperamental photographer with his zeal for perfection was not even there; only the old one, bent, kind, disillusioned.

Well, it is a different picture, I tell you, that second one—utterly different. Good God! What life does to one! And how early it begins! That complacent, secure, Raphael child, who knew everything, and was so sure—for how short a while was she allowed her knowledge and her sovereignty! Then, the second and unofficial photograph! Such a darling child, but one whose scepter had been finally taken from it. Already a certain nostalgia had irrevocably touched me. I only tell you the truth: every line of that photograph droops—not tragically, but enough, enough. Already, you could not mistake it, that child had sounded the depths of its own fallible humanity.

I have both photographs beside me. I love the Raphael baby, and I am proud ever to have been so proud—and to have had that pride recorded by the all-seeing sun and a temperamental photographer with a passion for perfection; but before that other one that is me—(how much sadness already; and how soon!) before that other one I bow my head on my hands.



## Advertisement as a World Power

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THOSE two great subjects, politics and religion, are to the fore in these times, and we are expected to make up our minds about some details of them as soon as convenient. There promises at this writing to be a real discussion of politics all through the spring, all through the summer, and well into the fall. Anyone who is nominated for President is going to be pretty well talked over before the convention, and anyone who is elected will have to make an understandable statement of what he thinks and what he hopes to do about it. Then in religion the conflict between the fundamentalists and the modernists will go along in some form or other until some conclusion is reached, not about the facts in question, but about the liberty of various pious people to reach various opinions about them, or no opinions at all, without being declared unfit to preach in the Christian Churches. That is not a bad outlook. It implies a great discussion of the Christian religion, a large part of it in big type on the front pages of the papers. That all means advertisement, and we are taught in these days to believe that advertisement is a great and indispensable power in the affairs of this world.

And, of course, it is good, and there is good scripture for thinking so. The miracles were advertisements of an available power and of the truths which lay behind it. "Let your light so shine" is in its way a command to advertise. People who like privacy and whose

religion is private, and who feel that it is very personal and don't want to talk too much about it, shudder at the advertisement of religion by controversy. One sympathizes with them, for lots of them are very nice people, and their aversion to shouting about things which are sacred to them is something that one must respect. Nevertheless, truth goes forward by discussion, and error suffers by it. It is almost too much to hope that the differences of the fundamentalists and the modernists will all be discussed dispassionately in a brotherly temper, but the best people on both sides will try earnestly so to discuss them, for they are all out for truth, the one party to save absolutely so much as the church has got, the other party to bring it up to date, to understand it better, to make it more useful in contemporary life.

One could wish, while the doctors are disputing, they would dispute about something as to which a definite conclusion was more attainable than about the Virgin Birth or the resurrection of the body. If they would discuss what became of the Lost Tribes and whether the Anglo Saxons, the Irish, the Breton-French, some of the Germans, and anyone else that is suggested, are really descendants from them, that would truly be interesting. There is a vast deal in the Bible about those ten Tribes of Israel that disappeared. Extraordinary promises were made to the descendants of some of them. Have they been fulfilled? Are they likely to be fulfilled?



Is there knowledge enough yet about racial migrations to run down those lost people? The creeds in their way are the constitution of the churches. Nowadays in this country the practice prevails to put new ideas which need general promotion into the Constitution of the United States. So it might be with the creeds. If somebody in some coming Church convention should move to put into the creed the words, "I believe the Lost Tribes still live and prevail abundantly among contemporary nations," that would start a discussion which would be really interesting and would set all the archeologists, ethnologists, geographers, and historians to producing what they had in an effort to discover something that can really be found out. And, then, if somebody else should suggest another article, "I believe that the living can and do in these times communicate with the dead," that might start a really wonderful discussion about spiritism, a matter which the theologians are very shy of discussing, but which is intimately related to religion. Now, these are very lively, interesting subjects, over which there is a great deal of current activity. Start people on a determined hunt after the Lost Tribes, and it would mean the digging up in the Bible and outside of it of statements, prophecies, traditions, and legends that would be extraordinarily interesting; and it could be carried on without bitterness. Spiritism, of course, would be more difficult to handle. Investigation of that is going on all the time, and is perhaps better left for the present in the hands of persons who know something about it and are very patient and, indeed, highly consecrated in their researches. It is doubtful if increased advertisement would do much for it just now, but the truth about it will come along in time, and nothing is more interesting than the pursuit of it. So far as the creeds hold persons back from knowing as much about religion as it is possible to know and learning more presently when that is possible, they are for some people a

hindrance to faith; but in the main they are remarkable documents and, if there is any trouble about them, it is not so much that they require belief in what is not true to fact, as that they are incomplete or imperfect expressions of what is true.

In politics also, as observed, there is going on a great process of discussion and reaching conclusions. At this writing, President Coolidge has said what he has had on his mind, Mr. McAdoo has disclosed his sentiments quite positively in considerable detail, and Senator Hiram Johnson has done the same. We know pretty well the policy of the administration: that it is against the bonus, for the Mellon Tax Bill, against the League, for the World Court. Senator Johnson, the leader of another branch of the Republican Party, is for the bonus hot and heavy, against the League, against the World Court and in favor of a careful scrutiny of Mr. Mellon's Tax Bill. Mr. McAdoo is for the bonus, against the present tariff law, for a new regulation of the railroads, which he thinks he understands, and, probably, for a much more positive participation in the concerns of Europe than we have had in the last four years. Well, there is considerable choice, and more candidates to be heard from, more advisors of the people to give their views of what ought to be done! But into this situation, sweeping in upon the statesmen and their selected issues, suddenly intrudes that great modern force, advertisement, skillfully marshaled and directed by one of the masters of it, Edward Bok. For that is what the Bok peace plan is. It is the use of advertisement in the interest of world peace.

Things have to be done in this world, and doubtless in all other worlds by people who can do them. Life, and political life especially, provides a continuous illustration of this not altogether acceptable truth. It is not acceptable because, when there is something im-

portant to be done, and we pick out some one we think can do it, it so often happens that the doer of our choice is put aside, and the job, if it is done at all, is entrusted to some one we never thought of. So it usually happens at presidential conventions, the chief use of which seems to be to discover who is not wanted, and nominate the likeliest man who survives. So we see repeatedly in very great concerns of war, government, and doubtless of business, a man sifted out to do a certain work and shorn of power and set aside when the particular duty he is fit for is accomplished. So it was in the French Revolution, so it has been of late in Russia, so it seemed to be in the Great War, wherein, to be sure, the function of a good many potent actors seemed to be to keep the war going until its lesson had been thoroughly burned in, and to defer its finish until it had drawn in the United States. That being thoroughly accomplished, the war ended. Mr. Wilson went to France with a fervent purpose to provide that such a war should not happen again. Mainly through his influence and efforts as the representative of the United States, the League of Nations was established. He came home, and Mr. Lodge was able to keep us out of the League for four years, thereby giving experience time to accumulate. Perhaps that infallible person, the future historian, will say that was a valuable service. It has seemed to be very costly to the world, but Destiny cares nothing for expense. At any rate, here now, with an election ahead and a long discussion of everything impending, one sees world peace held up pending the willingness of the United States to help about it, millions of dutiful people greatly worried because our foreign policy is a stalled car, and a general look round for some one able to crank it. Few of us would have picked out Mr. Bok of Philadelphia as the man to do this service, but Mr. Bok is not the sort of person who waits to be picked. When he thinks something needs to be started,

and that perhaps he can start it, he doesn't have to be waited on by deputations of citizens and invited to try.

He has planned and carried out his enterprise in the best contemporary manner. His offer of a large prize for the best peace plan secured a wide expression of opinion as, of course, he intended. It also attested the earnestness of his purpose. When a man bets a hundred thousand dollars that he can do something, it is evident that he will try hard to do it, and especially is it evident when that man is Mr. Bok. The list of the helpers whom he was able to enlist is very impressive indeed. They are all of them persons who can be described as well and favorably known. On his policy committee to determine the conditions of the award and select a jury that would make it, were John W. Davis, lately Ambassador to England; Learned Hand, a Federal District Judge in New York; William H. Johnston, President of the International Association of Machinists; Miss Esther Lape, not so widely known but evidently a very potent woman; Governor Nathan Miller, of New York, Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Henry L. Stimson, of the Roosevelt cabinet, Melville Stone, Mrs. Frank Vanderlip, and Cornelius Bliss, Jr. These are very well-known people, a majority of them Republican in politics. The jury they selected to pass upon the plan included Mr. Root, Colonel House, General Harbord, Miss Ellen Pendleton, of Wellesley College, Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, William Allen White, and Brand Whitlock. Certainly that was a strong jury. The plan selected, as will probably be known to all readers of this number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, proposed that the United States shall immediately enter the Court of International Justice and that, without becoming a member of the League of Nations or subscribing to any of the obligations of the covenants, it shall participate in the work of the League as a body of mutual council under conditions which



Substitute moral force and public opinion for the military and economic force originally implied in Article X and XVI,

Safeguard the Monroe Doctrine,

Accept the fact that the United States will assume no obligations under the Treaty of Versailles except by Act of Congress,

Propose that membership in the League should be opened to all nations, and

Provide for the continuing development of International law.

On this plan it is proposed to get a wide expression of public opinion. Millions of people will be invited to vote on it. The question to be put to them is—Do you approve the winning plan in substance? The answer can be yes or no, and the invitation will be so widely distributed that the sum of the answers promises to be a very interesting expression of public opinion.

This effort is altogether novel and extraordinary. It belongs certainly to the new era and to a new way of doing things. It is particularly interesting because of the prevalent helplessness of governments, the very limited satisfaction with them among the people whom they serve, and the great difficulty of getting done large matters which governments ought to do, and will not, or cannot. The most vital issue of the present hour is our relation to Europe and the best way for us to help along the restoration of order in the world. To put that issue before the people of the United States in such a fashion that candidates and politicians must meet it, would be an exploit of the first importance. If Mr. Bok accomplishes it the next generation will probably put up a monument to him in Independence Square in Philadelphia.

Perhaps one ought to resign himself to the conviction that nothing is done right until first it has been done wrong. As to our domestic affairs, prohibition jolts a good deal, and anybody who holds that it is a good example of the necessity of doing a thing wrong before you do it right has a good deal to support his

case. And the bonus! That is not very satisfactory either. Whether it is carried or beaten in the form proposed, it will leave soreheads behind it. There are some men who went to the war who need the money that the bonus will provide; some who were set back in the general competition by their war services, and others not disabled enough to be government charges but still too much impaired in health and energy by their war service to compete successfully in the industrial and business life. One would like to see such men get some money, but they must be a small fraction of the company who will get the bonus if it passes. So the bonus plan seems to provide for a very large, miscellaneous expenditure of moneys to be raised by taxation, of which only a very limited part is even sentimentally justified. The argument about it is not on a good basis. It turns on whether we can afford it or not, and that is not the real question. The real question is whether it is just or not and whether, if it is partly just, so much of it as accords with justice can go through and the rest not. Probably that is impossible for so large an operation. The deserving and the undeserving would share alike, just as the just and unjust share the rain. The bonus is discussed without knowledge of the present facts about the men who lately were in khaki. No one knows how many of them are the worse for having been soldiers, or how many of them are the better for it, or even how many of them want a bonus. The bonus if it goes at all, will go to all indiscriminately, and if one guesses that four-fifths of it will go where it is not due, who that denies it has comprehensive facts on which to base denial?

On the other hand, to diminish the burden of taxation will benefit everybody, even the farmer, whose bad plight calls even more loudly for relief than any known condition of the service man. The best thing that can be done for the men who were soldiers is to take better care of those who were disabled.



EZRA'S BIN WAS SOON QUITE FULL; THE BEAMISH BIN WAS LOW

## The Sentimental Burglar

BY NEWMAN LEVY

**W**ORTHINGTON MACKENZIE, though considerate and kind,  
 Belonged to a profession that is frequently maligned;  
 For Mackenzie was a burglar, and I'm very much afraid  
 That people have a prejudice against this ancient trade.  
 And so, although he really tried to do his level best,  
 To operate most silently, and not disturb their rest,  
 The families that he visited would frequently remark  
 That they'd rather that Mackenzie didn't visit after dark.

One night while he was calling at the home of Ezra Ball,  
 The well-known Wall Street financier, and standing in the hall,  
 He overheard the millionaire remark, "Why bless my soul,  
 The second butler tells me that we haven't any coal."  
 His wife, who was a famous social leader in her day,  
 In dulcet, modulated tones replied, "The hell you say!  
 It's bitter, freezing cold to-night; I'm chilled right to my bones—  
 And, worst of all, we've asked to dine Sir Percy Bromley-Jones."



Now Worthington Mackenzie had a heart as good as gold,  
 It grieved him that a lady should be bothered by the cold.  
 Hot tears coursed quickly down his cheeks. He uttered stifled groans  
 As he thought of her embarrassment with Percy Bromley-Jones.

A moment's hesitation—then his tools he deftly packed,  
 For with Worthington Mackenzie to reflect was but to act.  
 Then from the house he quickly slipped with stealthy tread and fleet  
 To the home of Paisley Beamish who resided down the street.  
 With rapid skill the iron gate he quickly jimmied in.  
 He blew apart the entrance door with nitro-glycerin.  
 He jimmied, chopped, and sawed, and hacked until he reached his goal,  
 The Paisley Beamish cellar filled with tons of precious coal.

He did not pause a moment to rejoice at his success,  
 But, filled with joy that he could help a lady in distress,  
 He loaded up with coal a barrel standing near the wall,  
 And he dragged it from the cellar to the home of Ezra Ball.  
 I do not know how many times he traveled to and fro,  
 But Ezra's bin was soon quite full; the Beamish bin was low,  
 And Worthington Mackenzie, as he dropped his final load,  
 With feelings of benevolence and righteous pleasure glowed.  
 His clothes were torn, his face was black, he ached in all his bones—  
 But Mrs. Ball could entertain Sir Percy Bromley-Jones.



Such is Life

*Plenty of snow, bully coasting, fine skating, snow fort—and Mumps!*

## A Disappointed Balboa

A COLORADO cow-puncher accustomed to vast visions in the regions of the Rockies visited the "Coast" for the first time. A friend took him to the top of an eminence near San Francisco where he might view the sea, expecting an outburst of amazement at the sight. Instead his guest queried:

"What's that?"

"The Pacific Ocean," was the reply.

"H—I! Is that all you can see of it?"

## Reason for Clemency

RUFÉ BUMPUS, a ne'er-do-well negro, after numberless petty crimes resulting in jail sentences, at last reached the dignity of getting sent to the penitentiary. After he was there a while the warden received a visit from "Aunt Malinda," Rufe's wife. She wanted her man out, she said weeping.

"Aunt Malinda," the official remonstrated, "that man of yours was sent up for breaking into a smoke house and stealing a lot of bacon?"

"Yes, sah," she sobbed.

"He's no account, Aunt Malinda. He'll disgrace you."

"Yis, sah, po' Rufe, he don't 'mount to much."

"Then what on earth do you want him out for?"

"'Cause, Mas' Bob," she whimpered, "Ah's cleah out ob meat agin."

## An Ascending Business

"OH, yes," said Mrs. O'Reilly, "my oldest boy, Tim, is a Wall Street operator an' makin' very good at it, too. He tells me he had John D. Rockefeller, Jr., goin' sky-high the other day."

"Saints presarve us," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy. "He must be gettin' rich!"

"Very slow. 'Tis a sad fact that them big bank buildings don't pay their elevator operators anything loike what they're worth."



## Proof

"So ye don't believe that thirteen is an unlucky number?"

"Naw, there ain't anything in it."

"Well, where are all the people thot lived thirteen hun'ed years ago?"

## Relativity and The Motorist

DURING one of their motor trips there came a time when Mr. Wallerby was not quite certain of his road.

"Why not ask some one where we are?" suggested Mrs. Wallerby.

"What good would that do?" returned her husband peevishly. "Supposing we did find out, five minutes from now we shan't be anywhere near here."

## Proof Positive

ASCOCHMAN and a Welshman were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries.

"Ah, weel" said the former, "they tore down an auld castle in Scotland not long ago and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was known there hundreds of years ago."

"Ah, ah," said the Welshman, "they tore down an old castle in Wales quite recently, and, mind you, there were no wires found under it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Wales hundreds of years ago."



## Clouds

**E**LYPHANTS an' chariots a-ridin' in th' sky,  
 An' you an' me a-sittin' an' a-watchin' of 'em ride,  
 Watchin' of a camel an' a lion flittin' by—  
 Ghostly sort o' camel in a ghostly sort o' glide,  
 Glidin' out o' Noah's ark that's emptyin' its load  
 Yonder in th' heavens where th' golden sunbeams play,  
 Dancin' an' a-skippin' down a shinin' silver road,  
 An' you an' me a-watchin' of 'em on a summer day.

Here's a ship a-floatin' in a dazzlin' sea o' white,  
 Here's a head o' Santy Claus, an' here's a sojer hat;  
 Here's a funny rooster in a funny sort o' flight;  
 Here's a dog a-chasin' of a spooky witch's cat.  
 Breeze is pickin' up a bit. There goes ol' Noah's ark  
 Scuddin' off in pieces an' a-spoilin' of our fun.  
 Seems as though th' western sky is gettin' sort o' dark—  
 I jes' felt a drop o' rain! Come on, we better run!

CHARLES R. ANGELL

## Attracting Attention

**U**NDINE, aged eight, had been given a ring as a birthday present, but, much to her disappointment, no one of the guests at dinner noticed it. Finally, unable to withstand their obtuseness or indifference, she exclaimed:

"Oh, dear, I'm so warm in my new ring!"

## A Compromise

**A**FAIR maid in Philadelphia had a corpulent suitor. It appears that the stout gentleman went on his knees to propose, in the good, old-fashioned manner, but even this romantic attitude did not soften the lady's mood, and she promptly refused him.

"Well, Marie," said the fat one, still on his knees, "if you will not accept my offer, you might at least help me up."

## Mere Inadvertence

**A**PREACHER in Ohio once came forward with the declaration that Satan was not mentioned in the Old Testament.

"Well, what of it?" asked some one of a friend who had told him of this statement.

"He claims," continued the other, with reference to the preacher, "that, as there is no mention of the devil in the Old Testament, there cannot be a devil."

"That's no proof," said the friend. "The Old Testament does not mention the Ohio Legislature, but there is one."



FICTION CASTAWAY (who has been bounteously provided with everything else—by the author): "Look, Dear, see what has just washed in!"







*Painting by J. W. Schluicker*

Illustration for "The Rolling River"

THE RIVER HAD STEALTHILY INSINCUATED ITSELF INTO HIS MIND

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## To the Isles of Kings

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

WHEN I was told to go to the Moluccas I was uncertain whether to take it as good advice or as a variant of the usual expression of unconcern as to where I went. I was inclined to believe the invitation was only a comic version of the usual dismissal. For where are the Moluccas? Not quite all of us could make a straight course through an atlas to the shy dots which represent those islands without the use of an index and a magnifying glass. The Portuguese, English, Dutch, and Spanish navigators of the sixteenth century sometimes—when their luck held out long enough—knew how to find them; but not one of my friends who, for whatever privileged reason, might advise me in impatience to go to hades or anywhere, could also readily separate the Moluccas from the Pleiades. The Spice Islands are forgotten.

It was because of such doubts that I did not take the invitation altogether seriously. From Hakluyt one may readily accept the Moluccas. But the fact is those islands began to fade when Drake weighed anchor off Ternate in 1579.

The mirage dissolved, in the way of dreams that are fair; dissolved gradually, like one's faith in a Golden Age; was forgotten. What to-day are those islands poised in a visionary sea, a sea vast and mute, a sea that is the radiant lower hemisphere of the sky? They are only sensational stuff for the safe and easy use of hearty novelists and storytellers who require, to make their books move, pirates, trepang, beachcombers, copra, head hunters, pearls, and similar matter which easily takes coal-tar dyes in the rapid output of bright and lusty fudge. They do not exist, otherwise.

And the voyage down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean was hot and long enough for me to forget where I was going and why I was there. I let the idea of The Islands blow to leeward. I had no use for it. I saw I might as well expect to reach the Hesperides. As a legend, The Islands were more thin and indistinct, more remote, less verifiable, than when my steamer, against the cruel hostility of an English spring, backed into the Mersey and stood out to sea. The legend each day



retired still farther, like good fortune when pursued. That delicate line of the horizon was inviolable. It could not be passed. For Magellan and Drake it was all very well to pursue such ideas. Their ships were different. Mine was a high confusion, looking aft, of white boats, black ventilators with blue throats, indeterminate shapes, ladders coming out of nothing and leading nowhere, a cerulean factory stack, and yellow derrick standards holding out stiff arms above a black central structure which appeared to have no beginning and no end. My ship was too big and complicated for me to be reassured by the scientific design which held it together.

And there was the master of our ship. He had grown gray in the East. He knew China and Japan, Java, Sumatra, and Macassar. But he shook his head over Tidore and Timore Laut, as though I were talking to him of a Perfect System or of lost Atlantis. He admitted he had heard of such places. But naturally! We all have heard, as Raleigh once heard, of the City of Gold. Yet where is it? Should we waste the time of a practical seaman on his own navigating bridge with idle talk of it? Raleigh, as we know, found his city. And what was it? Monkeys and trees. My questions to the captain about The Islands, I can see now, were like an eager display of little green apples to a seaman of long experience. My last question he did not even answer. He could not answer it. A cloud, which had quickly made midnight of the morning ahead of us, burst over the ship. She vanished in hissing smoke. My voice was drowned in the roar of water spouts and the blaring of the siren. Presently she began to take shape again, and through the thinning downpour we could see the figure of the lookout at her head. She fell also most curiously silent as the black squall passed astern with a white foot to its curtain. The Captain began to answer me when my last question was twenty minutes old. He took off his oilskins.

"You talk," he said, "as if you were on the Underground Railway. Those Islands"—he waved his arm eastward where there was still only a cobalt haze—"you couldn't see them in a lifetime. Not in two lives. Some are great countries, and some are three coconuts, and the ocean is full of them. They are like the stars in the sky. There's thousands of them. Now just look at that!"

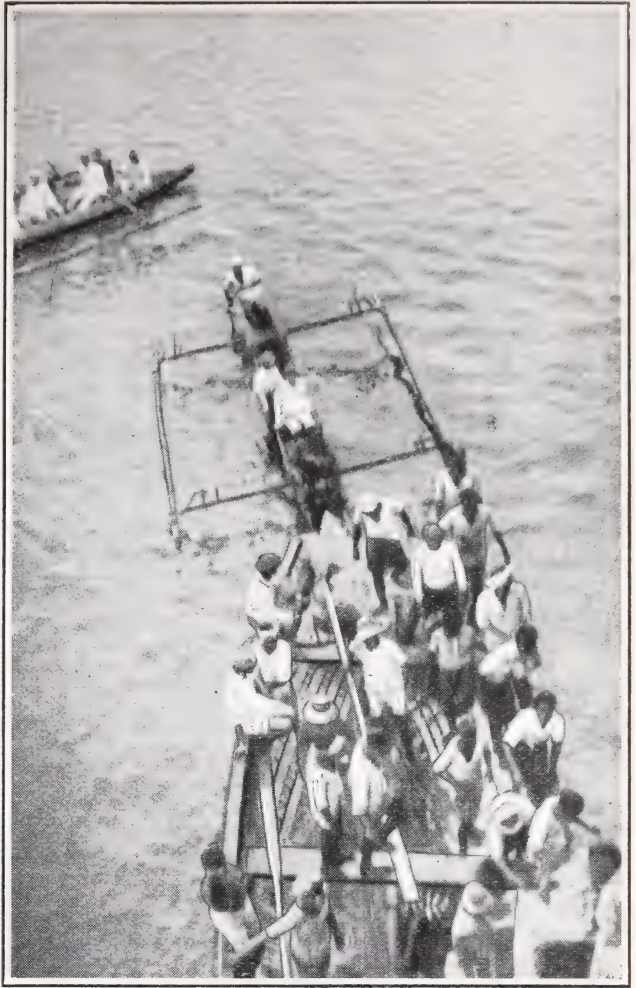
The now translucent murk of the storm over our starboard bow remained opaque in one place. Part of the weather there had a pyramidal form and was darker. The weather lifted, but this obscurity remained on the sea. Then the sun colored and shaped it as we drew near and what had appeared to be a denser mass of the storm was revealed as a forest falling straight out of a cloud to the surf. The summit of the forest was in the heavens, and the combers of the Indian Ocean swung into caverns overshadowed by the trees at its base. "That is the first of them," said the Captain. "There's Pulau Way."

I at once abandoned all my stock of notions about the Malay Archipelago. It was useless. I had only that morning found on the chart, for the first time, the island of Way. It was an idle speck lost beside the magnitude of Sumatra. One might have expected to pass Way without seeing it, or perhaps suppose it was a barrel adrift. Yet for twenty minutes we were steaming beside this oceanic dot whose top was hidden in a cloud. Deep ravines and valleys unfolded in it. The palisades of jungle moved past along its water line, or just at the back of an occasional strip of golden beach. I could see but one house, and that was near the eastern end of it, among some coconuts. Perhaps it was the illusion of a house. But there was no other sign of humanity. Perhaps Way, too, was a mirage. It had suddenly appeared on the empty ocean, born out of a storm. Now it was passing astern, silent and spectral, apparently no more approachable, this first of the Malay Islands, than any

other of those bright dreams which we cherish when young, but which pass, and are lost. To starboard all day among the changing continents of cloud one towering shape of dark vapor persisted. Our skipper said that that was a mountain top in Sumatra; but you know what sailors are. Once a nipa palm drifted close to us. It looked much more real than Pulau Way, or than any distant Sumatran summit.

At dinner that night the open rounds of our saloon ports were disks of fathomless violet. When I looked up from the yellow glow of the table lamp to those dim circles I thought we were being steadily scrutinized by the enigmatic eyes of a mystery, lovely but awful, and so lost much of the talk. The Captain and the Chief Engineer were in solemn dispute. It is in such adventitious trifles, casual and valueless, that one gets the best things in travel. Now and then the violet changed to a vivid and quivering green light. But there was no thunder. The mystery did not speak.

We came to the coffee. Our Captain, taking up his white cap from his bench, a sign that he had had enough of us, leaned back, and severely reprimanded the Chief. The Chief, who is a young man, happens to be an insoluble agnostic. He is quietly and obstinately confident in his denial of everything but experience. Our Captain is elderly. He has voyaged long enough to learn that though what men call hard facts must be treated with respect and caution, yet that one can never be quite sure. "Look at my charts, my Admiralty charts, covered all over with experience. Do I trust them? No, sir. I reckon they haven't got everything down on the



NATIVE PASSENGERS ABOUT TO BOARD A DUTCH TRADING VESSEL

charts." You should know that we were discussing whether, when a man dies, he then chiefly lives, or whether, as the Engineer put it, "he goes to the bottom, through the ash-shoot."

Our Captain said he surely didn't know. But he was just as sure that no thumb-polluted, condemned, dog-eared, fuliginous pocket book of formulas used by engineers or anybody else had got it down in plain figures; or some words of a similar import. "I don't know. You don't. Nobody knows."

The Engineer looked at the misty electric fan and made bread pills. His face suggested that he had heard all this from his youth up; that he knew baffled



controversialists invariably escaped from the last corner in such cloudy and sentimental muslin, like an angry woman who is in the wrong, but is pretty. Our Chief would no more accept a Christian statement than he would believe the proffered pearl of a Levantine pedlar was of great price. But he is a polite young man. He rarely does more than smile faintly at the case you put, as he would at the pearl. He refers you instead to Darwin, or Huxley, or Andrew Lang, or the *Golden Bough*, or Edward Clodd. He has read widely within his favorite province. He goes over every statement separately, with a fine gage, to see whether it will fit accurately into his system. If it does not then away it goes. The Captain had risen slowly over us, lean, tall, and sardonic, and with no sign that he was suppressing himself except that I discovered I was now more interested in his hard gray eyes than in the violet eyes of the tropic night. The Chief at this moment referred the Captain to one of those Victorian iconoclasts whose books load cupboards and chests in his own cabin. The Captain instantly recommended him to a more Rabelaisian diet. In this contest of characters it was curious to note the difference between the well-read logician and the literary temperament. The Captain has not read the *Golden Bough*, and, I suppose, never will. But his candid simplicity, nevertheless, had foreknowledge of much that the Engineer had to tell him, and was unsatisfied. He still insisted on the need and even the common sense of—as he called it—“a margin to play with.” “After all, what do you clever fellows know? God himself is hidden in what you don’t know. There’s plenty of room. Nobody can tell how much there is beyond the half-dozen pebbles you’ve picked up on the beach.”

“Nobody,” said the Chief, “has ever come back to us, anyhow. They go, and they don’t come back to us.”

“Well, why the hell should they?” demanded the tall figure at the door,

turning its head over its shoulder. “Why should they? Who would understand ’em if they did? Would you? What they would tell you would be outside your experience and all wrong, of course.”

The Chief fingered his napkin ring, stared coolly into vacancy, as if talking to such a man, especially when the man was the ship’s captain, was useless, and he would waste no more time. Lightning glimmered at the ports. The steward upset a plate of fruit. While his eye watched a rolling orange the Captain continued: “There’s more sense in some comic songs than in a lot of your deductions from experience. What have you experienced? About enough to warn a nipper against playing with fire.” Then he disappeared in the alleyway. The Chief said nothing. With well-disciplined weariness he adjusted his napkin ring to a design in the table cloth. He then looked at me fixedly—but I gave no sign of partisanship—and finished his coffee.

A long voyage is chiefly weather and gossip. It gives a traveler the impression of being irrelevant and aimless. The men keep busy about the ship because there is nothing else to do. A sullen word, the least significant of unfriendly gestures, are noted with the reproach that is fixed on an adverse set of the current; it is so gratuitously alien in its opposition. Travel is delightful in the morning, with a young sun giving the sparkling sense that all is new and for the first time, and that shadows are, after all, but a sport of happy light. By the afternoon that freshness has gone, and one suspects the ship is uselessly rocking without progress, fixed in the clutch of some sleeping but eternal power which has forgotten, or does not know, that men do not live for ever. One would then destroy Time, the tyrant, and with his own scythe, if suddenly he turned into an alleyway bearing his damnable glass. And when, after dinner, there is no longer any excuse for continuing in the saloon;



when it is three bells, and the boys have got tired of giving the gramophone on the hatch fox-trots to eat, and you can see the spark by the rail amidships where the Chief's pipe accompanies him while he gazes into the night and contemplates futility and finality—then, then, one has to face the ghosts from other times and of vanished scenes which gather in one's cabin at that hour, confident that it is their place also, and that the man they know is sure to come soon. And he comes. Hail, the ghosts of the middle watch! You never signed the articles. You were not seen coming aboard. You never appear on deck. The voyage has nothing to do with you. Nobody but myself knows you haunt us. But are you the reality, or is the ship?

Before the day broke in the Strait of Malacca it looked as though the east were barred from us by the enormous battalions of tempest. They were camped about the horizon, a sleeping but ghastly host, waiting for day to announce the assault and for the wind to lead them. The sea was stilled, as though appalled by the look of the sky. But no wind came with the sun. The dark impending threat did not move upon us. Its smoke and waiting thunder became a purple wall on which the sooty streamers were changed to orange and pearl. Here we were, approaching Singapore. We might have reached the peaceful end of the sea; or perhaps its tranquil beginning, for that delicate surface might never have been broken by any violence. It was enclosed by a circle of islands, some of them high and solid, with deep reflections in the glass, and others but black tracings of minute trees afloat, growing miraculously upright out of the tenuous horizon. A

launch turned a point and projected itself at us. Two black lines diverged from its stem widely over a pallid tide. At its head stood the statue of a Malay in a *sarong*, holding a boat-hook, and the statue became alive as the launch disappeared under our side where a Jacob's ladder was hanging. And next, a pair of hairy, freckled hands appeared at our bulwarks, and pulled up a man in a suit and helmet incredibly white. He had a sandy beard. He looked up at our bridge and nodded to it while brushing his hands together to rid them of our ship's grit, an act which had the air of a polite visitor's absent-minded disapproval. He went by a group of us, this pilot, as though he had been meeting us like this every morning



COCONUT TREES ON THE EDGE OF A SALT MARSH



for years, and was rather tired of it, these hot days, but hoped we were all right.

To leave the sea and to land at Singapore is as serious a matter as taking a man out of a long seclusion and releasing him from a closed vehicle in Piccadilly Circus. Molten light poured over the swift kaleidoscopic movements of a street where the first thing I saw was a large cart drawn by a small white bull with an excusable hump; his eyes were full of flies. But no sooner did I note the flies than the bull vanished, or became a Chinaman running silently in front of an austere European lady who was perched high on a pair of noiseless wheels. Then a Chinaman began to run silently in front of me, while I sat behind him much too high on a pair of noiseless wheels watching the dark patch of sweat expand on the back of his shirt; anyhow, I must suppose it was I who sat there. We nearly knocked over a yellow lady in black-satin trousers and a blue jacket who was smoking a cigarette. Next, so far as I remember, there were a great many

masters of ships and perhaps as many cocktails. We came to a spacious black-and-white palace with a myriad propellers revolving on its ceiling—no wonder I was dizzy—and a string quartette regulated our hunger with dance music while a regiment of immaculate Celestial acolytes accurately guessed our wants. I remember, that night, a confusion of narrow alleys, where hanging lanterns disclosed endless and aimless torrents of brown bodies. There were the rank smells of abundant life in heat and ferment, and cries and voices without meaning. Above grotesque cornices were the shapes of monstrous leaves blacking out areas of stars. All this, when I found a bedroom, I tried to resolve into an orderly pattern; but there can be no ordering of the upburst and overflow of life at its source. I gave it up, and watched instead some lizards running after one another upside down on the white ceiling, while they made a noise like intermittent loud kissing.

Next morning the same sun was there again. I escaped from the heat and the



A MARKET PLACE IN THE MALAY PENINSULA



NATIVE CRAFT AT A WHARF IN MACASSAR

bewildering life of Singapore into a shaded office. Its windows opened south and east to a glowing panorama of ships, clouds, and islands. The long traffic of that office with the Orient had settled into a tradition of intent ease which seemed the same as cool leisure. A mounted telescope projected from an open window toward the anchorage. A man stood there with straddled legs, watching a ship coming in. He left it and came to me, talked familiarly, dabbing his forehead with a handkerchief, of America, England, China, and Japan; he spoke even of Java. But when I mentioned such places as Lombok, Flores, and Gillolo, he picked up a massive shell which was keeping a pile of papers in one place, and examined it as though he hoped to divine from it what I wanted to know. The shell did not help him. Only one thing became certain: the Moluccas were as far from Singapore as that city is from New York. It was even easier to get to New York. I discovered, at Singapore, that to talk there of Timor and Hal-

mahera was as profitless as asking a policeman at Charing Cross the way to the Faroes. It would be tactless and inconsiderate to embarrass the friendly fellow with such a question.

I was shown, through the office telescope, a Dutch steamer at anchor in the roads. She was bound, so I gathered, for Java and the outer blue. She would be away for months, and she might go, according to fate and local coconuts, to some of the islands I had named. Why not board her, and see what happened? There is much to be said, when traveling, for keeping a mind as open and doubtful as to where you are going as that of a great diplomatist when negotiating a peace treaty; and more still for not caring. I boarded that Dutchman, the *Savoe*, went into an empty cabin, and waited. Her windlass began at once to labor with the anchor, as though she had been waiting for me. The picture of distant Singapore began to revolve across my cabin port. That settled it. Now it was certain I should have to take whatever came.



On the very next morning, for the first time since that fateful year when Europe developed an acute mania for frantic speed, aerial torpedoes, delirious bankruptcy, and stentorian broadcasting, I could feel a distinct lessening of humanity's vibrations. My own pulse showed signs of becoming normal. We were threading the Rhio and Linga islands, and the Dutch captain put his head in the cabin to inform me that we were crossing the line. I knew it, by instinct. But which line did he mean? Anyone could guess that we were in another world. Certainly we had already crossed some line or other. You could read that in both the sea and the sky. They were greatly changed. It was surprising they tolerated our steamer at all; but perhaps we had blundered unobserved across this line. The light of that morning might have been shining undimmed since things began. There was something terrifying in its exalted and innocent splendor. Even the islands were but tinted vapors, and whether they were in the sea or in the air it was not easy to say. The isle of Banka, great as

it was with its mountains, was certainly not in the sea. It had light beneath it. It was translated above that plain of turquoise; and I imagined that under the mauve masses of its hills, and under the thin peninsula of miniature black trees which was prolonged from the foot of a mountain over the sea, unsupported, fragile, and miraculous, I could peer far into profound nothing. But Banka must have been land, a great island, for over it was a dense and involved region of genuine cloud, bright enough to be no more than the congealed and undiffused sunlight of ages.

Now I know quite well, for I have seen ships before, and understand their purpose, that, amidst all that unearthly light and color, my Dutch captain was going to look for copra, gums, rattans, nutmegs, mace, cloves, and cinnamon. He looked like the man to find them, too. He was small, but hard, heavy, and quick. His eyes were pale blue, but I guessed his temper was quite another dye, and not in the least pale. He was not the sort of man to whom one might romantically suggest that those islands



SCENE ON THE BEACH, PALEHLEH, CELEBES



LOADING SUPPLIES IN MACASSAR

had nothing in them but beauty, and nothing under them but immaterial hues—not, anyhow, while there was so much evidence of wicked reefs almost alongside the empty ship which he hoped to load with copra and such, at the current rates, before he turned about.

Yet at times I half suspected that even he did not know where he was. I myself lost count of the days. I gave up looking at the charts. One day we would be sweltering in a harbor of Java, taking in only Heaven knows what except mosquitoes which could bite through india rubber. My cabin having been filled with flies like devils and moths like jewels, we would put to sea again, suddenly, and for no apparent reason; though that did not matter, because, as time passed—there being no more days and weeks—I could watch the immense peaks of the twin islands of Lombok and Bali, two volcanoes rising sheer from the sea and parted by a narrow strait, supernal and terrible, and alone the full value of the longest

voyage. We put out from Lombok; and that night the Chief Officer, after what sounded to me like a distressing altercation with his Captain, but probably was nothing but the most loving Dutch, turned to me and began reciting, in English which made the original poem the more remarkable, Kipling's "Ballad of the *Mary Gloucester*." I stopped the soup, and listened carefully, with a poised spoon. The recital ended. "An' now Mister Tomlinsohn, you will wonder why I do this." The Dutchman gazed at me earnestly; though not with greater earnestness than I gazed at him, for he had remembered every word of it, and more. "It is yoost because we are by the Paternosters, where he drop his wife." Could hospitality go farther? Is there an English or an American literary critic, not to mention a mere sailor, who could do that with a Dutch poem? In the wide world, not one.

There was no time to resolve these surprises before we were in Macassar; and Macassar, like Singapore, deserves more than a postscript. In Macassar,



because a Chinese merchant became slightly hysterical when I mentioned Limehouse, I did not board the ship again till I forget when, and woke late, after what I remembered vaguely as a dream of old Peking. The Chinese, too, are most hospitable, but they should break themselves of the friendly practice of mixing cognac unseen with orangeade.

When I looked out from the cabin window Macassar had vanished. We were, of course, at sea again. (Sometimes we would anchor four times in the day. Three huts and a clump of coconuts in an otherwise uninhabited island were sufficient to induce our captain to stand-in and get out a boat.) This time, so far as I could make out, we were steering for nothing but a cloud kingdom, the vision of a celestial war. Our ship stood toward the presentiment of the sack and ruin of a high city, with its battlements tumbled and in flames, its streets of jasper smoking, and the banners of its defeated hosts sinking to final confusion and darkness. A native *prau* was coming from there, its sails spread like a pair of gigantic wings too big for its body, and perhaps it was bearing survivors in urgent flight. Nothing else was in sight.

We never reached that city. The *Savoe* was next at anchor in a little bay. She was encircled by the gloom of a forest which had been there since the Creation. I asked no questions but went ashore, and entered that forest, wherever it was, and whatever its name. Nothing was there. The trees, I suppose, were real, though they gave no more sign of life than prehistoric monoliths. A slight noiseless rain and myself had the forest to ourselves. No doubt rain there was always adding to the gloom; the rain might have been only the gentle precipitation of the silence. While peering into the shadows which deepened in a hollow, some lower branches crashed, and an orang-utan swung out to look at me. (Ah, yes; though I hardly believed it myself, even at the time, so you need not trouble to believe it at all.)

We stared at each other for about five seconds, and then he lurched off in an explosion of breaking boughs. That settled it. I was in Borneo.

From there we crossed over to Celebes, another great island, but of quite an original character and aspect, though mainly uninhabited. We cruised in and out of the narrow gulfs which penetrated so far among mountains abrupt and impossible with jungle, anchoring wherever the chrysolite of some coconuts was a landmark in the somber olive-green of the forest, that I grew uncertain whether Celebes was one island or an archipelago in itself, or whether we had left Celebes and had found another group. But we reached at last its far northeastern corner, the land with its delightful name of Minahassa, where the pleasant people and the extravagant foliage almost persuaded me that it might have been worth Adam's while to have kept to the Garden of Eden. Yet once more our Dutch captain wanted only copra—or anything else that might be worth having on the beach—and when he got it he did not stay for beauty, but brayed his peremptory siren for loiterers and put to sea again.

We continued east, passed through the Sangi Islands one sunset—eyries for the Sulu pirates a few years ago—and entered the Molucca Passage. I remained on deck, kept there by a mere name. After Magellan died in the Philippines the survivors of that most remarkable of voyages came south to the Moluccas, "The Islands of the Kings," and sheltered at Ternate. Ternate is a word like Samarkand and Cathay. To the Elizabethans it meant the splendor at the world's end, and the most a sailor could do. I had the deck to myself at midnight, and the boatswain birds, which are said to be the restless souls of dead mariners, were making plaintive and melancholy cries about us in the dark. Sometimes one of them would pass like a ghost through the ray of the light in our fore-top. The unseen surge was chanting quietly

of what men had done, and of what men had forgotten. Our ship, I felt, was at the end of time, was at the verge of all the seas, and herself was but the shadow of a memory drifting under strange stars in a quest for what man will never find again.

But we did discover at sunrise that Gillolo, or Halmahera—The “Mother of Islands”—was at least a premonition ahead. It was a shadow of lilac behind which were monstrous billows of vapor that could have rolled from a fire which had been immense, but was extinct. The volumes of smoke, and that sea of tarnished silver, had been stilled. Nothing had moved here since the last of the old navigators sailed westward. Nearer than Halmahera and straight out of the plain of silver soared the two austere volcanic peaks, high and dark, of Ternate and Tidore. Whether Ternate’s fires were alight, or whether the coming day had merely kindled a cloud at its

summit, it was hard to say. Some native *praus* were about, poised on outspread wings; but I thought they were abandoned, or were under a spell, for they did not move, but remained in one place between sky and sea; held fast by their reflections, perhaps. I could believe Ternate was substantial only when we began to creep beneath the forests of its slopes, and a Malay sailor recalled me to the time of day by turning the morning hose-pipe in my direction. We moored alongside the village, and could see the coral under our ship in the clear fathoms. Yet the more light the rising sun poured into that bay formed by mountainous islands, the greater became my incredulity. It might still have been a scene in an old story. The weight of the tropic sun did not break the spell. And when later the *Savoe* blared for loiterers, I refused to answer her. I remained on the beach at Ternate, and watched her steam away.

## Death, the Wind

BY MARION BULLARD

DEATH, like a wind, shall come some day—  
Come to my threshold, where I stay  
And work so hard at little things.  
Death, like a wind, shall come some day  
And blow the clutter of things away.

Then across my threshold clear,  
I shall walk straight out with a tear.  
Just one—or—two—or, maybe three  
For the small white house that shelters me.  
A tear for the fire and hearth and all,  
And one for the flowers by the terrace wall.  
The rest of my loves I carry with me  
When Death, like a wind, sweeps the doorstep free.

Oh, Death, like a wind, shall come some day  
And blow the clutter of things away.  
I shall walk straight out to the mountain high,  
To the tallest peak, where the big clouds lie.  
I shall lay my hands against the sky  
When Death, like a wind, has come that day  
And blown the clutter of things away.



# The Visit

BY SANDRA ALEXANDER

MRS. AINSLEE sat perfectly still as the train pulled into the station, her gloved hands in her lap and a tolerant indulgence in her heart for the struggle going on round her. Her fellow travelers had had plenty of time to make the final arrangements of arriving, yet here was the inevitable scramble—two dozen people engaged in the ghastly business of revealing themselves to any one who cared to look. Men were making impossible demands upon porters, women nervously counted bags and complained in voices that were sure to be querulous, had they been audible, and children were fretfully stuffed into mussed coats and hats. To Mrs. Ainslee, who had a natural shrinking from self-revelation, the sight was unlovely.

When the final rumble had died away and all the people had dashed toward the end of the car preparatory to alighting at the first possible moment, she got leisurely to her feet and went out. She stood aside in the waiting-room and there was presently discovered by Amy.

Amy as blond and as beautiful as ever, Mrs. Ainslee decided, as she was whisked along in the comfortable motor and listened to Amy's voice saying all the things one usually says to an old friend one has not seen in a long while. She had changed very little. Women with Amy's wonderfully ungrown-up face rarely change, Mrs. Ainslee further decided.

Later as she unpacked and walked about her room, Mrs. Ainslee discovered suddenly that she felt very much alive and happy to be there. Amy was worth the long trip across a dispiriting land. She had meant to come the year before, but she hadn't, and then there was the

year before that when Bob had died and Amy had really needed her, but she hadn't come even then. The children wouldn't know her, she reflected. She must see them the first thing in the morning. . . . Bob's death had been a shock, an outrageous quirk at the hands of a careless Destiny. Mrs. Ainslee's fastidious mind rejected the phrase "he had everything to live for," but she realized, even as she rejected it, that he had had everything to live for. Dear old Bob! What a sudden going out from a pleasant place! . . . Amy would marry again. Anything else was unthinkable.

She happily remembered, in her disjointed musings, that Amy had asked her to come down early, had said there would be people in for tea. She hastily finished dressing and opened the door into the hall. She stopped a moment to pay generous tribute to the sweep of the stair. Poor Bob, he had certainly caused a masterpiece to be created there. How lovely the rail in its simplicity, the chasteness of the Adam spiral was a stroke of genius. Humming a little song under her breath, Mrs. Ainslee went on down the broad treads and stopped in front of the curtain-hung living-room door. She put out her hand and pushed aside the thick stuff in front of her.

In another second, but a second in which so many things had transpired it made her dizzy, Mrs. Ainslee found herself back upstairs in the room she had just quitted. . . .

Her first feeling was hot annoyance. The stupidity of it. That such a thing should have happened to her seemed a gross and ironic impertinence. What

could her face have looked like? One's face off duty was an appalling sight. She went up to the mirror and stared at it. Even now it showed physical signs of disarrangement. She looked at it helplessly and crossed over to sit down in a chair by the window.

What she had seen as she stood in the doorway was Amy, her back to the door, clasped closely in the arms of a man. His back was to the fireplace and his face toward the parting curtains. To be more accurate, his face had been stooped to Amy's, but as Mrs. Ainslee came to a shocked pause, he raised it and his eyes were arrested in hers. Then it was that she had torn her disorganized countenance away from the scene and raced back upstairs.

It was decidedly awkward. For a moment Mrs. Ainslee wished herself back home, two thousand miles away. It was more awkward for them, of course, than it was for her. Would he tell Amy? Very likely. She felt quite certain that

Amy had neither seen nor heard. He wouldn't tell Amy if he were the right sort. Mrs. Ainslee's wilted spirits took a decided leap at the possibility of Amy's never knowing. That would help the situation a trifle. . . . Would he tell? She had utterly no way of knowing. In that one flash she had seen only that his eyes after the briefest surprise had seemed strangely unconcerned. Good heavens, what must her own have been!

It was not until then that the simplest explanation occurred to her. They were engaged. Of course, he had every right to kiss Amy. But Mrs. Ainslee wished with all her soul that he had chosen another time and place. It was surprising she hadn't considered the possibility of it before she left home to visit her.

As she sat there Mrs. Ainslee constructed the whole of her friend's life, from Bob's death two years before up to the present revelation—Amy's passionate grief, the abundance of her tears. She had written that she never wanted





to see her house again. Bob had just built it, completed its last precious detail, when some urgent business had sent him south to die of malarial fever. This state with Amy had lasted months. Then, she had seen, illuminated by letters, the reawakening. The becomingness of Amy's mourning, which had been as dust beneath her feet, gradually became absorbing. "Really good crêpe is so hard to get . . . would you mind looking for me the next time you go to New York?" And soon Amy was uncomfortable in the apartment hotel where she had gone to live, wouldn't Elizabeth come out and help her open her lonesome house? But Elizabeth hadn't been able to come. She sat at home and created the situation from afar, her heart keenly interested and thoroughly approving of every step Amy had taken away from grief. Amy had moved back, her old friends had flocked around her. Amy had written that the house had been rechristened "The Nineteenth Hole." Elizabeth had smiled over that. She was glad Amy was going on, golf was a help—anything was a help. The one item she had neglected to add to the normality of Amy's existence was her engagement to be married. Well, here it was added to the ensemble; and in the most uncompromising fashion.

An automobile coming up the drive recalled her. She could hear voices downstairs, and she might attempt another descent. She went over to the mirror again. The face that had so distressed her was now unruffled. It even ventured on a smile, addressed at Mrs. Ainslee's sense of the ridiculous.

"If he has told her," she said to the face in the mirror, "we shall disapprove of him most thoroughly—and if he hasn't told her! Well! we shall see."

He had not told her. Amy's face was answer to that. As she sank into a chair beside the tea table, Mrs. Ainslee's spirits took another slight bound. The thing had possibilities.

"Have a nap, Elizabeth?" Amy said, beaming on her.

"Yes," Elizabeth nodded shamelessly.

"Good! You were so long I almost sent up for you. Do you know any of these people?" Amy went on.

Mrs. Ainslee looked around. There were at least a dozen or fourteen men and women scattered about Amy's long living room. They were talking and sipping tea and cocktails in a sufficient intimacy to make her realize that they knew one another very well indeed. The men's tweeds and the women's scarfs and sweaters filled the room with a brilliant effect.

"I don't seem to remember any of them," she said to Amy's question.

"You will before they go," Amy prophesied. "There's a new man—a poet. I'll call him."

"Oh, don't!" Mrs. Ainslee's voice reached out with her hand on Amy's arm. It was quite certain to be the man she had just seen kiss Amy. She felt she couldn't undergo looking into his eyes so soon. Not, at least, until a few more adjustments had been made.

"You must have some one to talk to!" Amy called across the room, "Tony!"

A little man, with an eager face, detached himself and literally ran to them.

"Betty, this is Tony," Amy waved them at each other. He was not the man. Mrs. Ainslee's relief was so acute that she smiled on him and made room beside her.

People came for more tea and one by one were presented to Mrs. Ainslee. But no man among the lot had conscious eyes, and she eliminated each of them with increasing poise. He had gone, she decided finally.

"I met Alec as I drove in," a woman said presently to Amy, as she held her cup for tea and three lumps of sugar.

"Yes," said Amy evenly, "he dropped by for a moment. I tried to keep him, but he couldn't stay." Amy's face was beautifully serene. Elizabeth looked

again to be sure. There was no radiant light of happiness upon it. It was not quite what she had expected to see. Amy's expression was almost wilfully detached. Mrs. Ainslee had no time to work it out. Tony asked her if she rode. She answered him and sipped her tea.

His name was Alec, and he hadn't waited! Was it on his own account or hers? Whose embarrassment had he been considering?

It was an interesting speculation. She drank her tea and thought about it. On the whole she felt she approved of him. The man was blest with perceptions. Now that there was no chance of seeing him that afternoon, there came a sense of pique at his going. She wanted to see him.

She put down her cup and made room for a woman who wished to speak to Amy.

"Don't move, Mrs. Ainslee, I wanted to remind Amy that she is bringing you to dinner to-night."

Elizabeth murmured something to show her pleasure, lingered a moment, and then went down to the other end of the room.

Apparently a Mrs. Potter, whom everyone seemed to know well, had just distinguished herself at a Horse Show got up by the officers at a nearby Post.

"I'm not surprised—Evelyn rides like a streak!" said a jolly-looking woman in the most astounding orange and red sweater Elizabeth had ever seen. "It's

a wonder she didn't take all the ribbons!"

"She's beautiful!" Tony said. "It makes me happy just to see her walk across the room!"

Elizabeth joined in the laugh that greeted Tony's enthusiastic admission. She turned friendly eyes on the little man. She felt she would like him very much.

Presently they all went away and left Elizabeth alone with Amy and the wreck of the tea table.

"I shall hear of it now," she thought, as Amy joined her before the fireplace. "She's on the verge of telling me that she is the happiest woman in the world and I will be terribly and sincerely interested. I am interested . . ." Elizabeth's thoughts trailed off as she braced herself to receive Amy's news.

Amy sat down and crossed her knees. "We're dining with the Collins," she said, looking at Elizabeth reflectively.

Elizabeth knew they were dining with the Collins. "She is trying to make up her mind, thinking that I will enjoy my visit more if she waits until the day I leave. She won't keep it."

But Amy made some utterly matter-of-fact remark about the lowness of the fire, got up and put on another log, only to sink again beside Elizabeth and be silent.

Elizabeth took up a book. The strain



WHAT SHE HAD SEEN WAS AMY IN THE ARMS  
OF A MAN



was beginning to pull at her. Her phrases were picked, and if what she had to say was not exactly spontaneous, she knew she could make it adequate. She might even attempt surprise. No, that would be dangerous. She had better say she rather imagined something of the sort had happened, and how glad she was. . . . She was glad. . . .

Yet Amy said nothing. For Elizabeth, who appreciated silence fully as much as she did conversation, the air was becoming quite thick. Her fingers shook as she nervously turned the leaves of her book. For the first time in her life she rapidly enumerated all the possible subjects she might discuss with Amy and was trembling on the edge of something banal when Amy got up and said it was time to dress.

"Half an hour is long enough for you, isn't it, Betty?"

"Plenty," said Elizabeth, and they separated.

Mrs. Ainslee opened the door of the closet and looked at the array of her frocks, pressed and hung on scented hangers by one of Amy's immaculate maids. She sighed. "I hope I don't have to go through much of this. It's ghastly! If Amy doesn't tell me, his hands are tied. If I meet him—of course, I'll meet him—to-night, perhaps everything I say will have a double meaning for him. It is an impossible situation! My visit will be ruined!" She mourned over it while her subconscious mind selected a frock from the assortment hanging in front of her. Strangely enough, it was her loveliest.

"It's vulgar!" she stormed as she dressed. "If Amy means to tell me she should have done it this afternoon. It is impossible that *he* should tell me. No matter what his attitude I shan't get the slightest help. He will either be nice and attentive, or he will run away—as he did this afternoon."

Elizabeth finished dressing, in a rage. There were a few minutes before Amy would send for her, she lighted a ciga-

rette, and sat down in the chair by the window again.

The mechanical process of smoking calmed her. She felt cool and even a trifle detached by the time she went down in response to Amy's summons.

Amy was in white, white velvet and sapphires, Bob's gift, Elizabeth remembered, as she kissed her with a murmur for her loveliness.

"You're a picture yourself," Amy smiled.

"A background for you, my dear," Elizabeth said.

The Collins' drawing-room was full of people they had seen that afternoon. Amy whispered to Elizabeth as they stood in the doorway, "I asked Virginia to put you with Alec Potter—he's the nicest man we have."

"Potter?" Elizabeth's mind felt in a snarl. She had heard that name before—that afternoon. Where was it? What was it? Amy had drawn her to a halt before Mrs. Collins.

Cocktails and sandwiches were passed. Tony came to speak to Elizabeth, they wandered away to a couch and sat down.

A man crossed the room and stopped in front of them. "I was told to look for the only stranger in the room," he said, bowing before them.

"Hello, Alec!" said Tony, and jumped to his feet. "Mrs. Ainslee, do you know Mr. Potter?"

"I am to take her in to dinner," the man smiled down at Elizabeth. It was *the man*. Elizabeth smiled back and held out her hand.

Tony went in search of Amy, and the man dropped down in the place he had left beside Elizabeth.

Elizabeth continued to sip her cocktail. She remembered now where she had heard the name Potter. Some one had said a Mrs. Potter had distinguished herself at a Horse Show. And some one else had said Alec had just gone, and she had just been told that Mr. Potter would take her in to dinner. It was very clear now. Every bit of it. She wanted to laugh. What an idiot she had been!



AMY'S EXPRESSION WAS ALMOST WILFULLY DETACHED

Quite old fashioned, too. It was truly quaint, her belief that Amy and the man sitting beside her were engaged to be married. One's mind, she reflected, naturally reverted to conventions, whether one would or not. The affair had improved. In fact, the possibilities were superb.

All this occupied her mind for a second. She did not want to look at him just yet. And another thing she wanted, meant to insist upon, was that he should declare the setting for their relationship. Was their association to be acknowledged? Very well, she could play that game. If it were to be a studied ignoring of the afternoon's misfortune, very well again. The one thing she did not mean to do was to key the situation. So she waited, finishing her drink, and leaning back in a corner of the broad couch.

It was a silence she rather enjoyed. It meant that each was reviewing the arsenal.

He took her empty glass. Elizabeth thanked him.

"You are visiting Amy," he said, as he put the little glass on the table at the head of the couch. It was not a question, but she chose to treat it as such.

"Yes, I came this afternoon." She looked at him. For a brief second they surveyed each other. All expression was pressed blank for her in his eyes. She knew hers gave nothing that could be a help.

Before he could say anything more Mrs. Collins called them and they went with the others in to the dining room.

Elizabeth ate her soup and considered. She was pleasantly excited, tingling with it. They were to ignore the afternoon's *contretemps*. She was infinitely glad of that. It was a game she knew she could play to the end.

"Do you know that you puzzle me?" he said presently to her half-averted face.

Elizabeth turned. "Really?" she said.

He was playing with the bread on his plate. "Well, it's rather difficult to ex-



plain. I don't think I could do it justice if I tried."

"Do try," Elizabeth urged.

"You're not one of us. Yes, that's a beginning—" he glanced quickly around the table. "Outwardly you're like us—" he hastened to modify it, "clothes, manner, but—" he hesitated again.

Elizabeth settled deeper in her chair.

"Yes?" she said encouragingly.

"There's a difference. I feel it. You bring to the game a finer sense of sportsmanship—I think that is it."

"And now," said Elizabeth, choosing to misunderstand, "I suppose I am to ask what game?"

"Oh, you know!" he laughed.

"Are you sure?" she persisted.

"Quite sure," he nodded his head to emphasize it.

"Will you have almonds?" Elizabeth held the little dish toward him.

"I will not, thank you. What I will have is something about yourself. Tell me what do you do with yourself?"

"I?" Elizabeth looked at him with astonished admiration. He was carrying the war into her camp with unexampled skill. The tactics were masterful, already she was on the defensive. And was there ever a woman, she wondered, who wouldn't have been flattered to be dazzled at such an onset? Of course, viewed in the light of what had happened that afternoon, it was too apparently an attack.

"I know what you are thinking," he said in mock gloom.

"Then I won't talk to you any more," and she turned to her other neighbor.

But with the dessert she was back at him, impelled by her curiosity.

To speak of Amy was out of the question. Of his wife was equally inopportune. "How much of a poet is Tony?" she finally demanded.

"Don't you know? Hasn't Amy told you?"

"No, why should she?" That was dangerous. She went on, "Has he published a book?"

"I believe so."

"More than one?" She kept it up.

"Shall I ask him?"

"Oh, no!"

"Amy will tell you. He's her protégé, you know. She discovered him and hovers over him."

"Amy's sympathy," Elizabeth murmured, looking at her plate, "is like the sun, it covers everything."

"That's quite true," he said slowly. "And you've proved what I said just now—you are not one of us."

"If I am different," Elizabeth hazarded, "you are also—*tu quoque*."

"I'm immensely interested. You may have noticed I have tried to get the conversation round to myself. Everything is working out beautifully! In what way am I different?"

"If I take the rules more seriously, which I admit only for the sake of argument, you take them less so—in fact, one could easily accuse you of stacking the cards."

"I deny absolutely!"

"Ah, but you can't, you can't!"

"*I have been faithful, Cynara, in my fashion*," he misquoted, looking down at her.

"Ah, in your fashion?" said Elizabeth, with the faintest possible edge to her voice.

Elizabeth did not play bridge. After dinner she settled herself with a book chosen at random from a pile on a table. It proved to be a copy of Tony's poems, entitled *Green Fires*. She liked them, and told him so when he came over to her a little later. Amy brought Mrs. Potter during a time they were both "dummies." They went back after just a few words about an engagement for the next day. She felt that Tony was right in characterizing the woman's grace. Mrs. Potter was tall. Willowy erectness and long, straight limbs were her "points." She was beautifully simple and charming. She reminded Elizabeth, standing there with Amy, of a slim, nervous hunter. And Amy, Elizabeth's mouth quirked at the ridiculousness of

her figures, of a well-rounded family cob. She felt a touch of shame at her sudden impression of Amy and resolutely put the whole thing away.

Alec wandered over, during one of his sabbatical periods at the bridge table, and told her she was going to cause him an absolutely sleepless night. He assured her before he was summoned back by his partner that he would solve her, even if he devoted his entire time to it.

Elizabeth went home with Amy with a mind full of a number of things.

The man was quite dangerously attractive. There wasn't a touch of heaviness about him anywhere. If he was genuinely in love with Amy it was past her finding out—from him, at least. She told herself that it was not likely to prove one of the great love affairs of history. His type did not lend itself to ultimatums. But, she had to confess, that one could rarely tell. Amy was another thing. Was Amy in the way of being hurt? Amy was such a serious soul. From that angle Elizabeth regarded the

situation blackly. She had been entertained and amused by it until now. If Amy were playing the game in earnest, if Amy were to suffer in the slightest degree, she would cheerfully kill him.

Amy came into Elizabeth's room as she was preparing for bed. She sat down before the white-tiled hearth and absently brushed the long yellow hair that grew so wonderfully.

"What did you think of Evelyn Potter, Betty?" Amy turned and looked across the room at Elizabeth.

The suddenness of it found Elizabeth wholly unprepared. "I thought her charming," she said.

"Um . . . Yes . . ." Amy turned back.

There was a long silence.

"If she'd only get a decent dress-maker!"

Elizabeth was startled. She had been miles away. "What did you say?"

"If Evelyn would get some halfway decent clothes. She looks for all the world as if she had stood in the middle





of the room and let some one fling a bolt of dress material at her. All the Englishwomen I ever knew looked like the second act of 'Zaza'—” Amy went on, more than a trace of peevishness in her voice.

Elizabeth arranged the brushes and bottles on the dressing table in front of her. “The effect is quite good,” she ventured.

“Oh, do you think so, too?” Amy was surprised. “You’re the last person in the world to excuse careless grooming.”

“It isn’t a question of grooming, is it?” Elizabeth came over to the fire. She might as well let Amy have it out, she was so full of it.

“I don’t mean she doesn’t scrub her neck,” said Amy.

Elizabeth relented still more. “I know what you mean, of course, but what difference does it make? She’s attractive in her way, tremendously. It’s a long, loose grace that we couldn’t hope to attain. It’s an art. And she probably doesn’t care a rap for clothes.”

“She doesn’t. She has only two sorts as a matter of fact. Riding habits and evening things. I don’t know which are worse!” Amy laughed.

Elizabeth hated that laugh. It didn’t sound like Amy . . . it was spiteful. But in a moment she reflected that it was a good sign, another assurance that it wasn’t after all to be one of the *great love affairs*. Women really in love, nine times out of ten, were capable of a large godlike charity, a benevolence that dripped like so much honey on any and everything round them—particularly the man’s wife.

Now if she could keep Amy from confession that Alec Potter meant anything at all to her, she felt she might go to bed and sleep the night.

She drew up a chair and sat down.

“What do you think of Alec?” Amy demanded.

Elizabeth had expected this, and she was sufficiently prepared. “Very entertaining,” she said.

“Oh!” Plainly Amy was disappointed. “From the appearance of your conversation at dinner I thought you might have found him more than entertaining.” Was it possible that there was the faintest jealous edge to Amy’s voice?

“Indeed, I did.” Elizabeth decided to yawn here. She did it in a very thorough fashion. Amy was all sympathy immediately.

“You poor dear, it’s beastly of me to keep you up. Why, you’ve just come, and I’m trying to kill you!” she said contritely.

“Oh, don’t mind my yawns—what is it people say about yawns—I never can remember?”

Amy accepted it. “But you’ll have to admit that Alec is much, much more attractive than Evelyn,” she went on.

This was becoming a nuisance. “I don’t know—if you say so, I’ll take them under observation.”

Elizabeth’s irresponsibility passed unnoticed. “I feel awfully sorry for Alec.”

“I suppose she doesn’t understand him?” Elizabeth ventured smiling.

“Yes, how did you know?” Amy was perfectly serious. She looked entirely surprised.

“No man’s wife ever does,” Elizabeth murmured.

Amy wrinkled up her nose. “Well, she doesn’t! In the first place, she’s never home. She lives on horseback. Alec spends half of his time stopping round. And the worst of it is that he is the sort who would be crazy about a home. A real home, I mean . . . and . . . and all that stands for . . .” Amy was running the melody out on the G string. “It’s a great pity, isn’t it?”

Elizabeth did not reply. She was filled with a large inclination to laugh. Also with immense sympathy for Alec . . . and Alec’s wife.

Amy got up to go. “Good-night . . . if there’s anything you want . . .”

Elizabeth kissed her hastily, and closed the door behind her.



“POOR DEAR, IT’S BEASTLY OF ME TO KEEP YOU UP”

Her last thought before she closed her eyes was that the man was wasted on Amy—that Amy must necessarily miss his rare nuances.

Elizabeth saw a great deal of the Potters, both together and apart, as her visit lengthened out. She was charmed with Evelyn, and Alec, too, was delightful. Amy was decidedly on the wrong track. What could they do with a “home”—in Amy’s sense of the word. It was too ridiculous. The Potters’ consideration for each other was the very epitome of wellbred friendliness. They were eminently suited. How had Amy come into it at all? The solution of the problem lay perhaps in the eternal verities. Alec was Don Juan—and Amy the essential maternal. Elizabeth was pleased with herself for having reduced it to a common denominator.

The understanding—or whatever it

was between Amy and Alec—had suffered a check. Elizabeth could see that plainly. She felt herself to be the cause of it. She was not sorry. She admitted to herself quite frankly that she had never been so keenly amused as she was during the times they were thrown together. Alec scintillated. But among the hundreds of things they found to talk about there was never the faintest twinkle in either set of eyes to bring their association of that afternoon’s casualty to the surface. Very gallant they were about it.

There were times, Elizabeth felt, when Amy was completely mystified. She had the appearance of leaning out of the window and lowering her golden locks to Alec—like the princess in the fairy tale. Then, too, Elizabeth felt Amy’s sweetness to herself become a trifle strained. Another proof that she knew there was an interruption.



"When is it you are leaving?" Alec said to her abruptly one afternoon as he was driving her home from the Country Club. Elizabeth told him.

"I shall miss you, you know."

"And I, you," said Elizabeth.

And on the last afternoon of her stay he drew her upstairs to Amy's little sitting room.

"Do you feel—as Amy's friend, I mean—that I owe you an explanation?" He stood before her, an unlighted cigarette in his hand.

Elizabeth did not answer immediately. "May I have one, too?" He handed her the case and lighted her cigarette. She knew she was playing for time. She did want to know how it had come about. But she decided to refuse his generosity. What she felt to be the facts—all that he could decently tell her would be bare bones compared to the rich suppositions she had had all along. It was better as it was.

"No, I don't think you do," she said.

His earnestness betrayed itself in a sigh. "You make me feel like the veriest amateur! And I go back to my first impression of you. You are not one of us! If you could only have seen yourself the afternoon you stood in that doorway—it must have been startling—but you never turned a hair! How do you do it, you wonderful woman?"

She might have told him that the thing he admired in her had been bought at a price; that she had paid for it with disillusionment and loneliness. She fairly choked down the revelation, and a moment afterward shook with the chill of escape. Why make a new contact in an episode that was about to be closed perfectly . . . and forever?

"You're the second woman I've ever

known," he went on, "who was too fine to use an advantage."

"Flatterer," she said lightly, "don't tell me anything else!"

"There are so many things I want to say—I shall miss you. But I've already told you that, haven't I?"

Elizabeth nodded unyieldingly.

"You're beautifully right—as always," he mourned.

Tony came up to find them gravely shaking hands. Amy had sent for them.

Elizabeth went home.

Amy's letter, in answer to her bread-and-butter one, was long delayed. But when it came it was full of news.

"Virginia Collins is going to have a baby. . . . Our regular foursome has been broken up lately on account of this wretched weather. . . . One of the maids has whooping cough, and I'm petrified for fear she has given it to the children. . . ." And then, "Will you be surprised, Betty dear, to hear that Tony and I are to be married in the fall? Tony needs me so badly. . . . We shall go to the south of France for three months and then come back and settle down. . . . Tony's so wonderful. . . . I'm so happy . . . I will make a real home for him, poor dear, he's never had one, you know. . . . He says I am the only woman who ever understood him. . . . He's bringing out his second book very soon . . . dedicated to me."

There was much more, and all in the same vein. Elizabeth felt she could have written it, the full history of Amy's decision to marry Tony and "make a home for him." What a wonderful phrase that was! Her last remaining trace of curiosity was assuaged.

"Clever Alec!" she breathed aloud, and lightly raised Amy's letter to her lips.

# Bare Souls. I: Voltaire

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

*Mr. Bradford's former series of biographical portraits, "Damaged Souls," was so enthusiastically received that he has undertaken to present to the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE another gallery of equally interesting human figures.*

*Sainte-Beuve has a famous line: "All at once the surface of life is torn apart, and we read bare soul." Mr. Bradford has chosen Lamb, Gray, Keats, Walpole, Flaubert, and Voltaire as among the historic great who have thus revealed themselves to us.*

FRANÇOIS AROUET, better known by the literary name which he preferred, Voltaire, is most familiar to us as he appeared in age: the lean, wrinkled, withered face, the vivid, mocking eye, which seemed to see the under-side of everything, the figure shrunken and shattered by the fierce, restless intelligence, which soared, and plunged, and darted into the deepest hiding-places of human folly and vanity and wickedness. It was the incomparable vigor of this devouring intellect that made Voltaire the greatest spiritual influence of the mid-eighteenth century, and one of the greatest of the world. The influence of Rousseau upon posterity may be more picturesque, more flamboyant, more melodramatic; but Voltaire's was probably more subtly diffused and more fundamentally stimulating. Moreover, we must remember Rousseau's debt to Voltaire.

As to the quality of Voltaire's influence there will always be dispute so long as men look at life from different angles. The conservative, the orthodox, those who think that sacred things, or even things that appear sacred, should never be touched, will regard him with loathing and horror. He sapped, they say, the necessary conventions and respectabilities of life, and took pleasure in such sapping. Decency was unknown to him. With the evil, dirty mischief

of a satyr he skipped through sanctities and decorums, tearing off and snatching away, giggling and gurgling with hateful and corrupting laughter. He sapped religion, made God a jest, and the dearest things of God, turned the sweet, quiet devotion of pure souls into foul and turbulent mocking, tipped over the large and painfully erected fabric of the Christian universe and danced upon the ruins, as if it were a gay thing to leave mankind neither piety nor pity nor love nor hope.

He was a destroyer by his own confession, say these excellent conservatives, "*Je suis grand démolisseur*," and what place has a struggling, battling, laboriously constructing world for destroyers? When they are destroyers of genius they are all the more damnable. Voltaire was a mere negative, a minus quantity with a terrible force of infection, which dragged thousands of high and fine souls, who might have been constructive, over to the negative side.

To which Voltaire's admirers reply that in a sense it is all true enough. He was a destroyer, and past question he enjoyed it. All children like to destroy, and in many aspects Voltaire was singularly a child. But what did he destroy? He was born into a rotten social world. The poor were downtrodden, crushed, embittered. The rich were cynical, self-



indulgent, careless. A huge framework of artificial convention sustained the aristocratic structure of French, of European, society. Kings and all their paraphernalia were outworn, useless, burdensome. Yet they persisted, with more tyrannous iniquity, the more they found their power failing. Voltaire sailed right into all these things, not with dynamite, which would have brought him to the scaffold, not with slow theorizing, which would have brought him nowhere, but with subtle irony and mocking, which showed the vanity of pretence and the folly of convention, without giving direct excuse for cutting off his head to get him out of the way.

So with religion, what Voltaire attacked, or meant to attack, was the narrowness of it, the cruelty of it, the distortion of it, in the hands of meddling, encroaching, ignorant priests, and superstitious, groveling laymen. In his general tumbling-over of idols no doubt some good things and good people got hard knocks, and justly resented it. It must always be so. But the temple had grown dusty and somber, webbed all over with spiders and befouled with bats and other ugly creatures, who make their abode in darkness. Voltaire smashed the glooming windows, threw wide the leather-shrouded doors, and let in light and air and the broad serenity of heaven. Are these things nothing? Is liberty negative? Is truth negative, even when she comes in her austere garb, wielding the fierce scourge with which she scatters lies? "My aim is to diminish, if possible, the weight of evil which overshadows and devours this globe of misery." Is that the cry of a man who labored only to destroy?

In any case, there is one thing about Voltaire that his bitterest enemy cannot dispute and that his friends rejoice in, his enormous vitality. From infancy to age every particle of him seemed to live, to vibrate and quiver with an intense, inexhaustible, irrepressible animation, which entered into all his thoughts

and deeds and extended itself to every thing and person that came near him. He sums it up in three words: "*J'aime tout*," "I like everything." The things he did not like he hated, and he often liked and hated the same thing, as the mood took him. He might be angry, he might be discouraged, he might be weary, he might be desperate: he was never indolent and never indifferent. Life was a great game, or, if you preferred, a great battle; but while you lived, you must make the most of it, must make every nerve and muscle you had tell something and do something. If you did not, where was the use of your living? "I have got to fight, yet I am ill unto death; so there you have my history."

For it must be observed at the start that Voltaire's superb spiritual vitality did not mean physical vitality at all. On the contrary, his life seems to have been a constant struggle with ill-health, at any rate, the portion of it which is fully reported for us. All the more notable is it that no ill-health could crush him. Yet the history of his physical ills is exhibited to us with minute detail and constant repetition. In anyone else it would be tedious, but nothing can be tedious in him. He envies good health, thinks what could be done with it, and what could be enjoyed, though one wonders how he could have done more or enjoyed more, whatever health he had. As for himself, appetite fails, eyesight fails, hearing fails, the stomach is wrong, the liver is wrong, the heart is wrong; "I am a little deaf, a little blind, a little paralyzed; and on top of this are two or three abominable special infirmities; but nothing destroys my hope." Nothing could destroy it. Or rather, it was not so much hope as the tremendous ardor of living, which nothing could extinguish but actual death.

Nor did the ill-health keep him still, force him to a sedentary, secluded, self-cherishing existence. Much the contrary. "Nothing is more wholesome

than to keep going," he cries. He kept going, with his limbs when he could, with his spirit always. From his birth in 1694 to his death in 1788 he gives the impression of being perpetually a creature of movement and, considering the imperfect means of movement in those days, his actual locomotion was wonderful. He skipped about France, he wandered into England, he sojourned in Prussia, he established various abiding-places in Switzerland. It is true that he could say exquisite things about peace and quiet and home. In his later years he did cling quite closely to his lovely retreat at Ferney, in the neighborhood of Geneva, where he could jump at a moment's notice from one country to another, if either government got too troublesome. Yet it was the movement and excitement and triumph of a final trip to Paris that hastened his death. And always the excitement of such trips was deliciously exhilarating to him. With what mad fervor does he protest against the distraction of them, and how he enjoys it! "I go. I come. I sup at one end of the town, to sup the next night at the other. From a company of three or four intimate friends you have to fly to the Opera, to the Comedy, have to see the curiosities like any stranger, to embrace a hundred persons in one day, make and accept a hundred protestations: not one instant to yourself, no time to write, or think, or sleep. I am like the old Roman who was smothered under the flowers that were heaped upon him." He liked the flowers and all that went with them, to the last gasp.

Voltaire's intense vitality in all that concerns the practical affairs of men is written on every page of his correspondence. Money? He has plenty to say about money, and deals with it as a gross necessity, which everybody ought to recognize as such. He was not born with any particular abundance of it, in fact, had a very moderate purse with the tastes of a millionaire. Yet he appreciates that the lack of material resources may be a wholesome spur to

doing great things in the world. As if he needed any! "There is a difference so immense between a man who has his fortune all made and one who has it to make that they are not creatures of the same species." To the end of his life he retained those curious streaks of petty parsimony which are apt to appear in persons who have suffered from financial pressure in their younger days. He would haggle and chaffer over the details of a bargain, and cheat, if necessary. In spite of his undeniable love of abstract truth, his vivid imagination constantly led him into misrepresentations which might be called plain lies, and really were so. Yet with all the apparent meanness and greed, which it is impossible to explain away, Voltaire could be splendidly liberal and generous, could squander money on great causes and poor people, could spend like a prince and live like one, as well as write and think like a genius.

He liked the comfort and luxury that money brought, liked the display of it, to do things on a grand scale, and have others feel that he did so. When he got a country estate of his own, he liked to ornament and develop it and make it worthy of the greatest writer of the age. He liked to have a lot of dependents and hangers-on, men working with him and for him, to control them and have them feel that he did: "I love passionately to be master in my own house." He was a builder, was always busy with some new structure for use or ornament: "If you meet pious people, tell them that I have finished my church, and that the Pope has sent me relics for it; if you meet pleasant people, tell them that I have finished my theater." It pleased him to pose as an industrious, respectable, and innocent country gentleman.

But it is evident that what above all interested him was humanity. Whether he was building, or buying, or writing, or lying, he was an intensely human creature, and everything human was akin to him. He was interested in the world at large. Princes attracted him,



and peasants also. Soldiers were impressive, priests were exasperating, scholars were instructive, fools were amusing, and generally, men and women were glorious in their everyday pettiness. He loved them for the best of possible reasons, because they were in all essential respects what he was: "Whoever has imagination and insight can find in himself the full knowledge of human nature; for all men are alike at bottom, and the difference of shades does not alter fundamental color."

And if he liked to read and hear about men at a distance, he liked to meet them personally. He sometimes insisted that he did not, but he did. In his retirement at Ferney he always had swarms of people about him, entertained them at his table, read poems to them, acted plays to them, flattered them, scolded them, complained that they interfered with his work, and then worked more than any other three men.

As to women, Voltaire was, of course, vastly acquainted with them, as with men, chatted with them, corresponded with them, accepted their adulation with delight. Love was different. It was excellent stuff to make literature of, too often literature not very decent. For life it was decoying, but dangerous. He lived most affectionately with Madame Du Châtelet for a number of years, and her death seems to have shaken him more than any other experience. But in general it is clear that he was not born a lover: he was too immensely and vividly full of himself. It is most interesting to distinguish this warm, quick, superficial vitality, like a Leyden jar, always ready to snap and sparkle but never touched to the depths, because there were no depths, from a nature, like Catullus, for example, all concentrated in one profound, devouring obsession of passion. You cannot imagine Voltaire's writing or feeling Catullus's fiery distich:

"I love, I hate; but do not ask me why:

I know it, and I feel it, and I die."

Of course, Voltaire loved and hated both, and was quick and eager in both of them. "*I love* is a fine word," he says; "but you should not repeat it too often; sometimes you should say, *I hate*." Only, in both perhaps his expression was a little more vehement than his real feeling. At any rate, the feeling did not go deep, or last long. But he did have an exuberance of quarrels, so much so that it sometimes seems as if his whole life were nothing but a succession of them. "This world is a perpetual war, prince with prince, priest with priest, people with people, scribbler with scribbler." And he rather liked it, liked it very decidedly. His tongue and pen were magnificent instruments, and, alas, such instruments may be used more brilliantly to lash than even to flatter. He did lash, and scourge, and scarify, crack his stinging whip over great malefactors and petty vermin who were not worth it, sometimes with splendid courage, sometimes with small malevolence. Then when it was over he commonly forgot all about it. He could indeed make fun of his own Christian spirit: "Really I overlooked the article of forgiving injuries. The injuries most felt, they say, are raileries. I forgive with all my heart those whom I have mocked." But he did not cherish persistent grudges, or, indeed, care enough about his enemies to harbor long vengeance.

The most picturesque of all Voltaire's personal ruptures, and one of the great quarrels of the world, was his break with Frederick the Great. The study of their relation, its growth and violent severance and frigid renewal, is a curious piece of psychological analysis. As a young crown prince, with literary tastes, Frederick was fascinated by Voltaire's genius, and the great French author was naturally flattered by such princely admiration. They exchanged letter after letter, passing compliments, witty sarcasms, and naughty stories, and Frederick submitted his verses, and Voltaire criticized them with tact and

patience and kindly suggestion. Then Frederick's father died, and the new king was anxious to have the amusement and the glory of Voltaire's presence at his court. For a long time Voltaire hung off, well divining the danger. But at last he yielded and established himself in Berlin. The result might easily have been foreseen and both ought to have foreseen it. But at first Voltaire was charmed. The king was all a king could be, a soldier, a scholar, a patron, a friend. Then the doubt, the discomfort, the dissatisfaction, creep in, oh, so subtly, so delicately. There is the superb "but" passage: "My life is free and abundantly occupied; but, but—operas, comedies, balls, suppers at Sans Souci, war manœuvres, concerts, studies, lectures; but, but—the city of Berlin, large, far better arranged than Paris, palaces, theaters, kindly queens, charming princesses, lovely maids of honor . . . but, but—my dear child, the weather is beginning to turn cold." It turned colder, and colder yet. Whose the fault was it is not necessary to determine, or rather it is quite evident that there was a luxury of fault on both sides. Given an arbitrary, cynical, satirical, selfish prince, and an equally arbitrary, satirical, susceptible author, disaster was clearly inevitable. It came after four years. The only wonder is that it did not come much sooner. The whole world was delighted with the scandalous exhibition of great men's tempers. Voltaire got away with considerable difficulty, and during a lengthy interval there were no more of those amiable letters. Later they were renewed, but they were never quite the same.

It should, however, be remembered and appreciated that Voltaire's nature was warm and responsive in his affections as in his quarrels. His family ties were not numerous or deeply binding, at least, so far as we know them. He expressed a good deal of tenderness for his nieces, and one of them, Madame Denis, kept his house for a long time. But she does not seem to have been a

very attaching person. Outside the domestic circle he had hosts of friends and to some of them he continued loyally devoted for many years. Among these there were naturally many besides Frederick of a station in life much superior to his own and he is often accused of flattering such outrageously. He had the art of saying nice things and liked to do so, and he knew well that the great like to have nice things said to them, as well as the little. But he, and they, appreciated that it was a good deal a matter of saying. Underneath he had his self-respect, and knew how to maintain it, with Frederick as well as others. With friends nearer to his own position he was charming in cordiality and, no doubt, sincere in tenderness.

As to humanity in the larger, peculiarly eighteenth-century sense, no one can dispute that Voltaire was richly endowed with it. He himself tells us so on all occasions, but there is plenty of indirect evidence that is perhaps more convincing. As in so many other things, he anticipated his age in sympathy for animals: "The dumb creatures, our brethren, deserve a little more attention than we give them. . . . I wish we might discover preventives for the contagious maladies of animals, when they are in health, that we might apply them when they are diseased." And his sympathy for the sufferings of men was far more intense. Wrong, injustice, cruelty, irritated him, infuriated him, and he protested against them with all the ardor of his heart and his pen, his satire and his mockery. Nor was the protest general merely. His efforts to assist the unfortunate in the cases of Calas, Sirven, and others, cost him time, money, and friends, and he was ready to risk a great deal to see justice done. It is true that he was attacking the Jesuits and other things and people whom he hated, and this was agreeable in itself. Still the result was positive, and noble, and must be credited to him so long as humanity detests intolerance and loves the right.



The vitality which Voltaire poured out in all these external relations is perhaps even more manifest in intellectual and spiritual matters. Everything he touched, he touched with ardor, and in the course of that long and varied life there were few things that he did not touch.

As with many writers, the fine arts outside of his own made comparatively little appeal to him. Nor was he much more susceptible to nature than to the charms of art. He liked to live in the country, especially when he had had a large dose of city life: "The country is a port from which one can look out upon all storms." No one can stand upon the platform at Ferney and not feel that the man who picked that refuge for his old age had some appreciation of the larger aspects of natural beauty. And at moments this appreciation breaks out into a real, if brief, delight: "My dear friends, how lovely the country is: it gives a pleasure you know nothing about." Or again, he has a charming phrase like the following: "The streams, the flowers, and the woods console; and too often men do not." But in general he is too busy to attend to such things, too full of schemes and jests, too much interested in men, whether consoling or amusing or exasperating, to bother with streams and flowers. A page of Rousseau takes you into a different world.

On the other hand, when it comes to books and thinking, the eager mind is always alive, dips restlessly into everything, turns and twists ideas, mauls them and plays with them and tears them, with the vivacity and velocity of a kitten or a young tiger. Ignorant? Or 'course, we are ignorant. It sometimes seems as if, the more we read the more ignorant we are. But it is all so vastly amusing, all, all. Mathematics, indeed, are a little of a stumbling-block. Madame Du Châtelet likes them and works hard over them, and therefore he works hard over them. He begs a friend to send him something a little lighter, just to relieve these dismal studies.

Then he instantly retracts. Are there any dismal studies? To this quick, fertile, joyous spirit indeed there were not. As for the natural sciences, they were nothing but play. In his youth he was infatuated with them, and he might have been so all his life if there had not been Jesuits to deal with.

And literature proper was far more fascinating than even the physical sciences. Voltaire's delight in reading the great authors of many literatures, in commenting upon them, and commending them, was inexhaustible. No doubt there was much about his judgment that was narrow. Precisely because he was so intense and individual in his likings and dislikings, he had often the appearance of prejudice and limitation. His pronouncement that Shakespeare was "a drunken savage" will always be quoted and considered as the extreme of Gallic incapacity for appreciating Anglo-Saxon idols. Yet in literature, as in everything else, he had an extraordinary shrewdness and quickness of insight. French as he was, no man was quicker to see the deficiencies of his countrymen, and much as he admired Corneille and Racine, the artificial element of their work could not but impress him: "It is a strange prejudice with us Franks, that all the characters must have the same nobility of soul, that they must all be well bred, finely mannered, conventionally restrained: nature is not like that at all." Even, in a passage which goes far to make up for the drunken savage, he points out that that strange Englishman had something which the genteel French dramatists never got at all: "This Gilles Shakespeare, with all his barbarity and absurdity, has, like Lope de Vega, touches so naïve and so true, that all the reasonings of Pierre Corneille are frigid beside the tragedy of the said Gilles." Finally, whether right or wrong, Voltaire had the gift of saying about authors, as about other things, the word that sticks, as in his remark on Ariosto, whom he adored, "people are always stealing volumes of

my Ariosto; nobody ever stole my Dante," or about Petrarch, whom he calls "the most gifted genius of the world in the art of always saying the same thing."

In abstract philosophy Voltaire's interest was somewhat less than in literature. His keen, direct spirit was impatient of mystery, of obscurity, and was perhaps too inclined to conclude that where he could not see, there was nothing to be seen. He reiterates in different forms the celebrated bit in "Candide," "Of metaphysics he knew about what has been known in all ages, that is to say, very little." He wanted to be definite, to be positive, and in these elusive matters of thought there was little assurance of positiveness anywhere. "It is only charlatans who are certain." He liked the name, *philosophe*, liked to apply it to himself and his friends in the somewhat pedantic eighteenth-century fashion, liked to write innumerable articles on so-called philosophical subjects for the *Encyclopédie*. But it was all rather practical in bent and what was best in philosophy was hardly worthy of so high-sounding a term: "It is said that philosophy makes people happy; but my idea is that the people who said that had pretty good digestions." At the same time it must not be assumed that because Voltaire was always clear, he was always shallow. Clarity is an intellectual blessing, and may and, most of all should, be applied to those things that need it most; and clarity and profundity are not so incompatible as some persons not perfectly familiar with either are inclined to suppose. Above all, Voltaire, at his better moments, was quite capable of that large and dignified attitude toward life which perhaps has something more of philosophy in it than merely good digestion. How noble and just is his statement of this attitude: "Let us be philosophical at least in our latter days. Let us not employ them in sacrificing to the vanities of the world, in running after phantoms, in

trying to escape from ourselves, in wasting our souls upon mere externals, in feeding upon wind." Surely we have something besides the vain mocker here.

Yet in religion Voltaire was undeniably a good deal of a mocker. Superstition, empty fears, idols, mummeries, intolerance, cruelty, irritated him, and in attacking them he was too apt to be regardless of the deeper and more important things that might be associated with them. His enormous power of raillery, his fierce, bitter, stinging tongue, ran riot with him, and led him to excesses of indecent mocking, no doubt beyond his intentions and his better feeling. Then, when he felt that he had offended the temporal and spiritual powers past endurance, he professed repentance, professed conformity, built chapels, cajoled priests, made a half-cynical ostentation of religion, which was a worse mockery than the actual railing. And all the time he asserted, and perhaps believed, that he was quarreling only with the artificial, the conventional, and the false. The *Infâme*, which he and his friends attacked so furiously, was certainly not understood by them to be the personality of Jesus, or even any element of good and godlike in what he represented; it was simply the corruptions and distortions, doctrinal and moral, which had grown up under cover of that vast earthly organism, the Catholic Church. Voltaire affirmed and re-affirmed his belief in God, not only formally, but in casual phrases, which meant far more, "for me, who believe in God as much as and more than anyone." Nevertheless, it is manifestly impossible to represent him or think of him as a devout believer. It would be far from just to look upon him as an incarnate Mephistopheles, a spirit who denies and nothing else. But he was too busy with actual living, too intensely, vividly dynamic in the present, to bother with affairs of merely ultimate concern. Let them wait; you have got to live now.

There was one thing, at any rate, in



which he was not negative, and which expressed and fulfilled his vitality most of all: that was writing and the pen. From his youth he was a writer, and to pour out literature was as instinctive with him as breathing. It made little difference what the circumstances were, he wrote just the same. Whether he was ill or well, whether he was glad or sorry, at home and abroad, solitary and with men and women crowding about him, still the pen went, still the words came, without cessation, almost without repose: it was his life. Nor did it make much difference what he wrote. Few authors have been so universal. Epic poetry, pompously solemn, or gayly indecent, quick light society verses, tragedy, comedy, history, biography, fiction, grave essays, and blighting satire, it was all one to him. He could do all of them, and all of them well, and the product fills fifty solid volumes. His pen would have danced on and on to the end of the world, and he would have gayly recorded even that final disaster, for the benefit of cosmic posterity, or just for pure fun.

It is evident that to achieve such an immense total a man must work quickly and easily. Probably no man ever threw off words and thoughts with more fire and petulance than Voltaire. His pen flew, or, when age and infirmity obliged him to dictate, his tongue flew, and always with the same unflinching facility. His theme descended upon him, and possessed him, and for the time he was lost in it. Listen to his whirlwind description of the composition of one of his tragedies: "I hunted up all that great names have that is most imposing, all that the secret religion of the ancients . . . had in it that was terrible or consoling, all that torments us in the passions, all the vanity and the wretchedness of human grandeur, and all the ruinous disaster of human misfortune. The subject seized upon me with such violence that I wrote the whole play in six days, counting a little of the nights."

It would naturally be supposed that a speed of production like this would involve defects of haste and carelessness. Nothing can be farther from the truth. It was rare indeed that an imperfect sentence left Voltaire's pen. And this came first from the long habit and instinct of the natural writer. His language was clear, direct, vivid, and forcible, because his thoughts were. At the same time he was not only a rapid but a most conscientious worker. He poured out his first draughts with speed and facility, but he corrected them with minute labor and care. Verses must be without flaw. With prose he was almost equally punctilious. He revised and worked over and polished till all possible suggestion of slovenliness was disposed of forever.

Even, he endured the last test of a writer's patience: he not only corrected himself, but listened with humility to the corrections of others. He submits his work to his friends, asks for suggestions, asks with a singular self-effacement: "Encourage me all you can, for I am as docile as a child." He debates the suggestions that are made to him, considers them, and occasionally adopts them, which is a good deal when you know the nature of the writing tribe.

The truth is that he deferred to the opinion of others because he passionately desired their praise and to do things that they would praise. It is true that, like other authors and artists, he at times disclaims all regard for popular applause. He is working for higher things. But the applause delighted him, all the same, was necessary to him, he fed upon it, lived upon it, and when it failed, or was in any way flawed, he was restless, uneasy, and discontent. And glory came upon him immensely, involved him, transfigured him, glory direct, and the envy and abuse which are the almost equally delightful inverted form of glory. Few writers, except perhaps Goethe, have been more adored, and especially, talked about, in their ripe old age.

Through it all it must be admitted that he shows an extraordinary susceptibility and vanity which are often contemptible. Yet it is hard to condemn them altogether, or at any rate, him. He dodged and cheated and lied and stole. Oh, yes, very likely. But he did it all in the most winning simplicity of spirit. Here again one notes something peculiarly childlike about him, as there was about the vanity of Cicero, though they were both rather sophisticated children. And nobody knew better than he the emptiness of literary triumph, or any other triumph: "Sometimes I think of all I have been through, and I conclude that, if I had a son who was to go through the same, I would wring his neck out of sheer paternal tenderness." Yet in reality, he would not have missed a single torment of it all, or as Viola puts it in the "The Coxcomb," with more discernment and more charm:

"I'll tell my daughters then  
The miseries their mother had in love,  
And say 'My girls, be wiser!' yet I would not  
Have had more wit myself."

If Voltaire's vitality pours itself out in his writings generally, it is perhaps most of all manifest in his correspondence. The bulk of the letters we have were written in age; yet the fire and fury inspire and animate every line of them. "I have never been able to understand how anybody could be cold: that is too much for me." Could a man paint himself better in a brief sentence? The vitality sparkles and glitters in the unceasing, unfailing wit; not humor, the vitality did not permit that, was incompatible with the remoteness and detachment of the humorous attitude; but the wit makes the pages glow and crackle like a great aurora. To be sure, Voltaire said of himself, "as for comedies, I won't meddle with them: I am a tragic animal"; and this time one feels that he has not hit it so well as usual, though one understands what he meant. To live is perhaps tragedy, and he lived, if ever man did. But what counts most of

all in the letters is that he said what he thought, threw off shackles, broke restraints, let his spirit and his life flow out to whoever would listen to him. The results may sometimes be dangerous, not to say indecent, but they are always revealing, always human, and why not admit it, fascinating also? "My vocation is to say what I think *fari quæ sentiam*."

Taken altogether, the correspondence of Voltaire is perhaps the most wonderful, certainly the vastest in the world. It has not the imagination of Flaubert or the unearthly grace of Lamb, but for vigor and variety it is unequaled. He often speaks of writing ten or twelve letters a day, and though many of them were dictated, this does not seem to make any difference in their power or their charm. It was the brain that did it, not the fingers. His correspondents included people of the greatest note and importance of any in his time, not only kings and queens, but great poets, great artists, great scholars, and great actors. Though he writes differently to different ones, and perhaps with more intimate and stimulated freedom to those whom he likes best, as D'Argental or Madame Du Deffand, he writes to all with equal energy and equal surprising diversity and originality of thought and phrase. Since the later and better editions include the letters of his correspondents as well as his own, of Frederick and Catherine, of Diderot and D'Alembert, the whole forms one of the most remarkable epitomes of a historical period that can well be imagined.

Yet all the external matters, vivid and brilliantly treated as they are, are nothing compared to the revelation of the man himself, and few human beings, hardly even Pepys, have laid themselves so largely and completely bare to the curious gaze of posterity. The chief, magnificent agent in accomplishing this is, no doubt, style, and it is difficult to exaggerate the great qualities of Voltaire as stylist. Unfailing clarity, absolute precision and exactitude are a small



part of it. Beyond these there is a subtle secret of rhythm especially, such as Swift had, a power of adapting all the cunning possibilities of utterance to the thing to be uttered, of bringing out the infinite resources of words in color and accent in such a way as to drive the thought home and make it stick, that has been possessed by few other writers in any language. And note that Voltaire is never a rhetorician, never preoccupied, as is Macaulay, first of all with the effect or the making of his own phrases. It is all a matter of thought and feeling; only, by some wonderful instinctive gift, the thought and feeling pour themselves out in a form which is masterfully and imperishably the best.

Still, Voltaire's revelation of himself is not merely a matter of utterance. It is far more a question and a manifestation of that superb vitality on which we have all along insisted. There is no other correspondence in the world in which the writer so constantly, so in-

cessantly keeps himself before us. The odd thing is that, with this, there is so little impression of egotism, at any rate far less than with Cicero or Swift. There is none of the monotony that results from Madame de Sévigné's tedious iteration of her daughter. Voltaire's letters turn perpetually from one thing to another, and touch with the largest variety on all subjects in the universe. But these subjects are somehow intimately related to the writer, seen through the medium of that vivid, glowing, sparkling spirit of Voltaire. He draws all things to himself, and again he diffuses himself with the most vital eagerness into the essential movement of all things. So intense is the impression of this that you grow to feel yourself nearer to him than to any personal friend, and, while you often smile at him and sometimes sigh over him, as, for that matter, you do over your friends, you constantly wonder, and in the end you feel something distinctly approaching affection.

## In Springtime

BY W. H. DAVIES

THERE'S many a pool that holds a cloud  
 Deep down for miles, to float along;  
 There's many a hedge that's white with May,  
 To bring the backward birds to song;  
 There's many a country lane that smells  
 Of beanfields, through the night and day:  
 Then why should I be here this hour,  
 In springtime, when the month is May?

There's nothing else but stone I see,  
 With but this ribbon of a sky;  
 And not a garden big enough  
 To share it with a butterfly.  
 Why do I walk these dull dark streets,  
 In gloom and silence, all day long—  
 In springtime, when the blackbird's day  
 Is four and twenty hours of song?

# The Human Body—Its Care and Prevention

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

**I** PROPOSE in this chapter to deal with the human body in her various aspects. Most readers will admit—except those who are complete nuts—that, with the single exception of the mind and the soul, there is nothing so important as the body. If we had no body it is doubtful if we could get along. Without the body most of us, if not all of us, would feel lost. Life itself would lose much of its elasticity, and even the most optimistic would be oppressed with a sense of emptiness.

Under such circumstances it is obvious that the care and use of the body is a matter of prime importance. We must study the question of how we are to treat it. What will be the best food to give it? What would it like to eat? Does it care for fruit and nuts? Are eggs good for it? In short, the thoughtful man when he sits down to eat will not merely consider his own personal likes and dislikes, but will remember that he must look after his body.

The same is true of exercise. The wise man when he goes out for a walk will take his body along with him. Air is good for it: and he will see to it that his body is always properly warmed, housed, and cleaned. It is not too much to say that the proper care of the body has a close connection with the health.

To maintain this care there is needed a continued and anxious personal attention. The thing must not be left to subordinates. The man of sense will keep up a minute and unceasing examination of his skin, his hair, and his whole exterior. If he drops a hair he should know it at once: one of the follicles at its base may have given way or perhaps the fall of the hair may mean that he is

in the incipient stage of scatalosis, or mange. If so, he ought to inform himself of it without delay.

Nor is it only the external aspect of the body that should be an object of continuous attention. The same thing is true of the interior, or what we may call medically, the inside. The prudent man especially as he reaches middle life, will keep a watchful eye turned on his inside. Are his ducts functioning? How is his great colon? And the shorter, or semi-colon, what about that? Is there an easy flow of nitric acid from the œsophagus to the proscenium? If not, what is stopping it: has perhaps a lot of sand or mud made its way into the auditorium? Are the sebaceous glands in what one might call efficient working condition, and are the valves of the liver revolving as they ought to? Are the eyes opening and shutting properly, and is the lower jaw swinging on its hinges as it should? In short, the man of discretion will go over himself each day and tap himself with a small hammer to see that his body is functioning as it ought to.

This care of the body and, particularly this attention to food, is a thing of very recent growth. It belongs only with the era in which we live and with the development of the advertising sections of the metropolitan press and with the invention of scenic advertising along the lines of our great railways. It is amazing how careless our ancestors were in this respect. The early pioneers who cut down the forests and settled the farm lands of America never seem to have taken any exercise. They knew nothing of the value of deep breathing or of the advantage of lifting the left knee up to the



chest five times every morning before breakfast.

As to food, the ignorance of our ancestors was appalling. They were ignorant of vitamins, calories, and of the proper proportion of ferruginous and diaphanous elements in diurnal diet. They ate pancakes, oatcakes, johnny-cakes, and other albuminous integers without realizing that in so doing they were increasing their consumption of protein without any corresponding balance of nitrogen. They seem to have eaten meats, pies, ham sandwiches, doughnuts, and dog biscuits under the silly impression that such things are food. We have only to open a modern scientific book on *Diet and What it Does to Us* to realize that they are not. These things may satisfy the appetite and distend the stomach and create a distressing hallucination of happiness, but they are not food. In the true sense, food will be found to consist of certain chemical products including nitrogen, carbon (such as common coal), cement, glue, and other lifegiving elements. To all of these we now give the name vitamins, to indicate that without them life is not possible, or, if possible at all, is too dull to count. But to get at the root of the matter we must turn back to the beginning of our analysis and must proceed to build up a science of food.

### THE SCIENCE OF FOOD

The first thing we have to do is to obtain a scientific view of the nature of food and to answer the question why do we eat and what will happen if we don't. Most people have never stopped to ask themselves why they eat and could not give a satisfactory reason why they do so. From the medical point of view the problem is not so simple as it sounds, but we may, in an approximate way, answer the question by saying that if we did not eat we should lose tone and elasticity, there would be a lowering of buoyancy, our blood would slacken, our stomach would sink, and our clothes would come unbuttoned. Granted then

that we are satisfied with the answer to our first question and admit, perhaps regretfully, that we must eat, we are confronted with the second inquiry, how much should we eat and when have we eaten enough? Here again science is able to give us a definite answer. There are certain plain and obvious symptoms which indicate to the trained eye that we have eaten enough. The distention of the stomach, as notified by the stretching and cracking of the skin, the bulging of the eyes, and the inability to move the jaws, should warn us that it is time to rise from the table—if we can. Some specialists, however, hold that even when this stage has been reached a more complete repletion can still be secured by the infiltration of buckwheat pancakes and maple syrup. This, however, is a technical matter of secondary importance. The main factor is that after a certain point is reached a general feeling of compactness, of solidification, of unification of the whole body sets in and informs us that if we like we can stop eating without harm.

This much established, we pass to the much more delicate inquiry what can we eat and, if we do, how can we digest it? This inquiry we cannot undertake, however, until we are prepared to understand what it is that happens, medically and scientifically, to our food. The process runs thus. The food is first introduced into the mouth, where it is thrown violently back, and forward, beating with great force against the cheeks: by this means it is folded into a ball and thrown to the oesophagus, which catches it, spins it round, and hurls it with a splash into the stomach. In this organ it is further pounded, pulverized, kicked, and bruised. Reduced thus into its elements, the food is divided, some of it passes into the liver, some into the heart, some into the eyes, causing them to bulge, while some again goes back into the face, causing it to swell and expand until its temperature reaches the boiling point and is carried off in the form of steam. The food not thus used



A MAN OF DISCRETION WILL GO OVER HIMSELF EACH DAY WITH A SMALL HAMMER

is thrown by the stomach into the tetrahedron and disappears.

So far so good. We have now to ask what particular substances are those which present to us the proper food values. Science tells us that food consists of the following things: the class of substances called proteins, such as ordinary paste, glue (as found on the back of postage stamps), shoeblackening, including tan-polish etc. etc.; the whole class known as carbons, such as common coal, burnt sticks, lampblack, and so on; a number of gases, to include nitrogen, hydrogen, sulphuric acid as found in eggs, and so forth. In addition to these principal articles of diet, the body needs, if it is to maintain a perfect health, a certain quantity of phosphorus, lime, old iron, sugar, gin, cement, rust, beans, mud, and other bone-making elements.

### COMPUTATION BY CALORIES

For a perfect science of food we need, however, more than a mere list of the food ingredients. We must have some form of relative measurement of computation. Modern science supplies this in the form of the calory, one of the newest

and brightest discoveries in the art of eating. A calory (which is derived from the Greek *calico*, I eat) means the amount of units of heat which a food constituent imparts to the body. Thus when we eat a pound of beefsteak we are aware of a growing sensation of heat; on eating a second pound we are hotter still; on eating the third pound our latent heat, if it were not carried off in the form of a cloud rising from the face, would result in serious inconvenience and perhaps in a liquification of the kidneys. In other words, we should be at the boiling point.

Experience shows that a pound of beefsteak contains 800 calories; a pound of sausages contains 1600 calories; while coal tar, although it is nearly 500 times sweeter than sugar, contains no calories at all. This is why we do not eat coal tar. On the other hand, various articles of diet which are very commonly neglected are very rich in calories: of these we may mention Brazil nuts, popcorn, timothy hay, spinach, raw oats, and grass seed.

We are now in a position to indicate the general tenor of a balanced diet.



We may set it down somewhat as follows:

### BREAKFAST MENU

(For an adult)

- 100 calories of nitrogen dioxide
- 100 calories (ten pounds) of popcorn
- 100 calories (one packet) of bird seed.

It will be found that any adult in good condition who eats this breakfast will rise from it with a sense of lightness and volubility quite lacking after his usual diet.

### BREAKFAST MENU

(For a child)

- 100 calories of hay
- 1 pint of sour milk (very rich and swarming with vitamins)
- 2 pounds of beefsteak (high value in carbohydrates)
- 1 cake of soap.

Let us try a slight variation.

### AVIATOR'S BREAKFAST

(Before Flying)

- Hydrogen (400 calories)
- Popcorn (half a bushel)

### AVIATOR'S DINNER

(After Flying)

- 1 pound of cement
- 3 calories of iron
- 1 can of stewed lead
- with perhaps a crab-apple.

Anybody with a constructive mind will readily see how easy and simple it becomes, when once we have a proper knowledge of food values, to put together a suitable diet or menu for any kind of occasion. It is needless to multiply examples. But a few typical illustrations may serve to develop our meaning to the saturation point. Thus:

### MENU FOR ANNUAL LUNCHEON OF AN ARTISTS' LEAGUE

Hors D'Œuvre—Air

Soup—Nitrogen

Fish—Gasoline

Pièce de Résistance—100 Cal. Spinach

Dessert—more spinach

Having now arranged a perfect diet adaptable to all places and times, our next concern is with the problem of how to digest it. Can we do it? We can. Modern science is able to state confidently that food if properly combined and put into the body can be digested: in fact, this is one of the great triumphs of modern science.

In past ages, though it was not known at the time, many of the principal troubles of the world arose from indigestion. We read of the deep melancholy of Dante and of how he would sit brooding for hours. This was indigestion. If Dante had taken a few calories of liquid air and a plate of popcorn every morning he would never have felt this. We read of the terrible restlessness all over Europe which led to the first Crusade: again indigestion; if Peter the Hermit and his followers had known how to take a few suitable exercises on the floor of the bathroom every morning they would never have started for Jerusalem.

In other words, the secret of digestion lies in exercise; not taken in the rude fashion of earlier times on horseback and with hounds and in such ways, but taken on the floor of the bathroom while lying on the stomach. We now know—everybody knows who reads in the press—that exercises of this kind can be so contrived as to be a form of play, of mere skittishness. The person exercising jumps out of his bed of a morning, rushes to the bathroom, throws himself on the floor, and in ten minutes of playfulness sets himself in energy for the day. Without wishing to injure the sale of any of the numerous methods of exercises already on the market, I venture here to put in my own system, merely as a sample, more or less typical, of what is being achieved in this respect.

### DAILY EXERCISE ON THE FLOOR

In taking these exercises the operator should be dressed in pajamas and the exercises should be performed on the floor of a bathroom. This last is a point of especial importance. The floor of the

bathroom—according to all published directions—is the only safe place in which to take these exercises. They should *not* be taken on the floor of a ball-room, nor on the table of a dining room.

*Course No. I.*

This course is specially designed for persons in middle life anxious to get rid of obesity, melancholy, and taciturnity.

Movement No. 1. Standing on the ball of the left foot, wave the right foot three times smartly round the head, at the same time shouting, Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoorah!

Movement No. 2. Do it again.

Movement No. 3. Again.

Movement No. 4. Once more, this time shouting Ha! Ha! Ha! as the foot whirls round the head.

Movement No. 5. Standing in an easy attitude, pass the right arm below and behind the right knee so as to bring it round above and beyond the left shoulder, at the same time rapidly revolving the body to the right and elevating the left foot so as to pivot on the right heel.

Movement No. 6. Keep on spinning.

Movement No. 7. Reverse.

Movement No. 8. Go into low gear.

Movement No. 9. Stop.

Movement No. 10. Turn a couple of handsprings downstairs and sit down to breakfast.

Ten minutes of this kind of play taken every day will keep obesity at arm's length indefinitely.

*Course No. II.*

(For Business Men.)

This course is so designed that it can be taken in the office itself at intervals between signing checks, closing deals, and taking in money. There is no need, in short, for the business man to get out of his swivel chair while doing these movements.

Movement No. 1. Move the ears gently back and forward.

Movement No. 2. Light a large cigar and breathe very deeply in such a way as alternately to draw the smoke into the cavity of the mouth and expel it.

Movement No. 3. While still continu-



WAVE THE RIGHT FOOT THREE TIMES SMARTLY ROUND THE HEAD





#### EXERCISE THAT CAN BE TAKEN AT THE OFFICE

ing No. 2, place the feet upon a stool or chair within easy distance, fold the hands across the stomach, and close the eyes.

Movement No. 4. Keep on.

Movement No. 5. Let the cigar fall sideways into an ashtray, place the head in a drooping position, draw a handkerchief over the cranium and remain in this posture for half an hour.

Movement No. 6. Pretend to snore.

Movement No. 7. Come smartly to an attitude of alacrity, remove the handkerchief, pick the cigar up out of the ashtray, whirl round three times on the swivel chair, ring for the stenographer, and start a new deal, at the same time moving the ears back and forward with rapidity.

So much then for our ideas of what human food ought to be and what it ought to contain. Let us now ask—because we must keep on asking something—is it possible to obtain any simple prepared food which contains all the required ingredients in exactly the right proportion, and has such a food ever been discovered? We answer it is and it has. This marvelous achievement of science was consummated in the discovery of *Humpo*, the perfect breakfast food obtainable at all grocers. I do not

know whether our readers have ever heard of *Humpo*. They may have lived so far out of the main current of modern thought that they know nothing of it. But at least they have read in the advertising pages of the press of various preparations similar yet inferior. By the way, all readers should be cautioned never to accept these inferior preparations. No matter what persuasion or blandishment may be used, they should answer, "No, I want *Humpo*." They must never accept the statement that any preparation is equal to it. To any such insinuation they must say with the utmost firmness, "I insist on *Humpo*."

Students of this subject know how long and how eagerly the world had sought a perfect breakfast food. Benjamin Franklin is said to have said that if there had been a perfect breakfast food there would have been no Declaration of Independence. Napoleon at St. Helena often remarked that with a perfect breakfast food he would have won the battle of Waterloo; and Abraham Lincoln in his droll way once said that if he had a perfect breakfast food he wouldn't take any breakfast.

But for years the greatest scientists worked in vain. Sir Humphry Davy, Charles Darwin, and Thomas Huxley

were compelled to abandon the problem. It remained for Dr. Oscar P. Kloonspotz to solve it. The picture of Dr. Kloonspotz may be seen in the advertising pages of any illustrated periodical. He is depicted in what is evidently his laboratory, shrouded by huge glass retorts, crucibles, test scales, and little heaps of various grains. The intensity of the expression of the doctor's face shows that at the moment when they photographed him he was in the very act of discovering *Humpo*.

It was his task to prepare a food product containing exactly the right amount of starch, mud, and phosphorus to supply the great life-giving elements with just enough amygdaloid to make it palatable. As soon as he had done this Dr. Kloonspotz—rightly called the Wizard of Food—gave his preparation to the world. It may be now had anywhere, put up in a sealed package, and sold for a nominal sum payable merely in money.

## GREAT MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF HUMAN WELFARE.

*The Discovery of "Balso" by the Wizard of the Adirondacks.*

Undoubtedly the discovery of *Humpo* marked an era in human history. In fact, Dr. Kloonspotz, who is modesty itself, is reported to have said (his words are printed on the package): "a perfect breakfast means a perfect day."

The only other achievement in the history of human welfare that can be compared with the compounding of *Humpo* is the story of the discovery of *Balso*. What *Humpo* does for the well body, *Balso* does for the sick. The problem in this case was to find, not a substance which would maintain the body in health, but a remedy which should heal and restore the body in any and every form of illness. By this time no doubt all the world knows the story. Everybody who reads is familiar with the picture of the individual whom I



WHAT HUMPO DOES FOR THE WELL BODY, BALSO DOES FOR THE SICK





THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY

designate the Wizard of the Adirondacks. This venerable man, looking like Father Time, wearing a flowing beard and dressed in a bath towel, is seen on the outside of the packet of *Balso* and elsewhere while engaged in stirring the contents of a huge iron pot. All around him is a setting of pine trees and rock in the fastnesses of the mountains. The whole scene breathes an aroma of the woods and of the life-giving balsam which must exist there. As the steam rises from the pot we realize that the Wizard is in the act of discovering his great remedy. The mind is almost staggered at the thought.

The remedy once found, the next problem was to give it an appropriate name. Such a name ought to be at once scientific and scholarly, and yet short enough to be cheap to print, and calculated to convey a certain hint, but not too much, of its possible connection with the balsam tree. With characteristic ingenuity the Wizard himself, after deep thought, invented the name *Balso*, under which the great remedy has since become famous all the world over. Readers, by the way, are warned that anything that is called something else

is, a different thing, and should be avoided like the pest. Unscrupulous dealers—and we know what *they* are—may try to sell us preparations purporting to be equal in curative property. But the reader has only to understand what *Balso* does to realize that there can be only one thing like it.

A word as to the properties of *Balso*. Let it first be distinctly understood that *Balso* has no connection whatever with the remedies and the treatments of the medical colleges. It stands on a much higher authority. The original secret of *Balso* comes from the Dog Rib Indians. It was perhaps known also to the Flat Heads and to the Snub-Nosed Piutes and other great aborigines. Possibly the Hottentots used it. At any rate *Balso* is a "simple," and when we say that we reach our readers where they live.

The extraordinary advantage of *Balso* lies in the wide range of its use. In the first place, it undoubtedly heals all forms of bone disease when rubbed on the bones. For all internal complaints—especially those indicated by a sinking or depressed feeling, or a forlorn sensation, or by an inability to earn money—*Balso* effects an immediate

sure. In these cases it is taken internally, by the pint. For diseases of the hair, such as complete baldness or lethargy of the scalp, a smart rubbing of *Balzo* will work wonders; while for infantile complaints, such as croup, whoop, paresis, and so forth, the child should be rubbed with *Balzo* and laid upon a shelf.

It is curious to think that if the Dog Rib Indians had all died, and if there had been no conservation of the great forests—but after all why think it? The essential thing is that some day the jealousy and envy of the colleges will give way and this great remedy will come into its own.

### THE SECRETS OF LONGEVITY AND PERPETUAL YOUTH

Our readers—those of them who have arrived at this point of our discussion, and we are really not concerned with the others—will naturally interpose and say, “You have told us how the body may be sustained, renovated, and upholstered by means of systematic diet and exercise, and how it can be restored from vital or wasting disease, such as baldness, mange, and sinking of the stomach. What we wish to know is how long can life be thus sustained and prolonged.” If they do ask this our readers will receive a shock of surprise—in fact, we have been keeping this shock for them—when we say that there is no reason why they should not live as long as they care to. (This offer is restricted, of course, to readers of these pages; others must die as usual.) In other words, we must now know so much about longevity that we have practically arrived at the secret of living for ever—or at any rate until death.

It may be of interest to show the way in which modern science has arrived at this conclusion. In the first place a great many actual cases of longevity have been examined and useful conclusions drawn from each. I will quote a few cases here—merely a few among thousands—such as help toward deductions in regard to the possibilities of old age. They are

taken, as appears from the form in which they are written, from the columns of the daily papers, but each case has also been certified to either by a local minister of the Gospel or a notary public, or by a duly qualified hotelkeeper.

Case No. 1. (as reported in the *Daily Annalist*, Cedar Corners, Iowa.) “William Waterson celebrated his hundred and first birthday at his residence here at Cedar Corners. The old gentleman is still hale and hearty and celebrated the day by splitting two cords of wood. Mr. Waterson has been a water drinker all his life, having never tasted alcoholic spirits or tobacco.” The inference here is obvious.

Mr. Waterson’s life has been preserved for the plain and evident reason that he drinks only water and never smokes. If he touches whisky or cigarettes it will be all over with him.

We put beside this, however, a rather puzzling item which appears in the *Weekly News and Intelligencer*, Georgina Township, Ontario.

“Mr. Edward Easiest celebrated his one hundred and first birthday here at the home of his son, surrounded by his grandchildren in the presence of a representative of the *Weekly Intelligencer*, devoutly giving thanks to the Lord for his continued health and strength. Mr. Easiest has been a heavy smoker all his days and still relishes his glass of hot toddy compounded of rum, spices, and sugar.”

Good old man! Can we blame him? And in any case it is clear that he owes his life to rum and tobacco. Indeed, what looks simple at first begins to appear more complicated. Compare this:

“Jarretts’ Corners, N. Y. Cornelia Cleopatra Washington (colored) celebrated here her one hundred and tenth birthday yesterday. She remembers George Washington as a child.” Plain enough she lived so long because she was colored. There seems no other reason.

Llanfydd, Wales (From the *Llanfydd Fyddist*.)

“Mrs. Llewellyn Owen, a resident of



this town, celebrated her one hundred and fifth birthday yesterday. Mrs. Owen, who has lived in Wales since her childhood, a hundred and ten years ago, still retains all her faculties and maintains a keen interest in English politics, especially in the doings of Lloyd George whom she remembers eighty years ago as a pupil in her father's school. Mrs. Owen talks interestingly of the great fire of London (which she remembers as a girl) and of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers, many of whom she knew. She doubts whether the Cabinet of the Labor Party in England contains men of the same caliber as the greatest men in history."

In this case without a doubt Mrs. Owen owes her life to her interest in English Politics. Indeed one observes many cases of this sort.

From examples such as these we see at once that there are certain things which conduce to perpetual youth, such as drinking nothing else throughout life but water, or nothing but rum as the case may be. Total abstinence from tobacco undoubtedly prolongs life and so does excessive smoking. But modern science has recently recognized that in the main what we call old age is a condition brought on by an insufficiency of sour milk in the system. The discoveries of Dr. Menschnikoff have shown that sour milk is full of minute polyglots which, when let loose in the human body, effect a general restoration by removing all waste. It is now proven beyond doubt that anybody who takes a gallon of sour milk night and morning can live forever. The only question is—Is it worth it?

## The Unreturning

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

YOU who have waked when all the world lay sleeping,  
 What fingers brushed against the window pane?  
 You know so well how long those hands have lain,  
 Holding the joy of earth in their still keeping,  
 There where the years fall fast as autumn rain;  
 Could bitter longing bring that touch again  
 To break the vigil that your soul has kept,  
 While you have waked and all the world has slept?

You who have listened when the dawn was calling  
 All lovely things to follow in her train,  
 Brushing the feathery dews from hill and plain—  
 Whose were the footsteps that you heard soft falling  
 In ways where mossy silence long has lain?  
 There is no path to lead those feet again  
 From out the shadow where they lie so still,  
 Though morning call from every shining hill!

# Julie Cane

## A NOVEL—PART II

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

*SYNOPSIS OF PART I*—To the little New Jersey town of Findellen comes a salesman named Cane, making the rounds of suburban grocery stores. He meets Annie Sowers, a bewildered, incompetent woman of thirty, trying to run her father's little store while the latter is ill upstairs. He is moved to help her, and when her father dies, he offers to come to Findellen and carry on the business for her. He shares her quarters on the floor above the store, and they drift into marriage. Cane is an impractical visionary, with a passion for reading scientific books and thinking out extravagant theories of the universe. His wife is a dull, embittered woman, of the strictest religious views. The mild romance of their marriage soon fades, and after their daughter Julie is born, there begins a sort of rivalry over her education. It is the father who gains the child's affection and confidence. He develops in her something of his own overwhelming sense of superiority. Julie's first realization that the outside world holds them in low esteem comes when she is six or seven years old when a boy mockingly calls her father "Sugar Cane."

THE sneering tone of the boy who came into the shop and called "Sugar Cane" at her was the first indication Julie received of the difference between her own opinion of herself and the world's view of her. She got more of it when she began going to Sunday school.

Her mother, of course, had been giving her some religious instruction at home; and Julie had proved apt enough as long as the lessons were based on the New Testament; but when Mrs. Cane gave the child the stories of the Old Testament to study she was secretly opposed by Cane, who filled his daughter with ingenious doubts about the account of the Creation, Noah and his ark, and Jonah and his whale. "You don't have to believe these things to be a Christian," he told her. "Just pretend you're stupid an' forget it. No use cluttering up your mind with that stuff. Don't say anything, but just don't learn it."

Consequently, wherever the Old Testament was involved Julie became blankly stupid. That was all very well until Mrs. Cane, worried by her failure to instruct, decided that Julie needed a more expert teacher and announced that she was going to hand the child over to

the Sunday school. Cane remonstrated, but his objections were guiltily feeble. Mrs. Cane paid no heed to him. "Well," he advised his daughter, "go ahead. You'd have to face it some day. Tell me what they try to do to you, an' I'll help you out."

He remained at home, anxious, with his account books. Mrs. Cane took her to the Sunday school, gave her to a plump matron named Mrs. Martin, and waited for her, praying in the church, until the lessons in the basement should be finished. And Julie, on a yellow pine chair, in a bare room decorated chiefly with maps of Palestine, looked round her at her contemporaries, listened to Mrs. Martin's very sweet flow of cheerful condescension, and endured it all in the aloofness of childish precocity.

The lesson was on Cain and Abel. A boy from the hardware shop near her father's turned to grin at her when the name of Cain first occurred; she coldly stared him down. He avenged himself by whispering to the children round him, and they looked and giggled. She felt herself conspicuous, but it was not an unpleasant feeling. She bore it calmly, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Martin; and Mrs.



Martin, flattered by her deep attention, addressed to her particularly a homily on her relations with her brothers and sisters. She thought it stupid of Mrs. Martin not to know that she had no brothers and sisters.

When the class had ended with prayer Mrs. Martin led her back to her mother, congratulating her on her behavior. Julie took it in silence. "She's been a *very* good little girl," Mrs. Martin told her mother, gushing. And Mrs. Cane bridled. She did not like Mrs. Martin. "I *hope* my child's been well brought up," she said. And Mrs. Martin, continuing to be pleasant—but with a difference—parted from them hurriedly.

She rather ignored Julie on the following Sunday, but her attention of the first day had marked the newcomer as a "teacher's pet," and the children watched Julie inimically. The boy from the hardware shop had spread the news that she was the daughter of Sugar Cane, and she was aware again of the public interest in her. She continued to take it, as the conspicuous usually do, with a protective assumption of unconsciousness, giving Mrs. Martin an unwavering attention that had the effect of rather flustering that sensitive lady. She saw some hidden thought in Julie's deep and composed stare. "Have you any questions, children?" she asked at last. "Have *you* any, Julia?"

The lesson had been on Noah's ark—a subject which her father had discussed with her. She asked calmly, "Did Noah take a mastodon?"

Mrs. Martin blinked. "A mastodon? You mean one of those very large prehistoric animals?"

Julie nodded.

"Why, yes." Mrs. Martin smiled uncertainly. "I suppose he did. He took two of each, you know."

"Did he take a dinosaur?"

Her manner was innocently grave and attentive, but Mrs. Martin considered the words mastodon and dinosaur too unusual for a child, and she suspected that it was Mrs. Cane's voice she heard

issuing from the throat of her daughter. She saw herself being led into a trap. She had been quite explicit about the dimensions of the ark, and she had a very vague idea of the dimensions of a dinosaur. She did not know how many different sorts of prehistoric mammoth there were, and she saw her little ark overwhelmed by a procession of gigantic monsters that would sink an island. She reddened. "I really am not sure, Julia," she evaded. "I'll have to look that up."

She saw at once that she had made a mistake; the children showed it in their round eyes; the new girl had stumped the teacher. Mrs. Martin said, annoyed, "It's very easy to ask questions that are very hard to answer. You are all little children yet, and what we must all have is faith. To true faith all things will be made plain. Let us say a little prayer for faith."

Their suppressed excitement was not allayed by the prayer, which seemed to be an oblique condemnation of Julie; and Julie's exit was made through an atmosphere of reluctant public admiration and whispering stares. She escaped from it, unchallenged, found her mother waiting, and was protected, under the maternal wing, against any comment from the boys and girls who watched her pass on her way to the street.

She said nothing to her mother, but she told her father, and he foresaw trouble for her. "Now look here," he cautioned her, "it's all right as long as you ask questions, but don't get fresh an' offer any opinions. If they try to find out what you're thinking don't you tell 'em. Keep that to yourself, or they'll raise the dickens with you." At the same time he was tickled with her and proud of her. He discussed Noah and the ark with her exhaustively; and when she arrived at Sunday school for the third time, she was as full of dangerous questions as a radical heckler at a conservative rally.

She contained them placidly. She looked as innocent as a stick of dynamite. The children left a space of

tant chairs on either side of her, and when Mrs. Martin had finished her preliminary greetings and turned to the question of Noah and the mastodon, she was able to address her answer conspicuously to Julie, and the faces of the class turned as if to a quarantined offender when they looked to see how Julie took it.

Mrs. Martin's explanation was ingenious. The mastodon, the dinosaur, and the rest of these prehistoric monsters were called "antediluvian" animals. "Antediluvian" meant "before the deluge." The scriptures were silent on the point, but it was a fair presump-

tion that all such extinct mammoths had been drowned in the flood. Why? Why had they not been saved? Perhaps because, by their great size and strength, they threatened to make life impossible for man. Mrs. Martin did not pretend to speak authoritatively. These things could not be understood by mere human intelligence. We must have faith. And it was her faith that the merciful creator of the universe had allowed Noah to save from the flood only those animals that might be useful to man or those that could be conquered by him.

Julie listened with an expression which conceded nothing. Mrs. Martin was un-





fortunately so proud of her explanation that she could not be satisfied with acquiescent silence. She asked, in an acid tone of condescension, "Is that clear, Julia?"

And Julie inquired, for her father, "Did Noah save the smallpox germs?"

Mrs. Martin's face went stony. "Such questions," she said, "are not asked in good faith. I will speak to you after the class is over. Now, children, the Tower of Babel. You have all heard of the Tower of Babel?"

While she told them the story of the Tower of Babel she ignored Julie pointedly—but the children did not. They were so distracted by the situation that Mrs. Martin could not hold their attention, and her color and her anger rose as she proceeded with the lesson. Julie listened, watching. When the class had been abruptly dismissed she sat waiting, her eyes on Mrs. Martin, with that baffling air of inscrutability which children can assume.

Mrs. Martin confronted her. "Who told you to ask those questions?"

Julie seemed interested only in the movement of Mrs. Martin's lips.

"Who was it?"

She felt perfectly safe. No one could make her speak if she did not wish to. The woman looked silly; she was red and angry; and Julie, obscurely conscious of her superior calm, withdrew farther into her silence.

"Was it your mother?"

No answer.

"Come with me." Mrs. Martin took her hand. It was a cold hand in the fat matron's angry grasp, but she showed no other sign of nervousness as Mrs. Martin led her to the cloak-room, got her little coat and hat, and took her up the inside stairs to the church portal.

Her mother was waiting for her there. "Mrs. Cane," Mrs. Martin said, "I shall have to ask you to take your daughter out of my class. It is not the place for such questions as you have taught her to ask. She sets a bad example to the other children. I am sorry." And smil-

ing coldly, she turned, to avoid a scene and went downstairs again with dignity.

Mrs. Cane glared after her, astounded "Questions?"

Julie explained, "I asked her about the dinosaur."

Mrs. Cane was in a difficult state of mind. She did not know what a dinosaur was. She had never heard of a dinosaur. And she was so insulted by Mrs. Martin's manner that she did not want to think of dinosaurs. She wanted to find some way to express her rage without stopping to justify it by questioning her daughter; and yet, to be a perfectly righteous rage, it had to be properly justified. She swallowed a choke of anger. "What are you talking about?"

Julie explained that she had seen a picture of a dinosaur in one of her father's books. It was so big an animal that she couldn't understand how Noah got it into the ark. So she had asked Mrs. Martin.

"And she—she wants to put you out of the class for that?"

Julie nodded.

Mrs. Cane tightened her shoulders in her cape, clasping her hands together before her in a clench, said, "Wait for me here," and followed Mrs. Martin into the basement.

Julie waited. She waited while the two women, meeting in the cloak-room, passed rapidly from the question of the dinosaur to a consideration of the more basic problem of how certain members of the congregation had behaved to old Mr. Sowers, how they had removed the minister whom he favored and put into the pulpit a successor whom he despised, how they had embittered his dying days by their opposition to him, and shown a grievous lack of Christian spirit by failing to call on him in his illness, and made him miserable in his last moments by having a minister in office whom he could not admit to his bedside. The question of the dinosaur was lost sight of in these larger matters. Mrs. Cane announced that she would not only with-



SHE VISITED THE DELINQUENTS AND DUNNED THEM

draw her child from Sunday school but he would herself leave the congregation and join another church. And Mrs. Martin replied that she thought everyone in the church would welcome the secession. So, when Mrs. Cane, very pale and short of breath, returned to Julie, he took the child and walked her down the church steps in as proud and stern silence as if she were leading innocence by the hand out of the doorway of contamination.

## X

On this, a wholly impossible situation proceeded to develop with that air of inevitability which the impossible so often has. When Cane heard what had happened he was alarmed. He pointed out, to his wife, that to be expelled from Sunday school was a disgrace that might affect the whole course of Julie's life. "They'll pick on her," he argued.

"These yaps'll pick on her. They'll call her names on the street. You'll have to see the minister an' get things patched up, some way."

In vain he argued. In vain he pleaded. Mrs. Cane would not go to the minister. Nor would she ever again go inside the church. She would not, as she had threatened, join another congregation; she would not give them that excuse for calling her a turncoat; but she would forever ignore them, ostracize them, snub, and humiliate them. Cane and Julie could do as they pleased. For her part, she would never again associate with people who had behaved in such a way to her father and to herself and to her child.

Cane went to the minister. And the minister came to Mrs. Cane. He talked reasonably, conciliatingly. He even prayed with her. But something had happened in Mrs. Cane which reason could not reach, and the visitation of an



angel from heaven with threats of damnation would not have moved her. She would go to eternal punishment rather than change her decision—although, already, she would have been glad if she could have changed it without humiliating herself.

The one thing that might have helped her was an apology from Mrs. Martin, but that the minister could not deliver. Mrs. Martin was willing to give up her Sunday-school class if they thought she had done wrong; she was willing, herself, to leave the church if the board of trustees should vote to censure her; but if she had to have Annie Sowers' impertinent daughter in her Bible class, some one else would have to teach that class.

The upshot of it was that Cane took Julie to church next Sunday while Mrs. Cane stayed home. Inspired against his natural timidity by the need of defending his daughter, he had spent the week explaining to his customers how she, in her childish precocity, had asked the Sunday-school teacher questions that no one was able to answer very satisfactorily, and the foolish teacher had refused to have her continue in the class. He was humorous about it. He smiled at the serious way in which his wife had taken it. And he built up a very pretty picture of a talented and innocent child being persecuted by plump stupidity for trying to use her mind. Consequently, his arrival with her at Sunday service was notable. Heads came together; whispers and rustles and frank stares accompanied them up the aisles. He squeezed her hand, to reassure her, and looked piously down at the cocoa matting as they advanced to the conspicuous Sowers pew. She took the public notice as a matter of course; she was growing used to it; and when the service was over, and they rose to make their way out with the others, she was much less embarrassed than he.

They were spoken to by several of the congregation who expressed no very friendly feeling for Mrs. Martin; and Cane smilingly insinuated that the

whole trouble was a quarrel between Mrs. Martin and his wife in which he and Julie were not rightly involved. The minister made a point of shaking hands with them, and Cane acted as if he were grateful and impressed. To those who merely stared he responded with a deprecating modesty, looking down at Julie. She seemed indifferent to them all, holding his hand with confidence and gazing around her in a somber self-sufficiency.

When they were alone on the street Cane drew a deep breath of relief. "Well, that's all right so far," he said. "You can't fight these people, see? You got to live with 'em, an' if you once start them picking on you, they'll tear you to pieces. It doesn't matter so much for your mother. She's got her life pretty well fixed where they can't get at her. But you're just starting out, an' you've got to be careful. O' course, they're a lot o' mutton heads, an' we can run rings round 'em—you an' me—if we watch ourselves, but we got to be careful. Leave it to me."

She left it to him. And he handled it so suavely that no charge of heterodoxy could lie against him and Julie; if there was anyone unorthodox in the family, it was Mrs. Cane. He even bought himself a high hat and a frock coat to make a more sanctimonious appearance on Sunday, and for a month he and Julie were conspicuous at church. By the end of the month Mrs. Martin had resigned her class—enraged by the persistent gossip that she must be a very stupid woman if she could not answer the questions of a precocious child—and the new teacher invited Cane to send Julie back to Sunday school. Cane replied that his wife was giving her private Sunday-school lessons at home, but he did not report the invitation to Mrs. Cane. "It's all right," he told Julie. "We've won. You don't have to go to Sunday school an' they can't blame you for not going. We've got 'em where we want 'em. It's all right. Only, don't tell your mother."

As for Mrs. Cane—more aloof from

he world than ever, and convinced that he had been deserted in her withdrawal by her husband and her child—she retired into a spiritual solitude that seemed to need no companionship and no support from anyone. She was unconsciously regaining that sweet completeness of a self-centered existence which Cane's arrival had interrupted. And, though you may not think it possible, she seemed really happy. Certainly she looked happy. Her long face smoothed out in the surface-quiet of a deep contentment. She developed the expression of a personage of importance—direct and silent in the gaze of her cold eyes, her lips drawn flat over her teeth, her body erect and dignified, her hands slow in their movements and sure. She went about her housework with admirable efficiency, working constantly and working well. She did her whole duty by her husband and her child, sewing and mending for them when her routine work was finished. And she defended them both in that department of the grocery business in which Cane was weakest: she collected the bad debts.

Her father had left her three houses as well as money in the bank, and on the first of every month she went to gather

her rents and deposit them. On the same day she made Cane give her all the grocery accounts that were overdue, and she visited the delinquents and dunned them. This was an office which would have depressed Cane abominably. She performed it with relish. She needed nobody's good opinion. They could not insult her. They could not keep her away. They could not escape her. If all else failed, she sued. They feared and respected her—especially those who had been taking advantage of Cane's good nature; and between her formidable appearance on the street and the story of her revolt against the church and the myth that grew up about her as an implacable miser with a great hoard of rents and profits, she became a public character in Findellen, eccentric and picturesque.

As a result then of those foolish questions about Noah and his ark, Julie—besides her conspicuousness as the daughter of Sugar Cane, the grocer—was also set apart in the world because she was the little girl who had upset the Sunday school, and because her mother was a miser who never went to church. Any one of these dangerous distinctions might have been enough to ruin the



THE PERRIN MANSION ON THE RIVER ROAD



child's life if she had been the sort of child that Cane himself had been; she might have been persecuted, intimidated, depressed. But she came to her peculiar position in Findellen with a disposition and an attitude of mind that saved her. They saved her even when she faced the dangers of Miss Perrin's private school.

## XI

Miss Perrin and her sister, spinsters, were among those of Cane's customers who were behind in their accounts; and when Mrs. Cane went to them, late one afternoon, to propose that they should work out part of their indebtedness by accepting Julie as a pupil, they found themselves in an uncomfortable position. They knew Cane as a humble tradesman who always behaved with them as if he had been their butler in the old days of their magnificence, and they liked him better than the clerks in the new Cash Grocery, with whom people of their circle usually dealt. He had one especial charm: he never pressed them for payment. Neither did Mrs. Cane. She was even more proud than Cane to have the Perrins on her books, for she remembered old Senator Mathew Perrin in the days when he was the Daniel Webster of New Jersey.

Unfortunately when the Senator died, he left his daughters nothing—after his debts had been paid—except the Perrin mansion on the river road and the honorific culture of an ornamental education. They had begun teaching the piano to the daughters of the aristocracy. Later, they had added French and German, which they were supposed to have perfected in their travels. Then, as the altitude of their social position slowly wore down, they descended to general education for the younger children of the select, but they continued to be so exclusive that you were rather ranked in Findellen by the fact that you sent your children to the Misses Perrin or did not. Now, for several years their classes had

been falling off, and they did not know why. Their difficulty was that education had progressed; and, as Senator Mathew Perrin's daughters, they were not among those to whom progress was possible; they had arrived at social and intellectual finality. It never occurred to them that what had been an ideal education in their heyday could ever be outmoded; they were aware only that their pupils left them for more fashionable schools at an earlier age than formerly, until their classes had become little better than a kindergarten. Their fees necessarily shrank. Their pupils were fewer. A newly prosperous quarter of Findellen had grown up in the direction of the hills—and not out the river road, which was cut off from the town by an unsightly factory district along the railway—and it was too far for children to come from the hill to this decayed aristocratic avenue and the Perrin estate. The school slowly declined to the point where it no longer paid living expenses; for some time they had been taking care of their deficit by leaving it on Cane's books; and when Mrs. Cane came to collect—or to give them Julie as a pupil—what were they to do?

They knew nothing about Julie. They had never supposed that Cane would aspire to have them teach a child of his. They had taken it for granted that he knew his place. Oh, not because he was poor. They belonged to a period in American history when riches had been vulgar unless disguised and dignified with an exterior imitation of aristocratic English culture; and they were smilingly above the new worship of material success. They had been accustomed to take children of that modern faith condescendingly and to give them loftier ideals. But to take Cane's child—!

It was an impossible proposal. Such children went to the public schools. That was what the public schools were for. Yet here was Mrs. Cane, sitting on one of their Heppelwhite chairs—as stiff, as forbidding, as hard as a bailiff—pressing the horrid impossibility on them by

er inescapable presence, ignoring all the slylike evasions that were their only refuge, and indifferent to all the sweetly sidulous insinuations that were their only defense.

Did she think that her daughter would be happy with them?

She was not asking them to make her daughter happy.

Did she think that the sort of training her daughter would get with them would be of any practical use to her, "in her walk of life?"

Probably not, but she could get the other sort of training later.

"She may find it difficult with the other children. You know children are very clannish."

Well, beggars could not be choosers. Mrs. Cane needed the money which the Misses Perrin owed her, and she would have to take it in the only way she could get it, whatever the consequences might be to Julie.

The phrase "beggars can't be choosers" cut two ways. The sisters felt one edge of it painfully. In black, with ruchings at the neck and wrists, they exchanged as helpless glances as if they were two nuns confronted by the village atheist who held a mortgage on the convent and demanded that they accept his infidel daughter as a pupil in the convent school. There was nothing they could do, if he insisted. And Mrs. Cane insisted, in an immovable silent expectation.

"Well," Miss Perrin said at last, bitterly unresigned, "if you wish!" And her manner implied that Mrs. Cane—and perhaps Julie—would live to regret the wish.

Mrs. Cane rose, and Martha Perrin tried to be polite enough to see her out, but Mrs. Cane did not wait for her. "I'll send her tomorrah," she said abruptly, at the door. Martha Perrin murmured, "Classes begin at ten o'clock." Mrs. Cane did not reply. She did not even turn to accept the surrender. She walked out flatly into the sunset, and left Martha Perrin standing on the

threshold, like many another abashed debtor, looking mortified and dissatisfied but helpless.

Mrs. Cane was not thinking of the Perrins. She was not thinking of Julie. She was not thinking of the sunset, though her eyes were fixed thoughtfully on it. She was thinking that she had achieved a victory in her campaign of ostracism against her enemies. She would show them that if their middle-class Sunday school did not care to teach her Julie, the aristocratic Misses Perrin did. And Julie, at Miss Perrin's, need never associate with any of *their* kind. They could not enter at Miss Perrin's. They were barred.

She had not told Cane that she was going to see Miss Perrin, and he took the news of her success blinking, goggle-eyed. "Are you sure they want her?" he asked, almost in a whisper. She made a contemptuous click of the tongue at him. "They'll take her whether they want her or not," she said.

He began to remonstrate. "But, see here—"

"An' she'll go whether *you* want her to or not," she added, and went on her way through the shop to the stairs.

He had been amusing himself by teaching his daughter writing and arithmetic in the evenings, and Mrs. Cane did not like it. She only complained, however, because he allowed the child to read whatever she pleased—for Mrs. Cane had the same theory about reading that she had about eating. Things that you liked to eat were always bad for you; food that gave you no pleasure was wholesome. Entertaining books—books that you read with eagerness—were like candy; they ruined your mental digestion. Children, particularly, should never be allowed to eat or read anything as a mere indulgence; they should be kept sternly to what was good for them; and the less they liked it, the better for them. The less eagerness they had, the better the training.

Cane understood that point of view. As he told his daughter privately,



"That's the reason why none o' these people around here ever read a book. They never read one unless they can get ahold o' something that they think they shouldn't read—something off color. It's the way they've been brought up to read." And he was equally contemptuous of the sort of education that she would get from Miss Perrin.

"People like these Perrin women," he assured her, "don't know anything much that's worth knowing, but they know a lot o' stuff like French an' piano-playing an' how to behave at a ball. An' you've got to learn it if you want to be in on things, see? It's like the highsigns an' handshakes these fullahs work up for secret societies. It doesn't mean anything. It isn't education. But they can tell by it whether you belong to their lodge or not, see? An' if you don't, they snub you. They keep you out o' things. Do you understand?"

Julie nodded sagely. She was sitting on the counter, just before closing time, and Cane was having a final word with her before they joined her mother upstairs.

"You go ahead an' learn this stuff from them, an' I'll teach you everything else that's worth knowing. I'll teach you to use your mind, see? That's the big thing. I'll teach you to think. An' I'll teach you about people an' about yourself. Say, do you know, Julie, I was nearly a grown man before I found out that if you cut me in two, like a tree, I wouldn't look like a hollow tree inside, with a little sap in me. That's all I knew about myself. An' that's all you'd ever know if I left you to these Perrin women an' the rest o' the school teachers. They'd never mention your insides. It isn't polite."

Julie looked down at herself. "I'd like to know about it," she said.

"Sure, you would. An' I'll teach you. An' I'll teach you about them—people like the Perrins—an' what's inside their heads. You see, those people don't ever really think. They believe what they're told, an' just say it off from memory

when you ask them what they think about anything. Don't be a-scared o' them. They'll try to make trouble for you, because you an' me—we're different. You'll have a tough time, girl." He patted her on the back. "Keep a stiff upper lip an' stand up to 'em. We can handle 'em the way we handled the Sunday school."

"I'm not scared," she said childishly.

"That's the talk." He kissed her. "Run along upstairs to your mammy now, an' I'll lock up an' put out the lights."

She went as far as the back storeroom and waited for him there. When he turned from bolting the front door and saw her waiting, he began to put out the gas hastily because there were tears in his eyes.

## XII

To make matters worse for Julie, Mrs. Cane's long shadow had been hardly more than out of the Perrin gateway before another visitor arrived to offer Miss Perrin a pupil—a pupil whose fees might make it possible, with a little economy, to meet the Cane account without accepting Julie. This was a new neighbor, the wife of Henry M. Carey, a New York lawyer, who had recently bought the adjoining estate, the Buchtel homestead. And Mrs. Carey had a little daughter, Alice who, it appeared, would "take" everything—everything that the Perrins had to give—not only general instruction but music and dancing and drawing and water-color painting, and anything else that might keep her busy and amused.

Mrs. Carey, it seemed, was an invalid, a very pleasant but obviously frail little woman in gray, who made you think at once of "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," as Martha Perrin said, with a smile. The family had moved to Findellen for Mrs. Carey's health, or, to be explicit, for her headaches. It had become impossible for her to endure the noises of New York any longer. And she wished Miss Perrin to take her Alice for as many hours of



THE SISTERS EXCHANGED HELPLESS GLANCES

the day as possible, and to have her meet children of her own age, and to let her play as well as study, and to give her healthful exercise for her body as well as her mind. Nothing was said about fees. It was evident that the Misses Perrin might charge what they pleased for taking Alice off her mother's nerves. "She's a very well-behaved child," Mrs. Carey said softly. "Too well-behaved, I'm afraid. She is having no life of her own at all. And I'll be so glad if you can help her."

In her deference and her gratitude, she was an enheartening contrast to Mrs. Cane. She came as a friendly neighbor asking for aid. "I should have called on you before," she apologized at leaving, "but we have been in such distress, trying to get settled." And she succeeded

almost in concealing a flattering reproach against the Perrins because they had not done their social duty by calling on her first. "I hope we'll be forgiven for replacing your old friends," she said, on leaving. "We feel that we are *such* intruders in this lovely old place."

Now the Misses Perrin need no longer be afraid of Mrs. Cane. They had prospects.

"Yes, but," Martha objected tremulously, "we've said we'd take her daughter."

"I'll speak to her again when she brings the child," Agnes said. And she said it with her usual firmness. She was always firm with Martha; and Martha loyally tried to conceal from herself the fact that *there* the firmness ceased. Before anyone else, before any practical



difficulty presented by a stranger—before Mrs. Cane, for instance—Agnes was no firmer than she was herself.

"I don't know what we shall do," Martha murmured, "if she insists on being paid at once."

"One thing we'll not do," Agnes issued her ultimatum. "We'll not be governesses to a grocer." And she supported herself, as she said it, with a glance at the stern portrait of her father over the fireplace.

It was a speaking likeness of him, well painted in oils, and it meant as much to the sisters as the chromo of "The Love Letter" meant to Julie Cane. They saw their furniture, too, somewhat as Julie saw hers, with more reason perhaps, and therefore with less imagination. And they still thought of their marvelous father almost as childishly as Julie thought of hers. Though they were both past forty, their minds, if you could have seen their minds, would have looked small and daughterly, in little crinolines and pantalets, living in the shelter of their father's memory as in the Perrin mansion, and looking out timidly at the world through the old-fashioned windows that were the viewpoints he had given them. He had made them what they were, directly by his own precept and example as well as indirectly through their mother, who had deferred to him as much as if she were herself only an older daughter. He had been a high-minded statesman, of the Southern tradition, and he had hated commerce, finance, and the intrusion of business upon politics as the devils of corruption, the enemies of the true republic, and the self-seeking usurpers of the throne and power of benevolent aristocracy. Commerce, business, and finance had defeated him, at last, after a campaign in which many of his supporters had pleaded that they could not afford to offend the money powers by openly assisting him. And after that defeat, his most frequent simile had been "as cowardly as a New Jersey shopkeeper."

Old Daniel Sowers had fought for him,

but his daughters could not be expected to know that. To them Daniel Sowers' daughter was nothing but the wife of "a New Jersey shopkeeper." It was natural that she should want the daughters of Senator Mathew Perrin to teach her child, but it was most unnatural that they should do so. "I can imagine what father would have said to her," Agnes ended the discussion.

Martha sighed. Agnes had her father's Roman nose; and at such a moment she always elevated it a little and looked down it at her meeker sister. But the trouble was that she seemed to exhaust all her force and character in maintaining this attitude of senatorial superiority toward Martha. When it came to carrying out any of her high decisions in a public action, she was always weaker in proportion to the previous strength of her private resolution.

Martha was worried all evening, and Agnes, seeing that she was worried, continued to ignore her weakness with the superior cheerfulness of a mind made up. They started upstairs to bed together, in this state of unacknowledged antagonism.

They shared a common bedroom, as they had since childhood—although there were a half-dozen empty rooms round them—because neither could endure the lonely independence and the midnight apprehensions of sleeping apart. They had their own dressers and mirrors and wardrobes and clothes closets, and each fanatically respected the other's property rights in these various pieces of furniture; but they lay down together in one huge four-poster, an ancient bed that had been set up against the inside wall of the room, to be away from the chimney and the open fireplace and the danger of thunder bolts. Each had her own complicated preparations to make before retiring. Agnes, who could not sleep with light in her eyes, had to arrange—among other things—the window curtains against the morning sun, and to pin over her eyes a black bandage made of an old stocking. Martha, who dreaded mice but could not bear to

poison them, had—among other things—to put pieces of buttered bread down the available mouse-holes, in order to bribe the occupants to remain inside their homes for the night. But each of the sisters always waited for the other till these preliminaries were over, so that they might kneel down simultaneously, at the side of the bed, to say their prayers as their mother had taught them. And having prepared themselves in silence, they knelt down as usual, this night, in identical nightgowns of a chaste ugliness, with their four bony bare heels supplicating Heaven behind them in a pious row. Only their minds were divided.

After prayers they rarely spoke. Martha, as the younger, slept on the inside. Agnes, as the elder, put out the light. And when the light was out Martha lay awake for what seemed to her hours, staring at the darkness, aware that Agnes was awake also, though she pretended to be sleeping self-reliantly.

Martha said, at last, "And you needn't tell me that I'm to see her for you, because I'll not do it, this time."

Agnes did not answer. She did not need to. If she had been only half awake, she could still have guessed from the tone of Martha's voice that Martha knew she would have to see Mrs. Cane and tell Mrs. Cane their decision. Consequently, Agnes went to sleep with an easy mind; and Martha, when she heard her sister's regular hoarse breathing, turned on her side and curled up childishly with her hands between her knees—to keep the hard bones of them apart—and fell asleep in dejected exhaustion.

### XIII

The next morning by nine o'clock two household debates were busy with the question of Julie Cane's arrival at the Perrin school and her reception there. Martha Perrin had wakened freshened in her resolve that she would not face Mrs. Cane alone, and all her sister's haughty reproaches could not move her. While they were talking their way to a

compromise—whereby Martha was to receive the grocer's wife at the door and usher her into the sitting room to hear Agnes's decision from the unanimous sisters in concert—Cane was trying to make his wife agree that *he* should take Julie to school, and leave *her* to mind the shop; and Mrs. Cane was determined that he should not do so. He had discovered that she feared a reversal of the Perrin acceptance of Julie into their select classrooms, and he suspected that she had used unfair means to force the child on them. He wished to deliver her to Miss Perrin and learn the truth. Mrs. Cane did not intend to let him. She had too often seen the effect of his good-natured timidity upon her treatment of delinquent debtors.

Besides, she had a plan of her own which she did not wish to expose to Cane. She had put in her purse a paper which she intended to give to Julie to deliver to Miss Perrin in case of necessity; but to tell Cane of that document would have weakened her position in his eyes, because, if she had to fall back on its use, her retreat would be a criticism of her first offensive tactics. She said nothing more than that she was going to take Julie to school and he could talk himself deaf but it would make no difference to her.

Thereupon Cane became merely peevish in his criticism of the way in which she had dressed the child. He could have stomached the Sunday-school black frock and the white stockings, but why rig her out in that absurd hat?

It was not a hat. It was a cross between a baby's tight-fitting bonnet with strings and an old-fashioned poke. It was black, with a white edging around the face. And Mrs. Cane tied it firmly under Julie's chin, without replying to her husband's criticisms, and took Julie by the hand and walked out with her in angry silence.

Julie said nothing. She understood from her parent's argument that she was in danger of being sent home from Miss Perrin's classes as she had been returned



from the Sunday school, but the prospect did not alarm her. She preferred her father's teaching and her home to anything that anyone else had to offer. He had disturbed her only about the appearance of her headgear, and she noticed that the people on the street seemed to stare at it, but she could not be sure that they were not, as usual, staring at her.

She went with her mother, down Center Street, across the railroad tracks, and over the bridge to the river road in silence. It was a bright spring morning,

and she faced the sunlight with no shade for her eyes, rather blinded. She had her own thoughts, but she kept them to herself, and Mrs. Cane was busy with a modification of her plans.

Cane's objections had given her qualms. She decided to go as far as the Perrin gateway with Julie, put the paper in the pocket of Julie's dress, and send her in alone, with the promise that she should be called for, in the afternoon. Then even if these Perrin women had had an accession of courage in the night, they would hardly turn the unprotected



"GO ON, NOW. I'LL COME FOR YOU THIS AFTERNOON"



child out in the street, or be so daring as to bring her back to the shop themselves; and if they let her remain in the school one day, her attendance there would be achieved. The curse would be off it. It would be easier for them to go on than to turn back.

So, when Julie and she had come thoughtfully through the shade of the elms on the avenue, and arrived at the weather-beaten wooden pillars of the Perrin gate, she stopped. "You put this in your pocket," she said, putting it in herself, "an' if you have any trouble with either o' these women, just give it to them an' say, 'My mother's name was Annie Sowers.' But don't give it to them unless they make trouble for you. I don't want to crawl to them unless I have to. Go on, now. I'll come back for you this afternoon." And giving Julie a little push into the gateway, she turned and walked away.

Julie had found the strings tight under her chin and the bonnet hot over her ears. As soon as she realized that her mother had left her she freed herself from these discomforts, walking up the path between the syringa bushes. She took off the bonnet, looked at it with her father's eyes, and disliked it heartily. She would not face a crowd of staring school children with that thing on her head. And it would be just as conspicuous if she carried it in her hand. She considered ways of getting rid of it, and she chose the way that was most direct, if most unconventional: she hid it in a lilac bush beside the walk, planning to recover it and put it on again as she returned to the gateway to meet her mother in the afternoon. And when she had jerked the bell-pull on the Perrin colonial porch, she turned and went back to the steps to make sure that her mother would not be able to see, from the street, whether she came out of the house bareheaded.

So, when Martha Perrin answered the ring, expecting Mrs. Cane, here was a little girl, without a hat, standing at the steps and looking back as if at the

Carey home—a very sedate and composed little girl who stared up at her silently. "Oh, my dear," she cooed, "did you come alone? How flushed you are! Have you been running?"

She held out her hand to Julie, who took it, and dropped it, firmly.

She smiled. "Come in," she said, patting her on the shoulder. "Your mother has told us all about you. We hope you are going to like us."

Julie, recognizing these remarks as the usual futile hypocrisies of grown-ups, moved in without replying. Martha, walking beside her, smoothed down the child's ruffled hair caressingly, from her superior height, and said, "What wonderful hair you have!"

It was dark red hair, very wiry and coarse in the fiber, and it came down on her forehead in what is called a widow's peak. Julie moved away from the hand on her head, as indifferent to endearments as a cat that is being ushered into a new house by a stranger. She was looking at the curved stairs that rose from the hallway in an imposing colonial flight of mahogany rail and treads and white risers and spindles. She had never seen this sort of house before. She took it all in casually.

"Come this way," Martha said, turning her into the dining-room. And from the doorway, she called to her sister gayly, "This is Alice."

They were both somewhat over-enthusiastic in their welcome because of their relief at not meeting Mrs. Cane, and Julie's composure under the circumstances was impressive. They realized that they had to do with a personality. She crossed the room to meet Miss Perrin with a slow gravity, regarding her calmly, puzzled that they should call her "Alice" but accepting it as another adult stupidity. Evidently they did not have even her name right. The room struck her as bare; she preferred the flowered carpet of her mother's stuffy parlor to this hardwood floor that looked like the floor of her father's shop when the sawdust had been swept out. The



furniture seemed naked and thin legged. She recognized the piano by its keyboard, although it was a strange shape for a piano—being a grand instead of an upright.

Absorbed in these impressions, she did not notice what the sisters were saying to her until the elder, swooping down on one knee, brought her face to a level with Julie's, took both her hands, and smiled into her eyes. It was a smile that reminded her of Mrs. Martin's; it was more withered but it was just as false. She disliked it. "You are going to be with us a great deal," Agnes said, "so we must be friends right away. You are going to play here, as well as study, with the other little boys and girls, and we hope you are going to like them, and to like us all, and to be happy."

This speech had no honest relation to the facts of life as Julie had seen them in the Sunday-school class, so she did not reply to it.

"You must say, 'Yes, Miss Perrin,'" Agnes explained.

She turned away.

"You must say, 'Yes, Miss Perrin,'" Agnes repeated, drawing her back.

Julie saw that the smile had changed. The flattery had gone out of it. The authority of the grown-up showed.

She replied, reluctantly, in her hoarse voice, "Yes, Miss Per'n."

"Not Pern. Per-rin."

It did not interest her.

"Say 'Per-rin'."

She said it, stolidly, eye to eye, conceding only the obedience of her lips.

Miss Perrin saw that she was antagonizing the child. "Have you had a governess?"

Not knowing what a governess was, Julie merely shook her head.

"Can you read?"

She nodded.

"And write?"

She nodded again.

"Who taught you?"

She considered that a moment, looking at the cameo brooch at Miss Perrin's throat. "Father," she said at last.

To Miss Perrin it was the voice and attitude of a child who had never had a mother. Mrs. Carey, in her invalidism, must have left her daughter to the father and to the servants. That explained her clothes; she had obviously been dressed by servants. It explained the stiff reluctance of her little body when Miss Perrin in a wave of pity, put an arm around her and drew her closer. "You mustn't be afraid of us," she said, gently. "We want to do everything to make you happy."

Julie looked at her a long time. "I'm not afraid."

Miss Perrin laughed, to cover her embarrassment, kissed Julie on the cheek, and rose.

She thought that Julie's manner showed the self-reliance of untutored egotism—an egotism that came of contact with servants probably, though there might be something of a wealthy city child's sophistication in it, too. She raised her eyebrows in a significant look at her sister, as if to say, "We'll find her difficult."

Martha smiled deprecatingly. She never felt her sister's impulse to dominate the children and make them obey. She needed their affection more, and, having won it, she got along with them on terms of cheerful equality. She thought she saw in Julie one of those strong characters that can be controlled only through their love. "I'll take her to my class," she said.

Her classroom was in the back of the house. If she went there now, she would leave Agnes alone to receive Mrs. Cane when she arrived. And Agnes said, "No, dear. Wait a moment."

Martha understood. "But Nessie," she murmured, "we can't have her here when Mrs. Cane comes." And Julie, between them, said placidly, "She's not coming."

They looked down at her surprised. "Who's not coming?"

Julie explained, "She came only as far as the gate."

To the confusion of excited questions

hat followed: "You saw her? Mrs. Cane? How did you know her? Did she speak to you?" Julie answered, bewildered, "She's coming back, this afternoon."

Agnes's "How did you know her?" was too stupid to be answered. The reply to "Did she speak to you at the gate?" was obviously "Yes." She could not understand what was the matter with them.

"They must have met at the gate," Martha elucidated to her sister, "and she gave her a message for us." She asked Julie, "Was that what you were looking back at, from the steps?"

And Julie nodded.

"Did she say—of course, she didn't say what had happened?"

Julie shook her head.

"And then she went away?"

Julie confirmed it. They seemed relieved, and she understood that feeling in relation to her mother.

They stared at each other. "She must have thought better of it," Agnes said, triumphant.

"But still," Martha hinted, "if she's coming back, this afternoon—"

Agnes glanced warningly at the child. "You had better take her to your classroom."

#### XIV

One of the classrooms—the one in which Agnes taught the older pupils—was just behind the drawing-room, in the main part of the house; but, to reach the room in which Martha taught, you followed the front hall through a doorway under the curved balcony of the stairs, and came to the back hall—which Julie liked better than the front because it was done in homelike dark colors and not in chilly ivory white—and went out the back door to a pillared gallery in Southern style, and entered a wing of the house that had once been the servants' quarters.

"Our school is out here," Martha said, as they came to the gallery. "Good morning, Alan," she added, to a bare-

headed boy, standing idle on the back lawn, who turned to stare at Julie.

She knew him instantly. He was the boy who had asked her for limes that night in the shop, and called her father "Sugar Cane." He frowned at her, evidently recognizing her but not remembering where he had seen her before.

She ignored him. Martha turned her into a little deep-set doorway, and they entered her classroom.

That part of the house must have dated back to Washington's day. It was built of plastered field-stones, in walls a foot thick, so that the little old-fashioned windows were like prison windows—hung, however, in gay chintzes—and the room would have been dark if it had not been all washed in white. You went down a step, to a floor of flag-stones that was now bright with rag rugs, but you could still smell the clean salty odor of a dairy, and the huge fireplace at the far end of the room had evidently once been a farmer's hearth. Some maps had been hung on the walls to give the look of a schoolroom; and Martha had a pedagogic desk and chair between the southern windows; but the work of the class was done, unconventionally, at a long oak table that had once been the servants' dining table; and the children sat up to it on high-backed oak benches that were evidently pew benches from some dismantled church, padded with the original velvet cushions now much worn in the pile.

There were no children in the room as yet. It was empty, quiet, tidy. The sunlight was yellow in the chintz curtains, and the whole place seemed brightly studious and thoughtful. Martha smiled at it. She looked down at Julie, who stood gazing around inscrutably.

"I hope you'll be happy here," she said. She was always happy there herself. She was happy with the children, with her work, with her sense of being useful in the world and earning her living, and helping affectionate and trustful young things. It was tragic that



their school attendance had so fallen off. A new pupil gave her new hope.

Although Julie was aware of the sincerity in her 'one, she did not acknowledge it; she remembered Mrs. Martin. Martha put a hand on her hair again, and she no more than endured it. "I shall give you this place," Martha said, leading her to the table. "And before the others come we'll see where you are in your studies, so as to know where to begin. Shall we?"

It seemed sensible enough, and Julie agreed to it in silence. Martha sat beside her on the bench and opened a book with her small soft hands, and said, "Can you read this?" She looked away, to find a lead pencil with which to point out the words, and Julie took the book in her grubby fingers and began to read quickly. It was necessary to conceal surprise not only at the fluent confidence of her reading but at the neglected condition of her hands. What could Mrs. Carey have been thinking of? They were the rough little hands of a Cinderella.

"Oh, that's much too easy for you," Martha said, taking the book. "Let's try another."

The second reader contained some words which Julie mispronounced, though she evidently understood their meaning. "Oh, dear," Martha sighed, "I'm afraid you'll not be long with me. You'll be going to my sister's class. Can you write too?"

She wrote awkwardly, holding the slate pencil between her first and second fingers as her father did, but with no hesitation in spelling the simple sentences that Martha dictated. And she added and subtracted readily enough. "Goodness!" Martha cried. "How clever you are!"

Julie looked up to find the teacher blinking at her with a rueful smile. "Why!" Martha said, "I don't believe I could read like that at your age. I'm sure I couldn't do sums." And Julie answered the smile with the first slow relaxing of her reserve—in a little light-

ening of the somber eyes and the promise of a dimple in the cheeks—but she was thinking, in the back of her mind, that if this one turned on her now—as Mrs. Martin had! And Martha saw that shadow of distrust.

She felt as if she were trying to win the confidence of some timid wild thing. She did not dare to move or to speak. She put all her friendliness into a deep look of wistful emotion, for she felt more drawn to this difficult child than to any of the more facile ones who accepted and forgot her love so easily. Julie turned her eyes aside, troubled; no one but her father had ever looked at her like that. Martha did not speak, and Julie was about to surrender her gaze again when there were voices at the door, and two little girls came in, and the spell was broken.

Martha went to receive them. To Julie they looked unpleasantly like the little girls whom she had seen at Sunday school. She turned to the reader, in which she had begun—for Martha—a story about the Incas of Peru, and she continued it, ignoring the others. When Martha named them to her she received them with an absent-minded air, making no protest against Martha's "This is little Alice Carey, our new neighbor." She liked the feeling of superiority it gave her to have no one but herself know that her name was not Alice Carey but Julie Cane. She put her elbows on the table and her fists over her ears to shut out the voices around her; and Martha let her remain so, undisturbed, until she had heard the lessons of the others and given them new tasks. Then she sat down by Julie and said, "I think we'll have a writing lesson, and we'll use a copybook instead of a slate."

Julie was interested in the copybook, which opened at "Honesty is the best policy."

"You must hold the pen so."

Julie tried it, disliked it, and asked, "Why?"

"Because that's the best way to write."

Julie looked at the pen and frowned, unconvinced. The children across the table stared.

"If you hold it sideways," Martha explained, "it shades the letters in the wrong places. The shading should come on the down-strokes. Go on with your lessons, girls."

Julie appraised the copybook writing coldly, and thought it no better than her father's. She shifted the pen to hold it in his way. Martha laid an arresting hand on her wrist. "You can't write well that way. Let me show you." And she gave a demonstration. "This way the hand moves easily, running along on the little finger. If you hold it *your* way, it drags—on the side of the hand. Now, *you* try."

Julie, having folded her hands in her lap, made no move to take the pen again when it was offered to her. Martha glanced at the other girls, who were watching furtively. "I think the light is not very good here," she said. "You had better come over to my desk."

Julie followed her, out of sight and hearing of the others, and took the seat that was given her, and stared unhappily at the copybook. "Who taught you to write like that?" Martha asked.

She answered, hoarsely, "Father."

"Well, there," she said, "I understand, of course. You may write that way if you wish, only I'm sure he'd like you to write correctly. Don't you think he would? You may ask him about it, and we'll do whatever he says. Meanwhile, just write any way you please." She patted Julie on the head and left her.

When she came back some time later she found that Julie had been writing every second line in imitation of the copybook script. "Well now, that's a good idea," she said. "That's doing it both ways." And Julie looked up at her and smiled as painfully as if it hurt her to smile.

Martha felt rewarded. She got an arithmetic book and opened it at a page of simple problems. "See how many of

these you can do," she said. And leaving Julie busy at the desk, she went back to the other children.

Julie and her father had been doing the puzzles in a Sunday newspaper, some of which were arithmetical, and he had unwittingly given her a right approach to mathematics. She had learned to think out a solution to a problem instead of merely trying to recall how a teacher had told her it should be solved; and she enjoyed the arithmetical problems as much as she enjoyed the puzzles. When Martha returned to see how she was getting on, "Why, that's really wonderful," she said, impressed.

She was accustomed to children who could not attack the simplest problem until they were shown how—children who faced everything new with the complaint "We haven't *had* that yet." She felt herself in the presence of an original and superior mind. It was almost as if the child were an eccentric genius, awkward and ill-mannered, obstinate, repellant, but obviously worthwhile. Martha looked at her respectfully, but with pity. Life would be hard on her. People would dislike her. Even the children would make her suffer.

Martha touched her protectingly. "Come now, dear," she said. "We must all have a little lunch together."

It was the custom of the school for the children to meet at midday, in the big dining room of the house, over a light meal of sandwiches cut very thin and milk in mugs and sometimes johnny cake with honey. And at that meal they got whatever training Miss Perrin thought they needed in table manners.

Faced with the necessity of introducing Julie's hands to the table, Martha sent the others on ahead, and took Julie to the kitchen sink. "You and I will have to wash our inky paws," she said, "and that will take some scrubbing."

It also took some manicuring—of Julie—and when they reached the dining room, the others were seated at the table, Miss Perrin at the head of it, and the old negro servant passing the sandwiches.



The room was set and formal, paneled and wainscoted in wood as dark as the old-fashioned sideboard and the carved and twisted chairs. Miss Perrin's philosophy of table manners was, like Annie Sowers', a Puritanic repudiation of appetite. It was the moral code of a lady expressed in relation to food. You ate everything in the most difficult way possible, with a polite lack of interest in it; and this mortification of the flesh went on in a semi-religious atmosphere that was depressing, especially to children. They were silent, in the gloomy room, partaking, as it were, of a sort of social sacrament under her ritualistic eye.

Martha led Julie by the hand to a seat near the foot of the table where she sat herself. "This is our new pupil, little Alice Carey," she announced, in a sanctuary voice. And she added to the boy of the limes, "Your new neighbor, Alan."

He stared at her. "It is not," he said flatly.

"Why, Alan!"

"She's not Alice Carey," he insisted, loud in his excitement. "I guess I know Alice Carey when I see her."

"Alan!" Miss Perrin called, warningly, from the head of the table.

"Well," he said, "it isn't. Alice Carey isn't red-headed. I've seen her and I guess I ought to know."

Julie looked up at Martha, who still held her hand. "My name's Julia," she explained.

"Julia? Oh, dear, why didn't you tell us. We thought you were Alice. Are you Alice's sister?"

The boy put in: "She hasn't any sister."

Julie looked at him coldly. "I'm Julia Cane."

He took it open-mouthed. "Sugar Cane!" he cried. "That's who she is. I know. I've seen her. She's from the grocery store." And he gave it out in an excited crowing voice that set all the other children laughing and whispering to one another, "Sugar Cane! She's from the grocery store."

"Silence!" Miss Perrin rose majestically. "Bring her to me," she ordered.

She swept to the door like a parade to the scaffold headed by the public executioner; and Martha, leading Julie by the hand, followed her out.

"Oh, dear," she murmured to Julie, as she closed the dining-room door on the hubbub that had broken out behind them, "why didn't you tell us?"

It was like them, Julie thought, to blame her for their mistake. They would begin to behave, now, like Mrs. Martin. She withdrew her hand from Martha's clasp, and walked into the drawing-room, unassisted, to face Miss Perrin, with Martha behind her and hovering over her in an agony of futile protectiveness.

"Why did you deceive us about your name?"

Miss Perrin was as red in the face as Mrs. Martin had been, and Julie took refuge in the silence that had proved so effective before. It seemed to her that Miss Perrin was a foolish-looking person. Her lips were trembling, her eyes were moist; although the rest of her face was red, her nose was white.

"Did your mother tell you to do this?"

That reminded Julie that her mother had told her—what? To give them a paper that was in her pocket and say—What was it that she was to say? She regarded Miss Perrin thoughtfully, putting a hand in her pocket.

"Why, Nessie," Martha was protesting, "it was all my fault. I thought she was Alice Carey when I saw her at the door—"

Agnes stopped her with a raised hand. "Why didn't you tell us that she was your mother when you gave us her message?"

Julie was saying to herself, "My mother's name is Annie Sowers." That was what she had to say.

Martha pleaded, "I suppose she thought we knew. We weren't very clear—"

"She knew her name was not Alice Carey."

"She may have been frightened."

"Does she look frightened?"

Julie turned calmly to Martha and held out the paper from her pocket. My mother's name is—was—Annie Sowers—my mother's name was."

"What is it, dear," Martha murmured. He took the paper, distractedly.

"You may get your hat and coat and go home," Miss Perrin ordered. "We cannot have you here. You will take her home, Martha."

"Nessie!" Martha gasped. "It's father!"

Her tone was creepy. She was looking at the paper as if she saw a ghost.

"What!"

"Father! It's from father!" She held out the letter in a trembling hand, unable to move nearer to her sister with it. Agnes came forward, frightened by her expression of face, and took the letter.

It was in her father's writing, though the lines were scrawled and shaky. He must have written it in his last illness. It was addressed to Daniel Sowers, Esqre., Findellen. And it read:

Sir:

I have never liked you. I have made no secret of the fact. You represent in your religion and your life too many of the qualities in our civilization which I most abhor. But, sir, you are an honest man. You have the courage of your convictions. You have ought for them, and in doing that you have put me under a debt of gratitude which I would gladly repay. Command me. Or since I am now an old man, command at any time any of my well-wishers who may survive me. They are yours to command, in my name.

Sir, I remain your obliged and humble servant,

MATHEW PERRIN.

Old Sowers had written at the bottom of it, contemptuously, the one word, "Pride," but Mrs. Cane had scratched that out when she decided to deliver the message to Perrin's daughters. She had found it among her father's papers after

his death. Characteristically, he had never spoken of it to her, though he had preserved it. And characteristically, she had not wished to use it unless she failed to get Julie into Miss Perrin's school by a more high-handed method.

Miss Perrin wept. She dropped the letter on the floor, fumbling for her handkerchief, and she stood proudly erect, her hand across her eyes, her mouth distorted. Julie wondered at her. Martha sank on her knees beside the child and clasped her close, to conceal her own tears and to protect her sister from that curious cold young gaze. "Why," she sobbed, "why didn't you tell us—right away? It's too bad. You've made us behave—"

It was as if her father had rebuked her. "Any of my well-wishers who may survive me." He had not mentioned his daughters; he had taken it for granted that he could trust his daughters to be grateful to his friends. (She did not realize that the letter referred to a political reward to be claimed from his party colleagues if he could not confer it himself.)

She said, "Martha, bring the other children here."

Martha got to her feet, and for a moment both sisters were busy snuffling apologetically into their handkerchiefs and drying their eyes. Julie did not understand them and she did not try. It all looked rather funny to her. It might have looked funnier if she had understood that they were going to accept her into their classes because of a debt of honor which their father had owed—and not because of a debt of groceries which they owed her mother.

When Martha had gone out Miss Perrin said, "Come here, child." And taking Julie by the hand, she stood with her to face the entrance of the children.

They arrived hushed and puzzled by Martha's manner of suppressed emotion, and as soon as they were across the threshold they stopped, arrested by Miss Perrin's highly dramatic pose.

"Children," she said, "this is Julia



Cane. It was not through any fault of hers that we mistook her for Alice Carey; and she failed to correct us only because she did not understand. She is the granddaughter of a man"—her pride impelled her to exaggerate—"to whom my father owed a great debt of gratitude. We are proud to have her in our

school. We wish you to treat her as if—she struggled against tears—"she were our own daughter." She ended in a strangled whisper: "Go back to your classes." And the children turned and blundered out like supers from the throne-room scene of a Shakespearean tragedy.

*(To be continued)*

## Behold Thou Art Fair, My Beloved

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

SINCE poets first their tablets smote,  
And carved their passion deep in stone,  
Unnumbered lovers lived and wrote  
And loved and died, that I alone  
Quoting what Love has ne'er outgrown,  
Such tributes at her feet might fling.  
My genius flits on feeble wing;  
Where they all soared, I rudely climb.  
Yet no dead phrases would I bring—  
I'll weave my lady-love a rhyme.

Great is the genius men devote  
To temples wrought for Beauty's throne.  
We humbler ones they scarcely note,  
Sorting the pebbles widely strown,  
Fashioning, where her feet have flown,  
Mosaics, so her glance may cling  
Well pleased, as she goes sauntering.  
Those great ones wrote on crumbling lime;  
My love is not so perishing!  
I'll weave my lady-love a rhyme.

Why should I not? Whate'er I quote  
From epics that the world has known  
Seems somehow frozen and remote—  
My living passion is my own.  
None else may voice it, though his tone  
Had made the centuries echoing ring.  
When that first bard invoked the spring  
Beardless and young was Father Time.  
A new world now is burgeoning—  
I'll weave my lady-love a rhyme.

My dear, I have no voice to sing;  
No poet's power of thought sublime.  
My best is but a little thing—  
I'll weave my lady-love a rhyme.

# Ramsay MacDonald

## *England's First Labor Premier*

BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

*Author of The Mirrors of Downing Street*

*"We will now discuss in a little more detail the Struggle for Existence."*—Charles Darwin.

*"Believe me, gentlemen, the way still before you is intricate, dark, and full of perplexed and treacherous mazes. Those who think they have the clue, may lead us out of this labyrinth. . . ."*

*"I may be unable to lend an helping hand to those who direct the State; but I should be ashamed to make myself one of a noisy multitude to hollow and hearten them into doubtful and dangerous courses."*—Burke.

*"The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart."*—Psalm LV.

IN appearance, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is tall without grace and formidable without dignity. From a physical point of view he is the ideal Company - Sergeant - Major. One can think of few politicians at Westminster who would look better in scarlet tunic and towering bearskin.

This rigidity of the strong, thickset, and inelegant structure; this frowning severity of the hard, handsome, but unattractive face; this rather stiff and set impressiveness of form and feature, may be taken, I think, as a true indication of the man's mind. He is a drilled and disciplined idealist, a sentimentalist who has been machined into a martinet, a revolutionist who employs the ordered methods of the barrack-square. It is characteristic of him that his voice is loud and martial, and that he is an unquestioned master of Parliamentary procedure—the drill-book of social reformation.

But the raw materials so industriously and thoroughly manufactured into this military form are themselves much more interesting, and may even be described as romantic. Mr. MacDonald

has studiously made himself into a Parliamentary leader of British Socialism, and it has taken him many years to hammer his qualities into a shape suitable for this responsible predicament: at the outset of his career he was a very different person, and even now, behind the hard front of the martinet and the stiff manner of the practical statesman of revolution, one may discern the play of those impulsive feelings and poetic sentiments which in his early youth swept him like the torrents of spring into the shouting ranks of political idealism. To understand him, therefore, it is necessary to know his history. And to know his history is to realize that the supreme influence in the life of this tough, inflexible, and, as it were, artificial drill-sergeant of a New World, is the memory of a very beautiful and remarkable woman who now lies buried near his cottage home in Scotland.

James Ramsay MacDonald was born in the year 1866 at Lossiemouth, a fishing village some few miles from Elgin in the northern latitudes of Scotland. He was brought up by his mother and grandmother in a two-roomed cottage which is now in his possession, and to which he repairs for rest at least once every year. The love which consecrated that frugal home robbed its hard poverty of bitterness. Ramsay MacDonald's boyhood was happy. He had far to tramp to the Board School in which he received the elements of education, but the way led through a wild and splendid countryside, and the boy, with his love of nature and his ambition to get on in the world, if only to help



his mother and his grandmother, never complained of that particular hardship.

At this school Ramsay MacDonald learned to value knowledge, and henceforward, whatever his occupation, above and beyond everything else, he was a student. He worked on a farm for some time; then, at the instigation of his old dominie, became a pupil teacher; but soon broke away from such modest conditions and proceeded to London, aged nineteen. Here he suffered for the first time in his life desperate privations. At one time he earned bread by addressing envelopes. He was lonely, friendless, and hungry. But he stuck to his books, worked industriously, visited the British Museum, and presently by a stroke of luck became secretary to a rich tea merchant with Radical notions and political ambitions. During these hard but stimulating years the young man sent money regularly to the little two-roomed cottage in Lossiemouth. There is no doubt that his grandmother and his mother had powerfully impressed upon his mind certain absolute principles of conduct which are essential to a vigorous moral life, and that their method in giving him these standards had also inspired him with a strong affection for them.

It was because of the strength of his moral character, and not because of his personal sufferings, that the young Highlander became a Socialist. London shocked him and pained him. The self-respect which makes Scottish poverty so noble a thing was hard to find among the sordid and depressed victims of London penury; while the vulgarity of shameless ostentation which marked the wealth of London struck a jarring note in a mind conscious above all things of duty and self-restraint.

He became acquainted with one or two journalists who were interested in social reform, and out of his scanty earnings set about making a collection of political books. Encouraged by his friends, he began presently to write on political subjects, and later to appear on public platforms as a speaker associated with a

movement known as the New Fellowship. His high seriousness and his self-sacrificing devotion attracted attention, and it was not long before he was enlisted by that music-loving and poetic social reformer Keir Hardie as a recruit in the struggling ranks of the Independent Labor Party.

In spite of his extravagances, Keir Hardie was a lovable and inspiring person. He was a Socialist of the order of William Morris, something of a Pre-Raphaelite politician, impelled by æsthetics rather than economics to make war on the social system. His rooms off Fleet Street were distinguished by their green hangings, their beautiful furniture, and their collection of noble books. In the company of men who warmed his heart, Keir Hardie could be as gay, as charming, and as wide-minded as Arthur Balfour. Nothing delighted him so much as giving his fire to a young, dour, and unimaginative disciple, quickening the youth with the thrill and delight of battle, making him quote William Blake's "New Jerusalem" with a warrior ring, and warming him up to sing "The Red Flag" with all the French passion of the Marseillaise.

Great was Keir Hardie's influence on Ramsay MacDonald. Perhaps it was from this poetic and inspired reformer that the young Highlander first began to think of Socialism as an international force in the affairs of mankind. Certainly it was from Keir Hardie that he first learned to cultivate a political ambition and to look to politics for his future.

But a greater influence was at hand.

Margaret Ethel Gladstone was the daughter of a distinguished Scotsman who occupied Faraday's Chair as Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution. This professor, who lived in London, was a fine scholar, a profound Christian of the orthodox school, and an earnest educationist. His youngest daughter grew up in an atmosphere of serious refinement. One of her uncles

was William Thomson, afterward Lord Kelvin, perhaps the most creative man of science of his time. For Lord Kelvin's brother, Professor James Thomson, also a very able man, she cherished a particular devotion which shaped her character. She writes in her diary: "Sat at tea looking at Uncle James."

The influence he had with her never weakened, for he taught her to be true to herself, to keep pure, to follow whatever road it seemed good for her to walk upon.

The road she chose was a hard one. She passed from Presbyterianism to the Church of England, and finally from all institutional religion into a mysticism which enabled her to feel the Presence of God in the darkness which so often closed round about her. She passed from a well-off and refined home, from the friendship of distinguished and agreeable people, to the worst of all the slums of London, and to deep personal intimacy with the most ignorant, the most depressed, but the most heroic people in the British Islands.

At first she was a Church worker. For years she visited "the Poor" as a superior person anxious to be helpful and to do her Christian duty. She taught in the Sunday school of a fashionable London church. She attached herself to religious societies practising a most unselfish, but quite useless, philanthropy. At one time she wanted to be a doctor

so that she might spend her life in ministering to the poor. At another she was helping the Salvation Army in its efforts to "net the sewers." It was only after many passionate prayers, and long hours of self-scrutiny, that she came to take that plunge which outraged her fashionable and orthodox friends and cost her even the countenance of some of her nearest relations.



*Copyright, Walter Scott*

RAMSAY MACDONALD

The two great forces working in the mind of this brilliant and joyous girl, who loved life and could always thank God for the gift of it, was first the staring and piercing pain of millions of unchampioned people all about her, and, second, the writings of Charles Kingsley and Frederick Denison Maurice, who fashioned the principles of Christian Socialism. Into both of these pressures operating on her hesitant spirit entered the invisible influence of that Christ whose Reality for her had grown only the

greater and the more insistent with every step she took from the altar of traditionalism.

She had pained and offended her family by championing Gladstone in his crusade for Irish self-government; she was now to shock them dreadfully by seeing virtue in the little group of Socialists seeking to alter the economic conditions of human life. There was nothing hysterical, nor anything morbid and priggish, in this evolution of her char-



acter. She was always girlish to the last days of her life, loving laughter and fun, hating gush and sentimentality, going gladly to recreations and all innocent pleasures. But she was a realist. The injunction said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and she could not get religious people to take that injunction seriously. Moreover, she found that until she placed herself alongside of those whom she so ardently longed to help, she could neither gain their confidence nor win their affection.

When she went over to Socialism she carried to it her gladness and her mysticism. Her gladness she shared with everybody. Her mysticism remained her sanctuary from the world. To the innermost chamber of her life no human

being, neither husband nor child, was ever admitted:

... "she had within her being a Holy of Holies where she sat alone, and where the presence of her dearest was forbidden. In the long dark nights of the Lossiemouth late autumn and winter, with the moan of the sea passing over the land like the cry of toiling creation, the call of the night bird flying overhead, and the mass of stars shining above her, she would retire within herself and go out silently to the shore or the moors in quest of something which haunts life like a dim vision of a strange beauty or a confused echo of a far-away melody."

At a meeting of the Pioneer Club in June, 1895, she saw Ramsay MacDonald for the first time. A month previously, when he was lying ill in St. Thomas' Hospital, she had sent him a subscription toward his election expenses as a political candidate at Southampton. He knew nothing about her, but she had heard of him as an able, forceful, and passionately sincere Socialist, a young Highlander who meant business, and who had taken part in several strike-meetings in Trafalgar Square. Either then, or a little later, she heard that he was a dying man, and it touched her to think of this humble young man in London fighting for the unhappy and sorrowful against the bitter opposition of all the wealth, power, and distinction of London, while an organic disease was remorselessly hastening him toward death.



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MR. MACDONALD AND HIS DAUGHTERS

They met, and an instant sympathy ripened swiftly into affection. They were married in 1896, and took up their residence in 3, Lincoln's Inn Fields. She believed that her husband was a doomed man, and consecrated herself to carrying on his work. But into that work she brought a spirit which invigorated the man physically and spiritually. Their house became a center of Socialism. From all parts of the world dreamers and visionaries visited the MacDonalds, and she was ever the center of those gatherings, radiant, inspiring, and beautifully tender. She had passed, to borrow her husband's phrase, from sympathizing with the sufferings of the depressed wage-earners, to sharing their aspirations.

"To-day," she would say, "I have met women the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to loose; and here I sit in happy comfort, and there they now are toiling, toiling, toiling, without hope or brightness." And, "I want to give people work, and I want to give people leisure." And, "To work for the economic independence of women is to work for the purity of family life." And, "I am interested in housing because I am interested in homing. I want houses for souls as well as for bodies." In her husband's noble words, "She was a link between the divided sections of society."

At the center of her heart was the faith that human life is a holy thing. To understand her influence in Ramsay MacDonald's career it is important that this phrase should be steadily confronted by the reader until he has realized something of what it means to a nature rich in feeling and deep with religious fervor. Margaret MacDonald believed that human life came from God, that evolution is the will of God, and that the whole business of man lies in lifting up the human soul to its predestined height of joy, beauty, and power.

"The only creed worth believing in," she wrote in her diary, "is, God is Love. God, put Thy love into my heart, cleanse it, deepen it, purify and hallow it; it is in such sore need." Her hus-

band writes: "Women and children were her special care. Both were particularly sacred in her eyes. The child was the flower fresh from the garden of God, with the divine fragrance still like an atmosphere around it; the woman represented maternity, she through whom the race was born, and upon whose knee the race was nursed, whose face was beautiful with hope and sorrow. And both the child and the mother were as outcasts in the world. She saw them dirty, neglected, coarse, the pinched victims of want and the decorated playthings of sensuousness in every street and in every drawing-room, and without any arguing with her conscience, without giving a thought to consequences, without offering the homage of doubt to the tremendous difficulties of doing anything at all, she began her work instantly she heard the call."

So it came to pass that while Ramsay MacDonald toiled all the day at organizing the political forces of trades-unionism, she was out in the bitter streets of Hoxton or the dark courts of Whitechapel ministering to women and children. "It was no cold-blooded scientific mission upon which she went. She used to return laden in mind and spirit, as though she had been through the lands where Dante walked." Everywhere she saw the degradation of this holy thing which God had fashioned for an everlasting evolution in purity, beauty, and power. And every time she returned to her home it was with such tales of inconceivable brutality or devilish oppression that the heart of her husband flamed within him, and he grew to be, not the noisiest champion of the suffering workers, but the most determined and implacable enemy of the economic system which produces such evil things.

To his religion of moral rectitude and simple piety, Margaret MacDonald brought the flame of her more imaginative and mystical nature. He loved the battle of Socialism for itself, being a born fighter, and even without her his eco-



nomic fight would always have had a moral impulse; but she gave to it a spiritual consecration. I do not feel that he ever quite rose to her height; I am not sure that he ever stood quite side by side with this most beautiful spirit; but I have no doubt whatever that the secret of his power over men is the spiritual consecration he received from his wife, of which he speaks little, but of which he is always vividly conscious in every great crisis of his career. I think she brought the thought of God close to his heart; and I am certain that in all the religious communings of his widowed years he has been conscious of her presence.

From these suggestions the reader may gather, I hope, some workable notion of the mind which is now at the head of the British Empire.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a good and upright "practical person" who has been touched by the sacred fire of a woman who lived always in the Presence of God. His own emotions, which are strong and deep, he has always ridden on the curb. His mind is above everything else orderly. He saw quite early in his career that tub-thumping is not the best way to get things done. He has studied Parliamentary procedure with the same intense passion which von Moltke brought to the study of military strategy. His command to his followers has ever been, *Organize, organize, organize*. His power over them is not moral, and certainly not spiritual, but intellectual. He has shown them how they can get things done. Among them are men of greater intellect, but none with an intellect so practical, so Parliamentary. He towers above them all in this single respect, and many there are in his discordant ranks who resent his drastic exercise of a superior ability; but so great is this ability that it has enabled him to keep the leadership of his Party even at a time when his behavior during the War, which so many of them deeply resented, would surely in any

other country of the world have fatally imperiled its chance of power. The Reparations Problem is still unsolved, and a "Pro-German," an anti-conscriptionist, is Prime Minister of the British Empire! It is a curious fact that this man, who has spent all his life in the atmosphere of crankiness, has never been, and never could be appropriately, called a crank. Something high and stern in his nature has preserved him from this perilous taint.

But Mr. MacDonald is not merely a clever and a forceful Parliamentarian. I will not say he is a fanatic, but he is most certainly not a pedagogue. Smooth may be his words at this juncture, and probably to the end of his life; cold and formal may be his manner to the House of Commons; orthodox and constitutional may be his leadership of the Socialist Government; but in his heart there is war—the holy war which Margaret MacDonald waged all the days of her life against half-truths, errors, and degrading cruelties. He hates the economics of individualism as passionately as Ruskin hated the æsthetic malformations of commercialism.

His future will be watched by the whole world, for it is a future which may well touch the life of the whole world. Behind him are many men who dislike his manner and his method, impatient men with disorderly minds and fanatical egoism. In front of him are those unimaginative middleclass people of whom Samuel Butler so truthfully said that they are as horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted as at seeing it practised. He may well fall at the hands of either, or even of both combined. If he succeed in keeping his Party together for any length of time he will be a greater man than I think; if he succeed in defying the opposition of his political opponents it will be only because the mind of the nation has undergone a change more profound than I can believe.

But let the reader be assured that Ramsay MacDonald's statesmanship



MARGARET MACDONALD MEMORIAL, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON

ill be an effort to put the Christian religion into practice. It will be that, and nothing else. No greater mistake can be made by his opponents than to attack him as a fanatic of "class-hatred" or as a dogmatist of socialist economics. Attacked on those grounds, he will strike back with shattering effect. No sneers, no gibes, no hysterical alarmism, can weaken the faith which a large number of people, representing every class in the community, are disposed to place in the policy of a sane Labor Party. Ramsay MacDonald believes that religion can change the whole face of civilization for the better. He believes that it can be applied to international relations, to domestic politics, and to the commercial activities of the nation. That it has never been applied to these concerns no one can deny. The question at issue is, whether it can be so applied. The Church is on her trial,

as well as the political economy of Mammon.

Theologically, the Christian religion has ceased, in my opinion, to exercise the smallest influence on the affairs of mankind. It was impotent to stop the War, even to mitigate the very least of its barbarities; and, quite unmoved, the people of Great Britain recently read of diplomatic conversations between the Church of England and the Church of Rome which thirty years ago would have thrown the country into a violent agitation. But, ethically, the Christian religion seems to be gaining ground. The realism of the modern mind is perhaps responsible for this significant advance. Life is now plainly seen to be a very ugly, a very cruel, a very wasteful, and a very dangerous muddle. A caricaturist of genius, like Mr. George Belcher, may amuse the thoughtless by his terrible pictures of drink-sodden or rheu-



matic-ridden humanity, but he opens the eyes of the thoughtful to behold how dreadful and destructive are the ravages of industrial civilization. These people, in their desire to do away with depravity and degradation, in their desire to find a safer method and a more rational process for the movement of human life, are turning more and more to the ethics of religion for their inspiration and their warrant.

Socialism, as Ramsay MacDonald conceives it, is Christianity, rid of cant and hypocrisy, rid of selfish individualism and æsthetic sentimentalism, ruthlessly applied to the conditions of human life. This will be the motive of all his legislation, and politicians who oppose him will be well advised never to question his motives. On one ground, and only one, can he be usefully criticized, and that is the speed at which he travels. He himself will wish to travel slowly and thoroughly, but the forces behind him may break through his masterful discipline and rush his Ministry into an effort to outstrip evolution. I know his difficulties; I respect the man greatly; and I wish him well; but I regretfully doubt his ability either to control his own legions or to meet the onslaughts of the tremendous forces arrayed against him.

He is a good man, but not a great man. He has sincerity, earnestness, ability, and forcefulness; but not magic. None of his followers, I think, feel any affection for him, and many actively dislike him. The same respect for his strength

as a Parliamentarian which the Party felt for him in Opposition, may serve to maintain him in his position as the head of a Government so long as his Party is weak in numbers. But I do not think that a great triumph for Labor at the polls would be a triumph for him, unless before that triumph comes, he has succeeded in bringing peace to Europe, employment to British factories, and an end to the protracted torture of the housing shortage. His prosperity hangs by a hair

For me the supreme interest of the present situation lies in the struggle for predominance which is going on in secret within the ranks of the Labor Party. Either it will keep its moral character and its spiritual impulse, and so proceed wisely and steadily to give us a far nobler civilization than the world has yet seen, or it will become a brutal and mischievous body of political materialism, and so perish for a generation, to the great loss of the higher life of the human race.

One must hope that the good sense of the British working-classes, whose patience can never be questioned, may prove strong enough to resist that Russian or Communist influence in the Labor Party which would wreck the hopes of all idealism and break the hearts of all those who love the human race. I believe it will be well for Great Britain, and well for the rest of the world, if Ramsay MacDonald is given every just and reasonable opportunity to prove his worth and to test the value of Christian ethics.



THE BATTERY DEFENDING THE CARRY TO LAKE GEORGE

*Sketches of Fort Ticonderoga*  
By R. Emmett Owen





#### THE GRENADIERS' BATTERY

This fortification at the end of the promontory between Lake Champlain and Lake George was built by the French in 1755, to guard this passage. In the next year the French laid out Fort Carillon, or Ticonderoga, but placed it on higher and more commanding ground in the rear.





#### THE BATTERY AGAINST AN ATTACK FROM THE LAKE

This group of guns in its day was a formidable defense, equal to the destruction of any fleet which could be brought up on Lake Champlain to attack the Fort.





#### VIEW FROM THE SOUTHWEST BASTION

This is the only side of the Fort which can readily be seen from the lake; beyond it in the distance are Lake Champlain and Mt. Independence. After Ethan Allen's capture of the Fort, the Colonists constructed gun-pits, many of which still exist.





#### THE REVENGE, ONE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD'S FLEET

After the Battle of Valcour upon Lake Champlain, in 1777, she escaped to Ticonderoga, where Colonel Brown, failing in his attempt to capture the Fort, set fire to her. In 1909 she was drawn up from the bottom of the lake.





#### THE "FRENCH LINES" CONSTRUCTED BY MONTCALM

These were said to have been thrown up in one night, as a line of defense across the promontory against General Abercrombie's British and Colonials. Three times the Black Watch fought their way to these earthworks, but their attack was defeated. A year later, 1759, the British returned and captured Ticonderoga.





#### THE OUTER SOUTHERN WALL OF THE FORT

Near this point in May, 1775, Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold, in the name of "the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," led the Green Mountain Boys to capture of the Fort; and this embra-sured wall was the guard to the channel between Lake George and Lake Champlain.





#### THE WEST BARRACKS RESTORED

In the doorway on the gallery at the left Ethan Allen uttered his famous command to Captain De La Place to surrender. The old mess room and kitchen and the various living rooms of the officers may be seen on the two floors.

# The Rolling River

BY WALTER MILLIS

Oh I had a girl, and her name was Nancy,

A—wa-a-y, the rolling river!

She would not have me for her lover,

Ha! Ha! Ha!

I'm bound away, on the wild Missouri!

THAT, he said, is a very old song. (We had just finished it—the last line in a crashing fine chorus with a convivial amount of whisky and soda in it—and his voice, which was a quiet one, took possession, as it were, of the sudden silence.) And as a matter of fact, it is only a piece of nonsense, but it is the kind of nonsense which is yet not altogether nonsense, and the last time I heard it it was, strangely enough, in the very process of coming true.

If you were perfectly sober I shouldn't tell you the story, because you would say that I was tricking out something quite unimportant in a lot of exaggerated tomfoolery. If I were perfectly sober I shouldn't tell it to you anyway, but then I should very likely believe the same thing myself, except that it is something which must be explained somehow, and there is no other way of explaining it save by saying that this young man I knew—he is the hero of the story—was seduced. He was seduced by a river. Not even a delicate, winding little clinging-vine sort of stream, but an enormous and powerful river with no foolishness whatever about it—a river as big as the Missouri and fully as wide—a rolling, pouring, lazy river that was quite as commonplace as everyday life, but quite as unexpected in its extraordinary subtleties. A man might as well be seduced by a hippopotamus, you may say, but I am not responsible for the intricacies of what a man is capable of, and, as I said, it must

be explained in some way, and I know of no other.

This man—his name was Rowan—was such a remarkably bright and ordinary chap. You see them too often to take notice of them, like fresh pennies from the mint, all glowing with eagerness and enthusiasm for their life work, and all precisely alike because none of the shine is rubbed off anywhere and all the edges are still quite sharp and the original design is cut there in all its beautiful pristine simplicity. They will generally tell you that the world is a crooked and devious place, but they somehow expect that they will go through it as straight as a penny through any slot machine—no difficulties, you know; and if they are of the coinage that Rowan was they will generally have a passion for facts. I don't mean necessarily an actual joy in printed statistics, though Rowan had just that, but a kind of belief that facts are the only things of any importance whatsoever, that there are loads of facts waiting round all the corners, and that progress is merely a matter of getting hold of them as they come and acting upon them. Logical lads they are, with intent faces.

That was, I suppose, why this boy Rowan started out to be an engineer, and I am quite sure that it was the reason why he specialized in the hydraulic end and went in for power dams. Water is so simple. It's incompressible, and it always weighs sixty-two and a half pounds to the cubic foot; and those are the only things that any of your calculations have to bother with. Indeed, he said that to the Chief one day when they were standing on the construction bridge, watching this river that I am



telling you about rushing and boiling along in great brown, roily, silver-edged curves between the piers of the dam they were engaged in building across it.

"Oh, yes, of course," said the Chief, who was thinking of his yesterday's yardage and why there wasn't more of it. And then the Chief, who had lived alone enough of his life to be a very decent sort, was probably struck by young Rowan's extreme realism, and awakened to a kindly appreciation of what a romantic youngster it was after all. "Not so simple, though, at that," he said. "Does nasty things to you every now and then—generally when you don't expect them." He puckered the corners of his lean mouth as if he were sucking a tooth. It was a manner he had. "Odd ways, too," he said, "more ways than one. Funny thing about this river. I was talking to that bunch in town last night. Dinner, you know, a kind of real-estate boosters' meeting. They had that gang from New York there. All the usual stuff about the great development of the country when the power's turned on, about the availability of raw materials, and the miles of factories, and all the rest. Old Nevins was the worst, of course. Now they're nice people; they've got along well enough here alongside of this river for a hundred years. Why in hell they want to turn it upside down and mess round with factories and lose all their cash in real-estate speculation I don't know. They're going to be a big town and make 'emself unhappy like everybody else. River does it when they're least expecting it."

It was an odd illustration. Rowan was rather stumped by it, I suppose, because he was young enough to feel that there was something in what the Chief was saying that he didn't quite understand, but bright enough for him not to miss it entirely. Bad combination for these fact-eaters. Leaves them out in the cold, you see. The Chief rather enjoyed his little mild mystification, I fancy. He was one of those older men who are contemplative in a practical,

direct sort of way, and he knew a good deal. But then he looked at the water again and said, "We're going to have a devil of a time getting in those cofferdams," and Rowan was happily off at once on an earnest practical discussion about sizes of cribs and methods of loading and sinking and all the rest of the technical stuff. These were facts, which counted. It was Important. It was Work. Rowan was a great little boy, and the Chief, who used to give him corn whisky in his quarters sometimes and engage him in profound discussions on professional subjects, liked him.

But Rowan got to looking at the river now and then in a new way—at night. You feel it more then because you can't see it, only hear it, rushing away for all eternity through the piers, never stopping a minute to breathe, never waiting for anybody, never minding the things you build in it or sink under it or float down it. I—I caught him one night, standing on the big wooded bluff, with the trees all dark right under you, you know, and then flood-lights and men working, and then the great sweep of open that you know is the river, with the line of lights running over it and showing up the construction bridge and the piers and derricks, getting smaller as they get across, with a scattered bunch of lights, like stars far away on the other bank. And the construction trains run back and forth and whistle, and the percussion drills hammer away, and dump cars rumble and bang against one another, and the noise all sort of runs together with the soft, steady basic noise which the river makes, forever pouring down over the sills and going off to sea. As I said, I saw him watching it one night on the bluff in front of the engineers' quarters; and there were some people in Howard's room behind us—Howard, who had come out of the army, brought it with him—singing that very song about the rolling river. And there it was, rolling in front of us. And Rowan was looking at it in an altogether peculiar way, quite unusual for him.

So I told Rowan that he was in love.

"Rot," Rowan said.

"You've fallen in love with the Nevins girl," I said to him.

"Don't be a damned fool," said Rowan. "I'm not the kind that falls in love," he said. "Certainly not with a Nevins girl." Perhaps he wasn't. It's possible explanation, I'll admit. But I prefer the other one. But I'm not here yet, anyway.

Now this Nevins girl was quite an ordinary sort, too, in one sense. One of that queer, compact, little brown-eyed old-fashioned kind of country girls, with precisely the wrong amount of education—enough to make 'em distrust their common sense and too little to give 'em much of any other kind. Old Nevins was one of the big people in the town—banker or something like that, maybe he owned the main department store—had a nice house with lead glass in the front door and an ormulo clock over the fireplace. He'd drifted in, I fancy, from somewhere when he was young, married one of the local aristocracy, and stuck. Ruth Nevins was a result. Queer mixture—a kind of meeting place for two or three social classes and a couple of generations thrown in. Neither quite one thing nor the other. And I suppose, poor girl, she hadn't much idea of herself. She used to run around with the bobbed-hair village belles, and they ran around with the youngsters from the construction camp. They'd go on picnics down the river, or take in the movies, or chase about in the family automobiles, having a wildly innocent time, ending up with ice cream at the corner drug store and a furiously flirtatious encounter with the soda-jerker, who was, likely as not, the brother of one of them or the cousin of another. You know how it is in small towns. And Ruth Nevins followed the crowd because there wasn't anything else to follow.

There was a different touch though. The aristocracy, I suppose, showing through. It holds in some strains longer

than in others. I believe the first time Rowan ever saw her he told her that she was different. There was a direct way about him—always is with that stripe.

"I am not different," she said. It surprised her a bit, very likely, and pleased her, so there was a sparkle in her voice of which she was as completely unconscious as was Rowan himself.

"Yes," said Rowan, "they're banal."

I doubt whether she quite knew what the word meant. Extraordinary the limitations of our country finishing schools! "Aren't I banal too?" It was one of those automobile parties, and there was a general air of archness and gaiety.

"No," he told her, perfectly matter of fact, "you're nice."

"Oh!" was what she said, and her brown eyes shaded delicately. She could be delicate; the others could not. They were hard and obvious and consequently given to sudden violent explosions. It's difficult to say which kind of woman is the least predictable. I think she was about to venture farther—these had become suddenly fascinating waters for fishing in. Rowan, too, was in a way a different type, and that tremendous infantile earnestness sits well sometimes. But she drew back; decided to be cautious; wasn't quite up to it. And then somebody in the car began singing a last year's musical hit, and Rowan looked bored and Ruth Nevins saw with a faint—but most ladylike—chagrin that he had forgotten about her. He had got her ticketed in his mind; she was "different" and she was "nice" and he was thinking about something else.

But he didn't forget her entirely, I suppose, because there was no place for the people from the dam to go when they were off work except the town, and nobody in the town for them to play about with except these girls. So Rowan tagged along as often as not, when he wasn't talking hydraulic engineering to the Chief in his quarters. And they fell together naturally. He wasn't up to the fast style of the bobbed-hair ladies. Consequently, he and Ruth



Nevins would go walking down the shaded avenues, where the leaves arch over the electric street lamps in clusters of queer greens and remarkable patches of shadow; or they would sit on the lawn on a warm evening and watch the automobiles driving past in front while the cicadas hummed in the branches and an occasional cock, waked up suddenly in one of the farmyards just behind the street, would crow unexpectedly. And Rowan would talk about the yards of concrete poured and the number of cofferdam cribs which had been got in and the importance of hydraulic engineering in general and his own ideas for establishing a superpower zone in central Andalusia, or some other equally crazy place, when he got to be a big man in his profession. In short, he talked about his Work. And equally in short, she listened to him. Not that she understood any of it except in the vaguest sort of way, but in a rather demure fashion, through some unconscious intricacies of her own mind, she decided that she liked the look in his eyes when he was talking about engineering, and so she said "yes" and "no" in the right places and used to enjoy the evenings to quite a surprising degree. And so did Rowan, until one day when he must have awakened to the uncomfortable realization that Ruth Nevins was in some way disquieting. There was something he didn't like about it. She wasn't Work, she wasn't Important, but especially she wasn't a fact. She was a negligible quantity; but she wasn't negligible. It was when—it was when he tentatively asked me one day what I really thought of her that I perceived that the original classification was ceasing to be adequate. It was no longer enough to say that she was "nice." She was beginning to be confusing, and that was what Rowan could not abide. He believed in seeing life simply and seeing it whole, you know. Admirable philosophy—but there's such a vast lot to the whole.

So that was why I told him that he was in love with the girl. Not unreason-

able, do you think? But he was angry about it, and said things that he really ought not to have said, even if she were a country girl with no great amount of education. "Damn it all," said Rowan, and then he shifted about a bit, and looked down across the great blank, black expanse of the river with the lights and the little crawling shadows of men under them, and the odd, spidery arms of the cranes slanting out awkwardly along the dam. And he said nothing; and a locomotive went by underneath in an enormous hurry and then stopped abruptly with a bang and howled twice. And it was all quite silent afterward, until that steady, eternal murmuring of the river slowly asserted itself again, and one thought of the brown water pouring away in the darkness and running blindly off to sea. And a man came by, going down the path to the work. He asked for a light. Rowan handed him a match box and he paused a moment as the flame flared behind his cupped hands, throwing a face—just a face, rather lean and a bit roughened by the weather, with a reddish glow on it—out against the blackness of the night sky.

"On the graveyard shift to-night?" It was a quite mechanical question on Rowan's part.

"Yep," the other mumbled through his closed lips. "Graveyard. Damned good name for it, too. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. Damn work anyway." He flipped away the match, and one could just follow the outline of his back as it swung off down the path and vanished. A pebble fell under his foot, and he was heard distantly for a moment, whistling. "Graveyard," said Rowan, meditatively. "It does all look a bit like Hell, doesn't it?" It was startling; the imaginative flight was so little what one expected from Rowan. He was very solemn about it. And it was rather a solemn business. An enormous vague darkness, filled with distant spots of light, with uncertain sounds, and with a vast activity in which men went down whistling, and were swallowed up, whis-

tle and all. Rowan was actually feeling it, feeling a kind of sudden fear. It was as if the river, through those familiar sounds, had abruptly spoken to him. "Because there's no sense in it," he said. He was struggling—and it was a new experience—against an idea inexpressible in statistics. "It isn't really—quite real. Get lost in it. . . . Oh rot! Sometimes," he said, "I wish that damned river would shut up. I'm sleepy." And he went back to his quarters, and fell asleep. He really was not the sort of man to fall in love with a Nevins girl. Perhaps, for all I know, not the sort of man to fall in love with any girl.

But the town didn't know that, and it began to talk. Very possibly Ruth Nevins didn't know it either. Old Nevins didn't much matter. He was an irrelevant man and inclined either to be overconversational—about the dam and the new improvements and the boom in real-estate values, in an absurd sort of way—or else to get obviously drowsy after dinner and go into his "office," leaving Rowan and his daughter to discuss the future of hydraulic engineering. Rowan got into the habit of going there to dinner now and then. "Home cooking," he explained, which was explanation enough considering what they gave you in the engineers' mess. But I imagine they made rather an odd party. A great deal of electric light and white tablecloth, just not quite clean, and silver not quite in the best style, and the dining room mostly white woodwork highly enameled and not too well put together, and brilliant wallpaper in what was certainly not the best of taste, and the three of them sitting about in all that small-town gorgeousness. Rowan could appreciate that it wasn't just what it might have been. Not the way his own home—somewhere in the East—would look. That wallpaper could not fail to hit anyone more or less between the eyes. But in those rather solemn dinners it seemed somehow to be enveloping him. And there were times, I believe, when he was acutely con-

scious that all this was home to the girl, her natural habitat. Odd he should feel it! But now and then there was something, a kind of placidity, I suppose, in her face. You can see him sitting there, and that look suddenly striking him—he would be watching her closely enough, heaven knows—and leaving him with a vague wish that it hadn't. Then he would realize that his feeling it was a completely irrational proceeding, and this would annoy him.

They were not always just three. Once Rowan was surprised to find a fourth suddenly coming into that glaring dining room, just as they were all about to sit down—a tall woman, plain, and plainly dressed. A serge suit, perhaps, and a shirtwaist—not the kind of thing you would be able to describe five seconds afterward. She simply stood there. It seemed (it was a curious thing to come into his mind) as if she had entered from the kitchen. He was taken aback, but the others were not surprised, and her own face was quite expressionless.

"Mr. Rowan," said Ruth—and introductions in that place were ordinarily tuned in a less formal key—"my sister, Mrs. Collins."

"How do you do?" There was a slight, restrained bow. Mrs. Collins walked around the table, sat down, and said nothing for the remainder of the meal. Nor did the others speak to her. She was simply disregarded. Rowan remembered afterward that he had disregarded her himself. He felt that he would scarcely recognize her if he saw her on the street, so little had she mattered. Yet it was curious. . . . He thought about it. There seemed to be in him a new sort of sensitiveness to things and values. The world was presenting to him new and unaccountable significances; in other days he would not have known that they existed, and now he did not in the least understand them. It enraged and worried him, because it all seemed so contrary to his ideas.

Mrs. Collins was visible now and then; but always she was unobtrusively



enigmatic. Always he saw her at dinner in that house, never anywhere else, never after the meal was concluded. Did she do nothing but eat? She never talked, even when they were on the one eternal subject which always unloosed speech in any of the villagers.

"I saw Jim Porter to-day." It was the father's standard opening. "Says the Oldfield people in Chicago are out after a building site already. On the q. t. of course." His rather empty face glowed with enthusiasm—the stock enthusiasm which fired all the village faces when they were on the great subject. You could see it coming on them, could recognize it a mile away. It wasn't just greediness; there was real patriotism in it too. "I tell you," old Nevins went on happily, "if you turned two hundred thousand horsepower loose in the middle of a desert they would come running for it. Running for it! All those Easterners. And this ain't a desert. Hardly not! Iron and coal within a stone's throw, and right in the center of the best markets in the world. This is going to be a great community." He had said it before, said it a thousand times before, but repetition was unable to stale the fascinating freshness of those words. "See here, Ruth. You'll be piloting your own little Rolls-Royce one of these days."

"Wouldn't I look great in a Rolls-Royce?" She smiled in a playful irony at herself. One could see that Rolls-Royces were not the consuming interest of her life at the moment, but that she was happy in the idea of being made—well, desirable.

But for some reason Rowan did not fall in with their mood. "I don't know"—and he was rather combative about it—"I like you on two feet."

"I reckon," said the father, "that Ruth can pretty well hold her own no matter what she's on or in. Eh, Phil?" Without intending it, Rowan had allowed himself, you see, to be made into a kind of standing adjunct to the family, like the furniture. "But you're the man that's putting her into her own limou-

sine. There's nothing the matter with this country. Only needs the power, and out there at the dam you're giving it to us just as fast as it can be done. Eh? I don't know," he said, "I used to think that I'd rather like to be an engineer. You go about building new communities; making a new empire. That's what you're doing here. A new empire, by George!"

Now this was precisely what Rowan had always thought himself when he allowed his mind to wander beyond the immediate interest of getting his job done. It was precisely what he had been in the habit of telling Ruth on their strolls, when he became expansive on the subject of hydraulic engineering. The great Work. Building up Productive Values. All that sort of thing. He really knew the jargon better than old Nevins himself. But suddenly there seemed to be something just faintly fatuous about this declaiming on new and transformingly dangerous glories from the head of a comfortable, small-town dinner table. Old Nevins' tie had slipped down from the collar, and the little gold button gleamed above it with a malicious absurdity. Rowan wanted to take exception. He suddenly wanted to enter vigorous denial of the whole thing, but he could not, because it was his creed also, the only one he had.

"When you get your new empire I hope you'll enjoy it." They were all a bit startled. Literally, these were the first words, beyond the inescapable necessities, that he had ever heard the sister utter. "I hope you will enjoy it," she said in a perfectly level way. "It seems a lot of foolishness to me."

She stopped, and a disconcerted silence descended upon the dining room. Rowan had seen her at various times; he now looked at her. It was surprising that this person, who was negligible, had spoken; but the procession of an idea from that quite impassive face was astounding. "There will be a lot of dirty factories," she said. "They will build them all along by the

bank, in the woods. And cut down the woods. And the pool will cover Black Island. I love it. But it will only turn into rotten trees, under the river."

Rowan's interest was suddenly fired. "Prices," he said, though it seemed an absurdly inadequate remark, "will be higher."

"Of course," said old Nevins, with a trace of annoyance which he was apparently trying to conceal, "that's just the point. And we'll be the people who'll be paid 'em."

"Black Island is a lovely place," said Ruth. In her remark, too, there was some lameness. Oddly enough, they had all become a little embarrassed—all except Mrs. Collins, who leaned both her elbows on the tablecloth and looked straight in front of her at a picture on the opposite wall, a painting of their long-dead grandmother. "That was the place," went on the girl, "where we used to go for picnics. It really will be a pity, father."

"That's all bunk," said old Nevins. "You won't bother about picnics when we've got the power in."

Rowan felt that he had stumbled into some obscure family controversy. Speaks for the awakening sensitiveness of his mind, I suppose. But he scarcely knew on which side his sympathies were engaged.

"Of course, Mrs. Collins," he said, "Black Island is awfully pretty, as you say. But the trees won't be left under the water, you know. We'll have to cut them all out first before the pool is flooded."

"Really?" said Mrs. Collins. Her eyes, Rowan noticed for the first time, were dark like those of the younger sister, but there was a depth of quite steady composure in them. You would never have looked at her twice. But if you had looked at her a second time you would have seen that she was a real something, though you would not have known what; and that whatever she was, she was that thing very definitely and unalterably. "It doesn't make any

difference. I shall always think of them as rotting away down there, with the river always pouring over them. And they will be all white. I shan't like them white. And in the meantime you will have got a lot of nasty factories, and spoiled everything, and I suppose you will be more than ordinarily unhappy. But it doesn't make any difference."

"Never mind, Harriet, never mind," said Nevins testily. "You don't understand it anyhow, so why on earth do you talk about it?"

But Mrs. Collins' mouth had shut with precision, her eyes had removed themselves from the painting, and she was eating ice cream.

Afterward Rowan and the younger sister went out into the porch. An expansive, red-tiled porch, with mail-order green-wicker furniture and a porch swing and cushions which gleamed brilliantly when the light fell on them, and great white columns, wooden of course, with elaborate machine-carved capitals, rising up dimly against the black and dark-olive shades of the lawn and shrubbery and trees that stood over against the street, where the arc lamps played in the foliage and automobiles went by.

"Your sister," said Rowan, "I never see her anywhere but here."

"She doesn't go about much," said Ruth.

Rowan lighted a cigarette. "No, but she's not here very often."

"No," said the girl.

It left something, certainly, to be explained.

They were sitting, as it happened, quite close together. Her arm, in fact, lay lightly against his. She was something small, warm, indistinct at his side. But she was extraordinarily, unreasonably, interesting to him. The crickets were droning furiously in all the summer trees, a steady, vibrating sound which at first he did not distinguish from a real faint tremble against his arm. He suddenly appreciated that she was



about to take him into the confidence she had just withheld. It gave him a quick anticipatory sense of intoxicating intimacy. Then a door inside shut with a noise. They both knew that it was old Nevins going into his "office." The interruption, for each of them, was violent out of all proportion to the intensity of the sound.

"No," said Ruth, "not often."

And Rowan had a feeling of relief. He did not want confidences from Ruth Nevins. It was as if he had barely escaped from some enormous and overwhelming obligation; and it is probable that at this point, for the first time in their association, there flashed across his mind a vivid and appalling picture of old Nevins as a father-in-law. . . . Then there was a sudden incursion of an automobile full of the town belles. "Look at Ruth and Phil sitting there so nice!" "Come on, you all, we're going to the movies." Rowan went along, and earnestly occupied his mind, in that serious way of his, with a technical problem which he intended to discuss in the morning with the Chief.

But in the morning he asked the Chief, first of all, whether he had ever met a Mrs. Collins. You see, that strangely gray personality, about which the family would not talk, but which thrust itself abruptly upon him, strongly marked, from some mysterious background quite its own, would not leave his mind. It was as if one were hurrying home, in the midst of a dull and crowded street, and a face should suddenly project from a window and vanish, and the window then be lost among all the others precisely like it. One would know that it was of no consequence, but the face would keep crowding back again, and one would begin to wonder what sort of building it was and what the person had been doing in there, and what it had been trying to say in that brief moment. . . . No, said the Chief, he had never met the lady.

The white-painted rectangle of the office window frame surrounded a great

patch of deep and lovely sky, with a few clouds curling away in an interminable distance. The green tops of trees, just under the bluff, stirred across the lower half of the window, and the steady monotone of the river, roaring forever down the piers, came through the open frame accompanied by the livelier noises: the whistles and rumblings and rattlings of the great work, going forward to make a new empire out of a sleepy and foolish countryside. It was Rowan's difficulty, you remember, that he was so young. He insisted on mathematical values. But the fact that down under the bluff there were so many million cubic feet of water running under such and such a head at last seemed quite inadequate to explain that steady and significant sound which welled in through the open window on the fresh morning air.

"That cement we're getting in from the Biggs people," Rowan began cheerfully.

"Oh, yes," said the Chief. "Meant to take it up with you." Then he paused and looked oddly at the boy. "I say, Rowan," said the Chief, thrusting himself backward in the oak swivel chair, sinking his long chin, and tapping on the green official blotter with his finger nails, "it's none of my business, of course"—his smile, I imagine, was in only a conventional playfulness—"but you're getting a bit thick with that little Nevins girl, eh?" It was a rank irrelevancy. Rowan was confused, taken quite aback, I suppose. While he was still blushing with the sudden annoyance and trying to decide whether or not to be angry, a clerk came in and laid some papers in the wire basket, and went out again. It seemed a preposterous confounding of things which Rowan had always believed could be kept in watertight compartments.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," he said. "I suppose people will go round talking about what's none of their affair."

"Of course they will." The Chief's

smile must have become genuinely sympathetic. "That's what people always talk about. Own affairs uninteresting. . . . And certainly, this isn't any of mine." He sucked his tooth. "But I'm an old married man, you know. Seen a good deal, too, especially of young chaps like you out alone on construction work. Apt to get into trouble of one kind or another. I knew a boy, once, good man, too, first-rater. It was on a job in South America. Married one of the foremen's daughters. Good girl, too, awfully nice, not an ounce of harm in her head. But wasn't his sort. Down there he hadn't anything to compare her by. He brought her home and then saw that she just didn't quite stack up. Made a mess of it." He leaned forward again abruptly and took up the papers which the clerk had just deposited. "Just thought I'd tell you. There's no sense in being in a hurry, you know. . . . You'd better lay off on that Biggs cement. And by the way, you'd better get some pep into that crowd on pier Ten. They've been slower than molasses in January. . . ."

Rowan went down to the work. High on the top of the pier, he was, as it must have seemed, in the very center of the blue sky, the green, far-stretching banks, and the great brown river, coming down in its vast, solidly moving flood against the piers and the construction bridges and cofferdams that reached away on either side of him. A narrow strip of human busyness against the tremendous moving power of all that empty nature. Far away up stream were the soft contours of the trees on Black Island, purple in the faint haze that still clung between the banks under the hot sunshine. He was quite alone there, although there were men working at his very feet. What the Chief had said worried and irritated him, for various reasons, but mainly because he found himself for the first time being seriously called to consider a problem of conduct; and conduct is a thing which cannot be plotted out on a sheet of graph paper, or even decided by the law of averages. There are no

standards that amount to anything. . . . And then the conversation of the night before, with its curiously subtle suggestions of more than one thing which he could not understand, came up and passed through his thoughts. Who was this Mrs. Collins?

Black Island shaded imperceptibly from one tint of pastel into another, and small shadows of clouds drifted lazily across the brown surface of the river. His mind seemed to drift with them; until suddenly the river took on an extraordinary vividness, as it were, in his imagination. And it must have been on the top of that pier that he began in some unclear way to identify that river as a thing huge and suggestive and alive, and to get the idea that it was the river which was important and enduring, while all the people who were working on it, and old Nevins' empire, and the new values that were going to be created, and the horsepower and kilowatt hours and pressure heads and volumes of flow and all the rest of the things that they were talking about and bothering their heads over—that all these things were, when you looked at them, rather silly. At any rate, he climbed down from the pier again, and it was only after he got to the bottom that he remembered why he had gone up. He was then guilty of a flagrant dereliction of duty. He went to his office without saying anything at all to the gang on pier Ten.

He wasn't, one was to understand, in love with Ruth Nevins. Being in love anyway was an absurd sort of mythical occupation reserved for people in later life. When you fell in love with someone you wanted to marry her and settle down and be a dutiful son-in-law and all the rest of it. I suppose the son-in-law part was the hardest. Would have been if you'd know old Nevins and that small-town dining room. So it was clearly demonstrable by all the rules of logic that he wasn't in love with Ruth Nevins. But he was incapable of staying away from her. And there weren't any rules; and no logic. The Chief needn't have



taken him for a fool; but he was remarkably shaken by what the Chief had said to him. That's the trouble with these eager, intent, practically-minded chaps. Introduce 'em to some facts that are really worth while, and they're just knocked out.

And then there was the river. Wandering along between the high wooded banks, on dull days under the clouds and on bright days when the sun seemed almost to fall asleep on the still, running surface; when the mists rose lazily from it in the mornings or the rain squalls drifted down it in the afternoons; or at night, when you did not see it at all except perhaps for an angry curl of rolling water and white foam where a light happened to fall at the base of one of the piers. Always there was the river—that huge mass of moving water going down unhurried and unchecked to the sea—water which gradually began to suggest to Rowan's mind that it was not water at all, or, at least, that it was water which, like all these people with whom he had somehow got himself involved, might have any number of vague meanings and significances hidden away in it. The familiar sounds of it rang insistently and strangely in his ears, as if they were calling to him. You know how it is out on these construction works, a thousand miles from anywhere that a boy can call his home and where, although there may be a couple of dozen men to whom you say good-morning in the mess-hall, there is really nothing to prevent one from being desolatingly lonely.

That, to be sure, was the only reason why he took walks with Ruth Nevins, and drove about the country with Ruth Nevins, and went on expeditions up and down the river on Sunday afternoons with Ruth Nevins. It was not, of course, that there was anything in her soft, just barely hesitant little voice which allured him; it was never that he liked to watch the curve of her cheek and throat, that he liked to look up and catch her eyes resting upon him with a

queer sparkle in them, or that he found a literally indescribable pleasure in the warmth of her hand upon his arm when he helped her down a path. No, he was not in love with Ruth Nevins. It was probably why he was so irritated and vexed and unhappy with himself. It was why he would find himself getting continually into vague, intangible little quarrels with Ruth Nevins—exasperating little quarrels that never seemed to be about anything, that never, even when he would repeat afterward the inane conversations word for word, seemed to have in them the barest approach to reason.

At the most unexpected times, "Can't you see it," he would say, sweeping his arm toward the river beside which, as likely as not, they would be standing, "can't you see it—I don't know—*impressing* a fellow? Doesn't it, I mean, just get under your skin sometimes?" And she would say yes, and he would find that she was looking at him all the time and not looking at the river at all, and he would be unreasonably irritated.

"Yes," she would say, "isn't it just lovely?"

It was too bad. And then she would see that she had displeased him. "Now you are mad with me," she would say in a voice that was intended to be demure, and he would say no, no, that she simply didn't understand. It seems to me that he was asking a good deal of anybody to understand a mood which he couldn't in the least understand himself. "Father says," she would go on, in a quite instinctive effort to save a situation thoroughly unaccountable to her, "that this is the finest river in all the world. He's going to have a country place above the dam, he says, when it's finished." And the reference to her father would exasperate him beyond measure and would not save the situation at all.

"You're terribly interested in your family," he would say. I know he said that to her once, and with a deliberate intention of sarcasm, too.

"Why, of course. Aren't you? I suppose," and she was utterly serious about it, actually as if exploring a new idea, "that everybody is."

"Yes, I suppose they are." And she would be frankly puzzled and he would be vaguely angry until he would lose himself in just looking at that soft, dark, oval face as if it were the first girl's face he had ever seen, as indeed, I suppose it was. And then he would think of that silent sister of hers. But she would never talk about Mrs. Collins. It was tantalizing, and disturbingly mysterious. . . .

Or again, near sundown, after a long Sunday afternoon of random walking. They came out—and I know of this afternoon very thoroughly, for in a way it marked the beginning of the end of Rowan's difficulty—they came out on the bank of the river some distance above the dam, where Black Island stands at the lower end of the shoals. That was a strange afternoon under a glowing sunset. All down the draw from the high bluffs to the water's edge the low lights had played through the tall trunks of pines and among the underbrush, filling the little gully with a curious beauty. And she had said, as she always did, "isn't it just too lovely?" and he had been about to be angry with her for saying it when they came out upon the low strip of land which lies beside the water, and Rowan had forgotten to be angry with anything or anybody. There was the river, alive, enormous, inescapable. It had already, almost stealthily, insinuated itself into his mind. He had felt that it was speaking to him. He had, in some fashion, become aware of it; but now suddenly in its intricate and complex beauty it gripped and held him until he caught his breath.

It was in a high stage. The water was not so much at their feet as seemingly on a very level with their eyes, so close were they to that strange, shifting, running sheet. For an instant it was as if the rush of it were actually sweeping

him down and away; he set his muscles against it. . . . There was Black Island, low in midstream, and farther up, other little islands and rocks, with the trees upon their edges actually standing in the water, and the water itself running in and out among them with a low, steady, and extraordinarily intimate murmuring of a hundred thousand tiny voices talking mysteriously and endlessly to themselves. The glow of the sun came straight up the river; it lay flat through the trees upon the islands, touching the lower branches into countless shades of unnaturally brilliant greens, and laying strange and quiet lights upon the wide, gray changing surface—evanescent spots of pink, momentary touches of deep purple, patches of black, or a faint, delicate edging of gold where the water just broke across the back of some jutting rock. And always the sound of faintly murmuring voices, near and far, voices from round the snag lodged in the bank at their feet and voices, scarcely less audible it seemed, all the way from the opposite shore—so far that it was, in the last light of the sun, like another country.

They sat down upon a stone. Rowan, I believe, suddenly found himself full of an extraordinary and insatiable sensitiveness. In his ears those small tongues blended together, and at last he felt the river speaking to him, speaking in the low, confused, and seductive voice of life itself. It had finally laid its hold upon him, with all that vast power which would never be drawn from it by hydro-electric dams and waterwheels or calculated in kilowatt hours.

"It sounds," he said "as if it were talking. . . . It is talking," he said to her, "but neither of us can tell what it means."

I imagine she was simply nonplussed. I don't know. Perhaps the river really did have its effect upon her. At any rate, she put her chin in her hand and looked at it.

"It is exactly," said Rowan, "like an enormous number of people all hurrying



along through—well, through life, you know.”

“Yes,” she said, and she did not say it merely to fill up a gap, as she usually did. Nor did she try to think about his smile, and answer out of her own experience. She merely uttered the monosyllable as if she, too, had abandoned herself to a mood which was also his mood.

“They’re going nowhere,” said Rowan. “Neither are people. Just going. Like”—it was an extraordinary confession for him, you must understand—“you and me. I’ve thought about it.”

“You know,” said the girl quietly, “you talk just like my sister about this river.”

It gave him a sudden sense of intimacy that he had never had before. This sister had been erected in his mind, I rather think, into a kind of symbol. She, you must realize, was the only thing in that family which did not appear to him as ordinary and banal. There was something concerning her, too, which must not be said, which could not be said. And he had been excluded from it. Just as there were moments when the familiarity of the father annoyed him beyond words, so there were contrary moments when this one ground of reserve in the daughter was poignantly tantalizing. He did not know it, but he was angry with her because she gave him too much and angry with her because she gave him too little. But now, beside that running and mysterious river, the girl had for the first time in their association spoken of her own initiative of this sister. For one wildly irrational instant, I suppose, young Rowan suddenly felt that all his dissatisfied and unaccountable yearnings had been fulfilled. The inner secrets revealed, you know. Extraordinary what a little romantic scenery will do. But at any rate, he said nothing in answer, but merely lay back a little and shaded his eyes and looked across this water that all at once had spoken to him of unsuspected things. And the girl did the same; and then, I rather imagine

that they looked at each other. With the river whispering at their feet—perhaps for quite a long time. I don’t know. They were both children, of course terribly serious children. He found, I suppose, her shoulder against his shoulder, and her face quite close. At any rate, he kissed her. And then that still murmuring sunset suddenly broke up round them in a last grand blaze of red and gold, and turned the water into running flecks of blood, and the sky into glory. Rowan ceased to calculate or to think about his future, and the two of them came away up the deep, fragrant draw to the bluff like coming up into heaven.

Absurd, of course, utterly absurd. I fancy that both of them thought at that moment they were engaged to each other for eternity. . . . For Rowan the mood lasted at least until he got back into the construction camp late that evening. But as he came up through the old trees that stood about the jerry-built engineers’ quarters he heard a group of men on the back porch singing that Missouri song to the wheeling stars.

*I’m bound awa-a-y, on the wild Missouri!*

The harmony, I know, was not good. But it might have sounded much worse, coming as it did among the trunks of trees, and I think that there was a certain bizarre impressiveness in it which rather gave Rowan a wrench, thinking, as he was, in a cooler moment of what he had just done. Then the kindly, expansive wife of one of the older men passed that way through the evening, taking a stroll.

“I do love to hear the boys enjoy themselves,” she said, in that genial, but inescapably vulgar way that caused her to be described as a good, motherly soul. “Run along; you ought to be up there hollering too, instead of mooning round in the woods.” Rowan must have had a fleeting vision of her silent husband, and it gave him a violent reaction.

A little farther along he met the Chief under the lighted windows of one of the

houses. "Come in for awhile," he said, and Rowan went in and they talked shop for half an hour. But Rowan had his suspicions of the motive. It was as if the Chief were holding up a silent warning—which was probably the last thought in his forthright mind. Rowan ultimately went back to his quarters in a chaotic state, said "oh hell," and turned in. He was not the kind to fall in love with a Nevins girl. Perhaps he was not. But at any rate he had at last been flung squarely in the center of a preposterous struggle with his own inexperienced emotions. The whole thing—himself, this girl, all these strangely shaded values and significances that he was just awakening to—he simply did not understand it. You can see him following it all out in that bright, logical way of his, and then being just plainly stranded when there was no neat little Q. E. D. to write down at the end of it. He might as well have been set adrift in the fourth dimension.

And he might have stayed there, too, for all I know. But now there comes the curious part of the story. In itself, of course, it was nothing at all. But it seems to have had a strange and rather subtle effect on the boy, and it made him—odd, is it not?—into quite a different Rowan in the end. A few weeks after this he had occasion one night to go down into one of the warehouses, where there was some business which he had left unattended. The work at night is enough to give you a sufficiently fantastic feeling in any mood. Things are then quite different. The pale, bluish glare of the flood-lamps seems as if it were just succeeding in holding off the darkness, like an enormous crushing weight. Strange faces that you never see by daylight pass back and forth between unaccustomed and interlacing shadows, grotesque aberrations of familiar objects. The small figures of men silently at work far below in the bottom of the cofferdam appear to be impossibly remote, lost down there. The huge white piers rise up to vanish in infinite

heights; the river roars invisible under the bridges, like a subterranean torrent. It is all shut in, close, like a vast satanic work being carried on somewhere at the center of the earth. One can picture Rowan walking down that narrow, pale avenue of activity between the walls of night and, with this new sensitiveness of his, feeling himself in the midst of an exasperating dream, and the sound of those insidious waters—a sound which he was no longer capable of translating into merely so and so many horsepower—coming up in the darkness all around him.

One can feel that he was not, and at this time I suppose he seldom was, in anything like a normal frame of mind. In the back part of his head there would always be the thought of the girl, and, perhaps, of those absurd and irrational quarrels which he was continually thrusting upon her. Because, as he said, she did not understand, which may or may not have been the truth. . . . But at any rate, when he got inside the warehouse he was struck, in some queer way, by a sense of complete and utter unreality. It was a great long room with rows and rows of shelves and bins lining the walls and crossing from one side to the other, leaving only narrow aisles between, like the aisles of some curious labyrinth. A single electric lamp burned in each one, and the high lights and shadows lay still and flat across the thousands of different things, all in their proper piles, that filled up the shelves or stood on the floor, or hung from the walls: nuts and bolts, pipe-unions, ropes and coils of steel cables, crowbars, buckets of paint—things of that sort, all lying there perfectly still under the flat light from the electrics. At first he thought there was no one in that uncannily crowded quiet except himself.

But he was wrong. The night storekeeper came suddenly out of the end of another aisle—an odd, dried-up little man, with furrowed eyes and a straggling mustache, dressed like any mechanic or skilled workman in dirty



overalls and a khaki shirt. He had, one could see it, a kind of bustling, happy pride in showing off his warehouse. "I was just waiting, sir," he said apologetically, "for a telephone. Didn't know you were here."

Rowan put his questions and the little man answered them with an odd, pathetic eagerness, as if he were pleased to have himself and his duties brought into a momentary importance. He started to show off his warehouse. "Been getting it in order, sir," he said, and he began bustling off down the shelves, illustrating the way in which he had classified all the various types where they could easily be got at. "Yes, it's a big job, but it keeps a man from being lonely. . . ." He broke off. "Was that a bell, did you hear?"

Both stopped to listen. "I'm expecting a call to-night," said the little man. "My wife's powerful bad. Don't expect she'll last through till morning." He paused. "She's dying. There ain't no hope for her," he added in a curiously reflective way.

It was extraordinarily abrupt and extraordinarily solemn. The two of them simply stood there. The bright, crowded interior was utterly silent for a time, until, asserting itself even there the eternal murmur of the river outside crept in through the open doorway—eternal and inescapable. Rowan had never felt any thing quite like that moment before.

"Reckon not," said the storekeeper, in his faintly chirruping voice. "You see, sir, I've got all the small stuff down this side, and all the heavy stores over yonder—" The transition might have been grotesque. But it was so intensely real. And so unlike anything which Rowan had ever experienced as reality before. It might not have made much of an impression on him, I suppose, except that he already had been overwrought that night.

"But look here," he said, a little stupidly. "I'm terribly sorry to hear about your wife. Don't you really expect her to live?"

"There ain't no hope," the other answered in the tone he had used before. "She may be dead at this minute. . . . I'll be sorry to lose my wife, too. There ain't many," said the storekeeper, with an unmistakable emotion, "as would of got along as well as me and she has done."

The whole thing just gave a fillip to Rowan's mind. It was the merest incident, of course. He knew nothing about this little man who stood opposite to him, and he might not say a dozen sentences to him again in all the rest of his life. But for the first time in his experience he found himself suddenly face to face with another personality. It is not an easy thing to describe. What I mean is that he saw some one else as a human being, not merely as a simulacrum wandering through his own mind. It was like opening a new world. It was as if anything might happen.

The thing which did happen was that the telephone bell rang. The storekeeper answered it. . . .

"It's not far, is it?" said Rowan. "I'll walk over with you."

They pulled to the big sliding door behind them and stepped out along the path. Away from the flood-lights the stars came out above them, and they walked strangely through the dark. The fantastic trunks of trees confusing the outlines of the cheap houses of the construction camp, grew up about them and the branches and leaves wound curiously above their heads, illuminated now and then by a late light from a window. It seemed a strange mission to be on. It might be leading him anywhere. But after all, most things were like that. The noise of the river still penetrated to them, distantly, "like an enormous number of people all hurrying along through life." It seemed to him that there was an urgent, irresistible quality in it, even as it grew fainter, like the sound of an actual procession in a distant street, detaching him and calling him away. . . .

"Here we are," said the storekeeper, before one of the stark, ugly little cot-

tages where lights burned in all the few windows.

"Good-night," said Rowan, and they shook hands. "I hope—" But he realized that there was no hope which he could express that would meet a fact of this kind. The storekeeper stepped in through the momentarily brilliant doorway and was lost behind the panels. I don't know quite how it came about then, for Rowan certainly had no intention of prying. But as he turned away his eye was caught by what he saw through one of the low open windows. It was the profile, bending forward and away from him, of Ruth Nevins. He stepped nearer to the window sill and looked full into the room. The dying woman was lying upon the bed. The storekeeper's wife was, or had been, Ruth Nevins' sister. . . .

Rowan went back to the river—there was no spot in that camp far from the river—and sat down by himself on the high edge of the bluff, in a last attempt to reason things out. It was very nearly the place where he had first explained so vigorously that he was not in love with Ruth Nevins. There was the same line of the work, running off under the flood-lights to the opposite darkness. The same sense of all that enormous mass of living waters filled his mind—waters pouring down unendingly to the ocean, providing possibly in their course the power for turning motors and building cities and creating empires, but doing it all quite blindly and quite incidentally to the steady uncomprehending march from the source to the sea. Exactly like human beings, marching eternally from birth to death, and dissolving there.

But at last everything seemed to fit together. He comprehended the mystery of the sister, and it was very simple. She had quietly taken her life in her own hands, and married this workman because, most probably, she had wanted to. And she had incurred the shamed displeasure of a family which considered itself lowered by a misalliance. He appreciated the ironic touch. He ap-

preciated even more that calm imperturbability which had been able to take things as they came, and to accept an existence with its own satisfactions and its own peculiar difficulties, because that was what seemed good to do. "It doesn't make any difference." He remembered her repeating the phrase. And what difference did it make, anyway?

A figure moved down the path to the work. He could just make out that it was the storekeeper, getting back to his warehouse and his business. So quickly. Rowan never saw him again, but he never lost the picture of that little man, going slowly down the hill.

Going back to work. The words formed themselves in his mind, and dissolved again in the steady, insistent sound of the rushing river, leaving in him only a kind of quiet, irrational wonder. He simply sat back before a vast new world in which everything was different and anything—how suddenly he felt it—was possible. Two things had happened to Rowan; had happened definitely and directly. In the white, unreal interior of that warehouse he had abruptly and for the first time found himself confronting the incongruous reality of life. And outside the storekeeper's house he had become aware of what seemed to him its essential inconsequentiality. He had suddenly seen in that odd wrinkled little man, bustling in a moment of genuine tragedy about his accustomed shelves and bins, a human being. It had been an extraordinary revelation: that human beings are not things which follow a formula. According to the formula, the man should have been distracted with grief. But he was not distracted with grief. He was merely—human. It had come over Rowan with a curiously vivid and poignant intensity. Here was something which had no relation to facts at all, and it was itself the most profound and significant of facts. In all his brief career Rowan had been trying to live by formulæ, and here all at once it was



made clear to him that formulæ are of no importance, whatsoever.

It was people that he had to deal with then, and not with the lay figures which until that moment had filled his singular world. But when one grasps, even vaguely, the actual reality and importance of those amazing beings it is difficult to retain one's belief in the importance of one's self. In the instant which had brought Rowan into contact with what was real he felt his own affairs upon which he had been wasting such ponderous thought to be rather trivial. The storekeeper's wife had not taken herself so seriously, he thought; she had simply taken the next thing at hand when she had turned her whole life into a new channel merely because she happened to be in love with a man. And wasn't it a good enough reason? Nothing, it seemed to Rowan in these calmly enthusiastic first moments of a new revelation, could matter very much. The storekeeper himself saw a whole great section of his life come abruptly to an end—and he went back to work. In Rowan there was the soaring sense that his own existence was of no significance at all.

Ruth Nevins came into his mind almost incidentally. It was extraordinary—the foolish detachment he felt, sitting there above the river. For a time he simply played with the picture of her soft face and her dark questioning eyes, and then he perceived that she too was a real person. In his simplicity he had been treating her as an algebraic quantity. He had spent three months in a rasping confusion of soul, only because he had been trying to fit a living creature into a demonstrable equation which had as its solution his own happiness or comfort. He had a superior sense of power over these absurd difficulties. And it all seemed to him to have been rather selfish. It was really not his own affair at all. It was as much hers as it was his. . . . Far down beneath his feet the river rolled on and on, speaking in its myriad and alluring tongues. Rowan

knew, in this moment of sudden release that during all his life he had been sitting on the bank. I don't know. You can't ever tell how these things happen in a man's mind, even when you know that mind pretty thoroughly, as it chanced that I did. But through the noises of the work he seemed to see Ruth Nevins with a clarity that was amazing; and it occurred to him that after all he owed her something, if only to make amends for having regarded her as he had done. He saw suddenly what appeared to be simply the next obvious thing, and he formed a resolution. What difference did it make, anyway?

He saw Ruth Nevins the next day.

"Your sister," he said, "died last night."

She was startled; and one can imagine that she, on that day, was not in a particularly normal frame of mind either. "How did you know?" she asked.

"I was looking through the window."

Ruth Nevins retreated into a kind of timid, uncertain silence. She merely looked at him, unable to guess what this unaccountable masculine creature would do next.

"I wanted to ask you, Ruth," he said, "whether you would marry me."

The tone could scarcely have been what a girl would expect for a question of that sort, as the moment was anything but appropriate. She stared at him now with a twisted, half-painful amazement. I don't know what she thought. I don't know what a girl would think in a situation like that. But I do know that she was suddenly frightened.

"To marry you?" she repeated. It must, in a way, have been the moment for which she had been waiting for three months. In all that time, even on that afternoon beside the river, she could never quite have felt that she had made him her own. He must always have been—a little beyond. She must have been waiting for some instant when she could feel unmistakably that she had touched him. This should have been that instant. But she must, I suppose,

have realized with a vague trouble that it was an ambiguous offer.

"To marry you?"

"Yes," said Rowan. "Now, you know. Any time."

"No," she said. "No. Why I don't understand. No, I couldn't do that."

There was quite a long pause. "Very well," said Rowan, "I merely wanted to ask you." And he went away. He had done the next obvious thing; and that, as one might say, was that. It was only a few days later that he quitted the dam entirely and for good. After all he had

been cut loose, sent adrift—on the rolling river, like the man in the song. It was what I meant when I said at the beginning that the river had seduced him.

The tale had been long and soporific. But someone stirred to ask the narrator how he knew so much about this guy Rowan anyway and all his secret complexes. The other, however, only looked suddenly annoyed, got up, and went home. The consensus was that it had been a poor story, but we ended up anyway by singing the Missouri song once again.

## Orphans

BY CAROLINE AINSLIE

THE orphans sleep in a big, bare room,  
 Their beds are all in rows—  
 And why an even space between  
 Not any orphan knows.

They go to walk in afternoons,  
 Their hats are always blue;  
 The little ones go hand in hand  
 And always two by two.

Sometimes I look beneath the brim  
 That shades an orphan's eyes,  
 And radiance that's hidden there  
 Gives me a fresh surprise.

It makes me think of a row of flowers  
 In a forgotten yard,  
 That push their way through cracks in the walk,  
 When the trodden earth is hard.





# Yonker Ramp and His Sweetheart

A PORTRAIT BY FRANS HALS

*(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)*

**D**RUNKEN and cruel Frans Hals may have been when the authorities let him go with a warning and when the vague figure of his first wife, Anneke, inspired the last beating he gave her. But he was gay when his eye caught Yonker Ramp in the act of toasting "Fidelity!" with his "sweetie" doing her best to hang on his shoulder. He reveled with his subjects. The quick eye of a hard-liver who looked about him and saw the Rumble-pot player, the singing urchins, the sly-eyed and the amorous, the ugly and the merely tipsy, sketched surely the very essence of their conviviality. Hals painted easily, with an exuberance of vision, dexterous above vulgarity. He made his name worth money, in spite of damaging it from a public point of view by the laxity of his life. Such events as his second marriage, immediately after the death of his first wife and only a few days before the birth of a child, and his probable intimacy with characters like Hille Babbe, variously called the Sailors' Mother and the Fishmonger, must have prevented him from being idolized by the wealthy. True enough, the wealthy gave him commissions for portraits. He had famous men like Van Dyck and Descartes to sit for him. But once his mature skill began to show itself in a less brilliant manner he lost his money-earning power; and then he was alone. Age dimmed his energy no doubt. Also the styles changed, and people wore clothes less picturesque to the painter. Obviously he no longer could drink with the girls and paint laughing faces. He turned to portraits that were almost caricatures, in more mellow tones, relying less on a quick than on a painstaking hand. So Hals died at the age of about eighty, a public charge for the last two years of his life.

The chief master of this painter of merry company was Karel van Mander, whose few known paintings show the coarseness which Hals but touched and brightened. It makes little difference to us that the ornaments about the neck of a certain figure have a coarse meaning, and that other details in other pictures are what no one could call "polite" material for a fashionable artist. Hals in effect glorified his subject matter with vitality. Out of an obscure period of training he emerged with a startling gift for realism. He painted rapidly and in a colorful language easily understood. He took the extravagant, well-dressed, and carefree "Lord" Ramp and painted him without moralizing, so that his cronies would be the first to like the picture. He painted the "Boy with the Mandolin," also in the Metropolitan Museum, catching the delicacy of the moment when the youngster pours out the last drop of wine into his fingernail, perhaps to show how steady is his hand. It is this rich transcription of life as he saw it that makes Hals one of the most popular old masters in the public galleries and in many American collections.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

# The Latest Ideas in Physics

## *Ether, Matter and Energy*

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

I WAS struck by a recent remark of that great mathematical and physical investigator, Sir J. J. Thomson, that, though the present century had been extraordinarily prolific in discoveries in natural science, especially in the more physical branch thereof, there was very little popular knowledge or understanding of the matter. Nevertheless, there is a keen interest, even in the most abstruse things; as has been proved by the number of readers of books on the Einstein method of Relativity. And there is evidently a keen desire to learn about anything which physicists will take the trouble to expound with sufficient clarity to be generally intelligible.

To many of us it appears that we are certainly living in a Keplerian age; that is to say, in an age when all sorts of hypotheses are put forward, and compared with experiment and observation to see if they hold good, even if their rationale is not at the time understood, and although they may have to wait, for full explanation, for the Newtonian age, which in process of time ought to follow. Some of us have even suggested that a Newtonian age is beginning now: not because any one man is of the magnitude of Newton, but because there are so many men well equipped with mathematical methods of investigation, and standing on the shoulders of the great men of the past; to some of these highly qualified thinkers it may be given to elucidate these at present obscure but vitally interesting facts and theories.

The first outcome of the brilliant work which has been done both in the laboratory and the study has been the discovery of the discontinuous nature of

electricity; that is to say, that an electric charge is not a continuous thing, as had been thought, but is due to an aggregate of separate units, called electrons. An excess of electrons confers on a body a negative charge, the phenomena of which have been familiar since the time of Benjamin Franklin, and before that. A defect in the normal number of these particles or electrons constitutes what has long been known as a positive charge.

At first sight, these terms seem inapplicable, or inverted; which would not be surprising, seeing that the terms were applied long before the phenomena were even partially understood. But it turns out that there may be justification even for this inversion; for Franklin's curious guess that one of the two opposite signs is associated with what may be called "electricity," while the other is more associated with what has been called "matter," is tending to be surprisingly justified. And it may be held, not unreasonably, that there is something in the material or positive portion more substantial, and at any rate more massive, than can be attributed to the comparatively subordinate or attendant kind of entity, the isolated negative charge, or electron proper.

The discovery of the electron does not render nugatory the long-continued study of the subject throughout the last century: it only supplements that study. And even though we now regard an electric current as due to a torrent or stream of electrons, that in no way militates against the truth of the electromagnetic laws and phenomena existing in the space surrounding an electric cur-



rent: All the lines of force are in that space. Most of the phenomena occur there. And all the laws of electromagnetism hold unchanged. But the roots of the lines of force, instead of being located indefinitely on the conductor, are now each of them anchored to an electron—a particle which has a separate identity and individuality of its own, a thing which can be weighed and measured, its speed determined, and its activities brought under control.

What is still hidden from us is its intimate nature. We do not know what the electron itself is, nor how it has attained its remarkable properties. We surmise that it must be a knot, or a strain, or a singularity of some kind, in the Ether of Space, through which it moves quite freely, without resistance, as if it were perfectly at home, and not of the nature of a foreign body; not at all like a grain of sand moving through a liquid.

We know now that all electric charges are due to electrons; that all electric currents are electrons in motion; that all magnetism or magnetic lines of force surround moving electrons, being more and more expanded and conspicuous as the motion becomes more rapid. And we know also that radiation, or what is popularly termed light, is due to changes in the velocity of electrons; and that the highest kind of radiation, or X-rays, springs into existence when a quickly moving electron is suddenly stopped, or has its motion suddenly reversed. The phenomena of Electricity, Magnetism, and Light, are thus welded together into a comprehensive whole, after the manner begun by that great genius Clerk Maxwell in the year 1865, and extended and made more concrete ever since by all the relevant discoveries which have been made.

The second great outcome of the work that has even more recently been done, is the establishment of the Electrical Theory of Matter, whereby it is now known that all the familiar objects which now appeal to our senses are

really composed of a multitude of electrical charges, and of nothing else; or at least if there be anything else, the burden of proof rests on the asserter. The electrons themselves, however, though called upon to explain the greater part of the phenomena known as electric charge, electric current, magnetism, and light, are incompetent to explain matter. That is dependent mainly on the identity of the positive charge, which long remained an unknown puzzle, but which is now beginning to give up its secret.

The atom of matter is now almost universally regarded as a central positively charged nucleus, surrounded by a definite assemblage, not a crowd, but an orderly array, of electrons; the number of which differs in the different atoms, according to the qualities of the nucleus which they surround. Some think that the surrounding group of electrons are stationary, and, as it were, crystallized into position, under the action of some, at present unknown, forces. This may be called the chemical view. It is upheld and ingeniously developed by Professor Langmuir. Others regard them as subject to the laws of dynamics, that is to say, to the kind of laws which were applied by Newton in astronomy; and therefore necessarily revolving round their attracting center in regular orbits, as the planets revolve round the sun. Physicists nearly all take this kinetic view of the constitution of the atom; and Professor Bohr has elaborated this theory with remarkable skill. Which is right, for our present purpose, does not matter. What all agree is that there is a nucleus, with a known and definite positive charge, and that the electrons surrounding it are sufficiently numerous exactly to neutralize that positive charge, at any reasonable distance from the normal atom. A chemically active atom will have one or more electrons too many, or too few. And this excess or defect of charge confers upon the atom strong chemical properties, and converts it into a rapid traveler or "ion." Combination between these ions consti-

tutes the backbone of the phenomena of Chemistry; a science which has long studied all the possible groupings with astonishing skill and success.

The main feature of interest now is the constitution of the nucleus, which has been investigated chiefly by Sir Ernest Rutherford. The central feature of the nucleus, the unit of which it is built up, is the proton, or smallest unit of positive charge. Alone it constitutes the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, and may be regarded as the fundamental unit of matter. All other nuclei can be built up of a definite number of protons and electrons; the number of protons being in excess, so as to leave the compact group with an unbalanced positive charge. The total number of protons in the nucleus gives us what is called "the atomic weight." And the number of unbalanced protons, those which have to regulate the crowd of attendant electrons, gives us "the atomic number." For chemical purposes the atomic number is the more important, though the atomic weight of different elements has been determined for more than a century, more or less ever since the time of Dalton.

The intrusion of arithmetic into the structure of matter is very curious—the fact that it is built up of elements that can be counted, and of which no fractions appear possible, is most important. The atomic number is a whole number, and ranges over the different chemical elements from one to ninety-two. But the strange thing is that the atomic weight is also a whole number, though not obviously so. There are no real fractions in the atom; though an element may consist of an admixture of slightly different ingredients, giving a fractional atomic weight on the average. Our certainty on this point is due to the investigations of Doctor Aston, carrying out a method originally devised by Sir J. J. Thomson.

So much for the main features of atomic constitution; but we must proceed to show that this view of matter

has very remarkable consequences. Whatever an electric charge is, or is not, it is certainly a focus of energy. And if we could imagine an Ether vortex, containing the known mass of the electron, and circulating with the velocity of light, its energy would be equal to that of the electric field in the space surrounding the electron. This coincidence, if it be a coincidence, can hardly fail to have some meaning. And there are those who are beginning to think that the whole material universe is built up of Ether in various states of self-contained or intrinsic motion; by which adjectives it is intended to discriminate between rotatory motion, like that of a top or a whirlpool, and ordinary locomotion, shifting from place to place. Locomotion is not to be attributed to the Ether, which is the most stationary thing we know, perhaps the only stationary thing that exists. But it may be full of what is sometimes called "stationary motion," a paradoxical term appropriate to the condition of a sleeping top.

In this view of the universe they are strengthened by the remarkable expressions developed by the genius of Einstein for energy in general. It is well known that all the ordinary energy we are acquainted with, such as the motion of railway trains, cricket balls, and such like, is merely relative—relative to the earth, or to some other piece of matter. There is nothing absolute about it. But Einstein gives an expression for what I am inclined to call the absolute energy, of which the only relevant velocity is the velocity of light. And all the phenomena we observe in nature, at any rate in inorganic nature—omitting the phenomena of Life and Mind for the present, as lying outside our physical ken—may be regarded as due to, and as demonstrating, modifications of this great ethereal velocity, in a form which enables it to appeal to our animal-derived senses.

All the light that we experience can be resolved into vibrations or tremors



in the Ether. All electric and magnetic phenomena, and therefore all chemical activity, are known to be modes of manifestation of the Ether of Space, the complete manner and meaning of which have still to be worked out. But the question arises, What is Matter? Is that too a manifestation of some peculiar properties in the Ether? We know now that matter is built up of protons and electrons. But when we come to analyse these into their fundamentals, we find more than a hint that they are but special modifications in the all-pervading Ether, and are essentially resolvable into etherial energy of a specific kind. Hence we are beginning to think that matter itself is a form of energy.

Energy is the one thing that appeals to us. We apprehend it under a great variety of forms. And it is becoming probable that what we call matter is one of these forms. Most of the forms of energy that we know are convertible one into another. The energy of motion turns into heat. So does the energy of electric currents, unless it is converted into the energy of chemical separation or electric charge. Conversion from one form to another, without loss, is the sign-manual of energy. And the proof that matter is a form of energy will not be clinched until it can be demonstrated that matter too is convertible into other forms of energy.

Such a process has not yet been performed in our laboratories, though it is believed to be occurring in the giant stars, the interior of which is at an altogether exceptional temperature and pressure, and constitutes a laboratory where results can be obtained beyond the scope of our present manipulation. In the *light* from those stars we see some small residual outcome of this production of energy at the expense of matter. In their motions we probably see the same thing. That which we ordinarily recognize as the locomotive energy of bodies seems now to be the mere overflow of surplus of the violent constitu-

tional energy within—energy which at present seems inaccessible to us, which we have no means of getting at, but which is possessed in enormous amount by the very constitution of the atoms of matter. Fortunately a few of those atoms have given us the hint. They have spontaneously emitted a small fraction of their energy. We call it radioactivity; and it is only the heavy atoms, such as radium, and other substances at that end of the series, which still retain the property of spontaneous disintegration. The other more familiar atoms seem to have lost that power and settled down into apparent stability and quiescence. They show no obvious sign of possessing any. But to the eye of Science it is there, and means have even been sought rather than as yet suggested for getting at it.

The combination of atoms into molecules, and the interaction of molecules generally, has long been known to give rise to various forms of energy. Witness ordinary combustion, and the power of explosives. But if simple atoms, like those of hydrogen, could be packed together so as to form the more complex atoms of higher elements, such a process would liberate vast stores of energy, much greater than could be obtained from ordinary kinds of chemical combination. It is highly unlikely that this will go on spontaneously or uncontrollably or dangerously, under such conditions as we are familiar with on the earth. They may be violent enough under the conditions in the interior of stars, including perhaps our sun. But here, on the earth, it is likely that they would be tractable, guided, and controlled, by human ingenuity; just as fire can be guided and controlled, and need not be allowed to run rampant and do damage, except by reason of bad or malevolent arrangements; and even then only on a very small scale. Let us hope that when this power is attained by man, humanity will have become sufficiently sane and civilized to use it only for beneficent purposes.

# When the Floods Clap Their Hands

BY KATHARINE UPHAM HUNTER

**I** MEDITATE upon Noah and his Ark more perhaps than do my neighbors; this is due to their being domiciled on the rise of ground quite securely distant from any caprice of the Rivers, while we who live on a farm at their very edge, are at their mercy. We have lived here a respectable number of years, and each spring of these years has brought a new manifestation of ice breaking and flood making. By signs and portents we never know what to expect, and even when the deluge is upon us we are still in a state of bewilderment as to its outcome. Things generally go by the reverse: if the newspapers herald great freshets and damage, our flood is tame; if they predict no high water, we tremble for our foundations.

But my theme is not of half-floods which rise and then ebb away like the tide, and do no damage; no, my tale is to be of the days and nights when the floods clap their hands and raise sinister havoc.

We had seen from afar, that the Great River was breaking up, for its frozen white course was threaded by a dark channel of open water, down which white objects were floating, and we were pleased; for the sooner high water is out of the way the sooner field work can go on. We followed the road to the State bridge to see the ice cakes come swirling down against the piers, but the moment we stepped on to the bridge we perceived that this was no ordinary break-up of the River. In truth, the longer we watched this frozen chaos unfreezing, the wilder and more terrifying did the scene become; it was as though we were on the last standing rampart of a ruined stronghold—a stronghold which had

just fallen under the victorious onslaught of an overwhelming enemy, an enemy pitiless, without the bowels of compassion. On this frail support we felt the shock of the assault and saw straight up the valley, beyond the immediate battleground, the mobilization of the River's reserves only awaiting the command to hurl themselves on us. The bridge itself was being charged by the shock troops, and the air was filled with the groaning, grinding, and smashing of the ice. Platoons of these ice chimeras, these white chilling forms, flung themselves at the stone piers of the bridge and, piling upon one another, arose menacingly in the air, hissing and gnashing. But they sank back into the cauldron that boiled without fire, and in smaller pieces went down stream; then the bridge shuddered under the attack of their fellows. While the great ice cakes gave battle the waters (the surplus of the North Country), sinister and for a time unnoticed because of the turmoil at the piers, rose so fast that skirmishing blocks of ice were caught in the branches of the lovely wine-glass elms, and soon the conflict was waging grimly against these riparian guards (these faithful trees whose interwoven roots keep our land from washing away), and ice cakes as large as a cottage were banging at them and slaughtering them. One graceful wine-glass elm, broken by an iceberg, made the *beau geste*, for it shivered into splinters as though the high gods held banquet and the toast had been drunk. If one watched the ice moving down toward the battle at the bridge, it was to see great moving white fields of it, unbroken from shore to shore; swiftly these spotless planes of



ice bore down and into the maelstrom—the three bridge piers carving the ice fields. This grinding and crashing destruction was the work of minutes; ever fresh ice fields followed to their demolition, in turn, as destroying ice cakes boiled out of the cauldron and were caught by the flood's current and borne down river.

No voice would carry in this awful din; as four very fragile atoms of humanity we stood on the besieged bridge and were shaken and deafened by the satanic conflict. And steadily the waters burdened by the death-dealing ice climbed higher. The bridge shivered continually.

Agricola took my arm. His action meant, "Come, we will get out of this now." He would not have added, "while the going is good" if he could have made himself heard, for we never thought of the bridge road being barred to us. But we noticed, as we walked through the slush to the house, that the meadow below us was curving into a shore line of many little bays.

"If that sort of thing keeps up much longer with the water rising, that bridge will go out," said Agricola, and went to his work.

I watched the water, glancing out of the windows from time to time to gage it. It already covered the lower meadows and had devoured my Brook, the ogre! and was now laying, like shining plates of metal, shallow pools on the road which leads to the bridge over the Little River. Then, as I grew used to our aqueous environment, I forgot it. About five o'clock the Road Agent asked over the wire if the road were passable; thinking he meant the Little River Bridge road, I reconnoitred and returned with the news that only the tops of a few fence posts were visible. "But how about the road across the flat?" pursued the Agent. I was about to offer an opinion, but one of the lessons our rural life has taught me is never to venture an opinion unbraced by evidence; so, telling the official to wait, I startled the barn crew by appearing in their midst with the ques-

tion if the village road were under water. They were amazed and skeptical. Agricola, however, went to survey the Brook back of the barn. Of course, the Brook was gone—swallowed, even past the barns, by the flood. When he walked along the high ground toward the herdsman's cottage to view the "flat" I noted the skeptically-minded were in attendance; and when they returned with the answer already impressed on their faces, I told the Road Agent "no passing," and he said he would fence off his side of the road and hang warning lanterns, and would we kindly do the same?

From the standpoint of marketing cream, the situation was not good; it was absolutely impossible. Five feet underwater Agricola had judged the flat road to be, so I called customers and explained. And I called those who would be interested and told them of the predicament, and they in turn told me how a man driving toward the flat on the way to get our milk and cream had been turned back by the water rolling in from the meadows across that very road. It was indeed becoming exciting. The children were forbidden to step out of doors, and I shut the reckless collie in with them. The men were moving the swine out of harm's way, for now the water was in the basement of the barns and there was no sign of abatement. The poultry had gone to roost and the water was beneath them; but Agricola maintained that it could not rise five vertical feet before dawn, if it at all, and that until daylight they were quite safe asleep. After daylight he would not guarantee gallinaeous behavior, but we would take our troubles in order.

"And the waters prevailed and increased greatly" in the darkness which fell at the end of that March day and the darkness was as a veil, so thick that not a star glimmered through its folds. It was a somber darkness, potent with menace, and it would endure until dawn. By seven o'clock we felt like night

watchers. A little after seven we had established communication with another anxious watcher like ourselves and had arranged that he should measure on some stake the performance of the flood for systematic observation. Of course, we should keep similar tally here and hourly we should confer, or if any marked change came, the discoverer should telephone immediately. Our conferee was the ferryman, one of a band of sterling men and women who during my childhood had migrated hither from the land of the Vikings and settled as able citizens in our valley; he was now ferryman of the historic ferry at the "Bow" of the river, three miles below us, and his was a strategic spot in the unseen developments of the night; for if in the narrow deep defile through the hills between our farm and the Ferry the ice, the terrible fighting ice which we had watched at the bridge and which still was in combat when darkness fell, should jam the river, "then angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"

A little before eight Agricola, who appeared disturbed by his last investigations, donned his high rubber boots, took the lantern, and went out for "just another look round." He returned soberly; his marking stake was inundated and the water was coming under the corn-barn. He had chosen its lowest leg as the new marker. The hungry waters made short work of that leg and soon it was the second leg, a bit higher up the slope, that became tally-stick. We decided to consult the Ferry, but just then the bell rang and the Ferryman told us with great relief that with him the water was dropping.

The effect on his hearer was dynamic. "Dropping!" said Agricola. "Good Lord, this is serious! it is rising fast here. You go out and look again and call me right up." He turned to me: "I shall make a night of it. You put some coffee on the stove and put a dishpan full of oats (I'll get the oats) in the oven, *s'il vous plait*."

A dishpan full of oats in the oven:

what an extraordinary juxtaposition! "Why the oats?" I asked.

"To dry my rubber boots—hot oats do it quickly."

In the midst of these unusual preparations the Ferryman called to say the river was still dropping. "It is still rising here," returned Agricola; "so that shows the ice has jammed somewhere between you and us, and with you the water is being held back by that dam; now where would be a likely place for it to jam?"

The Ferryman named an eddy (a lovely little cove in summer, lined with ferns and fed by a mossy brook) as the place where the ice usually jammed—a half-way spot which proved Agricola's deductions.

A knock at the door and the teamster entered in a self-imposed role of herald of calamity—I really think he enjoyed it. Compressed and stripped of sensationalisms, his message was that the State Bridge road near our barns was ten feet under water and that our winter's supply of cord wood was floating out of the pasture in which it was piled. Agricola, needless to say, speedily vanished into the black night, and I waited tensely for his return—sampling oats. I thought he would want them! His verdict was that the road was indeed impassable; and I heard how, by lantern light, he had assumed the part of lumber jack and prevented some cord wood from heading for the Atlantic Ocean. The flood waters were in the pasture, but he doubted if the wood piles would topple over—an insecure stack had done so, it was true, but the others were very surely laid. What disturbed him was that his third marker, the second leg of the corn-crib, was no longer available, and that he had begun tally on the third leg. The third leg is considerably nearer the house level, a stone's toss from the house, the grade thither being gentle. Now I was filled with foreboding and, seizing the telephone, I besought Central to give me the Ferry. The pleasant Scandinavian voice said the water was



still falling; whereupon Agricola took the instrument from me and urged frequent measurements, for if it went on falling there, the jam might give way and endanger them; he would take soundings here and telephone instantly if there was a change.

It was now a few minutes before ten o'clock, and we knew by the markers that since before eight the water had been rising at the rate of six inches an hour. It was then that Agricola electrified me by ringing up a hardware shop for dynamite. He tried two villages, first one to the north of us which had access to the eddy by a road. They had none, of course. Then our own village, which had no access, but their dynamite, it seemed, was stored at a remote spot in a powder house and no one would volunteer to climb into the snowbound pasture after it. At this point I interrupted to ask how he would get it, even if it were obtainable, beleaguered as we were, with all roads under water. "I should walk down the railroad and get it from the team."

"But heavens, if you stumbled! and what good would it do you *here*? The jam is two miles below us in the woods!"

"I should go through the woods and try to dynamite the jam."

"But," said I shudderingly, "*what* do you know about dynamite?"

"I have used it in mining."

"I don't care if you have!" said I, discarding reason and with high agitation; "if you think I will let you go into the *woods* in this pitch blackness with *dynamite* and crawl out on to that awful jam—I would rather have all the buildings carried off. It would be suicidal."

"Well, if something isn't done the State Bridge will go out."

"Well, that's up to the Town Fathers—if they want to protect it, let *them* organize a dynamiting squad."

When the teamster who handled the hardware company's dynamite was roused to the telephone and refused to get it, my spirits began to rise; and when

the Fathers' mind on dynamite seemed determined, I was jubilant; it seemed a simple thing after that averted horror just to take the children in one's arms drive the stock before one, and spend the night on the parklike terrace of our woodlot! So relieved and thanking Providence for inaccessible powder-houses, I stole upstairs to look at the children and secretly to get ready their get-a-way costume. How simple it would all be; perhaps if I moved my best-beloved furnishings to the second floor, they also would be undamaged. A bang of the outside door hurried me downstairs. "Still rising," said Agricola, tugging at his wet boots, and, "Still dropping" reported the Ferry. It was eleven now. "I think the walls of the barns can well stand it," pronounced Agricola, "for the ice goes down stream and piles up; it is only water here."

"Thank the Lord for that," I answered fervently. My thanksgivings had been frequent this last hour since I had discovered that calamity could engender unthought-of calamities even worse to bear.

"Go to bed!" said Agricola; "you are all in—I have to be up anyway; do go and sleep—I will let you know if I need you."

"But I am not going to leave you; surely it will be more cheerful to have me about."

At midnight came the first change: the Ferry reported a drop of two inches and the corn-crib leg registered a rise of two inches. "If it rises more I shall have to take the fourth leg." "Then we shall be measuring it in the cellar," I returned, stuffing Agricola's boots with hot oats and heating coffee to keep him awake.

At twelve-thirty observations showed a drop of one inch at the Ferry and a rise of one inch with us. Agricola's features were less set, I noticed, and he apparently enjoyed the coffee with which he was warding off sleepiness. I dozed and half dozed, summoned all my will power, and went to a book case for the

Eucid. Perhaps it would keep my eyes open; anyway I wanted to find "*forsan et haec olim meminisse iurabit*," I was not sure that I agreed with *pious* Aeneas in the sentiment, but I wanted to see the black print of it on the page. At one o'clock the bell jangled sharply, starting open my heavy eyelids; the Ferryman reported nothing had happened to his stake during the last watch. Our observations tallied; things were stationary. Somehow I struggled against sleep until two, when news came that the water was rising at the Ferry. The Ferryman was excited now; but when Agricola discovered a wet edge of band on the corn-crib leg, he communicated the good news that water was getting by the jam of ice. Only now the Ferryman would have to be even more on the alert, for if the jam gave way suddenly it might take his house.

"Can't you get your wife to take the children and go up to the next house?" No, she refused to leave her man alone there (and I did not blame her). Now Agricola carefully watched the marker, for a sudden drop here would give us a chance to warn the Ferry of danger. The night dragged on. At three one dear relative telephoned, "Watchman, what of the night?" and we, grateful for her concern, reported the situation less menacing.

At four there was a slow drop of the river-flood with us and a slow rise at the Ferry; at five the same condition held, and I went to bed; Agricola, made Argus-eyed by the coffee, declared he was wide awake and would do office work. At six I startled out of a troubled sleep and leaped to the window. A gray dawn was breaking and, in its uncertain light, I felt somehow as if we were stranded upon an Ararat: everywhere was water—such a waste of it, gray, cold, and hungry, it filled our two valleys; there were no roads, and the Little River Bridge, judging by its iron girders, must be three feet deep over the flooring; half-drowned elms and

maples upheld their branches like supplicating hands; only the hills and our own little acropolis had been saved. From the bewildering, awful change in the landscape I could gather nothing: was the water rising or falling?

The fourth support of the corn-crib was clear of the muddy, littered flood-water when I saw it, but the third was still immersed; evidently the drop, if at all, was very slow. What of the hens? The hen house by now was a fish pond. But it appears that when Agricola went at dawn to rescue the biddies, they greeted him in the cow-barn. With a presence of instinct one would never have suspected, they had stepped off their roosts and edged their way to an old stair which led into the cattle barns. There they were quite safe, but later outdoors I saw a bidddy trying to walk the line between water and land, and, of course, she fell in and had to be rescued, and, of course other ladies leaving their safe retreat followed her foolish example as foolishly, for even hens must be in fashion! Until noon our marker and the Ferry marker remained rather stationary, and as one could now see the sinister Presence which had besieged us through all the hours of darkness, one was not blithe, but one prayerfully waited—and cooked dinner. Then at noon the ice jam gave way and hideously fought its way through the lonely woods past the Ferry, sparing the house by a margin. After that the waters went quickly down; that is, by Monday we could again send cream to market, but it was a week before our meadows were restored to us, and for many days new damages were discovered.

We had survived the Flood, we and our sons, our house and our barns and our cattle, our swine and our hens. The last two varieties of livestock had in truth been rescued from the deep, but otherwise the knoll of our habitation had preserved us from the inundation, and we gave thanks and said, in the lightsome fashion of people who con-



sider themselves immune after one experience, that such a thing would never happen again.

Old Mother Nature preserved her taciturnity and sent us the following spring a—shall I say idyllic?—fresheet; it justified us in our confidence of immunity. The following year the thick ice went out early; there was no alarmingly high water; we congratulated ourselves on the luck, for the ice had been unusually thick. We waited trustfully for the deep snow to melt into springs and accomplish other good works. It was all peaceful and pleasant when heavy and continuous rains, escorted by some June warmth sadly astray, melted our reservoir-conserving snows and, what was more contrary, thawed the drifts which were still fence-high in the northern counties.

"The Rivers may come up on the land a bit to-morrow," said Agricola, busy making preparations for departure on the next morning's train.

"Yes, but it will be nothing; wasn't it providential that the River broke up in March?" I rejoined, intent on directions for the day's work.

Thus we slept without a suspicion while Old Mother Nature put in a very busy night. In the gray dawning I awakened and carelessly looked out from my window. That glance was riveted there. Was I dreaming—floods? Without, the same sinister sea of two years before transformed our fair farmlands into ravenous waters; even as I watched in helpless fascination, they rippled hungrily about the floor of the Little

River Bridge. The flat was under again, surely five feet. "How tiresome," I thought wearily, "to have to live again through all the worry and the fright," and I went to waken Agricola; but he was awake, making little arrangements for his journey. "Have you looked out?" I asked him. "No."—"Then do so."

About seventy or eighty years ago there lived on the farther boundary of the "flat," in a quaint little cottage, a farmer well initiated in the behavior of our two Rivers; but one March morning when he sprang from his bed at four, to make ready for chores, he went ankle deep into cold river water—rather a surprise in the dark of one's bed chamber, was it not?

We felt shocked ourselves at the nocturnal arrival of the Deluge; instead of steaming restfully southward on the train, Agricola again rescued pigs, but more especially machinery and stove wood, for the sly tide was catching us unprepared—quite unprepared, I thought as I watched him crank a refractory tractor (already submerging, which might or might not "go") in order to drag out a motor car *sans* battery from an imperiled shed. Then the Ferry called us and the Ferry was hysterical: its cider-mill and hen house were under water, its ferry *bateau* was being rescued, itself was being imperiled. . . .

The emotions evoked by those three days of flood I shall leave unchronicled. Let it suffice that the waters eventually subsided, and that I meditate upon one chapter in Genesis more perhaps than do my neighbors.

# Relativity and Major Rooke

BY SUSAN ERTZ

THE mind of a man in love is a curious thing. Moments of exaltation are followed, as often as not, by periods of alarming depression and doubt. A man may be deeply enamored of a woman and still—his habits of bachelorhood or widowerhood or some other less easily definable habit of mind strong upon him—ask himself how he has allowed things to drift so far, and whether or not there is still time to withdraw—honorably, of course—from the battle.

So it was with Major Rooke, forty-five, retired, and living in a small flat in that part of London vaguely designated as Clubland. Here he lived comfortably, surrounded by furniture at which women smiled sadly, and dozens of photographs of nephews and nieces. He was a bachelor less through inclination than through indecision. He had withdrawn—honorably, of course—from several prospective battles, declining to engage with an enemy whose position seemed to him so very much stronger than his own. For Major Rooke believed he knew himself for what he was—a man of hesitations, and, as he often said of himself, ineptitudes. His doubts, be it known to his credit, were not wholly selfish ones. He had no faith in his own ability to make a woman happy, or, once made happy, to keep her so. Although a man of the most gentle and kindly nature, he was subject to moods of introspection that produced the gloomiest results. He picked himself to pieces then with cruel fingers, and saw that what was left was the veriest trash.

He doubted, at such times, that he had an immortal soul. He was certain that his hair was much thinner than it had been a year ago. He cut a bad

figure, especially from the rear, for in spite of long military service, he had sloping shoulders. He considered his conversational powers contemptible. He was, take him as a whole, a poor creature, without even the external aid of a large income to give him confidence.

And yet a pretty American widow, intellectual withal, had four times dined with him within two weeks, had gone three times to the theater with him, and had allowed him to accompany her on innumerable excursions.

They met in an unconventional way—on the top of a bus, in fact, sitting side by side in one of those seats that are too big for one and not big enough for two. And when the rain came, and all the seats below were taken, he, provident Englishman, was able to hold his good silk umbrella over her pretty hat. Americans, he learned, hated carrying umbrellas. It was a national trait.

"And yet," he shyly volunteered, "you don't mind wearing those rubber overshoe things—goloshes, do you call them?—and our women won't be seen in them."

She laughed, and with a twinkle in her eye suggested that as their American sisters had smaller feet, they dared to take liberties with them, whereupon he said, "Come, come! You ought to have let me say it."

After that it would have been absurd not to go on talking, especially as heaven provided them just then with a mutual friend, and the opportunity of seeing that friend walking down Knightsbridge.

She was, she owned, a writer. She had come to London to study old houses and doorways, and a well-known magazine was waiting for her articles.



He, he confessed, was nothing at all but a retired soldier who sat on charitable committees and the rest of the time rusted away at his club.

"But there's no need to rust in London," she cried. "Why, there's just everything here to see and do. The lectures alone would keep me busy; I wish I had time to go to all of them."

He agreed that London afforded ample scope to the studious-minded.

"I think I should like to live here at least half the year," she said. "You don't realize how lucky you are. Of course, I love my own country, but my ancestors came from London, and I feel I can claim it as mine—a little bit of it, anyway." She added, "besides, it claims me—as a mother might claim a long-lost daughter."

He descended from the bus at Dover Street a charmed man. How quick, how alive, how interesting and interested she was! Dressed, of course, with the miraculous neatness he had grown to expect from her countrywomen. She had gone home with his umbrella, but he had promised to call for it and take tea with her the following afternoon at her hotel. And if anyone were to write of the parts that umbrellas have played in love affairs, he would find himself running into many volumes; but no one ever will, because no one ever hears of these things.

She was staying at an unfashionable hotel off Oxford Street, and he felt glad when he went there the next afternoon that she was not of the tribe of rich Americans who choose hotels for their high tariff, forgetting that necessity rather than fastidiousness had doubtless prompted her selection.

Hatless, he thought her prettier than hatted. She wore her thick fair hair in a small knot, and he saw that she had a wide, serene forehead which helped to make her face intelligent and thoughtful. She had few acquaintances in London, and quite frankly regarded their meeting on the bus as a delightful stroke of fortune.

This story has no plot whatever other

than the drama which now began to unfold itself in the mind of Major Rooke; and those who look for sudden surprises and strange coincidences had best leave him and Mrs. Harper to go their own ways.

There is no doubt that from the very first Major Rooke was interested. She was so bright, so alert, so full of enthusiasm. She was, he admitted to himself, what he needed. She was a tonic. She took him to the Tower of London, where he had not been since he was a boy, and made him proud once more of its grim, noble, bloody, and astounding history—a history, mark you, that she knew, and knew well. She stood beside him silent and reverent in Westminster Abbey, and once when he looked at her he saw that there were tears on her lashes. That was in the Poet's Corner, and he was surprised to find how little he remembered it, until he realized with something of a shock that it was fifteen years since he had seen it. The dim loftiness and silence of that perfect building moved him—or perhaps it was her tears that moved him—and he felt proud of his heritage and at the same time very humble because he so seldom thought of it. Again, as they walked along its aisles, speaking in whispers, he had cause to wonder at her knowledge. She was perhaps thirty-five or six, girlish and yet mellow; and to-day her small black hat, blue cloth dress and youthful white collar seemed to him very winning indeed.

She turned large blue eyes upon him, eyes that were full of feeling, and said,

"Doesn't it mean—Oh, just everything to you, to know that all these things are yours?"

If they hadn't been in Westminster Abbey he believed he would have said,

"They mean a great deal to me, but nothing compared to what you might mean to me."

But he felt that it was neither the time nor the place for such a speech, and no sooner were they out of the Abbey and into their present reality of a blowy day

with a rain-washed sky and large clouds, than all inclination to say it vanished for the time being. They had presently to cross vast spaces, avoiding traffic, and make their way up Whitehall to the Cenotaph, for it had become his wish and his pleasure that he should be a witness to whatever emotions these and other sights aroused in her.

Later at her request they lunched at the Cheshire Cheese. Although he knew it quite well himself, it had not occurred to him as a suitable place to which to take a lady. It seemed a City-ish sort of place, because of the sawdust on the floor, and he had had one of the West End hotels in view; but she scorned such a suggestion. She would sit where Doctor Johnson sat, she would eat as nearly as possible the sort of things Doctor Johnson ate; and so they went, and it was one of their most successful lunches.

All this was very pleasant and very merry, and he discovered that he was most surprisingly happy. Then one evil day toward the end of June she asked him to take her to a lecture.

It was a lecture, she said, on the size of the earth, and on man's span of existence on that earth, in relation to time and space—a subject which interested her enormously.

That lecture, he thought afterward, was, because of its effect on him, one of the outstanding events in his life. He had always thought of himself as a poor thing, but after listening to Professor Brightman for two hours, he saw himself not only in relation to the universe, but in relation to Mrs. Harper, and the sight was devastating.

Some of Professor Brightman's statements must be set down here because of the havoc they wrought in Major Rooke's mind. It must be remembered that his opinion of his own value rose and fell—though it never rose very high—in accordance with his mood, and if Mrs. Harper had properly understood his peculiar temperament she would never have brought him to this lecture.

In an attempt to give his listeners an idea of the length of time man has inhabited this planet, Professor Brightman said that as long ago as fifty thousand years Neanderthal man was burying his dead, as ancient burial places proved.

"Fifty thousand years!" Major Rooke made a mental note of this, and then thought how damnably unfair it was that out of all that time he should be allowed only three-score years and ten, with luck. And good God! he had wasted forty-five of them already . . . yes, wasted, except for some years of stiff fighting. Two thirds of the allotted span gone already. . . .

According to tradition and legend, Professor Brightman continued, man's presence on the earth covered a space of only ten thousand years.

"That's better," thought Major Rooke, with a curious sense of relief.

"But science," the professor pointed out, "proves that man has been here far longer than that. A hundred times longer. Say," he added brightly, "a million years in all."

Major Rooke looked at Mrs. Harper, sitting close beside him with wide, fixed eyes and parted lips, undaunted by the horror of all this. A million years, he was thinking, to make a Major Rooke! Well, evolution, if it had accomplished nothing else, had at least achieved woman as she was to-day. Woman, as typified by Mrs. Harper. Intelligent, companionable, and good. Making no wars, hating cruelty and bloodshed, yet forgiving and even loving man, the shedder of blood, even as she forgives and loves the child who breaks things in a temper. Mrs. Harper had spent thirty-five years or so on this earth, inhabited by faulty man for a million years, and had done nothing but good. She had hurt no one; she had not wasted her time; she had improved and was still improving her mind; she kept her lamp trimmed. She was not, therefore, appalled at what she was hearing, as he was. . . .

He supposed he had heard it all be-



fore, but somehow it had never come home to him as it did to-night.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she breathed, aware perhaps that he was looking toward her. "A million years! Think of it."

She smiled at him, and again fixed her eyes on Professor Brightman.

He was now talking about Space. Practically every child knew, he said, that it would take light about 6,000 years to travel across such space as the telescope reveals to us. Both Kelvin and Lodge agreed with this estimate. Now this space which the telescope reveals is, of course, only a part of a whole of we know not how much greater dimension—if, he added with a pleasant smile—if it have dimension at all. He then proposed a little sum by means of which they might estimate the extent of this known space. Light, he told them, travels at about the rate of 186,000 miles per second, a speed that even our best trains, such as the London to Brighton, can scarcely hope to reach. He got his smile, and continued. Reduce 6,000 years to seconds, multiply the result—if you can—by 186,000, and you have approximately the number of miles this *known* space is in diameter.

Leaving Major Rooke to struggle with a desire to do the sum in his head and have done with it forever, he passed on to the size of the earth in relation to this same known space.

The earth would, it appeared, occupy a place in it relatively the size of one eight thousand five hundred and fifty-sixth of an inch . . . and our most powerful microscopes could reveal nothing smaller than one ten thousandth of an inch. . . .

So the earth, Major Rooke gathered, practically didn't exist at all.

Well, he and Mrs. Harper were in the same boat, if it came to that, and quite a number of others besides; but what now struck him with tremendous and overwhelming force was not only his personal relation to the universe, which

it hurt his mind to think about, but his relation to Mrs. Harper.

To Mrs. Harper, who *liked* these lectures; who fearlessly drank in these facts; who supported herself by her pen; who traveled alone, anywhere; who had helped and finally buried an inventor husband; who never wasted a moment of her life; who got the most out of every fleeting hour—and he had thought . . . *he* had thought . . . of proposing to her!

He felt completely crushed by Professor Brightman's universe. Effort, in such a world, could be only puny and ridiculous, especially from the most puny and ridiculous of its creatures. Nor could he fail to appear other than puny and ridiculous to Mrs. Harper. What the earth was to space, he was to Mrs. Harper.

She was here to write articles. She was here to see London. He was a convenient male escort—and a safe one. Twenty prosperous and able men, whose relation to the universe was less ridiculous than his own, doubtless awaited her on her own shores.

He relinquished then and there all idea of marrying Mrs. Harper. He could hardly believe that he had ever cherished it. Their friendship was an affair of an umbrella, nothing more, and not even the warm pressure of her hand at parting could now make it for him anything but an affair of an umbrella. He returned to his rooms more confirmed in his bachelorhood than ever, thanks to that vile and interesting lecture which had pulled all the new supports from under his self-esteem, producing a mood that was all the blacker because of the brightness which had so lately preceded it.

That Mrs. Harper was capable of understanding and sympathizing with this depression of his, never, of course, occurred to him. There was, he now perceived, a vast gulf between them, and his late friendliness dropped from him because he was certain that she must see him as he saw himself. He even feared

that she might frame her opinions of the British male upon her knowledge of him, and his patriotism rebelled against the thought. To offset any such miscarriage of truth, he rang her up after a silence of several days and asked her to lunch with him to meet a friend of his named Dwight Braybourne, who was a famous Oxford Blue, a clever barrister, and a man of manly and attractive qualities.

They lunched expensively at one of the best hotels, for Major Rooke felt that his friend Mr. Braybourne might not appear at his best where the food was inferior or the wine doubtful. The lunch was in most ways a success, and if it failed in any respect, it failed because Mr. Braybourne did all the talking. He talked very well, it is true. He was full of good, gossipy anecdotes. He sketched the characters of famous politicians, and opened for them the doors of the homes of great men.

He began most of his stories with, "As I dare say you know," assuming that Mrs. Harper went everywhere and knew everybody. On learning that she had never met a writer whose name was a household word on three continents he deplored the fact and said that it should be remedied as soon as possible. She would find that they had, he assured her, so very much in common. Blank was really a most charming fellow, in spite of everything his critics said, and personally there was no one in the world with whom he would rather play golf.

Certainly he exerted himself to please, as seemed to be his habit, but when he had made his neat and well-timed departure it surprised Major Rooke to hear Mrs. Harper breathe a sigh that was like a sigh of relief, and say,

"Now we can listen to each other."

He thought her praise of his friend remarkably faint, and said as much.

"Oh, he's a fine specimen of a man, I grant you," she admitted, "but too . . . too perfect for me. I've no doubt he does everything well. I don't much care about that. But I'm perfectly certain that if you were to ask him to-morrow

what color my eyes were or what my name was, he wouldn't be able to tell you."

He protested that that was unfair. People often didn't notice the color of eyes, even in faces they knew well, and as for names, they were always elusive.

"You would have known," she said simply.

That afternoon they walked up Piccadilly as far as Hyde Park Corner, then entered the Park and presently sat down where the grass grew long and flowered under the flowering lime trees in Kensington Gardens. But in spite of her flattering attention to the few and trite things he found to say, his self-deprecatory mood still had possession of him. And because she, being a woman and intuitive, sensed the distance that his thoughts made between them, she too withdrew a little, and talked of impersonal things, looking away from him, and he, noticing this, told himself that he had been quite right to go slow, it was so obvious now that she cared nothing for him.

So thanks to Professor Brightman's lecture, constraint took the place of their earlier friendliness, and she got up soon, saying that she had work to do. When he put her on the bus at Hyde Park Corner nothing was said of any future meeting, and he walked back to his lonely rooms in one of the blackest moods he had ever known.

Well, that was all over! Obviously, he bored her, and the bore, he told himself, is damned. All the doubts that he had of himself were a hundred times confirmed. How was he to know that Mrs. Harper, instead of working, went to her room and looked at herself in the mirror, and asked herself how she had failed, and why . . . and cried a little? And equally, how was she to know that a lecture on the relation of the earth to space had caused this friendship which was to her so pleasant and so—yes, so precious—to take a turn for the worse? These subtle changes of thought and feeling are barely understood by us



when they take place in ourselves; how then are we to see and understand them when they take place in others?

But women who go to bed pessimists often arise optimists, and Mrs. Harper, after reading the *Times* the next morning, went to the telephone and rang up Major Rooke. After all, there was no real reason to suppose they were less friends than they had been. Nothing had actually happened. And if she had inadvertently hurt him in any way, say by not sufficiently praising his friend—only it had begun, of course, before that—surely it was her duty to make amends for it. For although Mrs. Harper was full of proper pride, she had also a generous heart that would not willingly give little hurts a chance to grow into great ones.

"I wondered," she said, when each had inquired after the health of the other and had agreed that the morning looked promising, "if you would care to take me to another lecture to-night?"

After what seemed to her an appreciable hesitation, during which she questioned the wisdom of what she had done, he replied that he would, most certainly, and asked what the lecture was about.

"It's by Mr. Reeves Smedley," she answered. "He's lecturing on Present Day Psychology. It's his great subject, you know, and I think it ought to be very interesting."

Major Rooke said that he thought so too, but there was something in his voice that was both unconvincing and unconvinced. Still, she told herself, if he really hadn't wanted to go, he could have pleaded another engagement, and she wouldn't, of course, have believed him, and that would have ended everything.

She said that as she was going quite near the Philharmonic Hall that morning she would get the tickets herself. This was agreed upon, on the condition that she would consent to dine with him before the lecture.

"We ought to give it every chance," he said. "It's only fair to Mr. Reeves

Smedley to dine well and comfortably before listening to what he has to say."

But although they did indeed dine well and comfortably, it seemed that their first easy comradeship had vanished beyond all hope of recapture. Something, she was now perfectly certain, had happened, but what that something was she had no idea. Nor would her pride allow her to question him, for she would neither show him that she was aware of the change which had taken place, nor risk placing him in a difficult and embarrassing situation, from which he could only extricate himself, perhaps, by lying; and she had already discovered that he was one of the world's most inefficient liars.

So when he asked her what her plans were, she answered that it was time for her to think about going home, at which his heart sank, for so far there had been no mention of her return to America. But he pulled himself together and said that no doubt she was looking forward very much to being in her own country once more; and she was so chilled by this that for some time she could find nothing at all to say, and could only wonder, as she had wondered a hundred times before, how things had managed to go so wrong.

But in the face of his politely distant manner, she found courage to say,

"It's been one of the happiest times of my life, this visit to London. It's been all and more than I had hoped."

"Ah, well," he returned, "you've accomplished a great deal, and that must add enormously to the pleasure of it. Your articles are going to be a great success, I'm sure of that."

"I wasn't thinking of my writing at all," she said, but this fell on barren ground and the next words that he spoke were addressed to the waiter on the subject of fish.

The lecture hall was already full when they arrived, for they had lingered, each hoping for some miracle to take place, over their coffee. They found their seats just as the applause which had greeted

the lecturer ceased, and were uncomfortably aware that their entrance had delayed for a moment his opening words.

Upon the platform, where such lighting as there was was concentrated, stood a tall, bearded man, one hand resting in conventional attitude upon a table. Through thick glasses his eyes looked pleasantly upon his audience, and he waited, like an indulgent father, for the small, bustling noises to cease before he spoke.

"I shall now be told," said Major Rooke to himself, "that the mind of man is but one degree superior to the mind of the anthropoid ape—whatever he is. Why is it they can never tell us anything pleasant about ourselves?"

But he was entirely wrong. There issued from the lips of the lecturer one of the most comforting and heart-warming discourses that Major Rooke, in his low and uncomfortable state of mind, could possibly have imagined. It seemed as though Mr. Reeves Smedley knew that in the fourth row of that hall sat a man whose very soul was parched for just such heavenly dew; and Major Rooke sat and drank it in like a thirsty plant, and with every word his belief in himself returned to him.

Although Mr. Reeves Smedley spoke with great respect and deference of Mr. Darwin, he said that he, personally, had never been convinced that the human mind was necessarily a mere development of the mind of the beast.

He believed, he said, that Science would shortly discover that the mind of man—with all the qualities which make it superior to the beast's mind—is not only higher, but entirely *different*, and by no means a mere growth or development of that appearance of mentality we perceive in the animal.

We were only on the brink, he continued, of a real knowledge of the mind of man. And he went on to praise that mind and to show the vast complexities of it. As for its possibilities, they were, he believed, unlimited. He thought we were about to witness the dawn of new

faculties, hitherto regarded as supernatural. He saw no reason why the so-called astral plane should not little by little penetrate the terrestrial, thereby opening up new worlds for us. If we could only purge man's mind, he said, of mischievous impulses, and instill there instead a belief in its own power and in its own great destiny, to what sublime heights might it not rise?

And after leading them from hope to hope for a fleeting two hours, he smiled, as if smiling to himself, and with one hand grasping his short beard, said,

"Two weeks ago, I myself sat where you are now sitting, and listened to a brilliant talk by one of our greatest scholars on the size of the earth in relation to space. In many lay minds that lecture, convincing and enthralling as it was, must have brought about a state bordering on mental paralysis, for it showed with cruel clearness the microscopic littleness of our earth and of ourselves. 'We,' many of you must have said, 'are of less consequence than the louse that lives upon the louse that lives upon the louse that lives in the ear of a fieldmouse.' But what I want to impress upon you to-night is this:

"Where the scale is so great, differences of size cease to exist, because we are trying to measure them with the immeasurable. And now let me quote William James to you in one of the most magnificent passages he ever wrote for the comfort and enlightenment of mankind."

He leaned forward and pointed a finger straight at Major Rooke.

"'So long,' says William James, 'as we deal with the cosmic and the general, we deal only with the *symbols* of reality, but as soon as we deal with private and personal phenomena, as such, we deal with realities in the completest sense of the term.'"

The gentleman who had introduced Mr. Reeves Smedley now rose to his feet in the midst of the applause that the lecturer received and so well deserved, and made a short speech of appreciation



and thanks. But all the time he was speaking Major Rooke was saying to himself,

"Private and personal phenomena . . . private and personal phenomena . . . My God! Why have I never heard that before?"

He had been trying to measure himself with the immeasurable, and Mrs. Harper was immeasurable. Perhaps he himself was immeasurable. . . . Differences cease to exist! . . .

He heard her murmur, as if to herself, "Oh, he gives one new faith in oneself."

So she too had been in need of that!

His heart warmed and expanded, and something wholly new entered into it. His hand, seemingly of its own volition,

dropped to the seat beside him and encountered there the small, warm hand of Mrs. Harper—and closed on it. Private and personal phenomena indeed! . . . And her hand twisted in his and opened, and their fingers locked, and as that private and personal phenomenon took place their faces turnly slowly toward each other, and in the semidarkness their eyes met, and Major Rooke dealt with realities in the completest sense of the term.

His lips moved, very slightly, but they formed the word, "dearest," and her lips moved, and they formed the same word, and heaven with its vast, with its infinite spaces opened for Major Rooke, and he no longer felt little, for he was unafraid.

## Under the Elevated

BY CAROLYN CROSBY WILSON

**H**ERE is such chequered shade  
As only man has made,  
With splintered sunlight sifted  
Through girders, laced, uplifted,  
And great beams overlaid.

And here such plunging sound  
As when white waters pound  
From hilltop headlong rushing,  
Past bank and boulder gushing,  
To cool caves underground.

And here more young things spring  
Than many meadows bring—  
Defiant clumps that clutter  
The black soil of the gutter  
With sumptuous blossoming.

# Are We Facing a Revival of Religion?

BY EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

*Author of The Behavior of Crowds*

IT is a late August afternoon in Nantucket. A summer breeze gently lifts the hangings of my study windows. Outside, this quiet, sun-saturated hour is an end in itself. I look northward toward the silent, white Great Point lighthouse across the narrow strip of moorland which separates Nantucket harbor from the ocean. The sky is high and cloudless, and the blue harbor beneath stretches itself in warm comfort, lazily, in fullness of self-enjoyment, as if the slightest ripple might break the charm of this moment. Over at the right, where the dark ocean meets the sky, a solitary schooner with white sails floats on its outbound journey—who cares whither? In the distance a wild bird calls. Only that and the heavy rhythm of the white surf falling on the sand break the silence. Everything is happening here, yet nothing. This afternoon needs no future to lean upon or give it a right to be. If the world ceased to-day, this would be its meaning.

Why cannot the life of man be like this? Why must we invent fictions in order to live, in order to find the meaning and value of our world? Why are we different from those flowers out there which fill this summer day with their own fragrance and color, or those waves which fall upon the shore, breaking and receding and content with their inevitability? We, too, are but waves in the great ocean of existence. Is anything really lost when at last we have spent our momentary energy and have returned to the great sea which threw us out? Yet we are loath to return to the unfathomable. We would forever keep our sea foam and our rustling noise as we creep over the beach sand. Is our

individuality more significant than that which separates those breakers from the ocean from which they came? Perhaps! We, at least, of all natural phenomena, are unwilling to lose our identity. We regard our return as tragedy, and that which holds back our flowing as evil.

Yet we bring much of our evil with us. If the sweltering millions who to-day run about the great city were to come here, they would spoil it all. Man spoils his world because it spoils him. To-morrow morning's paper will be filled with stories of accident, murder, suicide, and political chicanery. Other things in nature are complete; they are what they are; we are not. We must find the meaning and value of our lives in fiction and illusion. We must find escape and compensation where other living things are content with reality. Reality for us is but half hospitable. Over it we have woven the web of civilization and set the ends of self-consciousness, and between that which man has achieved—and necessarily so—and that which he is by nature, compromise must be made. There is no return to nature for us. The meaning of life for us is no longer to be realized in the mere fact of living. We must create it.

Religion is an effort to give to living a meaning. Its symbols and ceremonies are compromises between the self-sufficient mystery of life and what civilization requires of us all. Perhaps in this way we bring back something of that sense of harmony with all things which other living creatures possess as part of their very existence. The method by which this harmony is achieved is less important than the fact that it is achieved at all. In a very real sense this *return*



is a realization of a great truth. The very sense of self-importance which the mechanisms of religion seek to preserve, the "salvation of the soul," may be but an appreciation of an elemental fact of existence. Over this fact man has superimposed a crust of convention and of utilitarian interest. In all his practical reasoning he abstracts only those aspects and gives his attention to only those portions of his object which are relevant to his purposes. Everything becomes but the means to some end. All things exist for the sake of something else. This is ever the life of reason. It is only in æsthetic appreciation that anything may be regarded as its own end. Religion, however fictitious its formulæ may be, is the recognition of ends. Somehow, somewhen, something must exist for its own sake and be an end in itself. Somewhere there must be fruition and completeness; this is what in figurative language religion is trying to say. It may not be true that we walk by faith and not by sight; so far as it is possible, I think it is better that we walk by sight, but the ends toward which we are walking are set by faith. In the last analysis our judgments are æsthetic judgments. The world has meaning for us only because, as James said, we are interested spectators in the game. We prefer some things to others, and because of our preferences we intervene in the course of events, with foreknowledge of results, in order that desirable results may follow. The fact that certain ends are desirable depends upon the fact that we are the sort of beings we are, and that is all we can say. We are concerned only with that "truthfulness" which consists in adequate adjustment between the organism and its environment. And from this point of view, we are obliged to say that religious ideas are fictions, the value of which consists wholly in the results of the behavior they start going.

Consequently, one may view either with hope or despair the possibility of a revival of religion. *It all depends upon*

*the kind of people whose spiritual dilemmas are to become the prevailing standards of value.* Little men do not become great men when they become religious, nor do superior people become commonplace. However, a revival of religion, should it occur, would tend to make somebody's solution of the psychological problem of living a standard which most people would try to copy. Therefore, all depends upon the type of man whose spiritual life is to be imitated. In contemplating the future of religion, just as in contemplating any other possible social future, I have learned to ask one question. It is very simple: "Who goes there?" The sanctions of religion serve to fix for long periods the supremacy of certain spiritual types of men. We happen to live in an age when mental mediocrity has a hearing and an influence such as it probably never enjoyed before. Therefore, a revival of religion might give such mediocrity a social prestige which would keep it in a position of spiritual control for centuries.

There is a sense in which each man, if let alone, would be religious in his own way. Some will always be religious, and uniquely so, to the end of time. But history teaches us that there have been periods in which religion has become a mass movement. And all such periods have tended to fix for subsequent generations the religious forms of those whose spiritual issues thus gained prominence.

Are there indications that we are likely to have in the near future another mass movement toward some type of organized religion?—for this is what for the masses a religious revival means. If we bear in mind that religion is primarily a mechanism of escape from the real, it would seem that there are many things in our modern world which, psychologically considered, would lead to some sort of religious revival.

There is a widespread desire for some one who can give the world a new gospel or some one who will at any rate capture the imagination of the mass, touch its

heart, and lead it back to the old faith. Certain professional evangelists in America have attempted to do this, but their work has not been very significant or enduring. For the most part, it has been lacking in sincerity. Revivals of this sort are not the "great revival" which makes of religion a mass movement. They are too obviously deliberate attempts to reach the masses by talking down to them, vulgarizing the values of religion. They are staged performances, not spontaneous awakenings, and while they do create temporary situations which reveal many of the characteristics of the crowd mind—certainly its egoism, hostility, and fixed system of ideas—yet these crowd movements create only an artificial fervor which is soon abated. This is doubtless due to the fact that in such evangelistic campaigns the appeal is not sufficiently representative of the psychic interests of the average man, even of the great mediocrity. It is directed rather to those whose mentality is below the average, the socially unadjusted, and the spiritual types for whom the Hearst papers are intended. Crowd movements which occur among persons of this type are often very violent. They may be dangerous to the social order and their anti-social behavior may often be rationalized by religious ideas. Religious riots have often occurred. But this type cannot long sustain a purpose of any sort, and hence after the revival there is much "backsliding."

Another indication of the wish for a revival of religion is the recent increase in attendance upon the services of many Protestant churches. Perhaps much of this reported increase is the result of clever advertising and propaganda. Several of the great denominations have accumulated large amounts of money which is being used to enhance their work. It is the custom in America to "put things over" with publicity and organization, and these things require money. It is not surprising that the churches should yield to the temptation

to advance themselves in this way. But religious experience may not be "sold" by the same methods that one uses to increase the consumption of breakfast food and soap. People may become interested in the religious organization and participate in its various activities, its social affairs, and its "reform" movements, but they do not thus cause fire to fall upon its altars.

In addition to these indications of a desire for a revival of religion which has not yet come, there are others, such as the many bizarre cults which appear from time to time. Thus also the popular interest in spiritualism since the Great War, and the attempt of the pseudo-scientific to find in what they call "psychology" a gospel according to which one may draw upon an invisible storehouse of energy and thus gain prosperity and increased personal efficiency. And there is the "fundamentalist" movement in various protestant churches which is largely an attempt to preserve certain seventeenth-century theological doctrines which have been made untenable by scientific discovery. All these movements taken together mean something. The people are waiting for something to happen. A solution has been in the making for a long time, and it may require only a slight jar to precipitate it.

Men, as ever, want to believe that which will make them feel at home in the world, that which will give their lives meaning which all can grasp, which will bring them consolation and hope, and will free them from the feeling of inferiority. They are beginning to be less optimistic than they were about "progress." They have been disillusioned about themselves. Ten years ago there was a general belief that war was a thing of the past, yet it fell to our generation to inflict upon itself the most dreadful war in all history.

And the peace which followed the war has brought little joy even to the victors. The more one meditates upon this fact, the more amazing it appears



to be. I do not believe there was ever a time in history when victorious nations were so unhappy in the period immediately following their triumph. No one is satisfied with the Treaty of Versailles, and it is doubtful if a treaty could possibly have been made which would have been satisfactory. At first there were those who believed that after the war there would be a new and better age. That new age has not come. Instead, many men of all classes and shades of opinion are predicting the downfall of civilization, and many in despair believe that future wars more deadly and grim than the last are inevitable. Democracy in the hour of its victory turns to social strife and industrial class struggle. Democratic institutions are everywhere under criticism as never before. Thoughtful people are growing tired of politics, are losing confidence in their governments, and are generally distrustful of the powerful propagandist agencies which the war has left in control of the sources of their information. The working class, prosperous as never before, is restless and hungry for power.

This note of disillusionment is often seen in our literature. It accounts, moreover, for that touch of cynicism which one often sees in persons of the younger generation, and it has strongly affected the "social gospel" which until recently held the enthusiasm of large numbers of men of "modern ideas." Many who have ceased to believe in traditional theology transferred their religious interest to the hope of social improvement. While this too is in a sense an escape-mechanism, there is commonly something youthful and forward-looking in a faith of this sort. One feels that he is instrumental in the process which is to change the actual world into the ideal. Thus one may have ideals, ideals that are vitalizing and compelling, and with such ideals certain values which had once found expression in traditional religious symbols may be preserved in new form. Many people who have given up Christianity or

Judaism, without struggle, have been able to do so because this social gospel had for them the function of religion. Such persons have never known what it is to lose one's faith until they began to question the presuppositions of this dream of social redemption. And many former liberals and radicals have recently had to meet this problem and are to-day wrestling with a despair which men of less active generosity and idealism perhaps can never quite understand. These too are waiting.

It may be said that our present wave of discouragement is a natural sequence of war. Doubtless it is, in part. But it is in part a turning, as yet half-conscious, against that modernity which our generation has proudly hailed as progress. I wish to point out briefly some of the factors of this modernity and indicate wherein they are bringing about a situation from which men are likely to seek refuge in religion.

There is obviously the fact of our industrialism. It was felt that the invention and use of power-driven machinery would lighten the burden of toil, and in a degree it has done so. But it has also created the modern industrial proletariat, a class of factory hands, gathered in our manufacturing centers not through any natural, mutual attraction on their part, but through the necessities of industry and the demand for labor. These people have been uprooted, torn out of their ancestral environment, and thrown into a mechanically organized world to which they are not adapted. Their old habits do not apply. Their labor processes have been depersonalized and standardized by the machine. Their relation with their employer is a matter of an impersonal contract. They have in common no cultural tradition like those of the older societies, but only their labor, their poverty, their subjugation to the profit-seeking aims of industry, and the fact that they all are similarly situated in their relations toward employing capital. Hence, the type of association which prevails among

hem is necessarily organization for power. By united effort they strive to force certain concessions from their employers. And with each step of increased sense of power their demands and their unrest grow.

Even though in the end they should succeed in dispossessing their employers and in establishing some form of communal ownership of industrial capital, their relations to it and to their labor processes would be little changed. It is very doubtful if their lot would be much improved materially. The worker remains at his machine, or he and others starve. His labor must be directed by a technically trained overseer. His relations with his fellows and toward society as a whole are even more standardized and impersonal than before. The machine brings to modern life its own tempo, and standardizes and mechanizes the forms of human association. Labor to-day thinks that it is in revolt against capital. It is really in revolt against the thralldom of industrial processes which under any social system can mean only servitude for the great mass of mankind.

Again, there is our democratic dogma. This is "modern." And democracy means equality, and equality means an equal opportunity for all. To the masses, opportunity means chiefly the opening of the doors to material possession and success. Men are ambitious as never before. All demand a materially satisfactory life and without it feel that they are failures. It is obvious that such success can never in this world become the common lot. In earlier times the common man was apparently relatively content. He found in religion an escape from the feeling of inferiority and a compensation for his humble lot. When men wake up to the fact that the great bulk of their over-stimulated material demands cannot be satisfied under any social system it is quite conceivable that they may turn again to religion.

Again, democracy means the enfranchisement of the average man, "the man

in the street," and with his coming into power the dilemmas of mediocrity set the standards of value in more things than politics. Writers and lecturers and educators and public entertainers strive to gain his interest, for he is many and his support means affluence. This general appeal to the mediocre average means spiritual standardization. To standardize the public expression of the spiritual side of life is thus to become indifferent to all personal distinction; it is to lose, therefore, the basis of all value. Hence, democracy tends to vulgarize all its values. Our journalism, our politics, our motion pictures, our popular revivals of religion all reveal this fact. And with this lowering of the standard of values life becomes dull and inane—just as we have it in the average American community. Man was not made for this sort of existence. Therefore, mediocrity is always striving to get away from itself, and when it tends to reduce all life to its dead level there are always ready at hand the traditional values and meanings of religion. Many a dull community cultivates religious experience in order to escape from the monotony of its own existence. This accounts for the hold which certain evangelical sects have upon our rural population. There are many people for whom the experience of conversion is the only moment of ecstasy they have ever known in their lives.

We may have in this fact some slight basis for the theory that religious feeling is merely transformed sexual emotion. Thus it is said religion gives an outlet to erotic energy for those who are sexually inhibited, emotionally unsatisfied, or whose erotic impulses may be in some way abnormal. When religious practices become orgiastic, as they sometimes do in the revival meetings which thrive in the South and the Middle West, there would appear to be some justification for this view. But the term "erotic energy" is too broad and vague. If we are to conceive of animal or human behavior as the release of stored-up



energy, then we may as well say that there is only one vital force which expends itself through the appropriate patterns of bodily movement when the organism is in the presence of certain stimuli.

Instead, therefore, of being content to regard religious feeling as a form of sexual activity, let us admit the fact and pass on. Let us say that for our present purpose it may appear as a form of the desire for adventure. Living itself is an adventure which most people spoil. They confine behavior and their interests to a dull routine. In time they come to respond to all the objects about them in a stereotyped way. Their responses are in most part automatic, habitual, and purely utilitarian. Even their thoughts and feelings seldom venture beyond the prescribed and the commonplace. There are whole communities and groups of men and women who thus never in their lives have a thought or emotion or perform an act which is not conventional. The exceptional few keep the adventure of living. The scholar may find it in his pursuit of truth, the artist in creative effort, the successful business man in the sense of power, the cosmopolitan in the richness of his human contacts and the breadth of his interests. But for the many life becomes a humdrum affair indeed. The sunset to them simply means suppertime.

Now such people feel—they can't help feeling—that life has more in it than it has for them. One has but to watch a large gathering of people, say at a state fair, as they aimlessly and rather wearily move about, to note their eternal seeking for an adventure which never comes. In the faces of fully half there is openly written the evidence of the feeling that life has somehow cheated them.

Now religion offers such a community its adventure. In its air of mystery there is a thrill. In the presence of the dreadful dilemma of heaven and hell there is a vital issue which all can grasp. Miracle lifts the imagination out of the

commonplace, and the ecstasy of religious experience may be enjoyed in conformity with convention, especially when religion becomes a crowd phenomenon. The average man has the psychological factors of religion already in his subconscious, as we have seen. All that is needed is to break down the social inhibitions to their expression, and for thousands the religious interest begins to glow with intensity which burns away all that is in conflict with it.

Most of the great mass movements of history have been motivated by such desire for adventure. The conscious purpose of such movements is only rationalization; the true adventure is in participating in the movement itself, as seen in the migrations of the Barbarians, the Crusades, the dancing mania which followed the great plague of the Middle Ages, the Reformation, and the French Revolution. In the same way, great revivals of religion commonly appear among that element of the population whose dreary existence offers few other means of adventure. In proof of this, I would offer the fact that primitive Christianity had its origin among the suppressed masses of the Roman Empire; that the Albigensians and Waldensians had their sway in sequestered mountain villages of the Middle Ages; that the Protestant Reformation had its stronghold in the middle class of northern Europe; that Methodism had its greatest appeal to persons of this type in England and America; that the revival which swept over this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century had its beginning in the lonely Cumberland region and spread chiefly through isolated pioneer communities of the South and West.

Many liberals think that such a mass return to religion is practically impossible. They say that religion belongs to the childhood of the race, when emotion prevailed over the intellect. Its persistence down to our time, they think is but a survival, a vestige of what was once normal reaction to a world the

natural laws of which men did not know. With the coming of scientific culture, religion becomes an anachronism, and must inevitably pass away. Certainly, theology is no longer an effective check upon the advancement of science, so far, at least, as "thinking people" are concerned. But the so-called intellectually emancipated are only a small portion of the population. And even among this element, the unconscious impulses and wishes which commonly find expression in traditional religion survive. Man is not primarily a rational being. Even educated people may find reasons for believing and doing that which, while contrary to logic and known facts, is inspired by their wishing nature.

Religion is not a logical inference from the facts of experience. It is an escape. If religious beliefs could be dispelled by the logic of facts it is difficult to see how religion would ever have come into being. One must have achieved a degree of self-mastery before he can accept certain facts as true. In none of us is that self-mastery fully achieved. So the existence of a body of scientific knowledge which is contrary to certain religious doctrines will not, necessarily, prevent a return to the older religious beliefs. A slightly different perspective, a little unconscious shifting of the "picture in our heads," aided by a strong social sentiment, and the whole logic of the facts may become different. Our intellectual hold upon reality is more precarious than most people imagine. Scientific knowledge is but a phase of modern culture, and in times past whole cultural systems of civilization have flourished and then been lost.

Moreover, it is conceivable that the spread of the rudiments of scientific knowledge, instead of turning out to be a preventive of mass return to older religious forms, may be one of the impelling motives to just such a return. Note the attempts which have been made in certain communities to stop the "teaching of evolution" in institutions of learning. A well-known biologist who

holds a chair in a leading American university tells me that there is to-day more opposition toward the teaching of facts of natural science which are unacceptable to popular theology than at any time since Darwin published the *Origin of Species*. Be this as it may, and we should not generalize upon one man's experience, popular revolt against a world such as that of our scientific naturalism is to some extent to be expected.

Science reveals the hard facts of nature in all their brutal realism. Its method is necessarily mechanistic, and in its causal connections among phenomena no cosmic consideration for human welfare appears. Intelligent intervention in environmental situations may bring about specific results which are controlled by human effort. But nature as a whole, aside from man's intelligently directed effort, offers him little hope or consolation. Naturalism a century ago promised man a rational universe in which he had but to be wise and good in order that his race might become triumphant and happy.

The world of nature was to the mediæval mind shot through with personal significance. It was electric with mystery and miracle. Spirits good and bad governed its phenomena out of their interest in human welfare. Man in the midst of the world had fellowship with supernatural beings, and angels and demons struggled with one another for the possession of his immortal soul. Thus life had a meaning which gave significance to every human existence.

To-day the cosmos is a self-perpetuating mechanism, grand and awful, but indifferent to man's little existence. Man with all his aspirations and all his works takes his place in the animal kingdom, beginning his life in the process of cell division of a protozoan, spending his days in a ceaseless struggle for survival, and closing his eyes at last in a moment of bewildered solitude and pain, and after that science tells us nothing except that after countless



millenniums his very little world, on which he suffered and loved, and for whose future he labored during his brief hour, must inevitably follow him in the course of the endless cycle of change which eats up all things.

The very evolutionism which men a few decades ago welcomed because it seemed to guarantee their dreams of social advance has now a different meaning. In the lower forms of life evolutionism holds that the existing species were formed by a relentless struggle for every breath of life by living things whose tiniest accidental variation might mean their survival or their relentless destruction. These modifications could be passed on by a process which, since Mendel, may be expressed in a mathematical formula, and through their accumulation modifications of the original type might be created which amounted to new species. The result of this view was first, as Dewey has shown, to disprove the notion that each living species was a manifestation of a Platonic idea in nature, and thus to challenge the old "rational constitution of the universe." Again, no law could be derived from such a view which would permit men to predict any particular human future, for there is no assurance of success here, and no inevitable "principle" of progress. Human advancement still has to be achieved, and the final success of the achievement is not underwritten, neither is there anything in nature that enables us to say that any one out of a number of rival social ideals is destined to inherit the future.

I have put the naturalistic view too briefly, and thus it may appear to be more hopeless than it really is. In some respects the scientific picture of nature is the result of scientific methodology, and we should not confuse methodological concepts with ontological ones. Perhaps it is unscientific to try to get a picture of the world as a whole. Certainly, in such a picture we get but a synthesis of artificial systems, and not an equivalent of reality. Yet science is the best

instrument man has for getting an effective hold upon reality, and its concepts must at least be held true for adequate behavior. In any event, the old supernaturalism, a reverie fabricated out of the wish to render our world more congenial to man, cannot without outside support survive in the workshop world of science.

Can humanity stand the universe without its supernatural? I do not know. Through education and journalism various phases of this scientific picture are in a crude form coming to be part of popular knowledge. If the process continues unhindered, we may in a few decades have a situation unprecedented in history in which the average member of society, caught as he is in the relentless process of our industrialism and forced to a life of drudgery and sense of inferiority, strives to bear his burdens without the consolations of religion. What forms of escape will men then have from monotony and defeat?

This new world view, however we may soften it, demands serious readjustment on the part of the mass of mankind. Our industrialism alone is demanding of us about all we can bear. We have not yet developed the mental habits which are necessary to control it and make it serve us properly. The habits necessary to a reorientation to our new cosmos are not going to be easy, and the change has come very rapidly. If all those who are going to entertain this new world view could personally pass through all the mental processes which go to make it up, or even such a portion of them as would enable them to master one scientific discipline, the training thus acquired might make the emotional transition easier. But as yet the masses have accepted some of the *products* of science, but few have acquired its mental *processes*. And it is the processes that count, for in them, as in the mastery of any other technic, is there that self-discipline which may in the end lift one above his technic into a new spiritual freedom. Art begins where technic leaves

off. And this must be increasingly true of the art of living in the modern world. It is one thing for men to lose their faith because they have ceased to believe in the customary objects of religion. It is a very different thing for them to outgrow the old beliefs because such objectivation is no longer demanded by inner and unconscious needs.

It is conceivable, then, that there will be a mass revolt against our scientific culture along with revolt against other elements which are called "modern," and that in such a revolt religion will be used as a weapon against those whose "enlightened" teaching would rob the people of their consolations. It is significant that each great mass movement in religion has followed a wave of intellectual advance, and has been the weapon used by the common man in his struggle against a situation which demanded of him too great a readjustment and thus made him feel unconsciously inferior.

The rise of primitive Christianity followed the brilliant period of Alexandrian culture in the First Century, and may be regarded as a protest against it. Likewise, the Protestant reformation followed the Renaissance and for the same psychological reason. The great revival movement at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century in a similar manner closes the period of intellectual awakening known as "The Age of Enlightenment." In view of these facts, the social psychologist may have some reason to be disturbed to-day. We have passed through a half-century of the most rapid development of the natural sciences. Is it possible that the Fundamentalist protest against evolutionism is an attempt at such a revolt of the common man against present-day culture?

Up to this point I have been concerned with the possibility of a mass or crowd movement against certain elements in modern civilization—a revolt which may take the form of a revival of traditional religion. Such a movement is possible, and it would produce just

those social effects which might be expected of the sort of persons who happened to participate in it. If the dominant elements in the mass were by nature gentle, respectful toward our best possessions of beauty and truth, and were concerned for self-purification, such a mass movement might bring new values into our social life, give it new and better ideals, and mollify the social conflict with tolerance, good will, mutual trust, and devotion to the general good. It might thus exist alongside our scientific culture, denying some of its mechanistic implications, and still leave it relatively free to continue in the course of its development.

If, however, the masses who predominated in such a movement were ignorant, resentful, bent upon establishing their self-importance, and upon compelling assent to their dogma on the part of those whose nonconformity seemed to challenge the ideals of the crowd, a mass movement back to religion might easily plunge modern civilization into another age of darkness.

Are we then shut up to the alternatives of such a possible movement or a despairing realism? To give either of these as the answer to the social problem of religion is to assume that men cannot stand this universe without resorting to fictions. It is to say that unconscious impulses and desires must ever remain secret to the subject who entertains them, that we can only be oriented to our world when we are unaware of the meaning of much of our behavior. It is true that many of our wish-fancies may never be satisfied in a world like ours. But may we not seek to understand them, to wrestle with them consciously, to revalue the symbols in which they seek objective expression and vicarious satisfaction? Is not this precisely the aim of both philosophy and art? And need we throw away these age-old faith objects just because we have learned their true function? The artist does not leave his world sordid and unadorned because he knows that his



creations are human achievements. He knows, moreover, that many of them are symbols, yet they are symbols which give to living a character and a meaning.

People have sought in religion a vindication of all value at once. Our world as a whole must be either saved or lost. Perhaps we have formed the habit because we shrink from the task of discriminating value in experience as such. We may create meaning for our lives and such meaning is real, and there is much in the valuation of experience which transcends our logical formulas and can be expressed only in symbolic language. It is not by taking refuge in these symbols, and thus making out of them an imaginary home for our childish wish-fancies, that we reach our spiritual maturity. Neither is it in dogma and prescribed ritual that the truly spiritual life must alone find its realization. Always there have been those who, alone, have wrestled with the problems which we have outlined, have somehow faced destiny, and in facing have conquered.

Something happens to him who thus finds himself. Not an objective fact in the world is changed for him, and yet all is permeated by something incommunicable, known immediately which tells him that the whole which he, in a new way, finds to be the ground of his own existence is not a universal bankruptcy, but is self-contained and self-sufficient. Ask such a one to express his faith, and he gives no theory of the universe, no repetition of a dogma learned in childhood, but he speaks of a sense of harmony within which is also a harmony which pervades his world. He has come to see "life as an æsthetic phenomenon." Why, all the religious mystics of all time have possessed such immediate knowledge of reality, and all their theological phrases were but halting conventional attempts to say what they smiled to know was incommunicable! Perhaps this immediate knowledge is ours by nature. I often feel that all living things must possess it, and that the vague intimation of it is that which

leads the religionist to seek to save his self-appreciation, to return to infancy, to find reconciliation with the Father. And the spiritual life is life itself, only so few really let themselves live. Perhaps this is what the writer of the fourth Gospel means when he says in the words of the Symbol-Jesus, "I am the Truth."

You may teach a creed, but this discovery each must make for himself. And when one makes it he may find that it has little to do with organized or conventional religion. The progress away from conventional religion is but the first phase, the negative side of the change which must take place before people may become self-owning men and women. We may define religion as the symbolic appreciation of the mystery of existence in terms of the interests of man as an ego. Thus, much of religion serves to help man "stand this universe." Hence, religion constructs an idealized cosmos which is congenial to man. But it is not at bottom the world of objects which people cannot stand. The real trouble is that people *cannot* "stand themselves." It is the struggle for self-appreciation which leads people to take refuge in a world of ideals. The systems of refuge are designed to save our fictions about ourselves. And the seriousness of a realistic view of nature is that it throws people back upon their inner conflicts. It is these conflicts which it is the function of religious beliefs to disguise, and solve for the believer. Men can get along with the facts of existence, meet and wrestle with them when they can face the facts of themselves. Man must forgive his own "sin"; that is what he does unconsciously by the use of the symbolism of redemption. He must wrestle to master those impulses in himself which cause conflict between his personality-picture and reality. So long as the meaning of the practices through which these ends are achieved remains unconscious, man will remain conventionally religious.

Suppose that the effort for self-knowl-

edge which religion spends in the conviction of sin were consciously directed toward reassembling one's personality-picture so as to make it an effective instrument of orientation. The conflicts in human nature then become conscious and habits are formed which, instead of disguising the true nature of these conflicts, are intelligent solutions of them. The right alternative to despairing realism is to lift the meaning of religious practices into consciousness.

Self-understanding and command is the path of wisdom as old as Socrates and as new as the still misunderstood Nietzsche, and without it men are spiritual automatons. The spiritual "revival" which the world needs is an awakening in which those who are capable of self-criticism, and of appreciating the values of civilization, find themselves and one another, and perform the task which such as they have carried on in every age. Your place in the world is to keep the lights burning on the altar of life, to lift experience out of squalor and the mud. While some have been struggling for places of advantage, have had their little day of power, have said their few lines and gone through their pantomime and passed from the world stage, have quarreled over the preservation of fictions which they did not understand, others have slowly created those habits and values and ideals which differentiate men from beasts. Out of their own sensitiveness, and their hours of meditation, they have spun an invisible web of truths and sanctities and acquired preferences that have caught and held the animal impulses of man and have drawn his energies toward the attainment of unseen goods. This alone is the course of human advancement, the triumph of "spirit" over matter. It is a task which must be performed by the knowing ones of our generation if life is to continue to have meaning and civilization is to be worth its cost in effort and struggle.

The church in the Middle Ages knew this great secret. When asked to show

its works it did not merely point to the fact that it had led the mass along a level path toward some imaginary goal which was to be shared equally. It pointed to a St. Francis or to an Augustine, to those who had risen above the mass and had thus realized higher planes of human experience.

The spiritual advancement of the world is not horizontal, it is vertical; it consists in the *distance between the lowest man and the highest man*. That which distinguishes the higher from the lower is the spiritual life. It is a fundamental fact of human existence and cannot be destroyed by any change in popular beliefs about the world. The spiritual meaning of life is this *distinction of worth*: it is lost when men idealize the undifferentiated, the mass, for without a sense of distinction among men there can be no values. It is the unwillingness to admit this fact of distinction, the substitution for it of those valuations which flatter the undifferentiated mass because it is many and powerful, hence, the emphasis upon mediocre dilemmas and upon goods which may be identical for all—in other words, it is in the *vulgarization of our values* that modern life is losing its spirituality and is drifting toward chaos. Give the fact of distinction its normal valuation, set it free from popular fictions about it, let it become the goal of all personal and social endeavor, and it will redeem the modern world from its vulgarity; it will make men again conscious that living has a meaning. The revival of interest in spiritual things which alone can save our world—whether that renewed interest is expressed in ancient symbolism or not makes little difference—must be a new recognition of the distinction of worth. To this end men must learn to see through the disguises which the unconscious fabricate in order to save their egoism. They must repent of their fictions about themselves, strive to see themselves as they really are, and out of such conscious struggle for value in experience, give to life again a spiritual order of rank.



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## A LIGHT EATER

BY LAWTON MACKALL

I FEAR I can never qualify as an intellectual: I am too crudely in favor of seeing what I eat. I even enjoy the radiance of good old-fashioned electricity on the table. Would you believe it? I actually prefer a state of illumination where I can ocularly distinguish an olive from a chocolate cream. That shows you how uncultured I am.

Not that I haven't *tried*. Last week I dined at the studio apartment of Mrs. Magnolia Lissy, that gifted woman who gives readings from Hindu poetry or paints screens with green apes and purple bullfrogs on them—I forget which. Maybe she does both. At any rate, she is terribly gifted. The other guests were Kurd Huldin, the explorer; Phœbe Mayhem, who writes little-understood dramas for little theaters; and Mortimer P. Goldrol, the Wall Street man who in his spare time collects Persian prints, Siamese carvings, and first editions of Chekhov.

I can't tell you what these people looked like, as I never saw them; I merely dined with them in the dimness.

Four yellow candles in glass candlesticks stood on the table and dripped on it. No wonder there was no cloth to lighten the dull darkness of the mahogany! Gropingly I pushed in my hostess's high-back chair, and we four sat down to watch the candles splutter; while the maid—the whites of whose eyes were the brightest things in the room—placed soup before us in deep blue bowls. I gave up trying to recognize what kind of soup that was, and simply delved for it. I should guess it was murk turtle.

The candle that was turning my butter into a blend grew temperamental, crackled, and did wicked things. My hostess was saying something to me, but I only half heard her, and consequently replied only half-wittedly; I was too absorbed in watching the fireworks.

The maid took away my soup. For all I know, the bowl was still half full. If I had been sure, I might have bailed it out. Still, the responsibility of that candle, even though it wasn't my responsibility. . .

Next time I peered down at my place I discerned a plate with something on it. But my eyes were too flame-dazzled to cope with the situation. I hazarded a tentative fork-full. Fish! With *bones* aboard.

"Don't you agree with me, Mr. Wimley, that the Swedish Ballet expresses a more modern note than the Chauve Souris?"

I coughed politely, feeling as though I were swallowing a paper of pins. "Why, yes," I gulped pointedly.

The candle at my left was drooping and dripping to extinction. The one on my right had string fever. As darkness fell I gave up my battle with the shad.

When the third flickerer turned an ominous blue, Mrs. Lissy asked if anyone would prefer to have the electric lights switched on; but Miss Mayhem and Mr. Huldin hastened to assure her they thought the soft light ever so much nicer. The banker agreed too—drowsily. All I could do was give them a black look.

It didn't surprise me that Miss Mayhem preferred the gloom, for I had attended a performance of one of her turgid little tragedies. It was about two coal miners in a blind rage several thou-

sand feet below ground. But Huldin—he was an explorer, an outdoor man. Then I remembered he had spent a winter in the Arctic. Well, perhaps this lone fitful beacon, now melting toward its socket, was as cheery as a whale-blubber dip, or whatever it is the Eskimos blink by.

Abandoning all further attempts at fumbling for food, I sat and listened while the conversation about obscure subjects dragged and dwindled. Voices were subdued by the appallingness of the occasion. Somberness, solemnity, and somnolence lay thick in that room; only hunger kept me partially awake. I felt like one of those poor fish in Mammoth Cave.

Aroused at last by black coffee, I staggered to my feet, and, muttering incoherent apologies, stumbled to the door.

Two minutes later I was blessedly basking beneath the effulgence of a street lamp. A quarter of an hour after that I was entering a glittering cabaret.

"Waiter!" I cried fiercely. "Bring me a thick steak for one, and turn that spotlight directly on this table."

### "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH"

(1924 Model)

BY PERCY WAXMAN

**U**NDER an ad for gasoline  
The village smithy stands;  
He's agent for the Jinx machine  
And several other brands.  
He hasn't shod a horse for years,  
For fear he'd soil his hands.

He wears a gold watch on his wrist,  
A pearl pin in his tie,  
His links are made of amethyst  
The finest he could buy.  
There's not a thing the smithy wears  
That doesn't please the eye.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
He sees the autos come  
With brakes that are not working right  
And axles on the bum.  
With gas, repairs, and grease and oil  
He makes a tidy sum.

VOL. CXLVIII.—No. 887.—54

He has a staff of skillful men  
That number twenty-four  
Who toil from six A.M. till ten  
And sometimes even more.  
The smithy never does a stroke—  
He thinks that work's a bore.

The children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door,  
And laugh to see some city fool  
Set up an awful roar  
When called to pay some whopping bill  
The smith has soaked him for.

He goes on Sunday to the kirk,  
His mind quite free from cares,  
Because his men are hard at work  
With punctures and repairs.  
And if the weather's fine and warm  
The smith says grateful prayers.

Oiling—refilling—repairing,  
Onward through life he goes  
And never once despairing  
So long as his income grows.  
Each night the thought of some one done  
Augments his sweet repose.

### A WEAPON OF WAR

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

**T**HIS is a confidential communication to others of my age and temperament. It is for adults only and for the aid of those who realize that life is a battle between the young and the old. Of course, there are times of truce, or surface peace, but the war carries on. I am not one who holds that Youth is any more militant now than it ever was. It is only when we have crossed some no-man's land into the ranks on the other side that we suddenly discover Youth arrayed against us; and we begin to complain that they are using some new weapon to which we are unaccustomed. Then if we are wise we remember that Age should accomplish by subtlety what Youth gains by effrontery.

I suspect that I too have recently crossed over into those elder cohorts. I am not growing old—God forbid!—but I have certain proof that my pace is slower than it was. For instance, I can't always understand what Youth is



talking about; or, more unfortunate still, sometimes I am unwilling to believe that he knows what he is talking about when I do understand him. I must brace up, if this is war. I must gird myself for the fray.

But some of his weapons frighten me. For instance, I can't keep up with popular mechanics. I am not referring to a certain current periodical. Merely reading the pictures in that makes me feel like a neolithic man who has been hurled into the middle of the week after next. But I am thinking of the mechanical appliances that have come into my everyday life, and the current conversations they inspire. Automobiles have been running by me and round me and almost over me for years, and I am just beginning to be chatty about them. It is only within the past few months, in fact, that I have become able to refer casually to the carburetor and the differential; and I still pronounce the chassis with hesitation, though I know that I ought to shut it off when leaving the car.

But what depresses me most is the fact that now, when I am actually on speaking terms with these things, no one notices my conversation; everyone else is gossiping with an almost obstetrical intimacy about the wireless. Nephews are the worst, and young sons of my contemporaries when I go visiting, and such-like spawn of these progressing years. At first they address me with a certain well-bred respect—that is all a part of the truce; until the conversation turns to homemade wireless and broadcasting by means of the hot-water pipes, and then my weapons are taken from me. I am bound and gagged and helpless.

One may bluff in almost any other field of knowledge. One may frighten off the foe by the waving of stuffed clubs. Why not? Age, as I said, is entitled to its devices.

"I am reading Mencken and Lawrence and Marcel Proust," says the very young lady on my right. "You are a professor. Do you think I am putting in my time to good advantage?"

"A wise choice, a wise choice," I say gravely; "in a way they are typical and inclusive. You should take up Strudel next." She nods in solemn acquiescence.

"Are you attending the chamber recitals by Fillay Mignon on the color-organ?" says another. "I find it stimulates a subliminal and a conscious emotion simultaneously, if you see what I mean, don't you think?"

"Presumably," I say earnestly, "presumably." It is astonishing the weight which attaches to the deliberate repetition of a word. Then I look gloomily at the ceiling. Presumably I renew certain recent emotional experiences. She watches me with evident respect.

"Isn't this fundamentalist controversy arousing?" says a clear but juvenile voice at my other shoulder. "How do you feel about it?"

"Oh, well," I say, "didn't the Chaldeans really start it? After all, what is God?" That leaves her groggy.

"Isn't sex interesting? Are you a Freudian?" asks a still younger one.

I answer this at once. "On the one hand, yes. On the other hand, no. After all, sex is only a way station on the main line of evolution."

Mentally I time her. She takes the count.

Just then, when I am beginning to feel my oats, a brazen youth cuts in. "I got Walla Walla last night," he says, "at seven minutes past twelve. It's my regenerator that does it. What variometer do you use?" After that you might just as well carry me to the dressing room. I'm out of the game for good.

And yet—and yet—

My friend Will Ward and his gadgit have given me new courage for the battle. He is older than I am. Being older, he ought to know less. At least I don't need to feel mentally undressed in his conversational presence. The other day he stood upon the curb and leaned against the door of my car as we chatted. I followed his glance to the car floor between the seats.

"What's that little iron thing lying

there?" I interrupted him suddenly. "It must have been left in my car by the garage man. I never saw it before."

"Oh, that's your gadgit," he said easily.

"Good Heavens! man," I whispered, "I didn't even know it had broken off. Are you sure it is mine?"

He picked it up and fingered it. "Probably yours," he answered. "It is geared to about eighty."

"Fasten it in wherever it belongs," I pleaded. "I don't see how I got so far from home."

"Oh, it belongs right where it is," he reassured me.

I eyed him narrowly. There was something about him—

"It's bent, isn't it?" I asked.

"Just a little out of true," he agreed.

"Couldn't I straighten it with my whiffle iron?"

"You're on," he said.

I grasped his hand in a wordless farewell; he little knew the extent of the service. I threw in the crank shaft and pressed the detonator with my foot, and hurried away at a speed of eleven miles an hour, for I knew where I was going. Certain young people were foregathering at my house, and I had intentionally stayed away; but now I broke in upon the very conversation I had expected.

"Your music room would be just the place," one was saying. "There is that radiator. You could hook up to that and install her right there. Why, with a fifty-dollar outfit in this static you could pick up W O O F every night."

"But Father doesn't know," began my daughter, eyeing me almost resentfully. And I could feel the fading of that truce which had been so respectfully declared upon my entrance, and descry a sense of power on the faces of the enemy.

One of the youths interrupted her. "No installation here, sir?"

"Not yet," I said cheerfully. "I hate to tie myself up to any obsolete material. Just now I am waiting the outcome of these measurements of the new air tangents. You've read about 'em, of course.

I have some results of my own, but I want to check them up when the stuff from the Navy Department gets published. By the way," I said to my daughter, "have you seen my gadgit anywhere around? The little one, you know, geared to eighty."

"I wouldn't know it if I saw it," she said meekly.

"Gadgit?" said another youth eagerly. "Gadgit? I was reading about that somewhere lately, but I can't think where. It must have been in the *Scientific American*."

"Well, I need this one," I said lightly, "if I'm going to install a small working model of one of those esodometers. Then I could figure this problem out and—unless one of you youngsters has got one installed? I could go over and work at your house, or else get your calculations."

I stared persistently at the young man who had read about a gadgit. "Even last month's model would do," I urged him.

"I haven't got one installed," he muttered.

"That's all right," I said with a fatherly smile. "You're sure to get one in time. When you do I'll lend you my gadgit."

Then I went into my study and shut the door. You mustn't strain a good weapon, even in war time.

## BEST SELLERS

BY CHARLES MERZ

SOME people stumble into romance, and other people chart the countryside and try to run it down. Take Lucy Wallis, for example, and the young man with the eye-shade.

Time has kept the promises it made with Lucy Wallis. There was nothing of the elf about her. No foibles and no shams. She was plain and manifestly to be trusted. She was uncompelling to the eye. A tall girl, now, of thirty years or thereabouts, with ruddy hair that could have carried off successfully some



gayer ornament than the 2B pencil she would stick above her ear when she was cataloguing books. Her skin was smooth and softly colored; but by no definition of the word could anyone have called her handsome. Her cheeks were thin; lips pale; eyes handicapped by thick round lenses which struggled with astigmatism. She had been taught as a girl that bright colors did not go with red hair and a sense of duty. Her dresses were a very serviceable gray.

For that matter, there were few occasions in the ordinary run of things when it made much difference what she wore—provided it were warm enough or cool enough, and not so dark or light that it would show the dust which covered Burke and Boswell's life of Johnson. Lucy Wallis was a librarian, in a small town and a strange town—with a back-ground of a boarding house. She didn't know the sort of people who entertained at evening parties. She didn't easily make friends. Of those she had the most intimate was a woman with a shawl who came to read a paper from Chicago. She used to live there, she explained, and liked to read the "ads" and see what bargains she'd have had if she had stayed. Another regular was a veteran of '61 who brought his own book with him when he came, and read it in a corner. There was a schoolboy launched on Kipling, and a girl who copied first-aid data from the magazines. And then there was the young man with the eye-shade.

Lucy Wallis had found out what there was to know of him before he came the second time. "Professor" was his title in the town. Like herself, he was a stranger there. He was teaching mathematics in the high school; a young man—sandy haired, square faced, immensely serious. He would bring a leather brief-case with him, and some times spread its contents on a table in the reading room and start correcting papers. Lucy Wallis decided that he was as lonely in his boarding house as she felt in her own.

He would come in quietly, close the door as softly as though this were a sick-room, and nod a little when he caught her eye, as if to say, I'll watch for a while—what do the doctors say about his fever? He would put his bag down on a table, hang his hat behind the door, and disappear into the stack room. Usually it took him quite a time to find the book he wanted. Then he would come back across the reading room again, this time on tiptoe and less quietly. He would choose a chair as near to a light as he could get and hook an eye-shade on his ears. From that time forth there was no disturbing him until the hour came to dim the lights.

Lucy Wallis never knew what book this silent man was reading. He always put it back in its right stall before he left the building. She used to watch when he was working, to see if he would steal a glance at her. She never caught him doing it, and never drew from him a more responsive greeting than a nod. She was sorry that was so. He was a student. He was lonely. There was a good deal they might have talked about, presumably a good deal they had in common. More, for instance, than she had with the Chicago lady or the people in her boarding house or the high-school boys who came to her for subjects for their essays.

It was a little dreary in the evenings after half past eight. Lucy Wallis was well schooled in the indifference of men. They had been hanging their hats behind the door and nodding their "good evenings" from across the room for fifteen years. But here was a lost waif like herself. Friendship—a break in the routine of empty evenings: surely that much lay within the bounds of reason.

There was always an even chance that the reading room would be deserted after seven forty-five, and to-night the place was quiet. Lucy Wallis and the young man with the eye-shade had it to themselves. A clock above the case of files made more racket with its ticks

han either of them. The young man was reading. He had been sitting there since half past six, elbows on the table, eyes intent upon the slowly turning pages underneath the light.

Lucy Wallis had a book she liked; but she had watched this man uneasily for half an hour. And now she slid the top drawer of her desk half open, let the book slip into it, and walked across the room. The young man rose as promptly as Macbeth confronting Banquo's ghost.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," she began.

He bowed, unhooked his eye-shade from his ears, and peered at her through glasses quite as prepossessing as her own.

"A new book came to-day," she said. "I thought I'd speak to you about it because you might want to read it. It's Bertrand Russell on the theory of the atom."

He cleared his throat. It was a book, he said, that he would read with pleasure. The atom was an interesting subject. A very interesting subject. He was glad that she had let him know.

He told her this in heavy whispers, as though the room were filled with sleepers and the hour late.

"There's no one in the building," she suggested. "I don't think you need talk that way."

He agreed that this was true. It was the force of habit.

For a moment he looked down at his book, and Lucy Wallis followed him. She couldn't read the title. The book lay on its face, as if it, too, considered safety lay in numbers.

It was more than she had planned, but she sat down in a chair beside the table. "You read a great deal, don't you?" she observed.

"I like to read when I can find good books," he said. "And then, you see, I don't know many people here."

She nodded. Did he see that she was sitting down? He was still standing there behind his straight-backed chair, and seemed to be deciding whether he

could roll his eye-shade flat enough to make it lie inside a pocket.

"There's nothing like a good book," she remarked. "So many people waste their time. Dancing every night, and moving pictures."

She was wondering if he ever danced, and what he thought of picture shows.

He kept his feet upon the highway of a literary conversation. "Of course, teaching in the public schools, I have to read a good deal anyway," he said. "Sort of keep abreast of things, you know."

There was a sandy lock of hair that hung down on his forehead. Probably, she thought, if he didn't comb it straight so often it would curl.

"What do you read most nights in here?" she asked him.

"Oh—different things. I go out in the stacks and find them."

"I know," she said. "I've seen you. You're about the only one who comes in here and picks out his own books. Most people ask me where to find them."

He looked his guilt. "Of course, if there's a rule"—

"Oh, no. There isn't any rule. Most people don't know which way the numbers go."

"I see," he said. "I rather like to hunt around, because—well, I read different sorts of things, you see, and sometimes I don't know just what I want until I see the title."

"Don't you?" She was surprised at that. "You always look as if you had your mind made up. I mean when you go out there to the stack room. I've always thought—I've thought when I was sitting at the desk and saw you—that you knew just what you wanted from the start."

"I like to look round a little, first. I guess you know the way I mean. I've noticed you do quite a bit of reading too."

He had observed that much, at any rate, she thought. That eye-shade must be made with a transparent brim.



"You see, I don't know many people either," she suggested. (His hair would be presentable if he would comb it right.) "And then, it's a treat to read something worth while, now and then. You know, most people who come here for books read fiction all the time, the lightest sort of fiction. After I've been helping them hunt stories all day long I like to do a little reading of my own."

"Philosophy?" he asked. "That sort of thing?"

She nodded.

"That's fine," he said. "There's nothing like a book to keep your mind on edge. I don't meet many people of that sort out here."

She smiled. Perhaps this would do them for a starter. She rose and pushed the chair back to the table.

"I mustn't forget," she told him, "that I have work to do." How could she?

"It was good of you to come and tell me of that book," he assured her. "What was it—atoms, I believe you said?"

"I'm glad I spoke to you. And would you mind if I told you something? I like to talk with people who really care for books—I mean books that count."

He nodded, cleared his throat again, and stretched his wings to pay her back the compliment. "It's a pleasure to find somebody in Centerville who reads the books you read."

She left him, went back to her desk, took out her book again. Across the room he buckled on his eye-shade.

Together, while the clock ticked, they sat reading.

He, *The Girl of the Limberlost*.

She, the desert story of *The Sheik*.

## STRAWBERRIES (AND OTHERS) IN SEASON

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

STRAWBERRIES have long seemed to me a supreme fruit. Grapes may be more rich, pears more aristocratic. But amazing as the perfection of these appears, they have a slowness in the

attaining of it which seems in a measure to account for it; whereas the strawberry, of a more *passant* order, has an added charm and wonder lent it by its very transitivity; much as the violet and daffodil and iris, that so beautifully come and richly go, are to the observant not spring flowers only, but passing pageantry of a kind; so that when the birds flute, and the woodpecker drums, the narcissus seems not merely the sweetest of the transient spring flowers, but, to anyone with an eye for royalty, a sweet white princess passing by in delicate distinguished panoply across the lengthening grass. Transiency! Transiency! There is the secret! The perfect passing moment! The moment of a passing perfection.

But granted that transiency adds much to the wonder of strawberries, then add to that a now acquired, unlikely, artificial haste in the passing; a flight almost, so that you may even lose them altogether, and then think, only, of their perfection!

In the "good old days" there was a definite strawberry season. Small boxes of the fruit were then infrequent or unknown. Farmers shipped the berries lavishly from nearby sun-warmed fields in crates composed of a series of large flats called "drawers." Grocers displayed these with pride. They lifted the pink mosquito netting to give you a better look at the beauties that strawberries then were—red, sound, and sweet to the core.

If they pleased you—and how could they do else?—the grocer began scooping them up with a wooden paddle, and dumped them into a square paper quart bucket. He dropped them slowly, with pride, so that you might see how sound, how ripe!

You carried them home in triumph. Strawberries, in perfection, had come at last! So they came, in those days, at a certain season, amid bird flutings and rejoicings; remained, lasted for a certain while, yes, quite definitely, and then were gone gradually, gradually, and al-

ways it seemed to me, a little mournfully, like a waning moon. Ah, might they but have lasted for months! So youth comes and goes and is remembered.

In my first twenties I came to New York, New York with its broadening experiences and sophistications. The very groceries were sophisticated.

The one I knew best belonged to one George Stahler, though it was his wife who was the *esprit fort*.

One day in January, what to my delighted eyes should appear in one of its windows but strawberries! Only a box, a small square box. But never mind! Strawberries in January! Imported from the South! How wonderful!

Mrs. Stahler, the proprietress, at my request, took them out of the window and showed them to me. They were, she assured me, beauties. And for the price. A dollar a box! Well, the price was not so staggering; considering that there was a snowstorm taking place outside the window, it even seemed to me moderate. A dollar for a miracle! Really a bargain! Yet I soon saw that they were not indeed such strawberries as I had in mind and memory.

"But aren't they a little *green*?" I said, noting the paleness of their color, and a certain indubitable hardness about them.

Mrs. Stahler looked at me coldly, as though to inquire what it was really that I wanted. What did I expect to buy for a dollar, in January, from the South—a quart of the moon?

"You can't possibly get anything better than those," she said, setting them down on the counter with finality.

Precisely! Nevertheless, I bought them. Not to buy strawberries in January, at the first chance, is to refuse the gifts of the gods.

But I had scant pleasure in the eating of them. They were indeed strawberries, but strawberries, worldly, traveled, blasé, much acquainted with the ice box.

Nevertheless, from January to May, at long intervals, I bought strawberries,

always hoping for the perfect moment, always seeking the perfect fruit, sound, ripe, sun-warmed, which my memory knew. Disappointment only whetted my appetite. By the latter part of June I told myself I should find the strawberries of old that I sought.

One day in late May I asked Mrs. Stahler if she had any strawberries.

"No. We didn't buy any to-day. They are not good now."

"When *will* the good ones come?"

She gave me an appraising, and, I thought, a withering glance.

"Strawberries? They have *gone*. The season is over. We have got good raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, peaches, melons." She took up one of the latter and tossed it heavily, testingly in the hand.

Gone! Could I have overslept the season? Was I, like Bottom, translated? What was my part in all this comedy? And these other fruits in May that were not due until July, August, and later. I looked at them: at the peaches. They were as green as green almonds, with spots of rouge on their cheeks.

And strawberries. Gone! Gone, I tell you, like a bird that is flown.

Well, I took my resolve. They should not again escape me. Another year I would catch up with them, and have them at their perfect moment: ripe, red strawberries of the old, aristocratic, soul-satisfying sort.

But since then, having lived for the most part in the city, never have I caught up with strawberries, real strawberries; for the other kind, that can be had from January to May are scarcely strawberries at all by the old reckoning.

Yet I am an optimistic person; I am still fondly hoping to overtake strawberries—to catch up with them, as they fly and elude me. But year after year goes and strawberries still escape me; and not strawberries only: that is the worst of it! If it were only strawberries—along with other small fruit!

But there is, it seems, a terrible unity and consistency in life; and once we



have got the knack of forcing or rushing the season, be sure we shall not stop at strawberries. Did they not contrive only some months since to hatch an entire midsummer storm of the most complete order in a wintry laboratory, and could produce you another at any time of the year, as Mrs. Stahler brings strawberries out of the icebox in January?

But there is more and worse than this, to which our inventions and our taste for the unseasonable have brought us.

Once upon a time, before we had learned to rush so, when refrigerated freight cars were still to be invented, young princes and princesses walked the world in incomparable transient pageantry, as ever did the iris; hailed, expected, and revered, at that certain but beautifully passing season that youth then was. Who having known them but recalls the ripeness, the beauty, the perfection of them; sound, sweet to the core?

Always art has cherished their perfection. See those young men still bending their temperate beautiful bodies "over a horse's prance," immortal on the Parthenon; see Persephone in Enna; Nausicaa by the river shore; Juliet in her balcony; Miranda on her island; Lucy by the river; Renée on the Adriatic, yes, and even at Tourdestelle—and how many more; all young, "forever young, forever fair," untouched, unaged by our inventions and our prematurities.

Often, when I see the young people of to-day, it is of these others that I think a little wistfully, somewhat as I remember the strawberries of my youth when Mrs. Stahler exhibited specimens of the fruit, behind glass, in a January snow-storm, like a triumph.

For dear as young people—if it were merely because of their youth—always are to me; there are many to-day who seem a kind of anticipatory, premature, exotic fruit, of a rather green and hard order; they, too, behind glass, as it were, in January; shut away from the whirling snowstorms of reality, as from the warm fields of it, and from the universe outside.

Oh, I know. They think they are very experienced. They who have traveled so far! They in such refrigerated transport of extraordinary egotism! They in such particular and expensive demand! I know how well convinced they are that, more than ever youth was before, *they* are acquainted with reality. Yes. I know. Heaven bless them! That is their dear delusion.

Some of them are so beautiful, too, and always with that utterly, strangely immature maturity that marks them as peculiarly of this day and generation. I saw one not long since, exquisite as the Shulamite; but upon closer acquaintance so curiously sophisticated, so indubitably imported, blasé (a dollar a box and high at the price!). She was blowing smoke to heaven from a cigarette between appealingly, amusingly childish fingers, and discussing "week-end husbands."

Well, after all, how can one be anything but optimistic, so long as there are young people and strawberries in the world? Some day, I tell myself, I shall come upon youth in all its perfection; shall come upon some Juliet, some Renée, some Miranda, to the manner born; young with the incomparable soundness and ripeness of youth. Someday, I tell myself, I shall catch up with strawberries



# Prohibition: Advertisement: Organization

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

SOME remarks about Prohibition in the Easy Chair of the January Number of this magazine have given dissatisfaction to a lady in Minnesota. She writes about it at some length, expressing especial displeasure with a quotation from Towner's *Philosophy of Civilization* which sets forth that the drinking nations have always beaten the non-drinking nations in all particulars worth mentioning. That is Mr. Towner's assertion and not the assertion of the Easy Chair, but, roughly speaking, it seems true. Drink and civilization have usually come along hand-in-hand. Peoples not capable of making and handling intoxicants have not been capable of progressive civilization. In visible things, the drinking nations have got pretty well to the front, though whether it was because they had alcohol, or in spite of it, is not so clear.

Mr. Towner's argument about it is worth attention from persons who have never thought of alcohol as anything but a poison, a noxious thing to be exterminated. Mr. Brisbane said the other day that it would be sixty years before we knew whether Prohibition did good or harm. He thought it would take a couple of generations at least to test the effects of it. The people who think it a great panacea, do not realize in what degree they are betting on an uncertainty. It is a gamble. If it really prevails and lasts, it may do us good, it may do us damage, but no one can estimate the net result.

"It is now an accepted fact," writes

our friend in Minnesota, "that those who use alcohol habitually as a beverage, even moderately, are far less immune to disease than those who abstain entirely from its use. That alcohol is one of the most pronounced obstructions to sound judgment and pure thought is accepted by scientists, and is evinced by the fact that business firms everywhere prefer to employ men who do not use alcohol as a beverage and many firms refuse to employ any but total abstainers from its use." "Now in the face of these truths," she says, "what has the Easy Chair to say?"

It says, for one thing, that accepted facts must be judged by the qualifications of the persons who accept them. For many centuries it was an accepted fact that the sun moved and the earth stood still, and any one who denied it was liable to get into trouble with the authorities. The lady in Minnesota is advised not to lean too heavily on the accepted facts of the apostles of Prohibition, or even of the unidentified authorities whom she calls the "scientists," but to rely as much as possible on her own observations. If she sees people who she knows are not rigid abstainers, getting along with life, useful, and respected, and as healthy as other people, she may suspect that not all the information she has accepted is sound. If, as is possible, the opportunity to observe drinking except in its more objectionable forms is no longer good—and possibly never has been good—in her town, perhaps she will take the word of the Easy Chair that



hereabouts, before Prohibition, total abstainers were few, yet things went along pretty well, and work was done, bills paid, families raised, churches supported, and a large proportion of the children went to school. Moreover, the Easy Chair read in the newspaper two days ago, and accepted it as probably true, that in the course of the last hundred years, while the demon Rum was ramping and roaring up and down these now regenerated States, and obstructing the intellects and facilitating the diseases of his victims, the expectation of life increased by fifteen years.

The function of alcohol is not to promote sound judgment and pure thought. It is not often good at that. Work and drink go better apart. The main use of drink is for relaxation, though for some people it works in usefully as a detail of diet. Wisely used, it makes dinner parties livelier, public dinners more tolerable, wedding guests more blithe and life in general pleasanter.

Has the lady in Minnesota happened lately to dip into *The Pilgrim's Progress*? The Easy Chair, feeling the need of pious guidance, did so the other day and was astonished and a little appalled at the circulation of rum through that holy volume. The pilgrims were constantly having drinks poked at them to put distance between themselves and the City of Destruction. Not the ungodly gave them reviving draughts, and cordials, and flasks to carry with them in case of emergency, but the demure and saintly entertainers whose office it was to give the pilgrims rest and lodging and send them on their way.

Avoid that book, dear lady in Minnesota. It is sadly out of date. The Bible is by no means up to the level of the Eighteenth Amendment, but it doesn't reek with rum as Bunyan does.

Rum is dangerous, but so are lots of other things—poison gas, airplanes, divorce, delay, the new explosives that await the next war, the creeds, the preachers, the Senate, spiritism, nationalism, internationalism, legislation, half-

knowledge. Almost everything that has any punch in it is dangerous. Are we to abolish all such things, or is it better to get along with them? There is no good gift that some folks will not abuse. From birth to death we go our pilgrimage with our lives in our hands, but who wouldn't rather carry them so than entrust them to the care of a committee! If Prohibition is an attempt to buy physical well-being at cost of spiritual welfare it will do harm. Courage and self-control are spiritual qualities. Can we spare them? Prohibition is confession that we cannot manage rum. But we ought to. To some extent it is good, and we ought to have that good, and if we have the right stuff in us we can profit by it. But Prohibition says we are beaten and must give up our birthright.

It is honestly doubted by thousands of decent, intelligent, and well-informed persons whether the abolition of alcohol as a beverage is to be desired. The reasons for this doubt are not hard to come by. Those who entertain it do not entertain it because they are devoted to rum. As compared with the public welfare in the long run, the pleasures of drink do not weigh with them much. They think the cost of Prohibition is too great, morally, physically, and financially. They think the final result of it will not be good, but bad. They think the drink problem can be, and ought to be so handled that the maximum of good will result and a minimum of mischief. What the Minnesota lady and thousands of others of her sort should really try to understand is that there is another side to the drink question.

But really there is no need to worry or make long arguments about Prohibition. People are getting philosophical about it. It is going to take care of itself. Where the Solons and the Dracos who have devised its provisions have fallen short, the common citizens on whom it falls to apply them will bring the necessary remedies. Where the restrictions meet with due measure of approval they will stand; where they turn out to do

more harm than good and make more trouble than they are worth, they will fall into disuse. If the Amendment lasts long enough it will probably develop domestic wine-making and perhaps domestic brewing on an extensive scale. The real enemy that the prohibition law was made to fight was the merchandising of intoxicants, the crowding of them on the market, the cultivation of a demand for them by too much advertising and too many saloons. What brought on Prohibition was the highly developed salesmanship of the distillers, the liquor dealers and brewers.

What will salesmanship do next? It is a very modern thing in the degree in which we now have it. Advertisement is its brother and sister, and that also in its present development is novel and unmeasured. What a din is made in this modern world by folks who want to sell things! What an extraordinary place they have made for themselves! They are the foundation on which stands the whole contemporary structure of newspapers and periodicals. This dependence of the press upon the advertiser is one of a lot of processes that are working out almost imperceptibly. The results come along so gradually and with so little noise that when they arrive one starts back at the sight of them notwithstanding he has been looking on at their advance since they were in the cradle. One remembers, if he is old enough, when there were still dry-goods stores, but now there are department stores with dry goods as one detail in them. There goes on a constant organization of everything—the swallowing up of small fish by great. The system of branch banks is just now struggling for country-wide extension. There is opposition and maybe it won't spread beyond local limits, but the chain stores are going everywhere—cigar stores, more recently groceries, milk stores, fruit stores, and who knows what not? These innovations ought to bring the consumer nearer to the maker and the

grower. They do, probably, when they begin and until the opposition of the individual concerns is killed off. What happens then ought to be disclosed by statistics on the cost of living.

Now in great cities like New York newspapers seem to be going the way of the old dry-goods stores and going into few hands and strong. The editor is less, the publisher is more. The newspaper job is less and less to expound right and wrong and form opinion, and more and more to merchandise the news. Mr. Munsey has beaten the record as an accumulator of New York newspapers. He has bought seven and made them into three. He does it well, but it is like offering three plates of ice cream, all flavored with vanilla—no strawberry, no pistachio, no chocolate; all vanilla. The other flavors must now be sought at other stands—from the *World*, the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the Hearst papers. The *Sun*, the *Globe*, the *Mail*, the *Telegram* and the *Herald* are all vanilla.

To be sure, the *Post* is outside the combination, but Mr. Curtis bought that, and one does not know yet what the flavor of it is to be. Mr. Curtis does the kind of thing he does surpassingly well, though he does make monsters. It may be consoling to him that he makes some of them pay, but that does not abate the wonder if there is not something that nature abhors even more than she does a vacuum.

The thing that has made Mr. Curtis rich is that he has been able to sell the attention of readers. He pokes things at them and they look at them and he is paid for poking because they look. They get no pay for looking; that is what they give him; and because he can make them give it without charge, he is a rich and successful man. And a wonderful man, too; almost as remarkable in his way as Henry Ford himself.

Mr. Munsey with his string of vanilla-flavored newspapers is quite remarkable also, for indeed he makes pretty good newspapers. He knows how. His papers are not unduly sensational. They are



clean, and get the news, and have interesting items in them. A liberal-minded man, disgruntled with the present course of things, could hardly free his soul in any of them, but as a merchandiser of the news Mr. Munsey is pretty good.

Frank Cobb used to say that in that particular the *Times* beat everybody, but it is possible that Mr. Munsey knows, or will get to know, the job about as well as Mr. Ochs.

The *World* under Frank Cobb as Editor has been a very great newspaper. Undoubtedly, it will try to keep on being so. The owners who backed Cobb did a great public service, and bereaved as they are by Cobb's untimely taking off, their journal is still the hope of the liberals in New York.

If someone would expound the limits of organization that would be helpful. If all the visible world is to be organized, access to the invisible world must be improved for the relief of folks who want to go their own gait. If life is to be impossible in this world except on the herd basis, not everyone will like the prospect. We must think out, somehow, how much of us it is necessary to organize, and how much can escape.

Moreover, the nations must do the same. The League of Nations is an organization to escape war. The alternative to it—armament—preparedness—also implies organization. One may prefer the League because it involves less organization than the other way; also because it may do the job, and we know by long experience that preparedness won't.

Organization nowadays seems indispensable to accomplish any considerable thing in human affairs, but still at the heart of it all is individualism, and without that it can get nowhere. So there is something about us that can be organized, and something that is and always must be individual and which we must never suffer to merge with the herd if we are to amount to anything. The League of Nations is a plan to save the world by

organization, but Mr. Wilson, its chief designer and promoter, was as distinct an individualist as one could find. At this writing his funeral is just over, and his character and political career have been the main topics of public discussion for five days, crowding into second place even the apprehensive considerations of the oil scandals in Washington. The end of that discussion is nowhere in sight, though, of course, it will subside enough to give room to thought and speech about current matters that require settlement. It is likely to run more or less through this year's presidential campaign, and possibly will determine what issues shall govern it.

Mr. Wilson had come to be the most interesting human figure in the world; probably the most noted man; possibly the most revered. We are very apt to see men bigger than they really are at the moment of their death. The concentration of thought on them that is induced by their departure usually exaggerates them. And so perhaps current feeling about Mr. Wilson is exaggerated; but we cannot tell about that until the final results of his labors have worked out and it is possible to estimate what he accomplished. He was President of the United States at the time of a great crisis in human affairs in which the United States finally played a great part. It is great crises that make great men, but only provided that characters show up that are capable of great development. You can beat iron into a sword, but there must be iron to beat. Beat you ever so skilfully, you cannot make a sword out of a lath.

There was iron in Mr. Wilson, and it stood a lot of beating before it broke. There are many who see in him the greatest, most potent, and most useful character of his time. Their belief in him is very deep. What will justify it, if it is justified, is the final triumph of that conception of the co-operation of the nations to prevent war with which his name is identified, and to the furtherance of which he gave all he had.



SOON DEVELOPED, FOR A JELLYFISH, CONSIDERABLE PEEVE

# The Foolish Jellyfish and the Rude Herring

BY BARON IRELAND

A JELLYFISH who pastured in the Gulf of Mexico  
Consumed his time in drifting to and, for variety, fro.  
The balmy sunshine warmed him as he rode the gentle swells,  
And for food he just absorbed whatever touched him (minus shells).

He passed his whole existence in this bland, complacent way,  
Drifting seaward, drifting landward with the changing tides each day;  
Never fretting, never sweating, quite contented with his lot;  
Flaccid, massive, idle, passive—never moving from one spot.

But one morn appeared a stranger who disrupted with a swish  
All the placid otiosity of the luckless jellyfish.  
’Twas a small but active herring who pursued his daily food  
With a singleminded vigor which the jellyfish thought crude.

Just at first he smiled benignly at the herring’s bustling vim  
Since the latter’s agile efforts also benefited him,

For by stirring up more seaspawn for his private pabulum  
The herring also helped to fill the jellyfish’s tum.  
But as time went on the immigrant, by working long and hard,  
Culled the choicest protozoa from the jellyfish’s yard,  
And that person, roused from languor as he watched his diet leave,  
Soon developed, for a jellyfish, considerable peeve.  
“You employ,” he told the herring in a stern and lofty tone,  
“An unsportsmanlike advantage by the use of your backbone.  
It enables you to hustle at a highly rapid rate  
Inconsistent with the dignity of an invertebrate.  
“I’m a native—you came later to this section of the sea,  
Which confers a prior right to all the finest food on me.  
Too, invertebrates are, as a race, superior to fish,  
As is known.” Replied the herring, “Me no speaka da English.”  
“As, when rudely interrupted, I was just about to say,”  
The jellyfish continued, “You should cease to act this way.



While I'm glad to see you hustle—if you wish, to work all night,  
You should leave for me the tidbits—that, I've shown, is only right!"

Wholly satisfied his logic had got over with a bang,  
The jellyfish complacently concluded his harangue;  
But the herring merely muttered, "Me no unnerstan'," and went

On pursuing all the seaspawn which appeared most esculent.

Then the jellyfish grew angry at this callous lack of heed

And remarked, "It's plain that immigrants are wholly ruled by greed.

In surroundings so distasteful cultured Nordics can't survive;

I shall seek a spot where I again with dignity may thrive."

So with grunts and groans of effort he unwillingly set forth,

But he struck a tidal current which conveyed him swiftly north;

Cold and colder grew the water, protozoa ceased to swarm,

And he had to wiggle briskly just to keep alive and warm.

So he wiggled and he wriggled, though at first he railed at Fate,

Till he found by constant wiggling he'd become a vertebrate!

Yes, the forces which had thrust him out to hustle on his own

Had by press of harsh necessity developed his backbone!

Then a further space of wiggling furnished him with tail and fin,

Till he found he was as active as the herring erst had been,

So with fire in his optic (meaning eye) he said "I'll go

And I'll chase that interloper from the Gulf of Mexico!

"Once again I'll bask in sunshine and the bliss I knew of old

Where there's lots of protozoa and the water isn't cold,

While as for that lowbrowed immigrant, I'll sure give him the gate.

I'll teach that bird to meddle with a Nordic vertebrate!"

So he hastened to his home-sea, while his ire grew and grew,

But the herring, as he soon found out, had greatly altered too.

In that peaceful gulf of plenty he had lost his manners crude,

And no longer hustled madly and voraciously for food.

As the jellyfish had hardened where he had to work or freeze,

So the herring had been mellowed by the milder southern seas

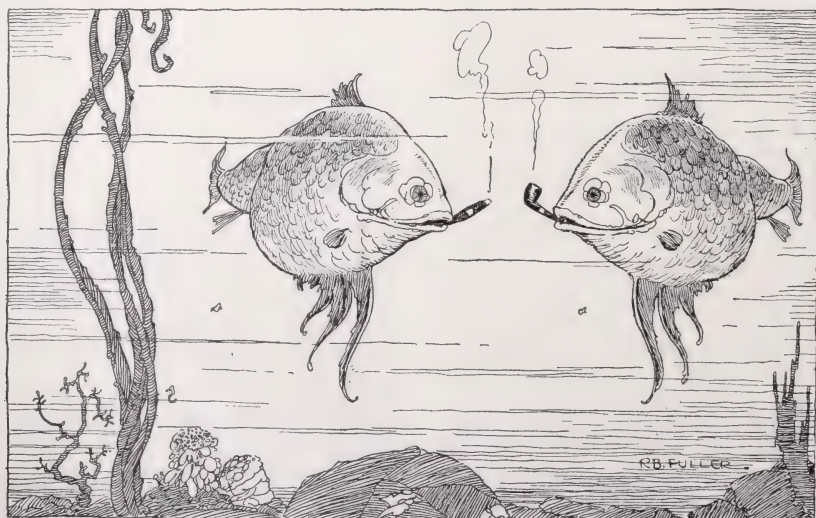
And they only took a moment to discover with a start

That they'd grown so like each other they could not be told apart!

So the jellyfish forgot his plan the herring to eject,  
While the herring bade him welcome in a Nordic dialect,

Thus they shared the sea in friendship; and the moral of our myth

Is for Spravcek and Bonfigli, but it's even more for Smith.



THEY'D GROWN SO LIKE EACH OTHER THEY COULD NOT BE TOLD APART

## Too Much at Stake

THE debating society met in the little schoolhouse and the question for discussion was: "Resolved, that the works published under the name of William Shakespeare were really written by Lord Bacon."

The debate was fierce and prolonged and the "Baconians," having learned all that could be said in favor of their contention, made really a very plausible case, and had decidedly much the better of the argument. However, at the close of the discussion the three judges who had been selected held a brief consultation, and decided in favor of the negative.

"Why did you decide against us?" subsequently asked one of the disputants. "You know we presented good arguments while the other fellows didn't show any."

"That's all right," answered the judge to whom this question was addressed, "but two of us had just bought expensive copies of *The Works of William Shakespeare* that cost us fifteen dollars. Do you suppose we were going to acknowledge that Shakespeare didn't write 'em?"

## Returning the Play

THE captain of a schooner that trades between New York and Savannah is noted for his wit, and on every possible occasion looses his shafts of humor, to the chagrin and embarrassment of their target. Sooner or later the stinger always gets stung, and he was no exception to the rule.

On one occasion, when about two days out from New York, he approached a group of sailors who were washing the forward deck, and singling out a big, raw-boned Irishman, who was experiencing his first taste of sailor's life, he gravely asked:



## Uncrowded Occupations

*Milkers of Grade A Rocky Mountain Goats*

"Can you steer the mainmast down the forecandle stairs?"

Instantly came the reply, "Yis, sor, I can, if you will stand below and coil it up."

## No Time for Foolishness

IT happened during an encampment of the militia in a Middle West state. An overzealous sentry said to an officer whom he had halted:

"I can't let you go by without the password, sir."

"But confound you! I tell you I have forgotten it. You know me well enough. I am Major Dickie."

"Can't help it, sir, must have the password."

Then there came a voice from the tent:

"Oh, don't stand there arguing with him all night, Harry; shoot him!"

## Dampened His Ardor

PRETTY Patricia was bantering Augustus, a genial bachelor, on his reasons for remaining single.

"No-o," he said, "I never was exactly *disappointed* in love. I was what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became enamored of a young lady to whom I was mortally afraid to communicate my feeling; but at last I

screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said: 'Let's get married!'

"And she replied, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us?'"

## The Modern Decalogue

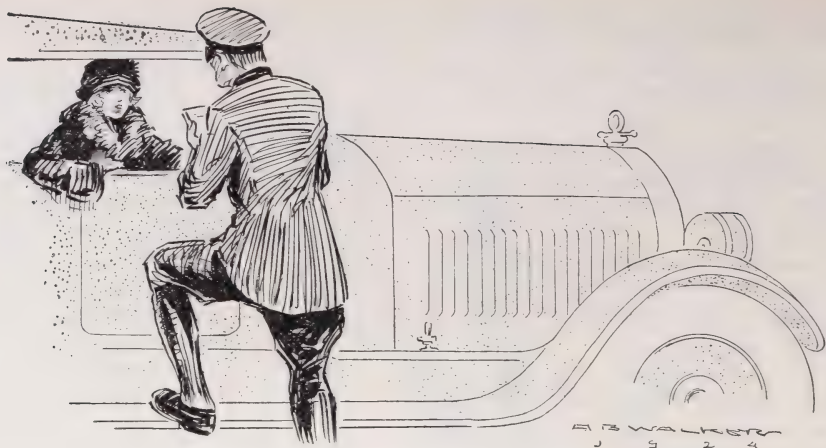
IN an elementary school a teacher had given a lesson in an infants' class on the Ten Commandments. In order to test their memories she asked: "Can anyone give me a Commandment with only four words in it?"

A hand was raised immediately.

"You may answer, Harold."

"Keep off the grass," was the reply.





OFFICER: "And your name, please?"  
LAWYER'S DAUGHTER: "Jane Doe."

#### Thrashing Days

**D**OWN in that section of Southern Illinois known as "Egypt" they tell the following story of Jed Hulbert, a "sand" farmer with a country-wide reputation for all-around meanness. One of Jed's neighbors passed by the Hulbert farm one day and, seeing Jed's youngest boy sitting on the fence, stopped to pass the time of day.

"Well, sonny," he said, "it's a nice day."

"Yep."

"When's yer paw goin' to start thrashin'?"

"Start!" replied the boy, rubbing his back tenderly. "He started on me and Jim last night, took Bud this mornin', an' I guess he's goin' to do Bill an' Jake this afternoon!"

#### Breaking It Gently

**R**EGINALD, aged nineteen, had, against the wishes of his parents, married a young woman of the chorus. Just after the ceremony, in telling a friend how to break the news to his father and mother, he said:

"Tell them first I am dead; then gently work up to the climax."

#### One Woman's Wisdom

**F**LITTERBY had expressed surprise to his wife that she had engaged such a pretty nurse for their youngest.

"I know your weakness, of course, Harold," said the wife, "but I engaged this girl because I wanted the child to have police protection when in the park or on the street."

#### Of Slight Importance

**I**T appears that one McIntosh, who had summoned a doctor in the middle of the night, thus addressed the medico when he arrived. "Aye, doctor, mon, I'm sorry we ca'd ye on such a treevial job. Ye see, we thoct wee Wullie had swallowed a hauf croon, but my wife has been countin' up her cheenge, an' it turns out to be only a penny."

#### Scandal

**A**N American brings back this story of a Cockney scandal.

"Did you notice," asked one lady of another in the region roundabout Bow Bells, "that Mrs. 'Awkins 'ad a black eye?"

"Did I not?" was the answer. "And 'er 'usband not out of prison for another week. I don't call it respectable, I don't."

#### Driven by Necessity

**T**HE energetic brakeman, going over his freight train for the second time, looked in the door of an empty box-car from which he had evicted a negro tramp on his first round, and found that the tramp had returned.

"I thought I kicked you out of here once," yelled the brakeman.

"Yes, suh," was the reply, "but ah had to come back again, suh."

"Why?"

"All the othah cahs on the train am full up!"

# PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**H. M. Tomlinson**, formerly associate editor of the *London Nation*, and war correspondent for the *London Daily News*, is the author of *The Sea and the Jungle*, *London River*, and *Junk*. His article in next month's issue, "Rice and Volcanoes," will describe his adventures in Java. **Marion Bullard** is a student of art at Woodstock, N. Y. **Sandra Alexander** (Mrs. Frank C. Lewis) resides at Norfolk, Virginia. She has been a contributor of stories to various magazines.

**Gamaliel Bradford's** new series of "Bare Souls," beginning in the Magazine this month, recalls his former series of portraits, "Damaged Souls," which has had unprecedented success in book form. **W. H. Davies** is the well-known English poet. His *Collected Poems* has recently been issued in this country by Harper & Brothers. **Anne Goodwin Winslow** is a poet who has appeared in various distinguished periodicals. **Harvey O'Higgins** received extended mention in this column last month. **Burges Johnson** is Associate Professor of English at Vassar College.

"A Gentleman with a Duster" is the author of that famous volume of English political portraits, *Mirrors of Downing Street*, which has served as a model for similar volumes of anonymous revelations in America. **Walter Millis** is an editorial writer on the *New York Sun*. **Caroline Ainslie**, who resides at Portland, Oregon, is a new contributor to HARPER'S.

**Sir Oliver Lodge** is one of the most distinguished of English scientists, whose recent work has been largely in the field of psychical research. **Katharine Upham Hunter** writes from her own experiences on a New Hampshire farm. **Susan Ertz** is an English writer. Another delightful comedy, entitled "Trumpery," will soon be published in this Magazine. **Caroline Crosby Wilson**, of Brooklyn, New York, is a new contributor to the Magazine.

**Everett Dean Martin** is a well-known writer and lecturer on sociological subjects, now at the head of the People's Institute,

New York. His article in the present issue is taken from a forthcoming study of religious experience soon to appear in book form. **Lawton Mackall** writes in lighter vein for various magazines. **Percy Waxman** has frequently contributed humorous verse and prose to HARPER'S.

**Charles Merz** has been an associate editor of the *New Republic* and a staff correspondent for the *New York World*. **Laura Spencer Portor** is one of the editors of the *Woman's Home Companion*. **Baron Ireland** is the pen name of Nate Salisbury, who has contributed frequently to the *Lion's Mouth* and *Editor's Drawer*.



Readers who have enjoyed the Thackeray letters in recent issues of the Magazine will be glad to hear that they are available for permanent preservation between book covers, in a newly published volume entitled *Thackeray and His Daughter*. This volume contains also many recollections of Thackeray which were not printed in the Magazine, as well as the letters and journals of his daughter, Lady Ritchie. The Editor of the volumes (as of the letters in the Magazine) is Hester Thackeray Ritchie, the novelist's granddaughter. Lady Ritchie had a wide and friendly acquaintance among the outstanding figures of the Victorian era; Carlyle, Huxley, George Eliot, Tennyson, and many another historic personage walk through the pages of the book, giving it an interest and value not only to lovers of Thackeray but to all who enjoy intimate recollections of the great men and women of nineteenth-century England. The book contains many delightful drawings by Thackeray and Lady Ritchie.



Short story writers are hereby reminded that the first competition in the Prize Short Story Contest conducted by the Magazine closes March 31st. For the three best stories submitted in the Contest the Magazine offers a first prize of \$1,250, a



second prize of \$750, and a third prize of \$500. The judges as previously announced, are Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry.

The second competition will run from April 1st to June 30th; the third, from July 1st to September 30th; and the fourth, from October 1st to the end of the year 1924. Similar prizes are offered for the best stories submitted in each of these competitions, making the total amount to be distributed in prizes, ten thousand dollars.

In case any writers may have had the impression that the holding of this Contest involves a delay in editorial decisions upon submitted manuscripts, it may be well to state that this is not the case. The conditions under which the Contest is held are printed elsewhere in the advertising pages of this issue. It will be noted that unavailable manuscripts will be returned as promptly as possible. Manuscripts which in the judgment of the Editors are acceptable for the Magazine, will be purchased promptly, and the judges will make their selection from among these. If a story already purchased is awarded a prize by the judges, the author will be paid, not only the purchase price already agreed upon, but the difference between that and the amount of the prize. Publication of the prize-winning stories will begin soon after the announcement of the judges' decision in the first competition.

Letters received by the Editors from every part of the United States indicate a widespread and lively interest in the Contest.



SAN FRANCISCO, California.

DEAR HARPER'S—I've just read Charles Caldwell Dobie's "The Cracked Teapot" in the January issue for the second time. The sheer beauty of the story held me from start to that most perfect of conclusions. Aside from the true story values, it does seem to me that Dobie has not only hit upon but developed in most dramatic and clinching form a point which is of vital import to the household purse. Too bad that a story of such subtle power cannot reach every home wherein a "cracked teapot" is the direct cause of subterfuges which result in domestic unhappiness and worse.

Now I am a writer of sorts, myself; but the type of *yarns* I turn out hit the high places only, are *milled* for readers who crave action and the broad and definite conflicts which appeal to minds not addicted to subtle nuances. Hence, since it is but a mortal weakness to look with more or less envy at the products of one who wields a more delicate pen, I confess to envying Dobie's splendid gift as displayed in "The Cracked Teapot." Not

maliciously, but with that manner of envy which prods one into desiring to do better things himself.

Congratulations to both the author who conceived and wrote the story and the editor who gave it to his reading public.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. HAMLIN.

ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

DEAR HARPER'S—I read "The Cracked Teapot" by Charles Caldwell Dobie. As a story I appreciated its merits, but I hope that you will let me say a word so that women who have on the kitchen shelf in their home a cracked teapot will not feel as Mr. Dobie did about it. I have had a fair acquaintance with cracked teapots but they differ from Mr. Dobie's. They have always meant a sweet memory, or a life-giving hope to me.

The closest teapot in my family is owned by my sister. Her husband is well aware of its existence, and all through the year he smiles indulgently over how hard she works to save the pennies that go into this teapot. It is a great game with her. She will go blocks out of her way to buy from a store where sugar is a few cents a pound cheaper and where she can save a few pennies on butter. I have known her to drive miles out in the country where she has heard that eggs sell ten cents a dozen cheaper. It is a game with her—an unending, thrilling game!

Now you would like to know just what the contents of this particular teapot means to my sister—it means her husband's Christmas present each year! Yes, and the more the teapot holds, the better his present will be. This past Christmas it meant a long wished for gold watch. Last year it was a big, comfortable reading chair. Always something that he has wanted, but which the burden of raising a family has forced him to forgo. But the smile he has worn all the year at her "game of pennies" does not appear on Christmas day when he realizes how many little pennies she has had to save in order to give him some long coveted article.

But I have known other teapots. The most popular kind being the "Education for Son or Daughter." I have known mothers to adopt the teapot method before baby left the cradle, to insure a college education for her child. What could be a more worthy ambition! Would Mr. Dobie call that petty larceny? I am sure that many a husband has been helped over a rough place along life's highway by a teapot, and I am also certain that if a true census of teapots could be taken not one would be found to exist for a selfish motive—but most of them would be dreams of the future and life-giving hope.

LUCILLE SMITH.



When Newman Levy ventured to set down his recollections of the poet Gray and to describe the writing of the famous Elegy

in the little churchyard at Stoke-Poges, he did not dream that his veracity would be questioned by teachers of English literature and others in this country. Mr. Levy has already answered his critics in these columns, but we are glad to append the following letter which has just come to hand from a resident of Stoke-Poges:

STOKE-POGES, England.

DEAR HARPER'S—My only apology for a belated intervention in the controversy between Mr. Trulock and my old friend Mr. Newman Levy is to corroborate the questioned accuracy of the statements of the last-named. A contemporary and school friend of Mr. Levy—we tied for the prize for Veracity on one occasion—I well recollect his intimacy with the author of the *Elegy*. Newman was a constant visitor at the old house in Pitkin Street where young Gray lived with his parents, and was much encouraged there by the old folks who considered his exemplary character and behaviour would be all for the good of their sons.

Newman however is inaccurate in one trifling instance. Mr. Gray senior was known in the family circle as "the judge," not because he had officiated in that rôle at a local horse race, but for the reason that regularly he acted as referee in the fine old English game of "Coddam," then a favorite recreation of the middle classes and usually played in the tap-rooms of the village ale houses.

I may add for friend Newman's information that a relative of his, presumably a great-great-grandnephew, is today living, and a cherished protege of the new English premier, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. His name—the relative I refer to—is Capital Levy, and great things are prophesied of him.

Yours faithfully,

HYAM A. DAMMLYER.

Another correspondent who has been greatly interested in Mr. Levy's recollections of the poet Gray, writes from Kansas City, Missouri:

"For my part, I should like to hear Mr. Levy's version of how the *Iliad* and *The Odyssey* were composed, and something of Homer's family life. Also, any personal recollections he may have of William Shakespeare ought to be of interest to your readers."

VELMA WEST SYKES.

This falls in with a suggestion already made to Mr. Levy by the Editors. We are sure that if Mr. Levy can be persuaded to overcome a natural reluctance to link himself with the literary great, his further reminiscences will lose nothing in comparison with those already made.

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RUSSELL, Kansas.

DEAR HARPER'S—I am not given to expressing myself to editors, but I am so moved by "The Eliot's Katy" that one humble reader's opinion must be given. I believe this to be Margaret Deland's greatest novel—as distinctively superior as is Mrs. Wharton's *Ethan Frome*.

As you are also her publishers, I am hoping that you will use the frontispiece of your December issue. Seldom does an artist catch the spirit and intention of an author as did Mr. Chambers in this picture.

Yours very truly,

MRS. R. F. ROTH.

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Apropos of the sketch of Ramsay Macdonald which appears in this issue of the Magazine, few people are aware that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was once the subject of a set of illustrations to a novel.

The late William Black, towards the end of his career as a popular novelist, had written a story which was to be serialized in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. In the course of the story a young Socialist was introduced. It was almost the first Socialist to figure prominently in a novel, and the artist to whom the illustrations were entrusted was puzzled as to his subject. He was recommended to attend a meeting of ardent young Socialists in London. He went to an obscure hall, and during the evening a young man with a striking distinction of manner addressed the meeting. "Here's my man!" said the artist to himself.

After the meeting he approached the young man and begged him to give him sittings. He consented, and in HARPER'S MAGAZINE the result appeared in the effective portrayal of the Socialist hero.

That young man is the Prime Minister of Great Britain to-day.

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In response to the requests of many readers for copies of the famous Masterpieces of Painting now being reproduced on the covers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, arrangements are being made to supply special reprints without lettering. A more definite announcement will be made later.

The painting reproduced on the cover of the May issue will be the portrait of Georgiana Elliott, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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Something of an innovation will be noted in the pages that immediately follow our Personal and Otherwise notes this month, and it may not be amiss to explain to our readers the scope and intent of this Rotogravure Style Section.

Woman's interest is no longer confined to the pages of fashion periodicals. She reads magazines of current thought in other fields with as much interest and intelligence as does man. Even if she does not think of herself consciously as "emancipated," she has largely freed herself from the old bonds and traditions which demanded that she remain exclusively in the home, occupy her hands with housework and her mind with dress.

Woman has received the franchise, she is taking her place in the councils of political parties, she is proving a worthy rival to man in literature and the other arts, she is in the van in the advance of science. In every field, except the theoretic one of preaching and the barbaric one of fighting, she is fast catching up to or even surpassing man—and she does her preaching and fighting just as effectively, but by other methods.

It is in recognition of this advance that the Rotogravure Style Section is instituted. And the material presented therein is selected in view of the fact that woman has now no time to follow the bizarre creations which many fashion magazines exploit, but wants her styles sanctioned by authority and good taste, wants the styles which she can buy.

"On what authority is this selection made?" our subscribers at once will ask.

The answer is "Upon the ultimate authority, the one which influences the merchant who serves you."

The Rotogravure Style Section is edited by *The Dry Goods Economist*, the paper by which the dealers doing seventy-five per cent of the business of the country determine what they will buy. It is a long and selective process by which the models found in this section finally are settled upon. First the styles are launched by the modistes of Paris and the other style centers. An expert staff at the Paris office of *The Dry Goods Economist* selects the most practical and salable of these models. These progress to New York, where the American manufacturers of women's requirements confer with the fashion staff of *The Economist*. In the pages of *The Economist* group 35,000 dealers read about the latest Paris styles. Thirty days later they read in the same periodicals how the American manufacturers have adapted these styles. Merchants doing seventy-five per cent of the business of the country in women's wear buy from producers on the authoritative recommendation of *The Dry Goods Economist*.

And the Rotogravure Style Section, edited by *The Dry Goods Economist*, brings to its readers, at the time the merchants are buying, the information concerning these latest Paris styles which are being featured by the American retailers. In other words, the Rotogravure Style Section will tell you what the women of position and influence, the leaders in thought and achievement, will be wearing.







*Painting by G. W. Gage*

Illustration for "Little Mexican"

"SIGNOR OOSSELAY IS AN ARTIST"

# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## A Dialogue on Things in General

BETWEEN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AND ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

To-day Shaw is incomparably the greatest of living dramatists. A critic of painting, music, and the drama, a journalistic free-lance, a novelist, a dramatist, a borough councillor, a leader of the Fabian Society, a remarkable public speaker, a vigorous champion of Communism, an organizer of the Labor Party now in office in England, a publicist whose utterances are heard round the world—with such a rich background Shaw probably has the most interesting and alert mentality possessed by anyone now living. If he is often the first victim of his own sense of humor, if his destination is often the House of Mirth instead of the Palace of Truth, if he is often impractical in his proposals and fantastic in his criticisms, he never lacks the cardinal virtue of being stimulating, provocative. In the following "Dialogue on Things in General" he speaks out his mind freely on many topics of both current and universal interest.—A. H.

A ROOM at 10 Adelphi Terrace, London, Time, February 1, 1924. Shaw's biographer, *Archibald Henderson*, tall, smooth shaven, of blond complexion, is examining intently a magnificent photograph of Einstein on the book case. On a chair lie two volumes of the Italian translation of Shaw's plays. Against one wall Mrs. Shaw's writing bureau, roofed like a motor car, bears Rodin's bust of Shaw in bronze. Around are portraits of Nietzsche, Strindberg, and Descartes, Shavian cartoons by Max Beerbohm, landscapes by Flandrin and Sartorio, drawings by Rodin, Sargent, and Rothenstein, a Whistler etching, and some reproductions of work by Philip Webb and Albrecht Dürer. Enter hurriedly, briskly rubbing his hands, his face

wreathed in friendly smiles, a tall man dressed in brown—unmistakably the great dramatist and critic of world affairs, *George Bernard Shaw*. The two men greet each other heartily.

HENDERSON. Well! well! well! My dear Shaw, it's bully to see you again after a round dozen of years. And how well you look! I suspect Sir Almroth Wright has taken a cue from "Back to Methusaleh" and conferred upon you the O. L.—Order of Longevity. Why, when I saw you last you were—shall I say?—lank; your face was unbelievably white, and your beard unmistakably red. To-day you are—shall I say?—heavy; your hair is snow white, it is true, but your face is unbelievably



ruddy. The change is very becoming—I can almost believe you have forsworn your Puritanism and Vegetarianism, and become Chesterton's most ardent disciple. Ah! I guess the riddle! You have had the Steinach operation.

SHAW. No, as far as I know, the Steinach operation has produced no results that do not occur spontaneously in occasional cases. And it is not contended by Steinach or his American followers that the operation has been more than occasionally successful. It is admitted that the alleged rejuvenations do not prolong life. And it is longevity which interests me and not the ghastly prospect of seeing all the moribund people bustling about and pretending to be gay young dogs. The prolongation of life, if it occurs, will occur as in "Back to Methusaleh," and not by vasectomy or by grafting the glands of young animals on old men.

HENDERSON. Just the same, you have not answered my question. I have heard silly stories about your having written *finis* to your career as a dramatist in this colossal, interminable drama of five plays in one, "Back to Methusaleh." And here I find you spryer than ever, with cheeks ruddy as a winter apple; perhaps the greatest play of your life has just been magnificently produced for the first time on any stage in my country, and you are evidently preparing to begin your career as a dramatist all over again. The secret is too valuable to be lost. So be a good fellow and tell me how you succeeded in remaining so youthful.

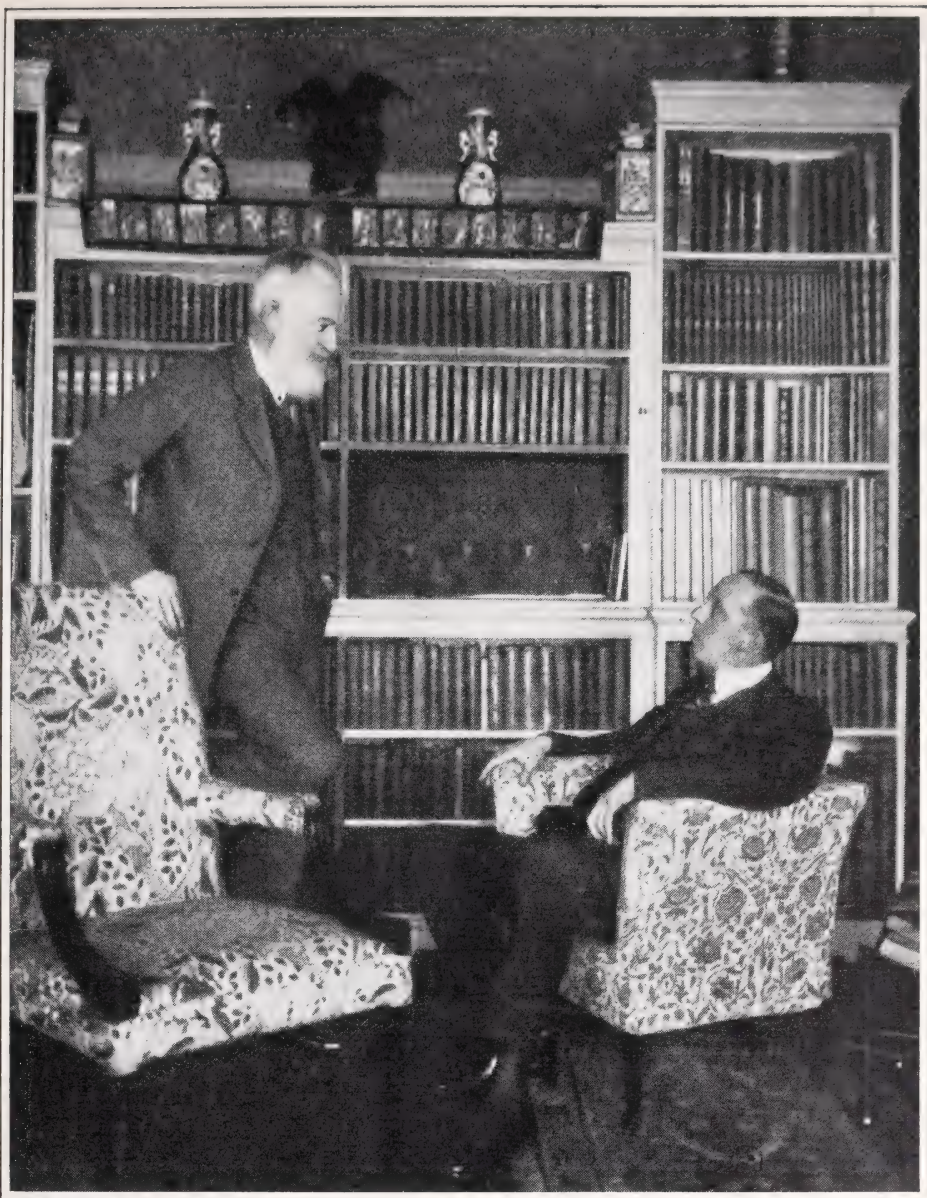
SHAW. I don't. I look my age; and I *am* my age. It is the other people who look older than they are. What can you expect from people who eat corpses and drink spirits?

HENDERSON. So you mean that as a challenge? Don't you know, my dear G. B. S., that we have National Prohibition in my country? Didn't Dame Lloyd George say in Chicago not long ago that, after the noble example set by the United States (and so resolutely broken by her

law-abiding citizens every hour, may I interpolate?), England could not long lag behind? After whisky, brandy, light wines, and beers, it is openly prophesied that later we may well expect to see tobacco, chewing gum, candy, and what not, put in the Index. Why not the flesh of the dead corpses of animals as well? The Socialist State would have to expropriate the tobacco and chewing gum kings and the packers—and that is too expensive an experiment so soon after the *Weltkrieg*. But to get back to the eternal question—Ponce de Leon's quest of the fountain of youth—what, after all, *is* the secret of longevity?

SHAW. If I knew I should not be what I am. How often must I repeat that such a discovery as the secret of longevity would change the character and conduct of the man who discovered it to such an extent that he would be in effect a different man. Louis XV said: "*Après moi, le déluge*," I said, in the appendix to "Man and Superman": "Every man over forty is a scoundrel." Take your Louis XV, and your man just turned forty, and convince him that he has another century or two to live. Would Louis have let things slide and provoked 1789? Would the man of forty bank on his being over military age and hound on his juniors to war? It is the time ahead of a man that controls him, not the time behind him. When the secret of longevity is discovered, or, as is more probable, when the thing occurs without being less a secret than it is at present—I am sixty-seven; but I can't tell you the secret of being sixty-seven any more than you can tell me the secret of being forty-six—the human race will become quite different to our present shortlived mob.

HENDERSON. Very well—have it your own way: I believe you always do, anyway. In any case I am glad to see you and to be back in England again. But I find that, as usual, I have been deceived by the Press. For six years it has been dinning into my ears that England and the United States were the



Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AND ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Damon and Pythias of nations, English-speaking Unions, Sulgrave Institutions, monuments and memorials to Washington, Lincoln, and Walter Hines Page, the Washington Conference for Limitation of Armaments, and what not testify to this beautiful *rapprochement*. But all my old friends here—after greeting me warmly—soon blurt out: “Well, Henderson, if you want brutal frankness, we all feel that Wilson came

over here, lured us into the League of Nations, then deserted us in the hour of need, leaving us to ‘hold the bag’—and ‘got away with the swag.’” To all of which I reply that our failure to join the League of Nations was a matter of local American politics, that the Irreconcilables deliberately “ditched” Wilson for party advantage, that a great majority of the American people probably desire to-day to enter the League



of Nations and would do so if a national plebiscite free of local politics could be taken on the question; and lastly—that after putting the quietus on the Central Empires and sacrificing incalculable blood and treasure without the acquisition of a fort or territory, the United States is reviled like a yeggman for “going off with the swag” because she is businesslike enough to collect the debts justly due her by the Allies. One prominent Englishman actually told me that the *intelligentsia* in Great Britain regretted now that the United States ever entered the World War because of the great mess we had bequeathed to her through our ignoble refusal to share the burdens of winning the peace! Our own Ambassador, Mr. George Harvey—who has but recently returned home—even chose to denigrate the crusading spirit of his own countrymen (for which he was roundly excoriated in the American Press, irrespective of party) in the statement in a speech in England that Americans went into the World War, not to save Europe, but—to save their own skins! Do you believe that is true?

SHAW. No; they entered it to take Germany's scalp under all sorts of romantic delusions and pretexts. The Ku Klux Klan lynches and flogs and tars and feathers because it likes these sports; but it has to find patriotic excuses for believing that negroes should be outlawed, Catholics exterminated, and inconvenient people taught Klan manners. Americans at large rushed to the front because they wanted to fight, to indulge in virtuous indignation, to see the Old World, to escape from their homes and have adventures of all sorts, to strike a blow for their ideals, and to prove to themselves and others that they were not cowards. Also, of course, because they could not help themselves. But under all these heads it is truer to say that they entered the war to risk their skins than to save them. Mr. Harvey gives them credit for more horse sense than they possessed. But in

modern states the people have no choice. They are told they are at war, and must go to the trenches. If an individual American objects on the ground that he will perhaps be shot by the enemy, the reply is that if he refuses he will certainly be shot by his friends at dawn next day. In this sense Americans may be said to have risked their skins to save their skins. But there would have been plenty of volunteers without compulsion, as there were at first in England; and their personal motives cannot be disposed of as mere self-preservation. The psychology of war is much more complicated than that. War fever is a curious disease and very infectious.

HENDERSON. You interest me strangely—as the hero says to the heroine in the popular novel. But we have wandered away from the original idea. You have been execrated for publicly asserting, prior to the Washington Conference, that England wanted to fight America. Perhaps you were misquoted. Like Nietzsche, you are a “good European.” May I ask whether you would like to see an alliance or union of the English-speaking peoples?

SHAW. People should execrate me for things I have said, not for the things that fools say I have said. I think there should be an alliance of all the peoples who are psychologically homogeneous enough to share one another's ideas. A common language certainly makes an alliance easier; though you must not forget that it also makes quarreling easier. The Americans and Chinese may utter endless insults to each other and be none the worse, because neither understands the other; but an American insult to the English or an English insult to the Americans might lead to a war. As a matter of fact, Anglo-American relations have always been strained for this very reason. No quarrels are as frequent and angry as family quarrels. Remember, too, that an alliance between Canada and the United States is much more clearly indicated geographically than an alliance between Canada and the British

Islands, to say nothing of Canada and British East Africa. The political world may integrate on geographic rather than on linguistic lines. An alliance of Germany, France, the British Empire, and the United States is what was wanted in 1913; and it is still urgently needed in spite of the three languages involved. Without it there can be no real peace in the world.

HENDERSON. Perhaps the best interests of civilization would be subserved, not by an alliance of the English-speaking peoples, but by the entry of all the nations into the League of Nations. I note that your Labor Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, advocates the admission of Germany into the League. President Coolidge has recently categorically announced—on what authority I am at a loss to guess—that the entry of the United States into the League of Nations is no longer an issue before the American people. Mr. Edward W. Bok has recently offered a prize of \$100,000 for "the best practical plan by which the United States may co-operate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world"; and of the 22,165 plans submitted, the award has been made to plan 1469 of Dr. Charles H. Levermore by the Committee of Award, composed of Elihu Root, Chairman, James G. Harbord, Edward M. House, Ellen F. Pendleton, Roscoe Pound, William Allen White, and Brand Whitlock. A feature of the plan is that the United States is not to join the League of Nations as at present constituted, but should extend its present co-operation with the League and propose participation in the work of its Assembly and Council under explicitly specified conditions and reservations. It is an open question—a question of grave import—whether the United States should join the League of Nations as at present constituted.

SHAW. It would be a good thing for the League of Nations, which would be a somewhat less glaring imposture with the United States in than it is with the

United States out. But you have to remember that the United States is itself a League of Nations, and a much more genuine and psychologically homogeneous one than the Geneva makeshift. This North American League may reasonably say to Europe: "Make your European League a reality by getting in Germany and Russia, and we may then consider how far the North American League can co-operate with the European one."

HENDERSON. It seems to me that your Prime Minister, Mr. MacDonald, has a great opportunity to make a name for himself in history. I am told by representative Germans in Berlin that were the question (a sentimental, not a practical one) of desire for a war with France put to the vote in Germany to-day, seventy-five per cent of the population would vote for it. To get France out of the Ruhr and to make a rational agreement as to Germany's resources and her ability to pay indemnities and reparations is the first step to World Peace. To allow the spirit of *La Revanche* to smolder on in Germany until it bursts into flame would be an international crime of the first magnitude. What is the way out?

SHAW. The way out of the Ruhr is the way in, traversed in the opposite direction: I am tired of saying that plundering and kicking the enemy to death when he is down should not be called fine names like Reparation and Indemnity and the like. Germany must be left alone to restore herself; and if she cannot she must be restored at the cost of the conquerors. Many English, French, and Americans, wounded and captured, were restored to health in German hospitals by German nurses and doctors at Germany's expense. Many Germans were equally cared for in English, French, and American hospitals. Why should peace be more unchristian than war? Europe cannot afford to ruin Germany. That is another way of saying that Europe cannot afford war; but having indulged in that



extravagance, all the less can she afford to make matters worse by refusing to stop after Germany has thrown down her arms. One would think she might have learned from the example—or rather the warning—of your big Civil War. The North abused its victory for fifteen years, and then had to admit that it had lost a great deal and gained nothing but the gratification of its basest spirits. The Allies have abused their victory infamously for six years, and are being pulled up with a much shorter turn. When nations proceed against one another by civil action in a supernational court they can with some countenance ask for damages. But if they proceed by violence they must take knocks as well as give them. Imagine Carpentier suing Dempsey for reparations! The whole business is too silly for words. No doubt Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has an opportunity to make a name for himself in history. But men do not make names for themselves in history by seizing opportunities for that operation, but by doing their job well, history or no history. And Mr. MacDonald's prosaic job in this case is to take quarrelsome fools and knock their heads together until they shut up.

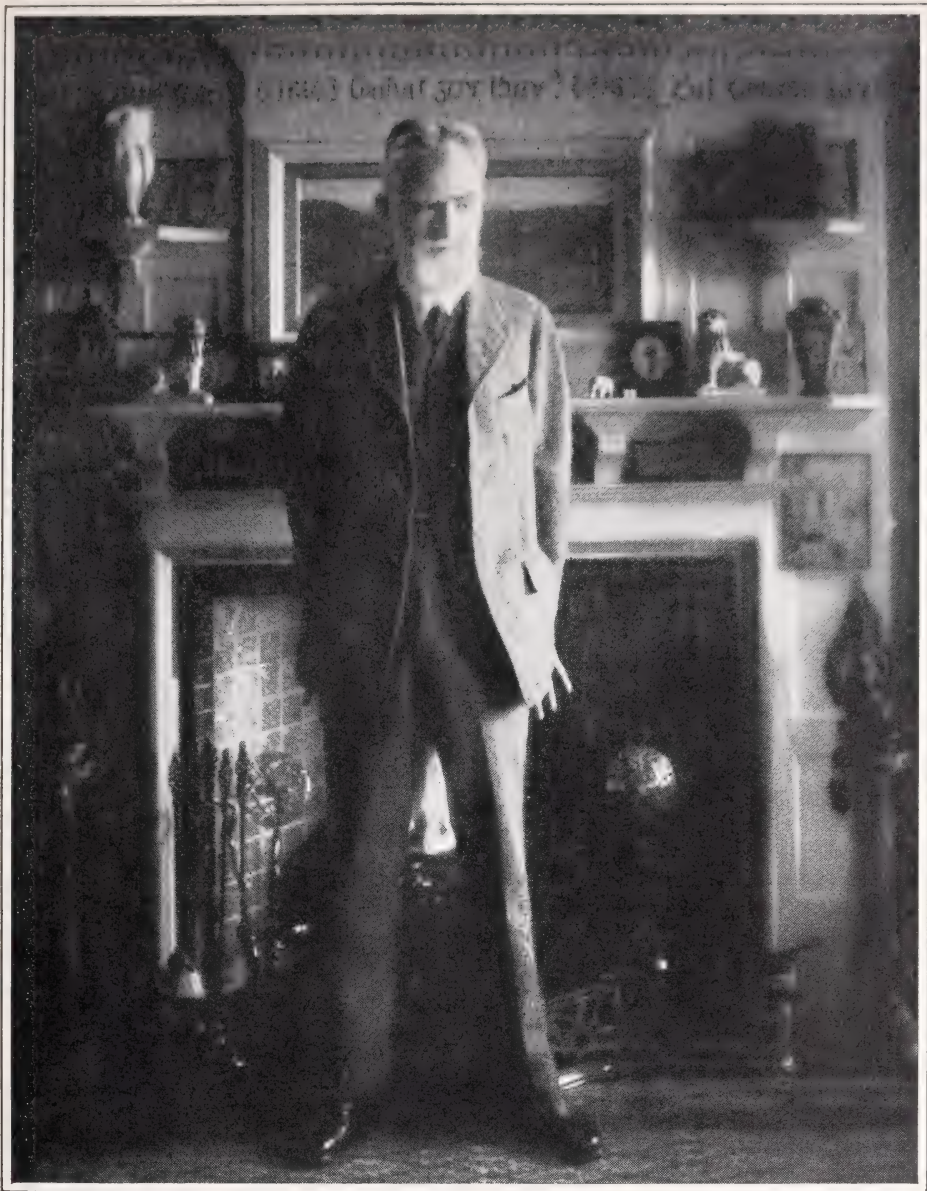
HENDERSON. I have been deeply impressed by the wholesale elimination in Berlin of all popular reminders of the recent Hohenzollern regime. It is true that the Democrats and Bolshevists have shown extraordinary self-restraint in not demolishing the *Sieges Allée*; but whereas the windows of all the shops and book-stalls are filled with pictures and busts of Frederick the Great, there is no trace of Kaiser Wilhelm or the Kronprinz. *Hohenzollernismus ist spurlos versenkt*. The great soldier Von Ludendorff made a humiliatingly abortive *Putsch* in Bavaria in the interest of Rupprecht; and militaristic demonstrations seem to be on the wane in Germany. I am told that the democratic government of Ebert is now accepted in good faith by the people generally. There still exists to some extent a popular delusion in

England and the United States that the German people believe they would be better off under a monarchy.

SHAW. It is quite useless to discuss the question; the monarchy was not equal to the occasion. If the Kaiser and the Emperor had had the gumption to meet the Russian attack singly, leaving their undefended backs to the honor of the west, it is not easy to see what excuse France could have found for falling on them; and certainly neither England nor the United States could have joined her in such a betrayal of civilization. But militarism had half terrified, half excited these monarchs out of their wits, as it always does; and they tried to fight the whole world without sufficient preparation to take Liège in the few hours which were all they had to spare if they were to get to Paris in a fortnight. Imperial monarchy cannot survive defeat; and the republics which take its place have to learn to govern as best they can. They are still, by the way, making a horrible mess of it.

HENDERSON. President Wilson during the World War used a phrase which gained wide currency: that the United States entered the World War "to make the world safe for democracy." The trend of events in the world to-day—Germany, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Russia—indicate that this phrase was deeply prophetic. Monarchy reads the handwriting on the wall. The growth of republicanism, of democracy, is one of the most significant movements of this post-war epoch. Lenin is dead; Bolshevism is fighting a losing fight in Russia. The future belongs to democracy and to Socialism: they will stand at Armageddon and battle for ultimate world-dominion. As one of the most consistent advocates of Socialism in its original meaning, you must note with interest, if not with concern, the growth of republicanism, of democracy, throughout the world.

SHAW. My dear Henderson, democracy, as we practice it, is ruinous nonsense. All the republics are whited sep-



*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé*

G. B. S. IN HIS LIBRARY

ulchers. What you need, as I have so often pointed out, is an anthropometric method by which you can grade men according to their political capacity. If you could discover such a method you could form panels of persons eligible for the different grades of political work: for instance, Panel A, of persons capable of diplomacy and finance; Panel B, persons capable of general Congress work as representatives; Panel C, of

State legislature representation; Panel D, municipal affairs; Panel E, village councils, and so on. You could then let your voters elect to Congress from Panel B, to State Legislatures from Panel C, to city corporations from Panel D; and when they had elected these bodies within these limits, you could limit the Cabinets to Panel A. The people would welcome such a guide to capacity: they know now by ex-



perience that the men who get round them most easily under the present indiscriminate system are either humbugs or blackguards. The difficulty is to find the method. Examinations are useless: they test knowledge, not capacity: in fact, they operate against the capable man who has only his own subject and takes his own view of it, in favor of the mere memorizer who can parrot all the text books on all the subjects. If our public bodies were formed, like juries, haphazard from the rate-book, you would get a few first-rate men in the mere chapter of accidents. Popular election absolutely excludes such men, because the impulse of the ordinary citizen when he meets a superior man is to tar and feather him, not to vote for him. Votes to Everybody and Votes for Anybody is making civilization a rush of Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea.

HENDERSON. Granting all you say, for the sake of argument—for I am not interested at the moment in launching forth upon a defence of democracy which admittedly has many faults and weaknesses—I prefer rather to discuss the meaning and significance of Socialism, in its various forms, as a social and political system. As a Fabian practically from its original establishment, you suggested and assisted in the organization of the Labor Party in England, which has recently taken office under somewhat extraordinary conditions. Your close associate and fellow worker in the Fabian Society, Mr. Sidney Webb, is a member of the new Cabinet. The Labor Party in England, I take it, is Socialistic in its tendencies. Much confusion exists in the popular mind regarding Socialism, what it is and what it is all about. In the biography of you, I have endeavored to make clear just what you believe regarding social organization and the future of society. However, for the reader's sake, I propose to ask you a few questions which may elicit the desired explication. For example, I shall begin with this (quite silly,

of course—knowing you as I do) question: Are you an anarchist?

SHAW. Good God, no. Read my *Impossibilities of Anarchism*. I am a Communist. Anarchism means the absence of law. Communism involves a very elaborate legal structure. An Anarchist is apt to think that because he can light his pipe without any law, a street could be lighted without it. The streets of America are lighted by Communism, and the people of America have their heads clubbed by communal policemen (mostly Irish, I understand); but they don't know it, and use Anarchist, Communist, Bolshevik, Thug, Cheap Skate, and so forth quite indiscriminately as terms of abuse. So please don't attempt to explain my views when you return home; you will only be misunderstood.

HENDERSON. Quite right—as I have found to my sorrow in the innumerable attempts I have hitherto made, from the platform and in the public prints. To the average American, to be a Socialist is (as you so suggestively say in English slang) to “go off the deep end.” Since I cannot hope to explain you to my countrymen, I am asking you to explain yourself. To continue our catechism then: Are you a Socialist?

SHAW. There you go! I have told you that I am a Communist; and you calmly ask me am I a Socialist, as if a man could be a Communist without being a Socialist. But every civilized man is a Communist and a Socialist to some extent, when he is not a frank criminal; and even a criminal would hardly advocate the destruction of the Brooklyn Bridge and let every man provide his own plank. Note, by the way, that because you would not communize alcohol you have had to abolish it. You may find yet, if you don't communize capital, that you will have to abolish it, and take to the simple life with a vengeance.

HENDERSON. Yes, I well remember your address before the Fabian Society on the startling theme: “Is Civilization

Desirable?" And I well remember your retort when some woman, after the speech was over, asked you if you didn't think the world, by following your counsel, would "lapse into barbarism." Your reply was: "My dear Madam, I object to your use of the word lapse. How is it possible to lapse into a state in which we already are." I would take the words out of your mouth, and say that Russia under the Bolshevik regime of Lenin and Trotzky has come nearer than any civilized country since France in the Revolution to lapsing into barbarism. With this agreeable preface, may I now ask if you are a Bolshevik?

SHAW. My dear fellow, either the word Bolshevik means nothing at all, or Mussolini and d'Annunzio, Poincaré and Lloyd George and Hamar Greenwood, Mitchell Palmer and the whole Ku Klux Klan, are Bolsheviks. All statesmen or adventurers who resort to martial law and suspend constitutional safeguards in an emergency without regard to whether they are in a minority or majority, are Bolsheviks. Karl Marx said what was obvious enough: that if there came a revolution, its leaders would have to bridge over the insuing chaos by assuming a dictatorship. If it were a Socialist Revolution, the dictatorship would proclaim its aim by calling itself the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. That is what happened in Russia; and it got accidentally called Bolshevism. But there is no revolution here; so how can I be a Bolshevik? Now that the chaos has been bridged in Russia, the Bolshevik leaders are sweeping up Bolshevism and sweeping it out.

HENDERSON. Since the death of Lenin, the two most interesting figures in Europe to me are Maximilian Harden and Benito Mussolini. Harden is a courageous man, a free spirit—who speaks out his mind without regard for consequences to himself. Harden and you were the only voices with world power which were not hushed or stilled by blood madness or war mania. Although I disagreed with your "historical

parallel" between British squirarchy and *Deutsches Junkerdom* (there is no valid parallel between Sir Edward Grey and a jingoistic Junker of the type of von Oldenburg-Januschau, for example), there is no longer any doubt that your "Common Sense about the War" was an extraordinary document which time and events have virtually validated. Again and again, Harden spoke out in a voice of thunder but with the language of reason, giving wise counsel to his people and taking a world-view of international affairs—eventually paying for his freedom of speech with wounds which came near proving fatal. Since the World War a spectacular figure has come upon the world scene as the incarnation of a new political ideal in Italy. Mussolini is Napoleonic in his methods—magnetic, dictatorial, imperialistic. The name coined for this new brand of political and social thinking is Fascism. It seems to be an Italian brand of Bolshevism.

SHAW. Yes, so far, Fascism is middle-class Bolshevism; and Bolshevism, I repeat, is an emergency policy like martial law. Mussolini, as a dictator, saved Italian industry from wreckage by amateurs whose administrative incompetence and ignorance of the arts of government he, being an old Socialist, knew only too well. But now that the danger is over, the fundamental difference of opinion between the bourgeoisie and the Socialist is bound to come to the surface. Mussolini may sell out and become a mere careerist—opportunist like the rest of the politicians. He may stand by his guns. Until his choice appears, it is no use my thinking of him at all: I can only suspend judgment pending the event. But I will say this. I think there may be something in Mussolini's notion that we are in for a reaction against Anarchism and toward devotion and discipline. I will say something more. Mussolini has frightened Europe. When the Italian fleet fired on the children of Corfu, and Mussolini explained that it was neces-



sary to cure the Italians of their slavery to newspaper phrases by a gesture of burning realism, he carried theatrical nonsense to the verge of insanity; and nothing but the terror he inspired in the Powers saved Italy being called to account for the murder of those children. By the way, I never said that our British Jingoos were Junkers. Not more than two per cent of them had any such social pretensions. A Junker is simply a member of the country-gentleman class: Viscount Grey is as authentic a Junker as Bismarck was. I simply warned our patriots not to use words they did not understand, and incidentally emphasized the fact that the militaristic morality of Lord Roberts and Mr. Winston Churchill was precisely that of the German militarists.

HENDERSON. Endorsed — without qualification—your remark about Mussolini. But our time is running short. You will have to be off to speak on behalf of the Labor Party, on Vegetarianism, or Communism, or Fabianism, or what not. And I shall have to be off to Cambridge to talk to Sir Ernest Rutherford about the new theory of the atom. You are such an incorrigible publicist that I have not yet got round to literature, or the drama which is popularly supposed to be one of your chief interests. First of all, there seems to prevail the view that literature had to begin all over again on November 11, 1918. The follies of 1914 were scotched forever on August 1 of that year, we are told—and a new school of purity, beauty, and solemnity has been inaugurated—shall we say with the *Ulysses* of Joyce, the *La Gargonne* of Margueritte, the *Jurgen* of Cabell, the *My Life and My Loves* of Harris? As a matter of fact, did the World War mark the end of a literary era?

SHAW. The war made an end of nothing but the things it was meant to aggrandize or preserve, and of a good many of the people who wished to aggrandize and preserve them. It made an end of three empires, two of them mod-

erately abominable and the third utterly abominable. Art and literature and morals were simply knocked back by it half a century. Long-dead fashions were blown out of their graves and sent dancing round, rattling their moldy bones in a ghastly manner for the amusement of soldiers on leave from the front who had never seen civilized cities before. It was impossible to rake up stuff crude enough for these innocents and the squealing flappers who came with them to the theaters and variety shows. Instead of inaugurating a new era, the war let loose a new audience which was fifty years behind the time; and until this new audience catches up, say fifty years hence, it will eat up all the capital available for the theater, leaving the highbrows more starved than ever. The good side of this setback is that it is a promotion in culture for the new audience, and also that the new audience is less sophisticated than the old experienced playgoers, and, in forcing the drama back to more primitive forms, may actually improve it. Art, like life, has to renew itself by returning repeatedly to its childhood and burying its dead. A revival of "Pink Dominos" would be a public nuisance; but a revival of "Maria Martin or the Murder in the Red Barn," or of "George Barnwell" or of "Sweeny Todd the Demon Barber of Fleet Street" (the dialogue of which is classic compared to the stuff written to-day) would be quite a hopeful sign.

HENDERSON. I have been genuinely impressed with what seems like a phenomenon—the extraordinary revival of popular interest in Shakespeare in the United States and Great Britain. In New York City the dramatic and theatrical center of the world, magnificent productions of Shakespeare's plays have been given since the World War—"Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth," "Troilus and Cressida," "The Merchant of Venice," and many others—by the Barrymores, Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters, Walter Hampden, David

Warfield, Marlowe and Sothorn, and whoever else. In London, at the "Old Vic," all thirty-six of Shakespeare's plays in the First Folio were produced in succession, at exceedingly cheap prices to crowded houses—delighted children, chambermaids, and women of fashion, the man-in-the-street, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker (among whom I was happy on more than one occasion to count myself). Surely this is a hopeful sign for the theater.

SHAW. It dates from before the war. You must remember that the introduction of the pictorial stage into the theater—it came in under Cromwell with the opera—banished Shakespeare from the boards for two hundred and fifty years. Shakespeare's plays are written to occupy a certain time in performance, a time which he sometimes stretched to the limit of an audience's endurance. Of that time the sceneshifters, the moment they were let into the theater with their cumbrous pictures, demanded an hour for "striking" the scenes and setting them, during which hour the refreshment bars flourished. Now you can no more cut an hour out of a play and have your play too than you can cut a yard out of the Sistine Madonna and have Raphael's picture too. At first the crude machinery of wings and flats, by which scenes could be changed in full view of the audience two or three times during an act, confined the damage to interruptions and omissions; but in my early days, when the wings and flats were discarded as too grossly absurd, and the play had to be forced into five long scenes, one for each act, the rearrangement had to be effected by mutilations and repiecing which would have sickened the staff of a Chicago abattoir. The horror culminated in the hands of Henry Irving and Augustin Daly. People went to see Irving and Ellen Terry and John Drew and Ada Rehan; and they imagined they were seeing Shakespeare as well, and cursed him for an uninteresting and unintelligible bore.

William Poel protested, and made desperate attempts to return to Shakespeare. Harley Granville-Barker played "Richard II" in one of Poel's attempts. Finally Granville-Barker, having become a fashionable manager, presented "A Winter's Tale" with only four possibly indecent lines omitted. Shakespeare returned to life immediately. Having died a lingering death at Stratford of a production of "Coriolanus" cut down to one hour, he was revived triumphantly by Granville-Barker's successor, Bridges Adams, who got rid of the old sceneshifters and acts and intervals and built-up sets, and gave the public Shakespeare instead. The Old Vic. did likewise and now you have Shakespeare pleasing everybody without any Garricks or Kembles or Siddonses or Keans or Macreadys or Booths or Barry Sullivans to help them. That is the whole secret of it. I wish you would explain it to Mr. Hackett, whose production of "Macbeth" in London seemed a grotesque anachronism to the public of Granville-Barker and the Old Vic.

HENDERSON. Ah! my dear Shaw, your theatrical education will remain incomplete until you come to New York and see Shakespeare done majestically, magnificently and by great players. All the actors and actresses I have mentioned are either great or very distinguished artists whereas there are no great or even distinguished interpreters of Shakespeare in England to-day. And your explanation, valid though it may be and, I believe, certainly is for England, does not explain the revival of Shakespeare in the United States. The explanation, there, I believe, is simple enough: great acting. Where there are great actors and actresses, there will Shakespeare inevitably be played. But to speak of Shakespeare reminds me of Shaw. The New York Theater Guild, which has recently produced for the first time on any stage your last two plays, must certainly have convinced you of the supremacy of the New York stage, *nicht wahr?* And it is Shaw, the author



of "Saint Joan" a "chronicle play," who is now competing in New York with Shakespeare, the master of the chronicle play. I want to ask you some questions about Joan of Arc. Perhaps you have seen the play of that name by the American dramatist, Percy MacKaye, successfully produced by Marlowe and Sothorn?

SHAW. Yes, I saw Miss Marlowe play it. She was very soft and very sweet: that is, about as like Joan as Joan's kitten was like Joan's charger. Nobody could possibly have burned Miss Marlowe: Job himself would have burned the real Joan. Mind, I am not blaming Miss Marlowe: she did the job she was given and did it very well. She was called on to make Joan pitiable, sentimental, and in the technical melodramatic sense "sympathetic." And whoever does that makes Joan's fate unintelligible, and, in my opinion, makes Joan herself vapid and uninteresting.

HENDERSON. It is a rather singular fact that men who make a business of exciting other people's laughter—whether by humor, wit, satire, or irony—should show such a predisposition toward Joan of Arc as a subject for novel and drama—heroic, tragic, saintly figure that she unquestionably is. I think of Mark Twain, the American humorist, who regarded *Joan of Arc* as his best work, and it was certainly his own favorite; Anatole France, the ineffably sophisticated and silken ironist; Andrew Lang, a wit if there ever was one; and yourself—whom we claim as our leading satirist of to-day. Why do you mirth-provoking, laughter-loving, people write about Joan of Arc?

SHAW. Because Joan, in her rough shrewd way, was a little in that line herself. All souls of that sort are in conflict with the official gravity in which so much mental and moral inferiority disguises itself as superiority. Joan knocked over the clerical, legal, and military panjandrums of her time like ninepins with her trenchant commonsense and

mother wit; and though they had the satisfaction of burning her for making them ridiculous, they could not help raising up indignant champions for her by that same stroke. Besides, pious as Joan was, she was an anti-clerical, devoted to the Church Triumphant in heaven, but with a deep mistrust of "*les gens d'Eglise*" who constitute the Church Militant on earth. Well, the three writers you mention are all anti-clericals. Andrew Lang, the least of the three, made the fewest mistakes about her. If he had not made her a border-ballad beauty (Joan was neither pretty nor ugly: she was completely neutral in that respect) he would be less open to criticism than the other two, who were men of genius. Mark Twain made her a compound of a Victorian schoolmarm in armor and six petticoats with the Duke of Wellington. Both he and Lang made her the heroine of a melodrama with the Catholic Church as the villain, which is utter nonsense: her trial and sentence were quite as legal as, and much fairer than most modern political trials. Anatole France was disabled by his Anti-Feminism: he could not credit Joan with mental superiority to the Statesmen and Churchmen and Captains of her time; and as her superiority is the simple explanation of the whole affair, he makes very good shooting at the Church, but misses the bull's eye.

HENDERSON. My dear G. B. S., you are commonly charged by those who do not know you personally with being inordinately vain. Yet I observe that you modestly omitted your name from the catalogue. Would you mind telling me why *you* chose Joan of Arc as a dramatic subject?

SHAW. Why not? Joan is a first-class dramatic subject ready made. You have a heroic character, caught between "the fell incenséd points" of the Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire, between Feudalism and Nationalism, between Protestantism and Ecclesiasticism, and driven by her virtues and

her innocence of the world to a tragic death which has secured her immortality. What more do you want for a tragedy as great as that of Prometheus? All the forces that bring about the catastrophe are on the grandest scale; and the individual soul on which they press is of the most indomitable force and temper. The amazing thing is that the chance has never been jumped at by any dramatic poet of the requisite caliber. The pseudo-Shakespearean Joan ends in mere jingo scurrility. Voltaire's mock-Homeric epic is an uproarious joke. Schiller's play is romantic flapdoodle. All the modern attempts known to me are second-rate opera books. I felt personally called on by Joan to do her dramatic justice; and I don't think I have botched the job.

HENDERSON. Thanks for the explanation, which gave you a chance, I observe, to prove that you are at least not mock-modest. As I must hurry off now, I have time to bring up just two more points. Is St. John Ervine right: that comedy flourishes to-day because this is the Age of Women, and that tragedy is passing with the passing of the virile Era of Man? You are a writer of comedies and ought to know.

SHAW. I always thank God for Ervine's delightful rashness; but his sallies have to be turned over once or twice to find out what he is really getting at. I do not believe that men have a sterner taste in the theater than women: they are just as fond of happy endings, and are much more sentimental. Women, having all the trouble and pain of creating human life, are less tolerant of slaughterous waste of it; and as tragedy used to mean simply strewing the stage with corpses in the fifth act with no excuse but balderdash, I think the influence of women has helped to banish tragedy of that kind from the literary stage—and a good job too! But it still flourishes on the operatic stage: your heroes and heroines can die all right if they die to music. I do not demur to the statement that the Age of Women

has come in the theater. Just compare the heroines of Wagner and Ibsen with the dolls that preceded them, or with such dirty dishonorable little female cads as Lady Teazle, whom Sheridan expected women to admire! Compare my Joan of Arc with Schiller's: she will give you a measure of the difference.

HENDERSON. Well! well! the relentless hands of the clock—whether according to Newton or Einstein—have moved inexorably round to the appointed spot. I am sincerely sorry our delightful hour is at an end. But since this is my last opportunity for some months to interrogate you again, perhaps I can summon the nerve to fire one parting question at you from the door. You are a world-dramatist, played in all the capitals of the civilized globe from New York to Tokyo; and wherever two or three are gathered together in the Little Theaters, there is Shaw in the midst of them. Despite the adverse judgment of the Elder Critics, who prophesy the disappearance of your plays with your demise, do you yourself think your plays are destined to become part of a permanent repertory of classic British drama?

SHAW. Good-by! Good luck! And *bon voyage!* And as for your question, why!—I don't think about the destiny of my plays. But since you put the case to me, I should say that until the standard of British dramatic poetry goes up sufficiently to scrap everything from Shakespeare to Shaw, Shaw will be among the Panjandrums. But that is a very cheap boast. Have you ever realized what a very poor business this classic British drama is if you disregard the sound of it and judge it by its sense, or want of sense? Cut the police news—the murders and so forth—out of the tragedies, and the indecencies out of the comedies, and how much is there left that has any encouragement or enlightenment for any soul to-day? Remember that the British theater was forbidden to touch politics or religion, or to say a sincere word about sex. Crime and lust



and horseplay, deprived of all moral significance or psychological analysis, were its only permitted alternatives to conventional romance. It was allowed and encouraged to make the stage an attractive advertisement for prostitution and to drive the young to the brothel by the most potent of aphrodisiacs; but when I dramatized the truth about prostitution in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the play was at once prohibited. How could you possibly have a great classic drama under such conditions? Can you say of Dryden, Congreve, and Sheridan that they took the theater seriously? Not one of them. Does the attempt, promptly discouraged, of Goldsmith go far enough to count? No. Goethe took the theater seriously. Ibsen took it seriously. Wagner took it seriously. Molière took it seriously. Shakespeare made a few attempts, notably in "Hamlet," to accuse the world of being all wrong—

"out of joint," as he put it—but he attached these protests to incongruous borrowed plots and tinkering of old plays, and never made any attempt to get down to the roots of the evil and imposture he saw everywhere. So that finally you cannot claim that Shakespeare took the theater seriously. I did; and I have been followed by some of the younger men. That would have given me a peculiar eminence even if my specific talent for the theater had been less lucky than it is. I may be eclipsed by my contemporaries and successors, but not by the classical British playwrights who all belong to the theatrical dark ages, and did not get beyond sticking purple patches on secondhand rags. Most of them were ashamed of their profession, not without reason. Perhaps that is why so many people seem to think me immodest because I am not ashamed of mine.

## Poet Pour Out the Beauty in Your Heart

BY MAY LEWIS

DO you like water best, poured in a glass—  
 A flawless potion, bound by crystal rim?  
 Or, color flecked, in bowls where goldfish swim?  
 Or in a marble pool, sunk in smooth grass,  
 That mirrors a blown leaf, or birds that pass,  
 Or shows a face that peers across its brim?  
 Or when, from fountains, tossed and misty dim,  
 It falls again, recaptured in clear mass?

Lovely, no doubt, it gleams in various mold;  
 But can it match the beauty of a brook  
 That takes its way and leaps without a look,  
 Or outpoured river, following its bent,  
 Its own force making its true course unfold—  
 Perfect expression of its deep intent?

# Romantics

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

AS his car drew up before the house Mr. Horace Hillyer hoped that he would be allowed to present his flowers without witnesses. Edwina Gainswell was recovering from a severe attack of pleurisy, and though one wouldn't care to overdo it, it was time, though without undue conspicuousness, to pay her some attention.

Mrs. Gainswell's habitat was to him the source of amused satisfaction, but it had the defects of its qualities. It showed what could be done in what the ladies of Cranford called elegant economy. It was a caravansary which gave itself the airs of the nicest kind of private house, and which possessed at the same time as rigid a system of understood etiquette as a savage province under martial law. If you did not conform, you disappeared. The clientèle stayed for years to the despair of the waiting list.

"The lovely part of it is," Edwina had told him, with her faint, humorous smile, "is that she never calls us her family. Mrs. Comynge likes us to feel like a club. Our souls are our own."

In spite of the presence of a few husbands, the atmosphere was preponderately feminine. There was a Dower-House feeling about it of superseded but still ambitious females. Nothing less like a club could be imagined; that was only Mrs. Comynge's unattainable ideal. The beauty of his club was that one remained apart though in company, whereas this house was full of tentative sociability, of the urge of getting together, not in the least in the chamber-of-commerce sense, for a common object, but in—one risked the word—the investigatory sense. People

seemed to live on one another's personalities.

The place where it touched him was the difficulty of feeling alone with Edwina. Mrs. Comynge's was too well-bred to stress the implications of masculine callers, but, nevertheless, he suffered the feeling of having his intentions asked by eyebrows and gentle recognitions, all through the hall and the corridor beyond, as he followed the old negro man servant to the rear of the building. Even Pearley—which was his incredible name—opened a door like a suppressed benediction.

His apprehensions had been prophetic. Edwina's small sitting room was full of women. The trained nurse conjured herself out with the disappearing trick of her kind, giving him a nod in transit. He liked Miss McGregor's bony, downright Scotch face all the better for its absence. The other two incubuses remained.

"You'll find her much better to-day," Mrs. Lever reported to him in the flat, caressing voice that sounded as blond as her coloring. As he greeted her he found himself using one of those verbal clips of Edwina's that were so useful in fastening down loose-leaved people. "You don't talk about beautiful women nowadays; you talk about beautifully made-up women. Even the novels are doing it."

To Miss Chadwick he also applied her clip. "Men have the fascination of the unknown. She feels that she's been mercifully spared, but she can't help peeping through the keyhole." She might be lingering for the tang of masculine society, whereas Mrs. Lever was merely avoiding the significance of an abrupt departure. It was abominable



how, with these women, one caught their fine distinctions.

There was a general exclamation as he offered his tribute, an enormous bouquet of violets. He waited for Edwina to behave as she always did with violets—bury her soft, evasive face in them and murmur in the all but inaudible tone one uses before overwhelming beauty, "Sweet!" That was why he had chosen them.

"Her favorite flower," observed Miss Chadwick meltingly. She proceeded to deprive Edwina, long enough to place them in a glass vase with which she darted, birdlike, into the bathroom which was obviously on the farther side of the adjoining bedroom. They could hear the water running. There was an air of domesticity about the whole proceeding which Mr. Hillyer found officious. She might, at least, have shut the intervening doors. Mrs. Lever looked stilly into distance as though she thought so too.

The lady who knew less about men reentered with the filled vase, humming, "I've been roaming." The unfortunate effect of this was to impel the visitor to glance at her feet, which were clad in houseshoes evidently adapted to comfort while waiting on a convalescent, and which use had molded revealingly. He forgave them, however, when they bore her out of the room, after she had composed the violets on the small table at Edwina's elbow.

Mrs. Lever's departure was more sophisticatedly casual. She touched the invalid's cheek, with a caressing finger, mentioned a waiting husband, and was gone.

Mr. Hillyer grimaced as he took his usual chair. "I'd hate to have anybody as devoted to me as that," he opined. As he gave himself the indulgence of looking at Edwina in comfort, his heart contracted. She was the woman of thirty-odd, on whom the years made so little impression. She lay in the cushion-heaped chaise-longue, a felicitous arrangement of sweeping

lines and transparent, vibrating color. The sweetest tissue of flesh was beginning to fill the hollows in her throat and under her beautifully put-in eyes. Yet there was something wrong about her, something that alarmed him.

"They've been wonderfully good to me," said Edwina with a curious falter in her voice. "They wouldn't hear of my getting a second nurse, but took turns relieving Miss McGregor. I—I owe them a great deal. Why don't you like them, Horace?"

"For totally separate reasons. I don't dislike them," responded Mr. Hillyer inconsistently. "You really are getting well?" he demanded. Color sometimes went with a temperature.

"Oh, yes, I'm letting Miss McGregor go to-morrow. I shall feel a baby without a mammy. She's a dear."

"Why don't you keep her longer?"

He understood her slight, expressive shrug. His glance went round the room, furnished mainly with her own charming things, and all at once he realized the delicate shabbiness that lay, like a wash, over it. His visits had generally been under the influence of silk-toned light or by the illusionist crackle of a wood fire. Now, probably to accommodate some one who had been reading to Edwina, a shade had been run up and the pitiless afternoon sun was pouring in.

"Trained nurses are luxuries," she said.

He flushed at her reading of his thought. Well, if she was willing to recognize it he might go farther. "Edwina," he began in a businesslike tone, "why don't you let me turn over some of your money for you? I know of one or two excellent things. Well, why not?"

A sparkle of mischief came into her smile. "My dear Horace," she said deliberately, "because I don't trust you."

"Eh?" said Mr. Hillyer, smiling back.

"I don't trust you. No matter how your excellent things turned out I should get back my money—turned



*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"HER FAVORITE FLOWER," OBSERVED MISS CHADWICK MELTINGLY



over. You wouldn't play fair, you would deceive a poor, trustful widow woman unmercifully. No, thank you. If it weren't for that I'd be tempted."

Her hand went out and fondled the violets. Their perfume was all about them, working some confidential change in the air. "There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you. I used to be quite comfortably off but a few years ago some of my securities went bad. By being very economical, I've managed to live as people expected me to live. It really became interesting, you know, dovetailing income and outgo. Being in a place like this, I found out that any number of women are doing the same, living on the edge. Some of them aren't clever, and then the rest of us wonder—in a perfectly nice way, of course—how they manage to stay at a desirable house like ours. Others lead the double economic life indefinitely—until they have an extravagant illness."

"You mean that an incidental expense like that is enough . . ."

"To upset my budget? I have a little emergency fund that will tide me over—this time." She lifted her hands from her lap, the fingers a little apart, and studied them. "The trouble is that I have begun to take thought for the morrow, and it frightens me. Suppose I have other illnesses. I've been so well that I've never bothered about that possibility before—especially as it was tempered by the feeling of an anchor to windward."

He had taken for granted that she had that "enough" with which we are prone to credit our friends. The discovery that she had been worried made him wonder what other departments of her thoughts she might be concealing. One of them certainly was her desire to cry. There was not the slightest danger that she would cry, but the knowledge made him nearer to her than he had ever been before.

"What do you mean by an anchor to windward?"

She moved her fingers, still watching

them. "My rings. I'd have hated to part with them, I'd have held on to them till the last gasp, but there was the comfort of knowing that if I ever *had* to get some money, they were there."

"You aren't wearing them," he said. Except for a plain circle of gold, her hands were bare. He knew her rings almost as a part of her; numberless times they had winked at him in the firelight. There were three of them, a large single diamond, a square sapphire set between diamonds, and a band of three smaller sapphires; all beautiful and certainly valuable stones.

"No." His head swayed toward the violets as though to gather courage. "Horace, something frightful has happened." Her voice sank. "It doesn't seem possible, does it—here? My rings—are gone!"

"Gone?" he echoed. "You mean . . .?"

She nodded.

"Where were they?"

"In a small trunk that I keep in my closet. The day before I went to bed I felt so ill that I dumped all my jewelry into it, just to get it out of the way, and locked it. This morning I opened it. Nothing else had been touched—none of it is worth much except the rings. They were gone."

"Where have you kept the key?"

"On a silver ring with my other keys, in my top drawer, pushed under a silk handkerchief case."

He gave a sort of enervated groan, it sounded so helplessly feminine. "Then," he anticipated her conclusion, "nobody could have taken them except some person who was alone with you during your illness. Who else—I presume every woman in the house, including the servants, popped in."

She interrupted, "None of them saw me alone—almost none. Even the maid, Daphne, you know her, tidied the room only when Miss McGregor was there, because she said that servants raised too much dust."

"Did they—did anyone else know that?"

"I don't know."

"It's important," Mr. Hillyer assumed a more professional manner. "The servants are always the first to be suspected. Say that a servant did not take the rings. Unless the thief knew that the maid had not been permitted to be alone with you, she no doubt counted on the probability that the maid would be accused."

Edwina sat up very straight. "If you mean Miss McGregor," she said indignantly, "she is above suspicion."

He lifted a soothing hand. "I do not mean Miss McGregor. She strikes me as an absolutely honest person; moreover, it wouldn't have been worth her while to jeopardize her business. Besides, you've just informed me that she herself chaperoned the maid. That leaves—" He paused. "Edwina, exactly who else was with you alone?" As she did not answer, he added boldly, "Those two women who were here just now?"

Her eyelids fluttered. "I can't suspect them. Why, Horace, they've been perfect angels to me."

"I suppose they got handkerchiefs out of the drawer for you," continued Mr. Hillyer ruthlessly. "What do you intend to do about it?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? You're going to lose your rings, your sheet-anchor, without lifting a finger?" he demanded with fine appositeness.

"But Horace, how can I? How can I accuse either one of my friends of such a thing—such a dishonorable, cowardly thing? And yet—" Her voice rose to a soft wail. "It couldn't have been anyone else. I don't even walk in my sleep," continued Edwina almost apologetically. "But I shouldn't know which one to suspect, and since one of them at least must be innocent, I've got to think of *both* of them as being so, so as not to do either an injustice."

"Do you happen to know whether either of your friends is in need of money?"

Her eyes avoided his. "I don't know anything about Mrs. Lever's affairs," she faltered. "Her husband is a broker of some kind. She dresses very nicely and seems to go about a good deal. She does pay back invitations by subs."

"Subs?"

"There's an arrangement here," explained Edwina with a ghost of a smile. "If you aren't at lunch you may invite somebody else in—a substitute. There's a rumor that some women send their husbands or their daughters out to get a frugal meal, and ask their fashionable friends as subs. It's very convenient for entertaining out-of-town guests."

"Another elegant economy," commented Mr. Hillyer. "You evidently *do* know that Miss Chadwick is hard up. How?"

"She wanted to borrow a small sum from—somebody," the reluctant witness admitted under pressure. "She's one of those who live on the edge. But she couldn't have done this. She's a nervous little body, a bit queer, but—but she has very high ideals. I can't insult people, Horace, I never could. I don't see what is to be done."

"I do," proclaimed Mr. Hillyer robustly. "Put it in the hands of the police."

The crudity of it brought her rigidly upright again. "Mrs. Comynge would never forgive me. The publicity. Besides," declared the lady with a flash of spirit, "they never find out anything."

"Private detectives then."

"I've heard that they are all perfectly horrid creatures."

Mr. Hillyer regarded his friend with a slackening of endurance. "Edwina, you are absurd. Well, I can understand that you may not feel equal to the effort, but will you do this: will you let me act for you, try in a quiet way, without scandal, to get at the facts?"

"You won't do anything to hurt their feelings?"

"Unless she is guilty, neither one of these women will have an earthly shadow



of suspicion. Come now," urged Mr. Hillyer artfully, "in mere justice to them. You can't go on living in the same house with them in this condition of floating, unfocused distrust; it would be unbearable and unfair."

Only the elaboration of this theme provided him with a free hand. His task was to be the proving of innocence. He left the house, having created in the mind of Edwina a mirage to the effect that he was conferring on each of the suspects a chivalrous benefit in the possible clearing of her fair fame.

He received a lesson in one's power to confer benefits unawares, and also in the genesis of human motives which secretly divide and bud and produce new forms of life, when he made his next visit. The sitting-room door opened to frame the picture of two women leaning together absorbed, like an ornamental triangle. Edwina lifted to him a face in which a sort of panic struggled with amusement which would not down.

"Horace," she exclaimed, "you can't imagine what Miss Chadwick has been telling me. Tell him, Florence. He—he'll be so interested."

Miss Chadwick took the center of the scene, as one coming to her own. There was a mild bloom about her, a recrudescence of youth, that made her gaunt face forlornly pretty. "People have called me romantic, Mr. Hillyer," she began, with that slight flurry which the masculine presence produced in her manner. "Perhaps I am romantic, but if so, why shouldn't I be? There is a place in life, as I say, for everything, and some people attract romance naturally, as others attract lightning or—colds. You wouldn't believe the things that have happened to me. Nothing has for some time." A film of self-distrust went over the bright bird-eyes. "I thought that I might have outgrown it, but this last week—" The film passed and she placed her head on one side as a robin does, pluming herself.

"Yes?" suggested Mr. Hillyer, enveloped in his best barrister's attention.

"I have been followed!"

"No," said Mr. Hillyer politely.

"For days I have been fancying it, but yesterday I was sure. I laid a little trap," Miss Chadwick raised the forefinger of the *intrigante*, "I walked quickly round the corner, and then I stopped, flat against the wall, and when he came hurrying round I was waiting for him. I looked him dead in the eye and, I assure you, he quailed! Quite a young man too," added Miss Chadwick modestly. "Very well dressed, quite a gentleman except . . . Well, Mr. Hillyer, I ask you as one who knows, in matters of—of sentiment, let us say, does a *gentleman* ever—isn't he equal to any and all circumstances—would he ever—really *quail*?"

"I fancy not," agreed Mr. Hillyer, judging the question by his own case. He trusted that no signs of quailing showed.

After the heroine of romance had taken flight to carry her experience, in strict confidence, to fresh fields, Edwina curbed him. "Horace, how can you laugh? It's pathetic."

"I think she's rather delightful, myself." He maneuvered the long chair in her way. She took it absent-mindedly and put her feet up, as he had hoped. They had a helpless appeal which moved him.

"Don't you see that the funnier it is, the worse it is, poor thwarted thing?" She turned to a fresh subject with relief—it actually was fresh to her, not the continuation of this one. "Well, what have you found out—anything?"

"No, they haven't been able to find a thing against her."

"They? Her?"

"The detectives."

"Detectives? You set detectives on Florence Chadwick?"

Her horror threw him on the defense of the Hatter. "They—they were the *best* detectives. What did you expect me to do? You don't suppose that I set a lover on her trail, do you? Her interpretation convinces me of her innocence, at least, though if she were a very clever

and crafty woman she might have told us that to throw us off the track."

"She isn't clever," his listener assured him.

His long fingers rumped his eyebrows the wrong way. "You don't think that her thirst for having things happen might have led her to create the melodramatic situation?"

"You mean the admirer?"

"No," said Mr. Hillyer roundly. "I mean the rings."

She leaned back and closed her eyes. As he noticed that she was more the tea-rose again, less pink than on his last visit, he reminded himself that to get the business relentlessly over was the kindest course. Perhaps the reflection of her silvery-yellow dress was to blame.

"I hate it so," she murmured. "I'm ashamed to look them in the face. I'm glad that Jacky Lever is going away for a few days."

"Where?"

"To Baltimore, to visit her brother's family. Their name is Purdue. Do you know them?" She gave him her smile at last. "I'm ashamed of you too, Horace. I didn't suppose you were like those lawyers who stage dramatic scenes in court. Florence must never know."

As Mr. Hillyer was not the type of lawyer to whom his friend had referred, the course of events was rather more responsible than he was for the scene which took place in Edwina's sitting room a few days later.

He arrived with an air of subdued consequence and accompanied by a stocky, inconspicuous young man, whose only betrayal of his trade was a slightly too circular glance. Being presented as Mr. Banks, a member of the best-known private bureau of investigation in America, he took a seat which faced the door and quietly told his story. His English was natural and he did not wear yellow shoes.

"Two of us went to Baltimore on the same train with the lady," he began. "She took a taxi at the station but she

got out near the Cathedral and changed to another—walked about a little first. Then she left the second taxi some distance away from the first store." He mentioned the name of a more than respectable firm of jewelers. "I watched her in, saw which man she spoke to, and after she left I went in and spoke to him. You see, I happened to know the chap, been there before, and he knew who I was. They'll tell you, these big firms, that they don't buy jewels without investigation, but they're not above picking up a bargain if the person looks all right. And I must say this lady looks the real thing. I asked him, 'Do you know that woman?' and he admitted that he didn't but had bought two stones from her, got 'em cheap. So I suggested that he might have made a mistake, nothing definite, and I got the size and weight of the stones, two big sapphires, and they correspond with the data Mr. Hillyer had given me. They had been taken out of the setting and one was a bit scratched."

"With a nail-file," said Mrs. Gainswell impulsively. She sat forward motionless as though screwed tight and clamped into place.

"Uses that to open things with, does she?" asked the young man swiftly. "Well, while I was in the store the other man followed the woman. She got rid of all the stones Mr. Hillyer described, not more than two to any one place, all unset. Then she went to a nice-looking house—that was all on the level. A Mr. Purdue and his family live there, nice people."

In the silence Edwina put out her hand and touched Mr. Hillyer's sleeve. "I can't believe it," she said with the same mechanical stiffness. "It must have been some other woman. It's a coincidence. They followed some poor wretch who was selling her own jewels. Why, Jacky read to me every day and wrote my letters for me!"

Mr. Banks looked at the cornice as though he had met this sort of alibi before. His not to make reply to a moved



and inconsequent lady. When a gentle knock sounded at the door he did not stir but allowed the older man to rise and open it. On the threshold the ample blond attractiveness of Mrs. Lever filled the aperture like a panel in several colors. A wide fur piece echoed the modulations of her figure. Her lips parted in a smile that avoided creasing her peach-bloom visage.

"Oh," she uttered prettily. "I didn't know that you weren't alone."

The young man came forward with the self-respecting air of one whose work justifies itself. "That's the lady," he said. As Mrs. Lever's eyes widened in dignified astonishment he made his mistake. A hard parenthesis of enjoyment formed round his mouth, his hand curved toward her arm. "Now look here, Mrs. Jacky," he said easily, as though he felt himself in his own milieu again, "you might as well own up and save trouble. We've got the goods on you."

Before Mrs. Lever's outraged wonder could become articulate, Edwina spoke. "Send him away!" It was more like a shudder than a voice. At a gesture from his employer, Mr. Banks vanished with the air of one who can afford to go. Mr. Hillyer took the case.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Lever," he began formally, "that you should have been addressed in that manner, but—" he paused. "As a matter of fact, you are no doubt anxious to do all in your power to explain his accusation."

"What accusation?" asked Mrs. Lever calmly. "All I understand is that I have been the object of a most—" her wounded eyes sought her hostess—"a most incomprehensible impertinence. What on earth does it mean, Edwina?"

The idea came to Mr. Hillyer that jurisprudence would do well to consider the first line of facial defense as supplied by the use of cosmetics. He would have given a good deal to wash the face of this witness; instead, he applied the sponge of his stripping gaze.

"Mrs. Gainswell's rings have been

stolen. Fortunately, at my suggestion, some time ago when the rings needed repairing, she had the jewelers make notes of the weight, size, and description of each stone. It will not be a difficult matter to compare these notes with the jewels"—he paused again—"which you sold in Baltimore."

Her candid eyes held his steadily. It dawned on him that the woman had so often lived through some such scene as this in advance that she knew just how to meet it. "I did sell some jewels," she answered, not too defensively. "They were my own."

"That," said Mr. Hillyer with a slight inclination, "is all that we wish you to prove."

Again the large blue eyes went questingly from one face to the other. The hands made a curious, lost movement forward, as though she had been leaning heavily on a railing over a height, and had felt it give way. The color on her face stood out, a precise layer over the greenish sub-tint like that on the faces of unaccustomed sea-voyagers. She made up her mind. "You know I can't prove it," she said out of a twisted mouth. "What are you going to do with me? I can tell you one thing—it can't be much worse than what I've been going through for years. I had to have the money, and this seemed the only way out—out of hell." She spoke with a resignation that was almost gentle.

"What made you, Jacky? Why didn't you come to me?" Edwina broke out.

"I couldn't. It was too much. We've lived in debt for years, just staving off utter ruin, hoping from year to year that something would happen, some lucky strike in Tim's business, and getting deeper and deeper in the quicksand all the time. You don't know what it is. It's been like being a slave, like being owned, the best part of you, your hopes, your future, the whole stuff of life. It's *poisonous*. And at last I understood that there was no way out, we'd never get clear. It was simply waiting for the blow to fall—month by month—to have



*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"IF YOU NEED ME YOU CAN SEND FOR ME"



to go out into the outer darkness, away from everything I cared about. Then one day I found your keys. I waited till you were asleep. I didn't take the other things but . . ."

"Your husband," Mr. Hillyer began. She took the bait eagerly, as he had expected. He wondered whether Edwina was appreciating the capital which might be made out of devotion to an overburdened husband. He waited for the classical phrase, "I did it for him." It did not come. Instead she said, "Yes, Tim—he doesn't know anything about this at all."

Mr. Hillyer's eyelids narrowed. "How did you intend to explain this sudden influx of money? A legacy, winning at cards?"

For the first time a note he could chime with rang in her voice. "I thought of that, but he isn't a fool. I meant to tell him the truth—when it was too late to stop me."

"Make him an accessory after the fact?"

Her dazed look reminded him of one of his pet grievances, the ignorance of the average person as to the laws under which she lives. "Could they punish him for *that*? When he found out that he would have to accept the situation or else accuse me I counted on his—accepting. He'd hate it but . . . He has an offer in California, and I meant to keep it from him until we were there. They couldn't punish him just for knowing, could they? Why, I think that would be most absolutely unjust. *I* did it. He doesn't know a word about it yet." She stopped in the midst of her reiterations. "What are you going to do with me?"

Mr. Hillyer restrained his opinion that he was in favor, like Mrs. Battle on Whist, of letting her abide by the rigor of the game she had been playing. As he hesitated, Mrs. Lever anticipated another point.

"I suppose you'll want me to get back the stones." She pinched her lips together then opened them with a gasp. "I can't. As soon as I got the money I

went wild. I paid off everything we owed right away." Her head flew up, her hands moved with a rhythm like poetry. "I've had a few free days anyway, even if they do come between two kinds of prison! I've had a perfectly gorgeous time, just in my own mind. I've felt like a *person* again, not something with a mortgage on it. What's money to that? There oughtn't to be any *way* that money should take precedence of human beings—that it should poison their lives and hang chains on them, as they've been hung on me. I know it was wrong to take Edwina's rings, but haven't I been wronged too? They took my peace of mind. That's more than any money is worth."

Mr. Hillyer found a curious division taking place in his mood. A professional approbation of her methods was part of it. His experience of criminal psychology had led him to expect her to overact her part, make a bid for Edwina's compassion perhaps by bursting into tears. Instead, her restrained nakedness of manner was more convincing than storms of protest.

The exponent of inalienable human rights rose draggingly to her feet. The fire was out. "You can let me know what you decide," she said wearily. "I have more sense than to try to run away." Her appeal fluttered painfully around the prosecutor and laid itself at Edwina's feet. The door looked stupid after it had closed on her.

For the first time during the interview Mr. Hillyer glanced behind him, and his voice rasped the silence. "For God's sake, Edwina, don't look as though *you* were the criminal. It was unpleasant enough, but—"

"I feel as if I were—as if we were all criminals together in a miserable world." Her tone, washed of color like her face, made him mindful of the legal habit of *mañana*. He patted her hand.

"Never mind," he admonished soothingly. "We'll rest to-day and not worry. And above all, I forbid you to see that woman again."

He was glad to get out into the crisp air, to outwalk his thoughts. The interview had left him also with a sense of universal sordidness, but its most surprising aftermath was a sneaking feeling of understanding with the unpleasant Mrs. Lever. Was it possible that more crimes than manslaughter were committed in self-defense? There were apparently things that one must have at any sacrifice, even that of principle, because the alternative is—how would one put it—the division of the self, the loss of sanity.

He was passing a florist's window. In it was a bunch of violets like an imperative. He felt the need of a sweetening of the imagination, of a mental picture of Edwina's dear, ridiculous nose buried in them and the echo of the heartfelt perfume of her "Sweet!" He went in.

She received him, the next day, bolt upright on a fiddleback chair, and her first words sounded like a challenge. "I've decided."

"Yes," he responded judicially. "I suppose I'm to act for you."

She shook her head. "Don't pretend to misunderstand, Horace. I—can't. I adore my rings, but— I expect you to tell me how to get them back."

"Certainly. Unless you prosecute you'll have to buy them back."

"But they're *mine*."

He explained. "The shops bought them in good faith with good money, quite a lot of it. You can't expect them to pocket the loss. They'll get their money back, and the process, in all probability, lands Mrs. Lever behind the bars." He put it crudely. He wasn't going to let Edwina suffer because of his skulking sympathy for the woman. How did he know that his own motives would bear examination? She was a devilish attractive woman, Mrs. Lever, now that he had seen her without her eternal smile.

Edwina stared into the distance. "Then I'll have to buy them back."

Mr. Hillyer's voice showed the strain

on his temper. "Edwina, I absolutely dislike to see you made a fool of. You can't afford it."

Her tone caught the spark from his. "I can tell you another thing I can't afford. I can't afford to see Jacky behind the bars! A woman I've lived with, played cards with, been nursed by. You have no perspective, Horace. She was right. What do little things like jewels matter in comparison with years of life?"

"Do you call crime a little thing? Don't you think that ought to be punished?"

"Jacky wouldn't be helped or improved in any way by being punished. She'll be made infinitely worse, she'll be a—a blankness when she comes out. Why," Edwina hurried on, "I could stand it because I can think. I could escape that way, but Jacky can't think. She can only live the life with which she comes in physical contact." A flash came into her eyes. "She's like you, she knows only facts. She's got nothing but this life; I can't spoil that—and her."

"You can't spoil a bad egg."

"What I mean is," she drove it home with a charming fist on her knee, "is that punishment does good only when it makes you repent; and Jacky wouldn't repent."

"That's the first statement with which I find myself in full accord. If the world accepted your standards, Edwina, correct behavior would become extinct."

"That's what they said when Saint Vincent wanted to save the little foundlings, Horace." Her smile deepened. "The point is that almost everybody thinks just the opposite from me. I don't want to empty the jails. I suppose punishment is necessary, so this isn't propaganda; I merely claim the right to my own tastes. Every law needs an exception, a crack of escape, a divine contradiction; otherwise it would conflict with the very intention of this fluid, growing world, it would make it static—which is death. If the idea of the inevitable punishment of criminals had



really taken root in us we'd all kill them at sight—which wouldn't abolish crime, it would merely transfer it to us."

"But—"

She ignored it. "The idea of occasional, irrational mercy had to be thrown into the confusion, so that mercy shouldn't perish from the earth. Even the Hebrew law allowed cities of refuge. Even the Middle Ages allowed sanctuary."

"I see," observed Mr. Hillyer sardonically. "You set yourself up to be the little *Nôtre Dame* of our day."

"Yes," said Edwina sweetly, "that's me."

"The whole attitude is most immoral. I honestly believe," declared Mr. Hillyer, piling it on, "that this is nothing but self-indulgence on your part. You haven't the stamina to see punishment administered, and you enjoy heaping up mercies and benefactions on your friend, like a little god. It may interest you to know that you come dangerously near compounding a felony."

Her mouth set obstinately. "Perhaps mercy is my luxury. I don't care whether other people use it or not, I like it."

"You're an incurable romantic," he assailed her again. "You're—a Chadwick." He fumbled after the parallel. "You think that the laws of God will turn from their appointed paths to run after you. Nothing you've said is real, it's up in the clouds."

"Very well," she met him imperturbably, "let's look at it like God. Solar systems like tiny quicksilver dots running round black velvet. Do you think He'd see any real harm in one of the infinitesimal and ephemeral vortices of force down here treating another slightly more ephemeral one with decent forbearance? Use your imagination, Horace."

His mouth flew open. The woman was taking a cosmic view. That was not unusual nowadays; outlines of things brought universal ideas into the home along with powdered milk and

radio. But she was broadening knowledge down to include her rings, and that was not common.

"It sums itself up like this," she was going on. "It's hard to separate punishment from revenge. I can't stoop to that, I can't fight a person, if you like, who isn't my equal. It would be taking advantage. I can just let her go."

"Romantic!"

She brought the fist down with a smart bang. "Why not? It's just as realistic to be romantic as to be brutal, because life is permeated by romance in solution, like a current or a light—saturated with it."

"So Mr. Freud thinks."

She flushed slightly. "I don't mean that. Well—it seems not to be such an unrespectable source, after all."

"Now this is very interesting." Mr. Hillyer sat up, relegating abstract justice to the background. He had always wanted to know how a really nice woman regarded sources. *Were* all things pure to the pure? Unfortunately, the one woman whom he considered sufficiently intelligent to hand down an opinion showed reserve when the conversation touched these zones of emotion. He had wondered whether it might not be necessary to marry such a woman to obtain her views. There had been a pattern in a certain carpet.

She was elusive again. "We don't know much about the ultimate laws of ethics yet. We're still playing for position against the natural laws."

"Ethics?" Mr. Hillyer returned to the main trail. "I believe your ethics are nothing but manners. Just because you've played cards with Mrs. Lever, you can't commit the social lapse of sending her to jail. You're transferring to her the despair that you would feel. You're—"

"Doing unto others as I would have them—"

"Oh, if you flee to the scriptures for refuge," said Mr. Hillyer disgustedly. "I did think better of you than that. But all this beyond-good-and-evil pose of

yours is a symptom. I'm worried about your state of mind. If there is one thing that civilization has done it is to give us a clean perception between right and wrong. That's straight thinking. Now you've dallied so long with sloppy humanitarian notions that you've let your mind go wild and muggy and inconsequent. You've reverted to a lower order, a primitive order." He stormed on. "I used to consider you, more than anyone I have known, on the side of the angels. Almost you might have persuaded me that the anti-Darwinians are right—that we are descended, as they say, from a child of God and not from a monkey."

"But, Horace," she pleaded, "you forget one thing."

"What?"

"That a monkey is also a child of God!"

She was laughing at him, she found him amusing. It goaded him to worse. "Of course, if you prefer being pre-human, if you *want* to go back—"

He had stung her at last, most by the contempt of his tone. "You've gone back farther than I have—back to those ages that Hardy wrote about—before the Pities were born. You're *hard*, Horace."

They faced each other, a suddenly cold and hostile influence between them. The moment hardened round him, cutting him off from his only deeply sympathetic contact with life. She seemed that to him now. And she was making herself strange to him. He was as much alone—her cruel reference suggested it—as a mastodon embedded in a block of ice.

He rose stiffly and took up his hat and cane. He stopped at the door, to say in the same manner, "If you need me you can send for me."

She said the last thing he expected. "I shall never do that."

When he was out of her presence, alone in his library he became conscious of the revolving facets of resentment and the core of sparks which may accompany frigidity.

She didn't like him. For the moment she positively disliked him.

Nothing had ever hurt him so much. What was the matter with him that she could deprive him like that of his reconciliation with life? She had piped to him and he had not danced, she had mourned to him and he had not wept. He had choked up his connecting currents with the vital springs of humanity, and he must be going stagnant, going bad. Otherwise how could he have insulted her as he had done, practically called her a fool? And she wasn't even strong yet. Her shaking little hands vibrated through him. Why—it came with the shock of conversion—that was what made her mean to him what she did mean, that shining irrationality, that most clear and merciful sort of lynch law through whose domains his warrants did not run. When the desk telephone at his elbow rang he jumped for it with the one blind thought of reinstatement.

The voice was not that of the rose though it lived near it; it was more like an elderly butterfly, ragged and full of agitated distress.

"O, Mr. Hillyer—yes, it's Miss Chadwick. Could you come here—now?"

"Now? Has anything happened to Mrs. Gainswell?" Fear is contagious.

"Oh, poor Edwina! . . . Not well . . . so upset . . . such a comfort—we thought . . ." The telephone fluttered and went dead. Mr. Hillyer wrung his handkerchief round his fingers. They were clammy. A chilly wave met over his head. Something had happened to Edwina. Probably a relapse, brought on by the excitement of his ruthless antagonism. His imagination, already at the gallop, reached the abyss and took it. Relapses were notoriously dangerous. Suppose she were going to die, die with the memory of his cold cantankerousness as her last human relation—if you could call it human.

On the way he snatched an instant at his favorite oasis and emerged with a large bunch of single violets, the kind he remembered picking in gardens during



his childhood. They had achieved the status of a fetish.

The simple sight of Edwina holding them brought an extraordinary sense of readjustment, though she lifted eyes that were reflections of their dewy, wistful purple. She was well enough to see him, after all, though it was evident that some crisis of the nerves had taken place. A sour sort of gratitude toward Mrs. Lever filled him when he learned that she, as well as himself, was responsible. It was evident also that Miss Chadwick's impulsive summons had been entirely her own idea. Say, ideal.

"Oh, Florence!" murmured Edwina, turning a vivid enthralling pink.

"She did exactly the right thing," maintained Mr. Hillyer sturdily. He found himself accepting without protest the history of the farewell interview during which Edwina had speeded up the California plan, and declared herself in absolute accord with the conspiracy to keep Jacky's husband blissfully ignorant of events until he was removed from the storm center. He even heard without overt skepticism that Jacky had the best intentions regarding gradual reimbursement.

"She thanked me," said Edwina shakily. "Can you imagine being thankful for anything—with all that before her? She even said that she was so glad that I was going to get my rings back. You know, Horace, I do feel *unclothed* without them."

"How get them?" demanded Mr. Hillyer.

"Buy them back. As you said, that's the only way." She turned as with relief to a different train of thought. "I've been going over my affairs very seriously, Horace. I've been living too extravagantly, and when I sell some of my securities, as I shall have to, to pay for the rings, my income will be even smaller. I'm going to give up my rooms here."

"Leave Mrs. Comynge's?" That select establishment had never received a more sincere tribute than was con-

veyed by Mr. Hillyer's intonation. I Edwina had spoken of selling the old homestead or the ancestral castle it could not have been otherwise. "Now don't do that," he protested. "You've been here for years. You like her. Why it's your home."

Her head bent over the flowers. "Oh, I know," she breathed. "It will be like growing a new *skin*."

His glance circumscribed the dimly shabby room, its distinction, its feminine allure. It was an object small but infinitely precious, and it was redolent of memories that belonged to him. Edwina was taking an unjustifiable liberty with his assets, chucking them into oblivion. And she would go—he saw it—into some cheaper, cruder place, among cheaper people, where she would be uncomfortable in soul and body. He saw himself, horribly, being received in a profane, public parlor.

"You shan't do it," he said abruptly. His domineering tone brought her face up with parted lips. "Unless—Edwina, I've got a perfectly good house—a frightful house it is now, full of black walnut and loneliness—that you could make utterly enchanting. Will you—will you?"

His hands had caught hers, were pressing them with enough expression to float a symphony.

"Is this—is this a proposal of marriage?" she quavered.

"Will you?"

Her face swam between dew and sunlight, like a girl's. "Horace, I ought to keep you waiting—you've kept me waiting so long."

"Don't laugh, don't dare to laugh," implored Mr. Hillyer. "I've been a fool. I'll tell you later. But—Edwina—if you only knew how I *need* you!"

Even in its vortex his mind uttered a crow of professional congratulation. He had struck the right, the master note. "Do you?" she murmured. Then the old spark glimmered out. "Horace," she asked solemnly, "do you think that you can conscientiously marry a person

like me? You know I compound felonies, and I'm without standards—and I don't intend to change."

"No, don't change," he implored.

"But how can you reconcile a sloppy romantic like me with your principles, O righteous man?"

He held her at arms' length for another satisfying plunge into her eyes. Gentle he had known them, and humorous and keen, and now, like the evening star that brings all one wants, there was something wonderfully different. So this was love! He said it as a man takes in a foreign city which he had supposed absurdly overrated, and decides that it

is superlatively worth the arid journey. Even being there gave one the traveled, the broadened feeling. This was the paradox of love: fullest of all things of the quality of particularity, it yet put one in touch with the whole of life. He was giving himself up to a warm current that was taking him straight to life, an impulse that does not bother to answer questions because it submerges them, a joy that brings its own credentials.

"Righteousness?" exclaimed Mr. Hill-  
yer, before the wave reduced him to silence. "Dearest, some men can't be saved by righteousness—they have to be saved by romance!"

## Tim-buc-too

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

THEY say that it is wiser far  
To live your whole life out  
In one small place,  
Where what you are  
Your friends know all about,  
Because they knew your childhood's face  
Quite well without a doubt.

But I would go to Tim-buc-too  
If anybody asked me to!

They say that life is fine and deep  
For stay-at-homes who chatter  
Of one thing and another thing;  
Who never lose an hour's sleep  
For love, who just grow fatter  
And clean their houses in the spring—  
But, oh! what does it matter?

For I will go to Tim-buc-too  
If anybody asks me to!



## Bare Souls. II: Thomas Gray

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

(The "Elegy" gave Thomas Gray "such glory as has fallen to few in the whole history of literature"; it is probably "the poem most read and quoted and remembered in the English language." Yet the man himself has puzzled generations of readers. The author of *Damaged Souls* selects Gray as the subject of the second portrait in his new gallery, which is to include a number of great historic figures who have revealed themselves in their writings—Editor's Note.)

**S**ECCLUSION and solitude, thought, and thought, and a little, or a great deal, of reading, and more thought, quiet days and quiet nights, steeped in tranquillity, saturated with reflection, and not unduly bereft of peaceful slumber, such, in the crowded middle years of the eighteenth century, was the life of Thomas Gray. He was born in 1716, of a good family, with moderate means, went through the usual routine of English education at Eton, made a few close friends and a certain number of Latin verses, frolicked a little, with more or less distaste. He toiled for some time at law, with a distaste that was even greater. Then he abandoned worldly utility, unless a professor's appointment during his last years can be called such, and shut himself up in dim Cambridge chambers, with dim, piled books, and dim, piled thoughts, hoped a little, regretted a little, dreamed vastly, wrote a little great poetry, and slipped away into the dimmer, larger silence, in 1771.

Naturally, Gray's life was not quite all solitude and introspection. What life could be? There were gleams of external movement and diversity, when he roved shyly through the great world, astonished at its senseless clatter. After his university education was finished he went abroad with his schoolfellow, Horace Walpole, and spent some months in France and Italy. Walpole's curiosity was inexhaustible. He wanted to see everybody and do everything, and Gray trailed his weary indolence after his

friend's eager vivacity. In letters to those at home the lonely scholar described their particolored doings, sometimes with moderate zest, sometimes with evident petulance. He writes a jocose itinerary to Wharton, with a vivid enumeration of great sights and little annoyances. There are people, endless people, some amusing, more tedious. There are wolves on the slopes of the mountains and bores in the cities. There are trifling and dancing and laughing. There are cathedrals and pictures and bad inns and worse roads and a hurly-burly remote enough from the academic peace of Cambridge. Then the two friends chafed each other and parted. It is easy to see why, without going into special reasons. The close intimacy of travel is always too apt to breed friction. Walpole was rich, spoiled, the son of a prime minister. Gray was nobody, and proud as the devil. What happened was bound to happen. In later days the quarrel was patched up; but for the time they separated and Gray was probably well pleased to return to solitude and silence.

In the thirty years after this, of course, there were many breaks, longer or shorter. Like every Englishman, Gray was often in London, not often enough to love it or to feel at home in it, but with occasional visits, which made him sufficiently familiar with its sights and its throngs and its noise and bustle and hurry. If there was a striking event, like a coronation, he was curious enough

to record the press of great people, with their blaze of show and splendor and their unfailing petty humanity through it all. He was too indolent or too indifferent to go himself to the places of entertainment, Ranelagh or Vauxhall, but he commented with sarcastic interest on the manners and motives of those who did go: "So they go to Vauxhall; well, but is not it a very great design, very new, finely lighted, well, yes, ay, very fine truly, so they yawn and go to Vauxhall, and then it's too hot, and then it's too cold, and here's a wind, and there's a damp. . . . However, to do us justice, I think we are a reasonable, but by no means a pleasurable people; and to mend us we must have a dash of the French and Italian; yet I don't know how." So London yielded something to take back into the Cambridge quiet.

Or there were leisurely trips through the lovely English country. It was hard to pack and get started, harder and harder as the years went on; but it paid, after a fashion, with what it left in memory at any rate. You chose the long summer days, visited friends in the north, south, east, or west, even stretched your touring fancy as far as the wilder districts of Scotland. Walpole was always busy with the toy magnificence of Strawberry Hill, and after their trouble was adjusted and Gray had become a person of some distinction, his old friend was glad to see him and to get the benefit of his sure and delicate taste about some bit of quaint ornamentation or curious furnishing. Moreover, Gray was a thorough archaeologist and antiquarian and in his journeys he was always eager to inspect old castles and churches, to examine monuments and decipher inscriptions, to classify and enjoy rare specimens of Gothic architecture and Renaissance painting. In all these investigations one is struck with the minute, exact conscientiousness of the man's spirit. To be sure, the studies may not be worth while. What studies really are worth while? But, out of respect to ourselves, if we are going into them at all,

let us be careful and complete. So he notes and marks and lists and distinguishes, and is occupied, if not happy.

Also, there is the element of nature in these rambling excursions, as well as the element of human production and association, and Gray is perhaps even more at home in the former. When he was fairly started on a pilgrimage, he displayed an amount of energy one would have hardly looked for from such sedentary habits. He drives for long hours over rough roads, climbs steep and difficult slopes, puts up with petty inconveniences, all for the sake of seeing some picturesque site or unfrequented stream or summit. He even approves of movement for itself: "Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments?" He enjoys the ocean. He enjoys an exquisite boating trip on the River Wye. He enjoys an autumn in Scotland, in spite of the drawbacks, which he sets forth with humorous vividness: "Then I had so beautiful an autumn, Italy could hardly produce a nobler scene, and this so sweetly contrasted with that perfection of nastiness, and total want of accommodation that Scotland only can supply. Oh, you would have blessed yourself. I shall certainly go again; what a pity it is I cannot draw, nor describe, nor ride on horseback."

But from such little, brief wanderings in the wide untraveled world there is always a quick return, a return no doubt laden with richly garnered food for the inward eye, but still the same re-entrance into cloistered solitude. Sometimes the return comes with regret, regret even for the little inconveniences that for the moment irritate and perturb the tranquil surface of life: "In Cambridge there is nothing so troublesome as that one has nothing to trouble one." Sometimes the renewal of peace and privacy brings just a large sense of relief,



for, after all, one is a creature of habit and gets so easily rooted and, oh, so permanently: "Tis true Cambridge is very ugly, she is very dirty, and very dull; but I'm like a cabbage, where I'm stuck, I love to grow; you should pull me up sooner than any one, but I shall be ne'er the better for transplanting." And so the seclusion and remoteness increase with the increasing years.

Yet seclusion does not necessarily mean self-absorption. The most extreme hermit, if he is to keep his sanity, must get away from his surroundings, spiritually, if not physically. And sometimes, when the feet never move the spirit maintains the widest and most restless outlook. After all, one is human, and there is a great, tempting, puzzling human world about one. One must touch it occasionally, one must look at it and listen to it. Even it may be that the vision and the sensibility are made more keen by remoteness, dreamy and, in a certain sense, abstract, but wider, more equable, and more penetrating.

And so Gray looked around him constantly, sent his gaze far abroad from that quiet, dull Cambridge atmosphere, and surveyed the strange doings of men, rather dreamily, as if it were all no great concern of his, but with a searching curiosity, and sometimes with amusement, sometimes with dread. Events of history and politics? In the past you could probe them with an antiquarian's zeal, and if they would feed nothing else, they would feed the restless activity of an unoccupied mind. But what most impressed you, when you saw the past in its proper perspective, was the terrible insignificance of great people and great doings. There was such a huge bustle, such a tempestuous stir, for a few short years. Then it was forgotten, and the kings and queens slept in the dust beside the peasants. Would it not be exactly so with the noisy tumult that went on immediately about one? Frederick was a great king. Wolfe was a brave soldier. They both died, like you and me, and there was an end of it. King George was

crowned, and jeweled throngs swept and glittered through the tedious ceremonies. The earth opened at Lisbon, and shrieking throngs were engulfed in it. But oblivion would engulf them all in the end. You wondered a little, you pitied a little, you smiled a little. Then you turned back to your books.

In the obscure, profound humanitarian movement which was just beginning to stir the conventional eighteenth century Gray seems to have taken little interest. He disliked the French philosophers and all their ways. Social and economic questions did not appeal to him. If he had lived to see the great upheaval in France, it is easy to imagine what he would have thought of it. On the other hand, the little daily doings of men and women, the quick play and interchange of their passions and hopes and fears, interested and amused him inexhaustibly. As so often happens with such solitary figures, who have little active life of their own, he liked to supply the lack with the experiences of others. When he was young he wrote, "For my part, I could entertain myself this month merely with the common streets and the people in them." The power of extracting such entertainment did not decrease with age.

He liked a bit of gossip or scandal. Though he lived so much by himself, he knew the world of society, or knew of it, and such anecdotes as Walpole was always collecting diverted him immensely. He had his own comments on them, shrewd, quick, and vivid, sometimes cutting and bitter. Not that he was really ill-natured; he was not, was capable of much kindly, active sympathy. But the pretense of the world annoyed him, and the shallowness of the world disgusted him. When a scene or conjuncture of circumstances excites his wrath, his sarcastic account of it is not to be forgotten.

When he comes to deal with the men and things right about him, in academic Cambridge, his words do take on a flavor of bitterness, which seems at times a little unnecessary. One is reminded of



THOMAS GRAY

From the Portrait by John G. Eecardt in the National Portrait Gallery

Heine's cruel branding of the university life of Göttingen. "Cambridge is a delight of a place now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants." As to said inhabitants, his comment is too often such as he makes on Doctor Chapman: "Our friend Doctor Chapman (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the

company besides bones. . . . They say he made a very good end."

Yet in Cambridge, as everywhere else in the world, it was necessary not only to observe men, but to come into direct contact with them, and this was less suited to Gray's taste. There was daily practical contact, business contact. No matter how much you may hate trade, you have to live, have to live under cover, and dress and eat. To do these things you have to have money and to spend it. Gray's income was unearned and small and sure; but he had to draw



it and handle it and mix with those who furnished the things he needed. His general remarks on money matters are touched with the humor approaching cynicism which colored so much of his comment on life: "It is a foolish thing that one can't only not live as one pleases, but where and with whom one pleases, without money. Swift somewhere says that money is liberty and I fear money is friendship too and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great though ill-natured comfort to see most of those who have it in plenty without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends." No one can question, however, that Gray understood the two great essentials, so far as money is concerned, order and thoughtfulness. It is clear that he was careful in his expenditure and strictly honorable in all his dealings. That he was charitable, for his means, is also to be taken for granted, though he was the last man to boast of it.

And contact with humanity could not be quite confined to matters of business. Purely social relations were desirable, as even Gray would have admitted, and, whether desirable or not, they were often unavoidable. But he did not take to them. In appearance he was a little trim, tidy person, very dignified, rather conventional, rather unapproachable, and few indeed were those who succeeded in approaching him. Walpole said of him: "He is the worst company in the world, from a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily . . . his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable." That there were times when he could be gay and unbend, even in early days enter into a frolic, is evident from his letters, for example from his description of the wild doings at Rheims in 1739. No doubt at all times he could chat with a friend over a late fire delightfully. As with most proud, self-conscious persons, his own monstrous, inexplicable self was always getting between him and those to whom

he wished to come nearest. "People in high spirits and gayety overpower me and entirely take away mine. I can yet be diverted with their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dullness, it sinks me to nothing." And the conclusion of it all is, "As to humanity, you know my aversion to it; which is barbarous and inhuman, but I cannot help it. God forgive me!"

In a life so organized and so guided one would not expect to find the influence of women very conspicuous. To Gray they were remote, puzzling, most embarrassing creatures, evidently useful, probably estimable, but not to be sought for daily comfort or converse. "For me, I am come to my resting place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits." The ideal of those quiet chambers in Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, was certainly not to do nothing, but at any rate, not to racket about. As domestic appurtenances, especially in childhood, women, of course, had their advantage, and one carried forever a certain tender association with them. "Poor Mrs. Bonfoy (who taught me to pray) is dead." For a touch, it goes deep, does it not? And there is the exquisite word to Nicholls, written in age, about the loss of a mother: "I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. I never knew this . . . till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

As for love, in the more ordinary sense, there may have been unrecorded passions in youth, but there is no hint of them in Gray's letters. He speaks of the marriage of his friends with respect,

with curiosity, with his usual gracious playfulness: "I rejoice; but has she common sense? Is she a gentlewoman? Has she money? Has she a nose? I know she sings a little and twiddles on the harpsichord. . . . Adieu, I am truly yours. I hope her hair is not red though." For himself, he refers to the conjugal state with neither congratulation nor regret.

All the affection that should have gone to wife and children was poured out on friends. Even here perhaps it was difficult to do the pouring by word of mouth. But from the quiet chambers you could send warm, delightful, humorous letters, which in a shy fashion might convey something of what you felt. To be sure, the reserve haunted the letters also, that confounded, strange restraint which made it impossible to give entirely what one would most have liked to bestow. It is a remote, secluded world; and perhaps a quaint, dim Cambridge corner after all, shuts you

off no more than the repellent, conventional friendliness of the noisy crowd. But you can love your friends and cherish them, and in vague, uncertain, ineffective written words you can strive to tell them so. There is West, there is Wharton, there is Mason; one's love for them is at least something real in a motley medley of delusive, evasive

shadows. Oh, one sees their faults well enough, when one has those keen eyes that see the faults of everything. But what are faults to love? And in one's old age one turns with singular craving to the caressing tenderness of youth, one yearns for the honest flattery of a Nicholls or a Bonstetten, and one even at last

likes to cherish the delusion that those fretting barriers may be overcome and one can reveal one's bare soul when one wishes it, as well as when one does not: "It is impossible for me to dissemble with you; such as I am I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes." For love, after all, is but the straining for the unattainable.

And, as humanity offered its mighty, though forever tantalizing, refuge and solace from the overpowering absorption in one's own soul, so there were other forms of refuge in the abstract, detached resources of thought and contemplation.

There was art. Gray delighted in Italian and other painting, studied it at such opportunities as he had, and made fruitful and suggestive comments upon it. Architecture charmed him. Old Gothic ruins had a peculiar fascination for his melancholy and slightly ruinous temperament. He liked the more decorative forms of art also, ad-



GRAY AT FIFTEEN



vised Walpole and others about the purchase of stained glass and tapestries, and spent long, unprofitable hours in the investigation of such things. Especially he enjoyed music and played the piano of his day sufficiently to get the richest artistic inspiration that the solitary dreamer can create for himself.

Gray's relation to external nature is especially interesting because of the reflection of it in his poetry. He was always keenly alive to the changes and the manifestations of the natural world, kept careful notes of temperature and weather, made elaborate lists of the arrival of birds and the leafing and budding of flowers. He delighted in gardens, and his friends thought he understood the planting of them. Probably he did, though he was not a man to overrate his own powers in any line. He sighs with real pathos for horticultural delights he cannot share: "My gardens are in the window, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat-Lane or Camomile-Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do."

As to the wild world outdoors, it must be admitted that Gray never quite got the touch, because he never quite had the feeling, of the romantic writers of fifty years later. At his best he hardly reaches even the depth of Collins's "simple bell" or the tenderness of Cowper's primroses. Yet the direct sincerity and power of the lines in the *Vicissitude Ode* give something nowhere to be found in the wide desert of Pope's cleverness:

"The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening Paradise."

In the enjoyment of mountain scenery Gray curiously represents the transition between the old Latin dislike of the rugged, the dangerous, the terrible, and the more subtle passion of the nineteenth century poets. To the shy recluse of level Cambridge the Alps and, in a less degree, the Scottish Highlands

represented a delicious shudder: they were strange, they were picturesque, above all they were full of literature: "In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry." We have still some way to go to the dreaming of Obermann in the high and lonely valleys or to Byron's outcry,

"And to me  
High mountains are a feeling."

Besides the æsthetic distractions, the recluse had always the diversion of speculative thought, if he cared to make use of it. Yet it is evident that Gray was never a passionate or a tormented abstract thinker. His own statement of the matter is, no doubt, much too modest: "A reasonable quantity of dullness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles than is, thinking." Still the sleepy air of the east of England probably increased a natural disposition to indolence, and it seemed easier to turn aside from the great problems than to wrestle with them, to accept and cherish traditional belief and worship rather than to dispute. Moreover, Gray was by nature conservative. Radicalism in politics he abhorred, and radicalism in philosophy was, to say the least, very distasteful. Voltaire he detested and French speculative ventures in general seemed to him mainly dangerous and always unprofitable: "Their atheism is a little too much, too shocking to rejoice at. I have long been sick at it in their authors, and hated them for it; but I pity their poor innocent people of fashion. They were bad enough when they believed everything."

Minute and technical scholarship was far better than theoretical divagations. You could lose yourself in old authors, you could discuss and debate texts and readings, you could compare the opinion of one dusty pedant with that of another dusty pedant, and though you

knew that the pedants were dead and their opinions of no value whatever, even to the moths and spiders, it all sufficed to make the heavy-footed hours tread a trifle more lightly. In the thickening twilight of a dull November afternoon it might seem a little dull. There were people out in the world who were loving and hating and laughing. Sometimes one's heart quivered at the thought of joining them. But no doubt their love and their laughter were dull also, for November afternoons are dull everywhere. So one returns to the dusty pedants, and does what one can to satisfy an unappeasable habit of accuracy and minute detail, and forgets, or falls asleep.

To be sure, there were forms of literature less soporific than dusty pedantry, and Gray touched and tried them all; for if a somewhat desultory reader, he was a vast one. When Nicholls expressed surprise at the extent of his reading the modest answer was: "Why should you be surprised, when I do nothing else?" He enjoyed the imaginative writers of the past. Also, he read everything notable that came from his contemporaries, and commented on it with frankness and shrewdness and sometimes with enthusiasm. He did not, indeed, care much for the verdict of the great multitude of readers, and the selling of a best seller struck him as not very substantial: "I wonder to hear you ask the opinion of a nation, where those who pretend to judge don't judge at all; and the rest (the wiser part) wait to catch the judgment of the world immediately above them, that is, Dick's Coffee-House, and the Rainbow: so that the readier way would be to ask Mrs. This and Mrs. T'other, that keeps the bar there." But he admired and enjoyed, as well as criticized, much that was admired by others. He found Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* a bore, as did Voltaire; but the *Emile* interested and impressed him greatly. Montesquieu he praised with real enthusiasm.

To one remark of Montesquieu at least he would probably have been as

willing to subscribe as any one can be. Can it have been quite true of Montesquieu himself? "I never had a sorrow which a half-hour's reading could not dissipate." And if there was any kind of literature which could produce such a delightful effect, Gray would certainly have said that it was fiction. He loved to read novels. Those of us who to-day find the mystery story one of the greatest blessings of the world could not perhaps read the novels that Gray read; but we can understand the general significance of his remark: "Now as the paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon."

Where one reads so much, there must be sometimes the temptation to write. Where one has such days and years of idleness, one must sometimes get to regard work as a pleasure, and the only kind of work that attracted Gray was writing. As to the importance of work, the value, the satisfaction of it, his opinion was very decided, whatever may have been his practice. He bewailed his own indolence: "You need not fear unraveling my web. I am a sort of spider; and have little else to do but to spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there. Alas! for one who has nothing to do but amuse himself. I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks, but no matter: it makes the hours pass." He envied and admired industry. "To be employed is to be happy." He would have liked to write great works, and to give his time and his life to it. But it was not a matter of wishing. He simply sat unproductive the larger part of his days, and the great work would not come: "It is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on oneself, and which I have not felt this long time."

To be sure, what he did produce was labored over with huge effort and pains. He could at times toss off a trifle, like



the "Cat" or "The Long Story," but the few great Odes and the "Elegy" received the utmost labor of revision and polishing. The extreme subtlety and delicacy of his extensive comments on the writings which his friends submitted to him show sufficiently the days and nights of anxious thought which he must have devoted to his own. And the excision of the delicious omitted stanza of the Elegy shows what sacrifices a conscientious artist is ready to make to produce a masterpiece. Gray unquestionably belongs, with Leopardi and Flaubert, to the group of writers who are unwilling to let anything leave their hands till it is absolutely perfect. Even so, perfection seems so shadowy and unachievable, that they are often reluctant to part with their work at all.

One asks oneself naturally, how much interest had Gray, who had so little interest in anything, in the future of these masterpieces to which he gave so many hours of thought and toil. Did he care for glory or seek for it? His obvious anxiety as to a possible professorship shows that he was not wholly without the little human ambitions. The indifference of the public annoyed him, as it does the rest of us: "As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honor to admire, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice that they are doing a very unfashionable thing, for all people of condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand."

Yet in the main, Gray, like some others, proclaimed his disregard for success, at least for popularity. He refused the laureateship, which many satirize, but few decline. And he declared that he had "no relish for any other fame than that which is conferred by the few real judges that are so thinly scattered over the face of the earth."

At any rate, the echo of praise came but dimly into those secluded halls and quiet streets, where the living flitted about so casually among the mighty rel-

ics of the dead that no one could take their flattery or their blame or any of their pursuits with enduring seriousness. Somehow Gray's solitude takes one back to old Burton, who did but typify the life of many English scholars, if it could be called life, the immense, remote detachment from all those great and petty things that tease and tempt and occupy the common herd of men. And as Burton distilled from his solitude a vast folio of Melancholy, so Gray extracted from his a quaint melancholy of his own, compounded of many simples, like that of Jacques in "As You Like It," broken and variegated with exquisite trifles and playfulness, dainty, shifting, vanishing, elusive, but still haunting and absorbing, with the suggestion of life flitting away, of slow days and swift years passing and nothing done with them, of the deceitfulness of hope, the emptiness of thought, the terrible imminence of the grave and something beyond it, all common topics enough, but intensified by the drag of gray days and gray reflections.

The melancholy made sheer nonsense relishable and of delicate savor. You laughed at others, and you laughed at yourself: "I keep an owl in the garden, as like me as it can stare; only I do not eat raw meat, nor bite people by the fingers." But still, still, as with Burton, that black-robed goddess Melancholy is waiting round the corner, spreads her quiet smothering pall over the gayest hopes and the wittiest associates. She comes in youth: "Low spirits are my true and faithful companions . . . most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world." She does not fail in age: "Your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I is capable of being made."

No doubt physical sensitiveness or inertia played its part. Gray seems to have been naturally healthy, and if he had lived a healthy life he might have had little trouble. He was temperate in everything, and all his habits were regular. But he was no lover of exercise, and



“THE TOY MAGNIFICENCE OF STRAWBERRY HILL”

From an aquatint by Joseph Farington, R. A., the author of *Farington's Diary*

the constant use of his brain and very moderate use of his muscles had the customary result. He was rarely ill, but never quite well. Something was always hitching and catching in the machinery, with the mental depression naturally consequent. The symptoms are familiar enough: “less feverish than I was, in a morning; instead of it a sensation of weariness. A soreness in both feet, which goes off in the day, a frequent dizziness and lightness of head. Easily fatigued with motion, sometimes a little pain in my breast, as I had in the winter. These symptoms are all too slight to make an illness; but they do not make perfect health.” Gray himself could make light of them, could trifle with them and turn them and himself into ridicule. Yet it all meant a constant slight weight upon the spirits, which the surroundings of Cambridge did not do much to dissipate.

Also, it meant nerves sensitive to everything, liable to be oppressed with fears, real or imaginary, on every occa-

sion and at every opportunity. As so often happens in such cases, it is not the great fears that count. Gray would no doubt at any time have faced the abstract thought or the real presence of death with as much courage as is possible to frail mortality, death, that is, apart from “pain, the only thing that makes death terrible.” But he shrank and quivered at little dangers and was haunted in his dreams by possible peril that might never come. Especially he dreaded fire, and his sensitiveness on the subject, being well known, perhaps exposed him to more or less legendary pranks from his boisterous college neighbors.

On the other hand, it must not be supposed that Gray's superb intelligence could not dominate his nerves. It could and did. There was nothing whatever about him of the abnormal that tainted Cowper, no real obsession, no mad whim, or wildly haunting fancy. He was sane, rational, wise, discreet, able to give sage counsel to his friends, and, what is so



much more difficult, to profit by it himself. Nerves, depression, spiritual dread, all these, he thought, could be conquered by a mind quietly master of itself, and though he did not always obtain such mastery, he knew its nature and could apply it enough to escape serious disaster. "A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings as numerous and as real (though not quite of the same sort) as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it, over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions." By such aid he supported himself, with decency and dignity lived long in his remote, sequestered corner, and melted out of existence, apparently, as a man, a mere vague jotting for the swift erasure of oblivion.

Then the *Elegy* gave him such glory as has fallen to few in the whole history of literature. The poem was well known and prized in his lifetime, as appears from Wolfe's famous use of it. But who could foresee the immensity of reputation which would enfold its author through the centuries to come? To have written "*Gray's Elegy*," probably, on the whole, the poem most read and quoted and remembered in the English language, what fullness of fame could anyone desire more?

Would it have pleased the quiet Cambridge eremite? Does it please him, if he is aware of it? I think so, in spite of his proclamation of the emptiness of glory. When he looks down from his celestial leisure, in the brief intervals between endless delicious novels of Marivaux and Crébillon, I think the adoring iteration of millions must be not wholly unacceptable.

## Old Enchantment

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

**T**WILIGHT plays poet to the city street,  
 Working strange magic in a misty tide;  
 Slipping up alleys on unhurried feet,  
 Where common shapes that day has petrified  
 Struggle to life, as though some spirit tried,  
 Deep in the stone and steel, for one hushed hour,  
 To shake the cerements of death aside  
 At summons of an old enchanter's power.  
 Black in the shadows voiceless monsters cower,  
 And sprawling things are partially descried;  
 Vague battlements and massive turrets lower,  
 Romantic facts that sunlight had denied;  
 Tall phantoms stalk in mystery and pride,  
 And unseen armies pass in still retreat. . .  
 While, working magic in a misty tide,  
 Twilight plays poet to the city street.

# Silhouette

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

JOSHWY'S years had been few and bare of responsibility until the day became a blind man's eyes. After that he counted himself, more or less, a person of affairs.

He had lunched late upon a banana and a small pie, filched from a combination lunch and fruit stand while the week proprietor was looking the other way. The banana went, first, into his sound trousers' pocket, while the pie found temporary quarters inside his ragged shirt, where it nestled stickily against his dusky skin. Two blocks from the scene of his theft, and safe from pursuit, he feasted.

It was then that he saw the old man for the first time. That they had never met before was due to the fact that, to Joshw'y, this was an unfamiliar part of the city. His pilferings from small merchants and householders in that section of town which he had hitherto claimed as his residence had become so notorious that he had deemed it best to seek a new field of operations, for he could read the danger sign behind the suspicious scowls which had begun to greet his appearance everywhere he went. He would not have admitted that he stole things; he would have told himself—and did—that he was only "taking" them.

His attention was first directed to the elderly stranger by the old man's almost patriarchal gray beard and the huge, cork-glassed spectacles which he wore. The beard—a rarity among his people, Joshw'y reflected instinctively—was an object of immediate admiration. He peeped fleetingly that he might have one like it when he grew up. The dark spectacles though suggested a means of evasion.

An existence passed for the greater part upon city streets had bred in him a certain pertness which could change, upon the instant, into insolence. In the old man he saw an opportunity for bantering a helpless victim. He sidled over toward the stranger.

"Mean to tell me," he asked impudently, "you kin see th'ough 'em black spec's you is got on?"

The old man, who had been singing a "spiritual" softly, ceased at the interruption. A shadow fell across his face, but he did not turn his head toward Joshw'y.

"No, Son," he answered gently. "I can't see, wid or widout 'em." He waited a moment, and then, "I's a blin' man, Son."

Maybe it was the simple dignity of the old man's tone, or it may have been the hint of reproach, untinged with rebuke, that sent a sudden flush, closely akin to shame, over Joshw'y. He had expected an angry retort, for which he had an impudent answer ready. But . . . kindness . . . that was a new experience. He could not have analyzed the sudden change of mood that he underwent. No one had ever called him "Son" before. The favorite epithets which had been hurled at him hitherto were "Spades," by those whose immediate enmity he had not aroused, and "You little black ape!" by those more belligerently inclined. But, even though he had had cause, this old blind man had not even showed anger . . . and he had called Joshw'y "Son."

The boy felt suddenly contrite; one bare toe began digging embarrassedly at the pavement. "'Scuse me, Mistuh"—he had not been accustomed to apolo-



gizing to people and the effort came haltingly—"I—knowed you was blin'."

"'At's all right, Son." The old man's smile was friendly. "I knowed a boy wid as much sense as you is got could see I was blin'. But you didn't mean no rale hahm; you ain't a bad boy, Son."

People, passing, stopped at intervals to drop coins—none of them larger than a ten-cent piece—in the battered tin cup that sat on the old man's knee. Joshw'y lingered, thinking how ridiculously easy it would be to make off with the money. Far more easy, he decided, than taking pies and bananas from a Greek lunch-stand man. He would only have to seize that cup—the old man did not even keep his hand on it—and run. His fleetness of foot had saved him on many a previous occasion. He was tempted, but . . . somehow . . . he couldn't—not just yet.

Still he lingered, and presently he heard the old man's voice, "Is you still dere, Son?"

"Yessuh."

"Son, does you see a boy"—there was an anxious note in the question—"a yalluh boy—close by anywheahs?"

Joshw'y shot a glance up and down the street. "Nawsuh; ain't no yalluh boy aroun' heah."

The blind man sighed. "Reckon he's gone, too—like de res' of 'em." There was surrender to the inevitable in his voice. "Dey's hahd to keep."

"Was he yo'n?" Joshw'y asked, to make conversation.

"No, Son; I ain't got no chillun. Ain't nevuh had none. He was jus' a boy—anothuh one—I had hired to lead me roun' town. Time foh me to be movin' now, too."

The old man was sitting upon a folding canvas stool in the rapidly disappearing shadow cast by the wall of a building. It was late autumn, but the day was sultry, with an almost midsummer sun beating down upon the unprotected spaces. He tried to move closer to the wall, farther from the encroaching rays.

"Wheah does you move to?" Joshw'y asked.

"Dis time o' de evenin' "—the old man, following Southern <sup>usage</sup>, spoke of afternoon as evening—"I goes up to de co'tehouse, when I's got a boy, an' sets in de shade. But I can't go by myse'f. De streets—dey's so many of 'em, Son—dey mixes me all up."

Joshw'y, having passed the courthouse only that morning, remembered that it was about six blocks distant. And the old man with the gentle voice—who had called him "Son"—wanted to get there.

"I'll lead you, Mistuh," he offered.

"Dere now! Ain't I said you was a good boy? Thankee, Son!"

The old man stood up feeling for his chair with that groping gesture peculiar to the blind. He folded it and handed it to Joshw'y.

"Take dis, Son. Come ovuh on my lef' side. 'At's de way! Now! I restes my lef' han' on yo' shoulduh, gethers my walkin' stick in my right, an' us travels. An' . . . Son?"

"Yessuh."

"Jus' about dis time o' day, I gen'ally drinks me some root beer. Does you like root beer?"

People rarely gave Joshw'y anything, but when they did he liked it, and admitted as much. The old man, it appeared, knew of a place a few blocks distant where they sold fine root beer, and Joshw'y piloted him to it. To the boy's surprise, the old man ordered, not one, but two, foaming, ice-cold mugs of the beverage. Most men, Joshw'y reflected, would have ordered one, and when they had nearly drained it, would have offered him what was left.

They sat at a table and slowly drank. When the foam began to disappear in Joshw'y's mug he would shake it with a circular motion, causing it to foam anew.

The old man, it seemed, was Mistuh Wash'n'on. There had been an explosion in the coal mine where he used to work, and when he came out of the hospital several weeks later, his sight was gone. With the money which the min-

ing company gave him he had bought a house of two rooms—one of the “shot-gun” kind, he explained to Joshw’y. It wasn’t much of a place, he admitted, but it provided shelter against stormy days and cold nights. One might strike a forced compromise in the matter of eating regularly, Mistuh Wash’n’on philosophized, but when he was getting along in years a place to rest his bones was a necessity.

Joshw’y recalled nights when he sought shelter in the lee of a lumber pile, or had snuggled for warmth against the base of an exposed chimney, and shivered with the memory.

There had been a few dollars left after the purchase of the house, Mistuh Wash’n’on said, but the money had not lasted long. And a man—even an old man—had to live. But, when he had spent the better part of his life digging coal, he found few tasks to which unpracticed hands could be bent, especially when they were the hands of a blind man. So, in the end, Mistuh Wash’n’on moved to the big city and got a permit to beg on the streets.

As they sat drinking he learned something of Joshw’y’s history. The boy spoke without emotion of his father, whom he remembered chiefly for the beatings given him and the harsh “Boy!” by which the parent had always addressed him. But his father, he told Mistuh Wash’n’on calmly, would never trouble him any more—not ever.

“How come, Son?” the old man asked.

“He been sont up.”

The fact that men were sent to the mines to serve prison sentences was nothing out of the ordinary to Mistuh Wash’n’on, so he merely asked:

“Foh how long?”

“F’m now on,” Joshw’y answered callously. “He kilt a man an’ dey cotch him.”

And his mother? Well . . . he couldn’t remember much about her. Folks did say, though, he admitted, that she was . . . bad. He hadn’t seen her in a

long time and wasn’t worrying about her either.

Certain things he did not tell. He kept to himself the fact that, at an early age, he had been sent to the house of correction for stealing and that, after his third escape from the institution, the attendants, feeling that they were well rid of him, made no effort to have him returned. Nor did he say anything of the reputation he had earned on the south side of the city as a loafer and malingerer and worse. None of this did he tell Mistuh Wash’n’on, for he felt suddenly that he would not, for worlds, have this kindly voiced old blind man—who had called him “Son” and had bought him a full mug of root beer—know that he was what people called a thief.

Mistuh Wash’n’on told of the trouble he had always experienced in getting some one to lead him about town. He was absolutely dependent upon a guide, he said, but the boys he had had always seemed to tire of the job and would quit just when he needed them most. They were inclined to be careless, too, he told Joshw’y. Sometimes, in places where the streets were unpaved, and there had been a recent rain, they let him walk into mud holes and get his feet wet. One of them had even allowed him to stumble over a garbage can and hurt his leg—hurt it badly. Then he had run away, laughing, as though it were something funny.

“Wisht I had a been dere wid ha’f a brick!” Joshw’y blurted. “I bet I would a learnt ’at nigguh some mannuhs!”

Maybe it was a longing, hitherto unrecognized, for some one who would treat him kindly, or it may have been the realization that, with his sudden, indignant outburst, he had already championed the cause of this old blind man that decided him. At any rate, Joshw’y, in that moment, definitely adopted Mistuh Wash’n’on.

“I gwine to lead you, myse’f!” he announced. “Jus’ you git me a place to sleep an’ somep’n to eat, Mistuh Wash’n’on.”



"Lawd bless you, Son! I knowed you was a good boy." Mistuh Wash'n'on's face flamed with a sudden light. "As foh de eatin' an' sleepin', you kin stay right wid me—in my own house. An' I got a good cook, too—Miz' Dahby, a widow lady what lives nex' do'—what does my cookin' an' washin'."

Joshw'y piloted the old man to the courthouse and placed his stool in the most enduring shade he could find, against the wall of the adjoining jail. Mistuh Wash'n'on seated himself, and, pulling out a large handkerchief, began mopping his face.

"'At was fine, Son!" he exclaimed. "You ain't let me stumble ovuh nothin' all de way up heah! Was I to have a boy like you all de time, I wouldn't need to see. You would be eyes foh de blin', Son, puffec' eyes foh de blin'!"

Eyes for the blind! The phrase caught Joshw'y's fancy. There was praise, too—praise of him—in the old man's words. Hitherto, when people had spoken to him, their remarks were almost without exception far from complimentary. He was worthless . . . absolutely of no account . . . a dirty little thief! But . . . praise . . .

Throughout the afternoon, as the shadow of the jail wall broadened, he sat beside the old man. The sun in the battered tin cup was mounting steadily, but Joshw'y no longer felt an impulse to steal it. Rather, his attitude was one of jealous guardianship. Lolling comfortably against the wall, he noticed, presently, a boy who lingered, as he thought, suspiciously near Mistuh Wash'n'on. He remembered the nickels and dimes, dropped in one at a time, that went to make up the tiny hoard. He sprang to his feet.

"Git away f'm 'at cup, Boy!" he warned. As the other made no move to obey, Joshw'y started toward him. "Git away! I tells you."

Sensing the threat in Joshw'y's attitude, the boy obeyed the command.

"What is it, Son?" Mistuh Wash'n'on asked anxiously.

"Yalluh boy," Joshw'y explained succinctly. "Looked like he mought be atter yo' money."

"No, no, Son!" the old man reproved. "'Tain't no boy gwine to steal f'm me whilse I's blin'."

"Dey *sho'* ain't!" Joshw'y assented vigorously. "Not long's I knows how to th'ow a rock!"

At sunset Mistuh Wash'n'on announced that it was time to go home. His house was, as Joshw'y expected it to be, one in a row of others monotonously like it. There was a small porch which faced the street, and two rooms end-to-end behind it. Ten feet distant upon each side were its replicas. The house had been painted once, Mistuh Wash'n'on asserted; at least, he had the word of the man who had sold it to him that this was the case. But the roof kept out the rains, the walls were solid, and there was a double fireplace. They would sleep in the front room, he explained to Joshw'y; the one in the rear was for cooking and eating.

Miz' Darby served a meal that evening that was more like things he had dreamed of than any reality which Joshw'y ever had hoped to experience. Through the friendliness of a neighbor, there were sausages—real pork sausages—in abundance. At rare intervals during his life on the streets Joshw'y had eaten "batter" cakes, but never such cakes—and in such quantity—as Miz' Darby served that evening. And sorghum! he found himself wondering if, by some chance, a never-failing spring of it had been discovered by Mistuh Wash'n'on, who proved to be no parsimonious host.

"Eat hearty, Son, whilse we is got it," he urged. "By de grace o' de good Lawd, dey's plenty mo' wheah dat come f'm—foh de present."

When the meal was finished, Joshw'y piloted Mistuh Wash'n'on to the front room, placed his chair just where he wanted it, and filled and lighted his pipe. At bedtime he laid back the covers, helped the old man to undress,

and placed his clothing upon a near-by chair.

As they lay down together, Mistuh Wash'n'on voiced his commendation reely. "Lawd, Son! Talk 'bout bein' blin'. I wouldn't miss my eyes a-tall, if I had a boy like you aroun'."

"You is gwine to have, Mistuh Wash'n'on," was Joshw'y's assurance. "Fac's, you is already got me."

"Means you is gwine to stay wid me all de time, Son?"

"Yessuh."

"All de time?"

"Yes-suh!"

Joshw'y's earnestness must have convinced the old man. "Den, thank de good Lawd! I knowed he would ansuh my prayuhs some day. He done sont me eyes. Amen!"

Praise . . . again! A warm, pleasurable glow suffused Joshw'y. And suddenly pride, of a sort, surged in him. People had said that he was absolutely of no account. Well . . . he'd show them that there was one thing that he could do better than it ever had been done before.

"I's gwine to be de bes' eyes," he thought drowsily, "a blin' man evuh had."

From the beginning he responded in more than equal measure to the affection which the old man began to lavish upon him, since this filled a void created during fourteen years of an unloving and unloved existence. It fed a spiritual hunger which perhaps he had never really felt until Mistuh Wash'n'on came into his life. It was a new and very satisfying experience, which he tried to analyze.

"Jus' like when you is been hongry a long time," he finally told himself, "an' den eats you a good meal o' vittles."

The new life beguiled him from the start, largely, perhaps, because of the fact that, save for the matter of shelter from cold and storms and fair assurance of regular meals, it was little different from the old one. He found his very

tasks to be a series of unending delights. There was the continual change of scene and locale, which suited his roving nature perfectly, since he and Mistuh Wash'n'on did not spend all of their time on the downtown streets. They roamed the suburbs of the city, accepting whatsoever was offered them. Sometimes they were given money; more often, though, they were tendered outgrown clothing and castaway bedding. It was in this way that a winter wardrobe for Joshw'y was secured, and blankets, that they might not suffer during cold nights. Mistuh Wash'n'on in some instances even accepted women's garments, explaining that they could be used in part payment to Miz' Darby of her weekly wage.

Joshw'y dropped easily into an attitude of guardianship toward the old man. With the approach of cooler weather he was up early of mornings, building a fire in the grate. Nor would he allow Mistuh Wash'n'on to arise until the chill of the room had been tempered, silencing his protestations with an argumentative:

"Jus' lay right whare you is, Mistuh Wash'n'on! If you gits up an' goes to trompin' aroun' dis flo' in yo' bare feet, you is ap' to ketch de pneumony in yo' ches' an' die. Den whare would I be at?"

As a champion, too, he proved his mettle. He and Mistuh Wash'n'on passed daily a certain house where a small terrier, angered, doubtless, by the tap-tap-tapping of the old man's stick upon the sidewalk, was accustomed to rush up to the fence, barking and snarling at them.

"'At feist," Joshw'y mused sagely, "is gwine to bus'th'ough some day an' try an' bite Mistuh Wash'n'on on de laig. But when he do I's gwine to bus' him right back."

And when the dog did finally break through in an effort to attack the old man, Joshw'y made good his threat, beating and kicking the animal into submission, but not before he, himself, had been bitten on the ankle. But—and this



was the main thing—Mistuh Wash'n'on had not even received a scratch.

"Is you hurt, Son?" the old man asked when the uproar had subsided.

"Jus' raked me across de laig!" Joshw'y scoffed. "Didn't hurt me a bit!"

Later, though, it did hurt, and that night Miz' Darby bandaged the place with a poultice. By morning the leg was swollen, but Joshw'y insisted that they start out on their itinerary. Sitting idly about the house, he reasoned, was no way to be eyes for a blind man. But they had not gone far before Mistuh Wash'n'on noticed that the boy's step was lagging.

"Looky heah, Son," he demanded suspiciously, "ain't you limpin'?"

"Jus' a little," Joshw'y admitted.

"Is yo' laig hurtin' you?"

"N-not much, Suh."

"Is you sho'?"

"Is I sho'?" Joshw'y stamped with his good foot on the pavement. "Reckon I could stomp datta way wid a so' foot?"

But Mistuh Wash'n'on was not satisfied, and presently he insisted that they return home. Then, for three days, with Miz' Darby poulticing the injured ankle, they remained close indoors.

Joshw'y's reformation, though beginning auspiciously, did not move along to an immediate culmination. During the first year of his association with the old man his conduct was very nearly exemplary. Then, by degrees, he lapsed into his old habit of pilfering. And Mistuh Wash'n'on, peculiarly enough, served quite unwittingly as a cloak for the practice, since few people who knew the two—and they were, in the main, Joshw'y's victims—would have laid the thefts which they suffered at the door of the boy who so solicitously guided the old blind man in his journeys about town.

He developed a skill in thieving that would have been baffling even had he been suspected. Pen knives and fountain pens, removed slyly from the handy display cases of drug stores, while Mis-

tuh Wash'n'on chatted unsuspectingly with the proprietors, were favorite articles of loot. Ornamental caps for automobile radiators, too, were easily removed and slipped inside his shirt. And many times objects of more or less value were found close to hand in the kitchens of white people where he and Mistuh Wash'n'on were given occasional meals. It was an easy matter to slip a few silver spoons in his pocket.

He disposed of his plunder as opportunity offered, and on Saturday evenings—which, from the beginning, Mistuh Wash'n'on had insisted that he have to himself—he invariably gambled the proceeds away.

Not once did the old man suspect his activities, for his measure of the boy was arrived at from a mental picture. It was such a view as one gets when looking at a silhouette: certain features boldly outlined, with the high lights and shadows missing. Mistuh Wash'n'on, seeing only Joshw'y's unselfish devotion to himself, would have said that he was perfect. Consequently, it never occurred to him to deliver lengthy homilies upon honesty or other moral qualities.

As they grew more and more close to each other, Joshw'y's solicitude increased. Being eyes for the blind, he reasoned, called for something more than piloting a sightless old man whithersoever he might wish to go. There were so many things happening which Mistuh Wash'n'on missed by being blind. Joshw'y must see them for him. He described such occurrences as came under his own observation which he thought might interest the old man, elaborating—and frequently inventing—certain details. But, once, when he was telling of a gruesome automobile accident, Mistuh Wash'n'on checked him suddenly.

"Hush, Son, hush!" A memory, still fresh, sickened the blind man at the thought of human suffering. "Dem's de kin' o' things I misses—thank de good Lawd!—by bein' blin'. Jus' tell me 'bout de nice things you sees."

Thenceforward Joshw'y was more

careful. His youthful reasoning told him that the nicer things could be made to appear, the better Mistuh Wash'n'on would like them. He developed a natural gift for romancing, and as they strolled past shop windows, he multiplied many-fold the attractiveness of exhibits displayed. A band, marching down the street, was always more gaudily uniformed and beplumed; a building, in course of erection, was many times larger—in the telling to Mistuh Wash'n'on—than in the actuality.

Once, perched upon a garbage can, while Mistuh Wash'n'on held fast to his hand, he watched a circus parade march past.

"Lawdy, Mistuh Wash'n'on," he exclaimed, "you jus' oughta see it!"

"Tell me 'bout it, Son!" the old man urged. "Tell me 'bout it!"

"Well, Suh . . . dey's got white hawsses an' red hawsses an' black hawsses, wid solid gol' hornesses on 'em, an' cha'iots an'—"

"Ain't dey got no animals, Son?"

"Animals? Dey's taggers an' lions an' elephants an' camuels an'—"

"Is dey many of 'em, Son?"

"Le's see!" Joshw'y made a hurried pretense of counting. "Mus' be mo'n a dozen of eve'y kin', Suh."

"Uh-h-h-uh!"

"Yessuh! An' girafths—an'—an' . . . Law-d-ee!"

"What 't is, Son?"

"Dey's got somep'm—I don't know what 't is—but it's got a snout on bofe en's, like a elephant, an' it's got *hawns*!" "Sho' 'nough, Son?"

"Yes-suh!"

"Uh-h-uh! My-y Lawd!"

Joshw'y, glancing down into Mistuh Wash'n'on's rapt, upturned face, felt more than justified in the lie. It was wonderful!—being eyes for a blind man.

There was a game, too, which he played with himself. He pretended that he was a street-car conductor announcing street intersections.

"Fo'th Avenue an' Twentieth!" he would call out, as he and Mistuh Wash-

n'on arrived at a certain corner. And at the next, "Fift' an' Twentieth! All out foh de tuhminal station! Trains foh Mobile, New Awleans, Sheecago, Cinsun-nat-tuh, an' New Yawk!"

And Mistuh Wash'n'on, as though trying to familiarize himself with the streets, would repeat after him, "Fift' an' Twentieth! All out foh de tuhminal to ketch de trains." But almost invariably he would add hopelessly, "Tain't no use. I can't remember 'em. Dey mixes me up."

The terminal station was one of their regular calling places. They came daily, when the weather permitted, as Mistuh Wash'n'on liked to hear the roar of incoming and outgoing trains. Nor was Joshw'y less intrigued, for it pleased him to imagine that he was intending to take a trip.

By the time that Joshw'y was seventeen he had grown amazingly. Strangers passing them on the streets turned to gaze at the spectacle of an old blind man being led about by a tall, rangy youth, who was large enough to be doing a man's work. But, long before this, Mistuh Wash'n'on had said proudly:

"Son, you is gittin' so big, I can't skeercely reach yo' shoulduh no mo'. Reckon I bettuh commence grabbin' holt o' yo' yellow."

It was in the winter of their fourth year together—when Joshw'y was eighteen—that Mistuh Wash'n'on was taken ill. The doctor who was summoned pronounced it pneumonia. As Joshw'y heard the verdict something like an ice pack closed about his heart. He knew little of physical ailments, but he had heard that pneumonia generally killed people. He asked the doctor, fearfully, if Mistuh Wash'n'on were going to die.

"There's one chance in a hundred for him," was the answer, "if you can get a nurse. Can you?"

"I'll nuss him myse'f," Joshw'y replied.

And he did, sitting by the old man's bedside, heavy eyed and weary, lying down, when utterly exhausted, for a cat-



nap upon a pallet spread on the floor, to be roused by Mistuh Wash'n'on's slightest movement.<sup>a</sup> He gave medicine according to the doctor's directions, kept the fire going, and performed such other ministrations as were necessary.

On the eighth day a miracle happened, for the doctor pronounced Mistuh Wash'n'on out of danger.

"But you owe most of it, Uncle Wash," he said, "to this boy of yours. Frankly, I never thought you'd pull through."

Within less than a month after this the inevitable happened. Maybe Joshw'y had grown careless and had failed to exercise his customary skill.

He had taken Mistuh Wash'n'on to visit a neighbor and the old man had insisted that he amuse himself for the afternoon. Joshw'y left, promising to return within two hours. Sunset came, and he was still absent; then, dusk. Mistuh Wash'n'on was puzzled at first, then anxious. Darkness fell, and Joshw'y had not returned. Then a friend, dropping in at the neighbor's, blurted out the truth. The boy had been taken away by two policemen—the friend had seen it with his own eyes, he said—and was accused of stealing.

Some one went with Mistuh Wash'n'on to the jail, in the shadow of whose walls he had sat so often, where a friendly warden gave permission for him to see Joshw'y.

"Son," was his greeting, without waiting either for denial or admission of guilt from the boy, "I knows you ain't went an' stole nothin'! Don't you worry. De white folks knows me an' dey knows a boy I raises wouldn't be no thief."

This settled a problem for Joshw'y. Whatever may have been his original intention, he could not now—in the face of the old man's blind confidence in him—have admitted his guilt. So, he stolidly denied the accusation.

"You neentuh be tellin' me nothin', Son," Mistuh Wash'n'on, half laughing, half crying, reassured him. "Ain't I

been raisin' you foh de pas' fo' yeahs? I'll git you a lawyuh, an' you'll come clear."

But Joshw'y was not thinking of lawyers; he had no delusions as to what disposition a court would make of his case. A sentence at hard labor, lightened mercifully, perhaps, under certain conditions, was the least that he could expect. But this was not the specter which reached out a grisly hand toward him. One torturing thought only had been hammering itself upon his consciousness ever since his arrest: Mistuh Wash'n'on would be left all alone.

Two days later he was arraigned in court. His lawyer, when asked if he demanded a trial by jury, with fulsome references to the probity of the presiding judge waived this right.

The proprietor of a drug store testified that Joshw'y, whom he identified, had come into his place of business ostensibly to buy a bag of tobacco. Shortly after the boy left the druggist noticed that a set of expensive toilet articles was missing. Joshw'y had been followed and had been seen to enter a pawnshop. In his turn, the pawnbroker swore that the articles, which were exhibited in court, had been left with him by the boy, who had received a sum of money for them. Then Joshw'y's past record—before he met Mistuh Wash'n'on—with his sentence to the house of correction, was aired thoroughly.

Joshw'y, watching Mistuh Wash'n'on, saw him shake his head in dumb negation as each damaging bit of evidence was introduced. Presently the old man was called as a character witness. He rose from his chair and stood for a moment, uncertain. Then he held out his hand.

"Son," he called hesitantly.

Joshw'y crossed the room and, unmolested, led him to the witness stand.

Mistuh Wash'n'on's testimony was brief, but as he spoke there was something in the sublimity of his faith in the boy that hushed the half-subdued murmur which usually buzzed about the courtroom.

"I been raisin' him foh de pas' fo' yeahs, Judge, yo' honuh," he told the court, "an' I ain't raised him to steal. Nawsub, I sho' ain't. He tuck up wid me when he didn't had nobody else. His daddy had been sont up foh killin' a man, an' he didn't know much 'bout his mammy. All I knows is he ain't no thief, Suh. How come I knows? He been takin' keer—good keer—o' me all dis time. He don't nevuh le' me run into nothin'—don't eben le' me walk th'ough mud puddles an' git my feets wet. Nor dat ain't all, Suh. Wunst he let hisse'f git dawg bit, keepin'-a mean little ol' feist offen me. Den he nussed me th'ough a spell of pneumony—all by hisse'f. 'At kin' o' boy wouldn't steal nothin', Suh, Judge. An' 'at's all I knows, Suh."

Joshw'y led him from the stand.

When the lawyer began speaking, basing his plea—for want of evidence to bolster his cause—on the boy's doglike devotion to Mistuh Wash'n'on, Joshw'y, still watching the old man, saw him nodding his head confidently up and down, heard him mumbling, half aloud, phrases of confirmation:

"Sho' is de trufe—jus' like I said! 'At white gen'man's right. He knows 'at boy wouldn't steal *nothin'!*"

And as the lawyer finished, a picture graved itself indelibly upon Joshw'y's memory: Mistuh Wash'n'on leaning forward, assurance in his very posture, smiling expectantly toward the judge's stand, sanguine of a verdict of acquittal.

Then the judge spoke, addressing the old man, rather than Joshw'y. "I'm sorry, Uncle Wash, for your sake." His voice had taken on a strangely gentle note. "But . . . the law must punish those who violate its mandates, and the evidence shows plainly that the boy is guilty. On your account, though, and because of his youth, I'm only going to give him the minimum sentence: a year and a day at hard labor."

Joshw'y saw the light that had flamed die suddenly in Mistuh Wash'n'on's face; saw his hands raised in a momen-

tary gesture as though to ward off some ghastly threat; saw the gray beard droop upon his breast as he shriveled hopelessly back into his seat.

Later, he saw them leading him away and, as he was, in turn, being led to his cell, he seemed to hear still the old man's sobbing lament:

"But what I gwine to do? What *is* I gwine to do widout Son to lead me aroun'? I can't see."

He realized suddenly how keenly Mistuh Wash'n'on would miss the old haunts. No other boy could lead him to them, since the old man, always hopelessly baffled by the criss-cross of streets, knew them only by certain designations familiar to himself and Joshw'y, alone. There was the big house where the crippled lady lived who always had something for them. And the little corner store, kept by the big, jolly Italian, who always welcomed them and allowed Mistuh Wash'n'on, when he was tired, to sit on the bench just outside during the summer and, in cold weather, to come in and stand beside the warm stove.

The old man could scarcely get a boy who would stay in the house with him, either. On winter nights there would be no one to place his chair in the most favored spot before the open grate; no one, after supper, to get his pipe and tobacco for him. Joshw'y visualized Mistuh Wash'n'on fumbling for them on the mantel shelf. And he would have to build his own fires of cold mornings.

Out of all this Joshw'y brought an indictment against himself before the judge and jury of his own consciousness. Nor could his tortured mind find the slightest thing in his favor: there were no extenuating circumstances. He was guilty. No longer was he merely a boy who "took" things. He was worse—far worse—than that. He had descended to the lowest depths of depravity. For he had taken a blind man's eyes. He had stolen them. He was a *thief!*

During the night he started from fitful dozing, haunted by the thought that he



had heard Mistuh Wash'n'on's stick tapping the floor of the jail corridor. But the sound was irregular, uncertain, as though the old man were not sure of himself: as though he were lost and needed some one to guide him.

Morning saw Joshw'y, with a dozen other prisoners, herded toward the terminal station to catch the early train for the mines. All along the route he glanced anxiously about for Mistuh Wash'n'on, but the old man was not in sight. Joshw'y knew the reason: Mistuh Wash'n'on had missed his eyes. And it was because he, Joshw'y—a thief!—had stolen them.

At the station one of the officers in charge went within to arrange for transportation while the prisoners remained outside. Joshw'y remembered a thousand things that might happen to Mistuh Wash'n'on during his absence. Other boys would leave the old man when he needed them most sorely. They would let him run into things and hurt himself . . . he would be the prey of vicious dogs . . . those boys would allow him to walk through mud puddles and get his feet wet and, maybe, catch pneumonia. Mistuh Wash'n'on might even die! And for all of this—for whatever untoward thing that might happen—Joshw'y alone would be to blame. For he had stolen the old man's eyes.

There came again, hauntingly, the sound of Mistuh Wash'n'on's stick tap-tap-tapping, just as he had heard it during the night. It heightened, were

such a thing possible, his sense of guilt, and he tried to banish the sound. Then suddenly he heard something else: a familiar voice raised in an old refrain.

"Fift' Avenue an' Twentieth Street! All out foh de tuhminal station!"

He whirled about. Mistuh Wash'n'on was coming, hurrying—*alone!* With his stick tapping the pavement before him he was walking with a confident, assured stride, following the path which his feet had traversed on a thousand previous journeys. His head was erect, his face was shining—shining with a light that Joshw'y had never seen before. He had come abreast before the boy, in his amazement, remembered to hail him.

"Son, Son, I's heah!" Pure joy held Mistuh Wash'n'on in its grip. "When de boy didn't show up to bring me to see you off, I knowed I jus' had to come, anyhow. Den, all of a sudden, 'em street names 'at I nevuh could remembuh commenced comin' to me jus' as plain as if I heared you callin' 'em out. An' I's come—*eve'y step o' de way*—all by myse'f! Nor dat ain't all. I kin go anywheahs us is evuh been in 'is town de same way. *Anywheahs!* 'Cause you is been learnin' me, Son—learnin' me how to git about—durin' all 'em fo' yeahs 'at you is been eyes foh de blin'!"

Blind man's eyes! Suddenly Joshw'y smiled. Little he cared what courts might rule so long as he knew that he was innocent. For that stern bar of his conscience had reversed itself: he was *not* a thief!

# Biassed Evolution

BY ALFRED J. LOTKA

Among the difficulties encountered in applying the theory of evolution to the origin of new species of animals and plants is the seemingly excessive demand for time required to bring about radical changes by a long succession of small random variations. A suggestion that has been made to overcome this difficulty is that the variations selected for survival may not be fundamentally random, but may follow a bias inherent in the race, which would thus, by a kind of predestination, evolve along certain definite lines. In this article I have endeavored to show that there is at least one field in which evolution most certainly is proceeding in this manner under our very eyes, if we will only open them to see.—A. J. L.

**T**HERE is something brutally impartial in Nature's dealings with the individual. The fit survives; for the unfit there is no mercy. There is not even animosity—only an icy indifference more deadly than burning hatred.

Yet into this impartial process of selection a bias may enter. There is a story of a man, who on a bet, entered a department store and purchased the first article that caught his eye at each counter as he passed. The singular assortment of goods sent to his home had been selected impartially, without regard to his needs or desires. Yet it was by no means a wholly random collection of objects; for, evidently, he could pick only from stock actually offered for sale. So Nature, in selecting the fit for survival, can pick only from the material presented for selection. The result must depend on the variety of the stock, on the extent and character of the variations among the individuals of each species of organisms. If these variations are the same, generation after generation, then selection can do no more than determine the proportion of individuals of a given type that will be found at all times in the surviving population, so that, for example, men measuring over six feet in stature will always constitute one twentieth of the adult male population. But the variations may not be the same in successive generations. A number of different circumstances may be expected to produce a drift in the average.

In the first place, selection itself may produce such a drift. If tall individuals are by preference selected persistently for survival, and if tall fathers have, on an average, taller sons than those of lesser stature, then we might well expect a gradual increase in the average stature of the population. Whether this kind of drift of the average actually occurs or not is still a matter of dispute among biologists.

A drift will also be produced if certain characteristics acquired by the parent in his or her lifetime are transmitted to the offspring. The experiments of Kammerer with salamanders, if they can be believed, seem to show that such inheritance of acquired characters does sometimes occur. He claims to have bred spotted salamanders, whose natural colors are black and yellow, on yellow soil, and to have found that they gradually became yellow, and that the young of successive generations continued to grow more yellow until almost all black disappeared. A recent and altogether startling contribution to this greatly debated question of the inheritance of acquired characters comes from Ivan Petrovitch Pawlow, the Russian biologist recently a visitor to our shores. He has made experiments with mice trained to come to meals at the sound of the gong; and the report is that the first generation of mice learned the trick in 300 lessons, the second required only 100 lessons, the third 30, the fourth 10,



and the fifth only 5 lessons. "On the basis of these results," says Pawlow, "I anticipate that one of the next generations of our mice will show the food reaction on hearing the electric bell for the first time." One feels constrained to exercise the right of mental reservation in accepting these results as final, and, in particular in following Pawlow's anticipations of future results, when one reflects that the human race has been teaching thousands of successive generations to speak, while the baby has yet to be born that shall bring its vocabulary ready-made into the world, as a French king is said to have brought his own royal set of teeth.

These two drifts—the one produced through selection, and the one resulting from inheritance of acquired characters—would both be attributable to the direct influence of environment. But there are certain cases that strongly suggest an altogether different kind of drift, of gradual change in the character of a species; a drift referable, not to extrinsic causes, not to the influence of the environment, but to a fatalistic tendency inherent in the organism itself, drawing the race on and on in a definite direction, for weal or for woe. So it may be, the extinct races of giant reptiles were swept on upon a tidal wave of unremitting growth, until their cost of living exceeded their earning capacity, until their very strength proved their fatal weakness; unable to gather, in a day's run, sufficient food to fill their monstrous paunch, they became the victims of their colossal ambition. Their carcasses remain enshrouded in the rocks, monumental wrecks by the wayside where the caravan of evolution has passed on. . . . In other species a kinder fate may have implanted a more benign *bias*; for not all of Nature's vagaries are perverse. Predestination may have its place in Nature as well as in theological dogma. Such a supposition would help to clear up some points otherwise difficult to explain.

How, for example, are we to picture

ourselves the first rudimentary stages in the evolution of so complex an organ as the eye? It is difficult to see how a purely vestigial structure could be of sufficient utility to guarantee for its owner a degree of preference, in the competition for survival, that would gain for it any notable advantage, and serve as a stepping-stone to higher things. But if the race possesses inherent tendencies to develop certain structures, quite irrespective of selection and of any utilitarian issues, it may well be that after development along some particular line has proceeded thus "spontaneously" for a space, then the structure, by this time no longer a mere vestige, gives selection something tangible to lay hold upon, and thereafter evolution proceeds effectively by a process of survival of the fittest. It should be carefully noted that such racial trend—orthogenesis, as it is termed technically—in no wise suspends selection; quite on the contrary, it will greatly accelerate the process. For the race would not, then, have to bide its time until small fluctuations had accumulated from parent to offspring through numerous generations, or until perhaps some happy mutation of more radical character in one step brought about a valuable departure from the mean. Such a departure would grow in natural course by the process of orthogenesis, a process which, for aught we know, may in some cases be fairly speedy, as measured by the long beats of the cosmic pendulum. And, be it noted, this acceleration of the process of evolution would occur not only as regards the select, appointed to survive, but would strike with equal force in the ranks of species tainted with a perverse bias. The faster its ill-directed development progressed the sooner would such a species be struck from the lists of the world's living population. Thus orthogenesis would also help to explain how evolution has accomplished its results within a span of time that perhaps would not have been adequate for their attainment by the slow accumulation of



Courtesy of the Cambridge University Press

#### MIMICRY IN BUTTERFLIES

The butterfly at the top (1) is a male. The three butterflies in the left column (2, 3, 4) are females of the same species. Note the resemblance of each of these three to the corresponding butterfly in the right column (5, 6, 7). The butterflies in the right column are of wholly different species. (Reproduced from *Mimicry in Butterflies*, by R. C. Punnett.)

unbiased variations, or of sparsely scattered abrupt mutations.

Orthogenesis, or determinate variation, that is to say a racial bias to evolve in a certain direction, irrespective of selection, has also been invoked to account for certain very remarkable instances of so-called protective mimicry. The African butterfly *Papilio dardanus* displays a number of distinct color

patterns. The male has only one change of clothing, and appears always in essentially the same form, shown at the top of the accompanying illustration. But the female indulges in a versatile wardrobe, and occurs in a variety of different types, of which three are shown in the left-hand column of the same illustration. Now the remarkable thing is this: These three types



copy closely, in their external markings, entirely different species of butterflies inhabiting the same region. One naturally seeks a motive for this aping of the fashions of one species by another. Such a motive seems to be supplied, in some cases, at any rate, by the fact that the model copied is a species unpalatable to birds, whereas the mimic is not thus protected, and would be devoured by them if its color pattern did not deceive them into mistaking it for the distasteful model. This explanation seems plausible, at first glance, and is further supported by evidence which we cannot stop to discuss here. Nevertheless, critics of this theory of mimicry have made some rather ruthless attacks upon it. They have pointed out that the model of one African species resides in China, that of another in America, so that protective mimicry seems ruled out, in these cases. Also, if the mimicry has been developed by a gradual process, the resemblance being in the first instance very slight, it seems rather absurd and self-contradictory to suppose that the same birds which had sufficiently acute discrimination to detect such slight resemblance did not also possess sufficient judgment to observe the much more obvious points of indifference, at that early stage in the development of the mimic, between this palatable species and its unpalatable model. The first of these objections has been met by a singular argument by Professor Poulton. In the first place it is pointed out that wide separation in the habitat of the mimic and its model is quite exceptional. Where it does occur it is suggested that the resemblance may have been brought about by migratory birds. Inhabiting one region, they formed the habit of avoiding an unpalatable species. The color pattern of this, impressed upon their "mind's eye," they carried over to their second abode, and by a process of elimination—like the work of a dry brush of the water-color artist—they thus "painted the butterflies" of their second home to correspond to the furnishings of the one

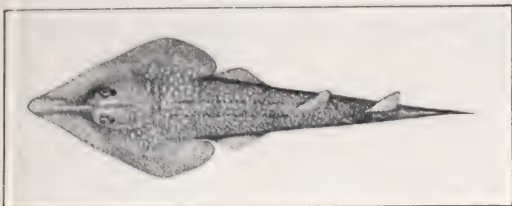
they left. It is a pretty conceit, this story of bird artists copying a bit of African scenery in their Chinese home, or vice versa. Pretty, but perhaps not altogether convincing.

The second objection to the theory of mimicry, namely that mere vestiges of distant resemblances could hardly initiate a selective action on the part of birds, may be met in the same way that this same objection has been met as regards the development of other features. Butterflies may have an innate tendency to develop certain patterns; the factors determining these patterns may be somewhat limited, and thus it may happen that widely different species nevertheless develop similar patterns by progressive, determinate variation or orthogenesis. Something not unlike this is observed in the coat colors of different rodents. So the rabbit, the mouse and the guinea-pig all tend to a color scheme of agouti, black, chocolate, blue-agouti, blue and fawn. In certain features the rabbit might thus be said to *mimic* the mouse, though it is quite clear that there is here nothing of the nature of protective mimicry. Nevertheless, such racial tendency toward certain markings may, if it leads to useful patterns, furnish a handle by which selection can take hold of the species and lift it to a higher level of fitness; and this may have occurred in the case of the butterflies that mimic species of shunned birds. In other cases orthogenesis, or determinate variation, seems to run in a direction that is merely indifferent, neither useful nor harmful to the species. The series of fish shown in the accompanying illustration may be perhaps regarded as illustration of this. A certain type of flat fish, the rays, are related to the sharks. As, passing from species to species, the fish becomes flatter, its tail seems to have a tendency to become more and more slender, until in the whip ray it is reduced to a mere lash, apparently of no particular utility.

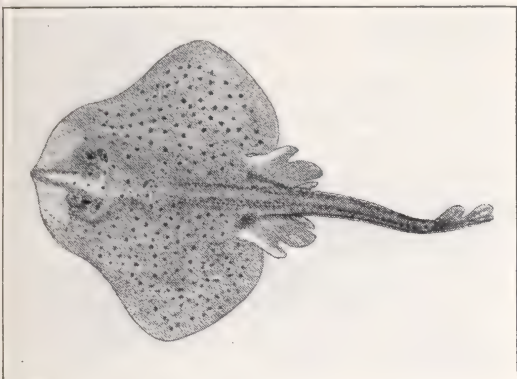
Such are some of the examples of



1.—Yellow Shark



2.—Guitar Fish

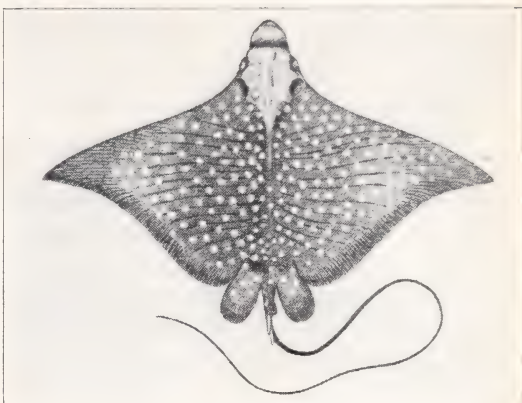


3.—Skate

Courtesy of the U. S. National Museum.



4.—Sting Ray



5.—Whip Ray

#### THE YELLOW SHARK AND SOME OF HIS RELATIVES

A group of fishes showing progressive flattening of the body, accompanied by thinning out of the tail. Evolution would seem to have been guided, here, rather by inherent race tendencies (orthogenesis) than by any utility of the resulting lashlike appendage.

orthogenesis that have been noted by biologists. In none of these cases is the issue altogether clear, and it remains an open question whether determinate variation of this kind, anatomical orthogenesis as it might be termed, really occurs, or whether the effects observed may not be due to some underlying factors not yet recognized.

But there is one very notable instance of orthogenesis, of *biased evolution*, which is altogether plain beyond dispute, and in which we ourselves are most directly concerned. It is at the same time a brilliant illustration of the speeding up which the process of evo-

lution may exhibit when orthogenesis comes into play.

If the question were asked, which of all human traits is the most supremely useful to the species, the reply might well be: the same trait that prompts the question—*curiosity*. Now curiosity is a trap for facts. The way into a man's mind is easier than the way out. A little anecdote may be recalled to give emphasis to the observation. The story is told of an alchemist who, in the days when these plied their trade, offered for sale a secret recipe for making gold. This was not one of the ordinary worthless humbugs; it was a bona fide pre-



scription, given with an absolute guarantee that, *provided instructions were strictly followed to the letter*, gold would most certainly be obtained. Failing this, the alchemist would forfeit one thousand gold ducats. Now the way of the recipe was this: "In a clay crucible place a bat's left wing, and the tusk of a boar; the feather of an eagle, and a four-leafed clover culled at full-moon. Pour in two quarts of molten lead, and heat slowly for one-half hour, stirring constantly with an iron rod. But—and this is most essential—the while you stir, you must on no account think of the word *hippopotamus*." Needless to say, the alchemist never forfeited his gold ducats. Thus firmly rooted in the mind is a thought that has once gained a foothold. True, we forget many things, but the mind that has once known is never quite the same again. All the suasion of authority, all the torture of the inquisitor, all the torments of hell cannot efface the imprint of truth once envisaged; cannot restore ignorance demolished, illusion shattered, or give back innocence destroyed. And the lure of curiosity is stronger than the call of pleasure. In his desire to know the truth, to experience reality, man deliberately courts the pang of disillusionment. Like Bluebeard's spouse, we cannot rest while one secret chamber remains sealed in Nature's mansion. Be it a blessing or be it a curse, the race endowed with curiosity is irrevocably committed to travel a certain path. The road of knowledge is a one-way thoroughfare; there is no turning back. Such and not otherwise is the path of evolution of human society to-day. And whither does it lead? We have seen that orthogenesis may be benign, life-saving, or it may be pernicious, death-dealing. What of this new kind of orthogenesis in man? Is the bias of our evolution for good or for evil? Are we being drawn to higher and yet higher levels, or are we being lured to destruction?

For the individual, curiosity, or its

ennobled kin, the love of truth, holds no guarantee of reward or even of immunity from punishment. "While mediocrity treads contentedly a primrose path," the inordinately curious, the last survivor of the Erichsen expedition, having braved the perils of the frozen Arctic, writes these last words, noble in their simplicity: "I perished in 79 N. lat., under the hardships of the return journey over the inland ice. . . ." Or, in a different age, but with something of the same spirit, Bruno faces the inquisitors, and, unable to retrace his steps where truth once perceived has barred retreat, unwilling to take refuge in mendacious recantation, thus addresses his judges: "You who condemn me are in greater fear than I who am condemned. . . . This at least future ages will not deny me, that I did not fear to die; yielded to none of my fellows in constancy, and preferred a spirited death to a cowardly life."

From the point of view of the individual it may be fatal to be in advance of the time; it is at best often indifferent. But because knowledge once gained brooks no retreat, its effect is cumulative. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing. It is at any rate often a comparatively useless thing, offering little hold for selection to work upon. But "behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Walk along the great white way in New York some winter evening. See how dazzling signs flash their message, turning night into day. Reflect that throughout the city thousands of lamps light up the path of the traveler; and, in thinner lines, the network spreads over the countryside, from city to city, over continents. From the shore lighthouses beckon to the ships at sea, and they, in turn, like floating palaces, gleam from porthole and deck light over the dark expanse. What magic has brought this, and much more besides, into being? The twitching of a frog's leg hung from an iron balcony, and the aroused curiosity of a man of genius, Galvani, the discoverer

of current electricity. Here is orthogenesis: At first a little knowledge, pathetic, grotesque in its utter uselessness. Only a fool or a very wise man would pay attention to so trifling a circumstance as the spasm of the lifeless limb of a wretched amphibian. But in the mind of a Galvani, of a Volta, knowledge ferments. "In the connection of ideas there is an unbreakable thread of destiny." And out of this travail the galvanic cell is born, and the electric current becomes a familiar fact: in the course of time Faraday learns of it, and thus his mind is started on the road of knowledge, the road that has no turning. Advance is inevitable. Presently the mechanical effects of the electric current are discovered. And now, evolution having proceeded so far in obedience merely to an inherent bias of man's mind, now the time is ripe for the test of selection. Does the new knowledge contribute in any way to man's fitness, to his chance of survival, to his mastery over Nature? Here is the answer, in part: In 1831, in Faraday's laboratory, the dynamo was born. Not, indeed, the elaborate, finished modern article. Little more than a scientific curiosity, resembling its present descendant about as much as a newborn babe resembles a man in his prime; but that resemblance is enough, to be sure.

Where Faraday left off, Clerk Maxwell took up the thread. Applying his mathematical genius to the fundamental principles established by his forerunner, he investigates the properties of the electromagnetic field, and concludes that pulsations in the state of electrification must be transmitted through space at a velocity of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. But this, he observes, is the velocity of light, which suggests the inference that light itself is an electromagnetic pulsation or wave. A most interesting result—but how useful? Is man more *fit* for possessing this knowledge? Does it add as much as one day to his life? Perhaps not.

Looking back now from the twentieth century, we can afford to regard the question with indifference. For in the meantime man's inquisitive bias has pushed forward the development of his resourcefulness; thanks to Marconi, selection is indeed placing its stamp of approval to-day upon the result. Not a few lives have been prolonged by a timely response to a wireless call for aid.

The history of science abounds in illustrations of such orthogenesis, that is, evolution anticipating selection, in man's resourcefulness. Here is another example. In the closing decade of the last century the French were forced to abandon their enterprise to unite the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean by a cut across the Isthmus of Panama. Orthogenesis had not yet proceeded to the necessary stage—though, as we now know, the process started, in this case, in 1590. For, strange as it may seem, the success of our engineers, where the French failed, must be credited largely to the microscope. A Dutch optician, Zacharias Janssen, toward the end of the sixteenth century, working on his lenses, makes a happy combination, and the microscope is born. Many years pass, and much important knowledge is gained with the new vision thus achieved. In the fullness of time a British army surgeon, Ronald Ross (since knighted), working against all the odds that military red tape can conjure, at last establishes beyond all question the mode of propagation of malaria through the bite of certain breeds of mosquitoes carrying the microscopic parasite which causes the disease. Given this clue, a commission of five American physicians in Cuba under Dr. Walter Reed, in 1900, attack the problem of the mode of transmission of yellow fever. One of the five, Dr. Lazear, forfeits his life in the investigation. The same fate overtakes Dr. Walter Myers, one of two British physicians who have undertaken the study of the disease in Para. This was in the year 1901. The problem is definitely solved. A mosquito—the



stegomyia—is responsible also for the spread of this disease, as anopheles carries malaria. Colonel Gorgas and an army of sanitary officers carry the war into the enemy's country, and the hitherto pestilential Panama zone, freed from death's "winged victory," becomes a hospitable field for the labors of white men. Upon this foundation the Panama Canal is built. Such is the strange concatenation of events, such the romance of science and its applications. Not in his wildest dreams would Janssen have suspected that his microscope would after the lapse of three centuries be the means of uniting the two great oceans of our globe.

It would be a grave error to suppose that the orthogenesis of man, evolution proceeding under the bias of the inquisitive human mind, is all a matter of past development. The process has never been more active than to-day, and it is only logical that we should have on our hands a number of unfinished chains of developmental labors which have not yet reached the adolescent stage. And so we find an army of scientific workers engaged in labors the practical outcome of which is as yet utterly beyond the powers of man to foresee. Sir J. J. Thomson weighs an individual molecule. Professor Millikan plays ball with an isolated electron. Sir Ernest Rutherford bombards nitrogen molecules with atomic artillery, and disrupts their electronic architecture. Niels Bohr computes the orbits of electrons in the atom as the astronomer calculates the path of the planets in the solar system; and Sommerfeld, with the aid of the spectroscope, demonstrates that the principle of relativity holds sway in this microcosm, that the orbits of the atomic satellites present the same phenomenon of precession which, in the planet Mercury, has furnished one of the principal confirmations of Einstein's theory. Of all this and much more that could be mentioned, what is the *use*? We do not know; but if a microscopic parasite for

years dammed up two great oceans and kept them apart against the efforts of men, until the method of its nefarious career was exposed under the searching scrutiny of the microscope; if this fruition of the power of the instrument was withheld for three centuries, while science was maturing, while orthogenesis was in progress, what things may we not expect from the performance of devices a million times more powerful than any optical system of lenses? Shall we become impatient because the full vindication of the great pioneers of our own day is not yet in sight? Such an attitude would be most ungenerous, such a policy most foolish. For most assuredly the past has demonstrated that *curiosity pays*. It pays because it anticipates our needs; it furnishes information that will presently be required to meet a practical demand. Not necessity, but opportunity is the mother of invention—opportunity born of knowledge.

Yet doubts arise. Are we really quite sure that all is well? Curiosity indeed engenders opportunity—but opportunity for what? Knowledge furnishes the means, but to what end? Granted that we are committed by innate curiosity to a biased evolution, whither will it eventually lead us? We who have tasted of the tree of knowledge, are we tempting the anger of the gods? Is there some sinister threat hidden beneath the cloak of Nature that we are seeking to lift?

Man's is a twofold nature. He is both a Knower and a Willer. His will is susceptible to evolution under the influence of selection, as is his knowledge. And if the growth of knowledge furnishes the means, the evolution of his will adjusts the aim, prescribes his purposes, decides his destiny. And what is the trend of the evolution of man's will? Is there here also some bias; is the human heart also subjected to some form of orthogenesis, of inherent constraint to develop in accord with a fatal predestination?

Let us ask, first, what influence may *selection* have upon the development of the human will. That our desires are not wholly capricious was perhaps first clearly realized by economists and statisticians. So Adam Smith considered "a science of economics possible because of a few outstanding traits of man which guaranteed self-preservation, while also promoting the welfare of society at large." Quetelet, pioneer of modern statistics, also took note, in its philosophical and ethical implications, of the seemingly fatalistic constancy in the average performance of men, a constancy which, to a certain type of mind, may appear to relieve the individual of responsibility for his actions. The first, perhaps, to have fully recognized the significance, in the evolution of the race, of "that adjustment of feelings to actions" which has made "pains the correlatives of actions injurious to the organism," and "pleasures the correlatives of actions conducive to its welfare," was Herbert Spencer. In brief, Spencer's principle states that only those races can have survived whose likes and dislikes were attached, respectively, to beneficial and to harmful things. "And there must ever have been, other things equal, the most numerous and long-continued survivals among those races in which these adjustments of feelings to actions were the best, tending ever to bring about perfect adjustment." This, then, must be the influence of selection on human will: Persons of perverse desires, of self-destructive or anti-social proclivities will be weeded out.

But an argument similar to Spencer's is competent to carry us farther than this. It is a principle well recognized in physical science that, whatever may be the precise function of consciousness, of the human will, in shaping events, in this material world, its scope, its range of action is strictly limited. All about us a process is going on that may be likened to the running down of a clock. A hot body cools by conduction;

never does heat pass spontaneously by mere conduction from the colder of two bodies to the hotter. No ingenuity of man can circumvent this law of Nature. This is not a mere philosophic principle, interesting to persons itching with an idle curiosity about such things. It is a physical law of supreme practical importance. Upon it the engineer bases with unerring certainty his estimate of the maximum efficiency that a heat engine can possibly attain. This, then, is the nature of the limitation in the scope of the influence of consciousness upon the course of events: The conscious organism may avail itself of the "downward trend" of the world's events, may tap the stream for power, as it were, never, by any chance, can it reverse the flow, cause the waters to run uphill, to speak in a metaphor. Radium disintegrates, and man may exploit the phenomenon for his own use. But all the King's horses and all the King's men cannot put the disintegrated radium atom together again.

We see here an opportunity to extend the principle of Spencer. Not only will those races be selected for survival whose pains and pleasures are properly linked to actions unfavorable and favorable, respectively, to the species; while those must perish which depart materially from this adjustment. More than this, it is evidently equally pernicious for the species if it should develop hankerings after impossible things. A man who is forever crying for the moon is not well fitted for the practical pursuits of the struggle for existence. And, contrariwise, a harmony of desires with the great trend of Nature must ultimately work to the advantage of the species that harbors such desires. Taking our model from Spencer, we may say of this adjustment also: There must ever be, other things equal, the most numerous and long-continued survivals among races in which these adjustments of feelings to actions are the best, tending ever to bring about perfect adjustment.



Certain it is that this perfect adjustment is not yet attained in any living species, man included. But a considerable degree of adjustment there is. And this results, for the human species, in certain peculiar consequences. Men have been impressed, ever since they have given heed to such matters, with the general appearance of purpose or design in the working of the world. The argument for a belief in such a world-design has recently been restated in the light of modern science. It is pointed out that fitness is a reciprocal relation, that not only is the living organism adapted to the environment, but that the environment is peculiarly adapted for the manifestation of the phenomenon of life. So, for example, the unique physical and chemical properties of water have been pointed out as very specifically and exquisitely adapted to the exigencies of life. And, it is reasoned, whereas the fitness of the organism may be satisfactorily accounted for as the result of a process of evolution under the regime of natural selection, the fitness of the environment cannot be thus explained, for it depends on eternal properties of matter, unchangeable, and therefore unresponsive to selection. Such fitness, inherent in the world since time began, suggests purpose, suggests design.

Now this argument, and others adduced, which we cannot take the time here to discuss, do not seem convincing. The eternal properties of matter being such as they are, life, as we know it, is possible in certain very restricted regions of the universe, of which we, of necessity, inhabit one, for how else could we be conducting this present discussion? But if this restricted region is a fit environment, infinitely greater in comparison are the realms that are most uncompromisingly unfit as abodes of life. If life is one of the eternal purposes of the universe, why are not environments favorable to life more bountifully scattered? And there is another side to the question.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the world were wholly unsuited to the manifestation of life. If argument were possible at all in a world thus destitute of living, and therefore of arguing, beings, could it not then be argued with as much justice as before that there was in this case also a purpose in the working of the world, though this purpose now must be to inhibit, to prevent the birth of life into the world? An argument which can thus be used as a two-edged weapon, to defend either one thesis or its opposite, does not carry much conviction.

The things we purpose, we who have stood the test of survival, must, on the whole, or at least in reasonable net balance, be things that come to pass, as has already been pointed out, for otherwise we should not long survive. Evidently the statement can be turned about: the things that come to pass, are, in many instances at any rate, things we purpose; what is more important, they are the *general type* of things that we purpose. They have, accordingly, to us a characteristic appearance of purposefulness. And the human mind, contemplating the spectacle of the world's events, is impressed with this appearance of purposefulness, and finds itself constrained, by an in-born bias, by an instinctive intuition, to construe this appearance as the outcome of design.

The fact seems to be that the operation of a fundamental purpose or design in Nature is one of those things that can be neither proved nor disproved. We are, therefore, at liberty, if we so choose, to believe in such purpose. This is an occasion for the legitimate exercise of faith.

We may, if we *will*, embrace this purpose for our own. Such *will* spells ultimate survival. No better guarantee for the welfare of the race could be furnished than its essential harmony with Nature. Selection, then, would seem to point the way toward a will in conformity with that general principle

which, for want of a better term, we may describe as the Supreme Purpose of the Universe.

But selection alone does not determine the path of evolution, as we note at the outset. Just as the purchaser in a store is dependent upon the bias of the storekeeper who lays in a stock of assorted goods, so evolution must humor any bias there may be in the variety of types presented for selection. Are men's wills changing? Is there a drift in the general average? If so, whither does it tend? Toward a merging with the Supreme Purpose, or away from it? Have we any instrument competent to discover as much as a hint of an answer to these questions?

Perhaps we have. It is true that the recent world-cataclysm has reminded us all too clearly of the potency of knowledge to destroy; of the danger that our orthogenesis be of the fatal type; that man, having grown too clever, may destroy his own race by the very perfection of his weapons. But if the proverbial cat has nine lives, the human race at present has some seventeen hundred million, and the presumption is that even the most disastrous conflict would leave some remnant to carry on. Meanwhile there are not lacking signs on which the optimist may hang his hopes of a happy issue of our orthogenesis. He will point out that, since our evolution has been upward in the past, it is reasonable to expect it to continue so in the future. Then, he will say, if you wish to form a conception of the future of our race, consider the foremost, the most enlightened spirits of to-day, and reflect that these will represent the average of the day that is coming. These men, looking out upon the world, are impressed above all with the essential unity of Nature, and of man with her. For "man is part of Nature, the part that studies the whole." And elsewhere the same Cassius Keyser, mathematician and philosopher, exclaims: "How blind our familiar assumptions make us! Among the ani-

mals, man, at least, has long been wont to regard himself as a being quite apart from and not as part of the cosmos round him. From this he has detached himself in thought, he has estranged and objectified the world, and lost the sense that he is of it."

The biologist speaks in the same vein. Vernon Kellogg thus states his position: "I can sympathize with, although I do not accept, the position of those who persist in wishing and trying to look on themselves and human kind in general as of different clay, endowed with a different breath, and existing in a different sphere from the rest of life. I can feel the egocentric urge that leads to this position perhaps as strongly as those who take it, but I cannot surrender to it so easily. Scientific observation and cool reason prevent." The biologist is, indeed, keenly aware that a sharp line of division between the organism—between man, the ego, if you like—and his environment, cannot be drawn. Space forbids our rehearsing here the pertinent facts. We must be satisfied with quoting the summing up of the case by F. B. Sumner: "The organism and the environment interpenetrate one another through and through—the distinction between them is only a matter of convenience." And Claude Bernard, the great French contemporary of Darwin: "It is not by struggling against cosmic conditions that the organism develops and maintains its place; on the contrary, it is by an adaptation to, and agreement with, these conditions. So, the living being does not form an exception to the great natural harmony which makes things adapt themselves to one another: it breaks no concord; it is neither in contradiction to nor struggling against general cosmic forces; far from that, it forms a member of the universal concert of things, and the life of the animal, for example, is only a fragment of the total life of the universe." Or, to return to our own generation, the closing words of Sir Charles Sherrington's Presidential Address still ring in our ears:



"One privilege open to the human intellect is to attempt to comprehend . . . the *how* of the living creature as a whole. In the biological synthesis of the individual this problem is concerned with mind. It includes examination of man himself as acting under a biological trend and process which is combining individuals into a multi-individual organization, a social organism surely new to the world. Man, viewing this great supra-individual process, can shape his course conformably with it even as an individual, feeling that . . . to rebel would be to sink lower rather than to continue his own evolution upward."

Thus in the light of modern knowledge man is beginning to discern more clearly what wise men of all ages intuitively felt—his essential unity with the universe; and the unity of his puny efforts with the great trend of all Nature. A race with desires all opposed to Nature could not long endure; he that survives must, for that very fact, be in some measure a collaborator with Nature. With extending knowledge must come awakening consciousness of active partnership with the Cosmos—"When souls reach a certain clearness of perception, they accept a knowledge above selfish-

ness"; and "he that sees through the design must *will* that which must *be*." This is no mere resignation of a man to his fate, though the saying of Anatole France be true "*Les grandes âmes se résignent avec une sainte joie*." Not even *joyful* resignation is adequate; the state of the fully awakened consciousness is better described by the great physicist Clerk Maxwell as "an abandonment of wilfulness without extinction of will, but rather by a great development of will; whereby, instead of being consciously free and really in subjection to an unknown law, it becomes consciously acting by law, and really free from interference of unrecognized laws."

Such is the outlook to which the development of modern Science seems inevitably to be leading the thoughts of men. This is the goal of evolution, the perfect adjustment of feelings to actions, which guarantees survival: To say with the great Stoic—"O Universe, whatsoever is in harmony with thee, is in harmony with me." The man whose will is so adjusted is Fortune's favorite; all things must bend to his will as they bend to Nature's law. For his will is Nature's law.

## Colors

BY WEIR VERNON

OH, scarlet hurts, like some strange lust;  
 Mauve stills your heart with sleepy things;  
 Blue dreams forever; yellow laughs;  
 But green—green sings.

Oh, silver is a shining peace,  
 And purple throbs, like Bacchic kings;  
 Opal has quick, fair mysteries;  
 But green—green sings.

# Julie Cane

## A NOVEL—PART III

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

**SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II**—To the little town of Findellen comes a salesman named Cane. He meets Annie Sowers, a bewildered incompetent woman of thirty, trying to run her father's little store while the latter is ill. When her father dies he offers to carry on the business for her, and they drift into marriage. Cane is an impractical visionary, with a passion for reading scientific books. His wife is a dull, embittered woman, of the strictest religious views. The mild romance of their marriage soon fades, and after their daughter Julie is born, there begins a sort of rivalry over her education. It is the father who gains the child's affection and confidence. He develops in her something of his own overwhelming sense of superiority. Julie's first realization that the outside world holds them in low esteem comes when she is six or seven years old when a boy mockingly calls her father "Sugar Cane."

In order to counteract her father's unorthodox teachings, Mrs. Cane takes Julie to Sunday school. Here with apparently bland childish ignorance, she asks questions regarding the presence of prehistoric animals in Noah's Ark. Puzzled and angered by what she believes Mrs. Cane's plot to discredit her, the teacher insists that Julie be withdrawn from the class. Julie's secular education begins at the aristocratic Misses Perrin's school, where "the grocer's daughter" is reluctantly received when these spinster ladies discover that a debt of gratitude to Julie's grandfather, incurred by their father, has never been paid.

### XV

**I**N any orthodox biography of Julie Cane, her entrance into Miss Perrin's school would be recorded as an event of supreme importance in her young life, and very properly so; but I doubt whether its importance derived from the obvious things which she learned there: such things as French, music, literature, fancywork, dancing, mathematics, history, geography, and the smattering of Latin that the Misses Perrin gave her. What they really taught Julie Cane was how to speak and walk and eat and dress and generally behave like a young lady. They undertook that task at once, after an interview with Mrs. Cane in which they proudly accepted their obligation to do anything they could for the granddaughter of Daniel Sowers. "She is a very difficult child," Agnes said in conclusion. And Martha murmured, "She is very unusual, certainly."

Mrs. Cane admitted it with satisfaction.

Agnes warned her, "She will probably not be happy at first with the other children." Martha put in, "though we shall try to protect her." And Agnes added, "I have explained the situation to them, and I shall explain it to their parents, but it may not be easy for her for some time."

Mrs. Cane did not expect life to be easy for anyone. She did not say so, but the expression of her silent lips conveyed it.

The rest of the interview was given over to a consideration of what courses Julie was to take, what textbooks she would need, and how much tuition fees should be. Mrs. Cane having ostracised her social equals, desired that Julie should enjoy all the advantages of a superior education, including music and the forbidden dancing; and she was ready to pay for them. She settled that part of the business so quickly that Julie—left in the hall to wait for her—had scarcely time to run to the lilac bush and retrieve her bonnet before the



drawing-room door opened and the consulting masters of her fate came out to her.

She was trying to tie the strings under her chin. "Why, where did you get *that*?" Martha cried, in natural surprise.

Julie could hardly explain before her mother. And Mrs. Cane took Martha's surprise as repeating Cane's criticism of her millinery. "I made it for her," she said sourly.

"Oh, of course," Martha stammered. "I didn't mean that. I—"

Her embarrassment was, to Mrs. Cane, an even more painful reflection on the headgear. To Agnes such embarrassment was an unwise recession from the attitude that they had taken toward Mrs. Cane—an attitude of pride and condescension unconsciously imitated from their father's letter. "The child," Agnes said, "must not be dressed eccentrically if she is to be accepted by the others. Children are very sensitive to these appearances."

Mrs. Cane grasped her daughter's hand and started out, offended. Brave behind her back, Agnes added, "We'll speak of that again. It's very important." Mrs. Cane made no reply; she was too angry to speak; and Agnes shut the door, in any case, before she could have spoken.

"We'll dress her ourselves if necessary," Agnes said to her sister in her best senatorial manner, "and put it on the bill."

Mrs. Cane, outside, did not so much as glance at the bonnet. She left the strings untied, and after Julie had fumbled at them with her free hand ineffectually, she too let them hang. She went along beside her mother, down the river road, with the bonnet set awry and dangling its chin ribbons limply. It had an air of being publicly despised and rejected. And when they came to the bridge Mrs. Cane suddenly plucked it from her daughter's head, in a rage against Miss Perrin, and threw it in the river.

And that was more than an act of

anger. It was a deed of abdication. They could teach the child and they could dress the child—they and her husband—with no more interference from *her*. They would probably teach her daughter to look down on her, as *they* looked down on her. *They!* They had treated her as if she were a servant applying to them for work. That was how they showed their gratitude for what her father had done for them! And Julie, no doubt, would be just as grateful. And Cane? Did Cane ever thank her for collecting the debts which kept him out of bankruptcy? Would he thank her for getting Julie into the Perrin school? Would anybody ever thank her? No. Not even Julie. And she wanted nobody's thanks. Not she. She was doing her duty.

She dropped Julie's hand in the doorway of the shop and stalked in ahead of her, disowning her and her bare head, and ignoring Cane when he came from the back of the empty shop to meet her. She went upstairs without a word to him and shut herself in her room. There, by merely going on her knees, she could find the support and understanding, the love and the gratitude, which the world denied her. And it never occurred to her that she found these nowhere else because she had no need to find them anywhere else—that as far as her husband and her child were concerned she might as well have been involved in an illicit love affair.

Toward the rear of the shop, behind the big refrigerator in which Cane kept his butter and eggs, he had partitioned off a little booth in which he did his bookkeeping. It was so dark a cubby-hole that he had to burn the gas jet in it at midday; and it was furnished only with an iron safe, a chest-high writing shelf covered with account books, a bookkeeper's high stool, and a locked drawer in which he was supposed to keep important papers. As a matter of fact, that drawer usually contained whatever volume he was reading surreptitiously in his business hours. He sat on his high



AT THE BRIDGE MRS. CANE THREW JULIE'S BONNET INTO THE RIVER

stool, absorbed, like a schoolboy at his desk with a Nick Carter novel; and whenever he heard the front door open or his wife coming downstairs he either hid the book under a ledger or slipped it into the drawer and turned the key on it. Then, with the innocent sweet air of an attentive scholar, he confronted the official interruption, coming out of his gaslit office as if he had been diligent at his accounts.

It was in this manner that he met his wife now and was ignored by her; and he beckoned Julie into the office, set her up on his high stool, and began to question her in the lowered voice of a schoolboy's guilt. She imitated his conspiring tone, telling him what had happened, and he listened with nods of understanding, though her story was so confused that he understood little of it.

The affair of the letter left him blinking. "Must o' been a letter to her father, eh? From ol' Perrin? Well, that's all right." He chuckled over the fate of the bonnet. "Fine!" He patted her hand, reassuringly. "That ends *that*, anyway." He scowled at the boy who had called her "Sugar Cane."

"Look here," he said, "what's his name? Alan? Alan what? Alan Birdsall! Great! Alan Birdsall! Now, whenever you see him don't remember his name, see? Pertend you think it's Birdseed, or Birdcage, or anything like that. Don't yell it after him, as if you were trying to get back at him. Don't show him your care. But always speak of 'm as Birdseed or Birdcage or Catbird or something like that, as if you couldn't remember, see?"

She imitated his understanding nod. "Now you run along upstairs an' help your mammy get the supper, an' then after supper we'll get together an' do some sums. Said *she* couldn't do sums at your age, *did* she? Fine. We'll show 'em a thing or two before we're done."

## XVI

He had already shown them, in Julie, something which puzzled them. It was not her precocity, however. It was the sum of those qualities of her character which might have been natural in Queen Victoria at Julie's age—a sort of self-confidence that was childishly regal,



an ability to face an enemy eye to eye with a placid interest not quite unconcerned but as if merely too superior to be alarmed, a physical obedience to authority with no subservience of the mind, and so forth. These were qualities that might have been expected in a young and somewhat stupid princess who had been devoutly prepared for her throne, but in the daughter of "Sugar Cane, the grocer," they were rather too much like the brick under the hat—the meek hat in the gutter, which life, the great practical joker, invited the passer-by to kick and stub his toe on.

Alan Birdsall was the first at Miss Perrin's school to accept that invitation. On Julie's second morning he was waiting for her outside the gate, accompanied by a fatter boy whom she learned to know later as Phil Mondell. She came alone, shabby, in a black sailor hat of her mother's that was too large for her; and she carried a note to Miss Perrin from her father which read, "Please dress Julie and send bills to me."

Her mother had refused, after a quarrel with him, to dress her, escort her to school, or be otherwise responsible for her; and Cane had given her good advice and the note to the teacher, and sent her out bravely into the world. "Your mammy'll be all right in a day or two," he assured her. "She's just jealous because she's fond o' you, see? Go ahead. Nobody'll hurt you. Don't be scared."

She was not scared. She liked the solitary independence of her progress down the street, and when she turned at the first corner and saw her father watching her anxiously from his doorway, she pretended not to notice him waving to her—because she did not wish him to think that she had looked back in any reluctant fear. She crossed the bridge without stopping to find out whether yesterday's bonnet was anywhere in sight; she did not care to be reminded of it. When she came into the stretch of the river road, empty under its elms, she was such a tiny figure to confront its long high vista that anyone

seeing her might naturally have supposed she felt a little timid. Not at all. She accepted the impressive avenue as the vacant background and environment of her ego, as unabashed as the human race seeing itself the center of the infinite universe. She was a little self-conscious as became a public character accustomed to being stared at; and when a squirrel scurried up a tree as she approached and clung to the rough bark above her to watch her brightly, she kept her face front and only moved her eyes to see him as she went by. A little dog with a proprietary interest in the neighborhood barked at her from behind a picket fence; she ignored him, though she moved to the outer edge of the sidewalk in order to pass him. Then, ahead of her, she saw the two boys standing in front of the Perrin gate, watching her approach, and she slowed her pace, regarding them thoughtfully as she tried to recall how her father had told her to behave with this Birdsall boy.

"Hello, Sugar Cane," he called, when she was still some distance away.

She continued to advance as steadily as if she were waiting to see the whites of his eyes before she replied. He fired again, out of evident nervousness: "May be you want to be called Alice Carey."

Phil Mondell giggled, but she did not so much as glance at him. She seemed to be interested only in Alan's jeering grin, which she took in, item by item. He had planted himself in her path, and she stopped in front of him, her hands behind her. "I know your name too," she said.

"Well, I guess you do," he blustered. "I guess everybody knows my name."

She nodded. "It's Alan Birdseed."

He reddened. "Alan *what*?"

"Alan Birdseed." She gave it to him as information in which she was only mildly interested. "That's what everybody calls you."

"They *do* not. They—Phil!"

He was going to call on Mondell to witness the absurdity of her statement but Phil had begun to squeal in a pecu-

liar fat ecstasy of mirth that was his form of laughter. Alan turned back to her angrily. "Say," he shouted, "don't you . . . That's not my name and you know it's not." She looked blank. Mondell was squealing shrilly. "Shut up," Alan ordered. "What're you laughing at? I'll give you a punch in the eye if you laugh at me."

He took a threatening step toward Mondell, and Mondell began to retreat, hooting. Alan moved to follow him; Phil broke into a staggering run; Alan started after him in a fury, and when he remembered her and checked himself to finish with her first, she was on her way up the walk among the syringa bushes, well out of his reach. He cursed precociously and went after Phil again.

The incident should have given him some suspicion of the hidden brick in her, but when he had pummeled the fat boy into sniggering submission he saw that he would have to conquer her before he could regain his position in the other's eyes, and he lay in wait for her at the back door. She did not come from her interview with Miss Perrin—about her clothes—until it was time for him to be in his classroom, and he did not see her again until she arrived for lunch with Martha and her pupils. Among them was Alice Carey, a fragile, dark girl who kept her eyes on the floor while she was being introduced to the others, blushing to the point of tears. Martha helped her to the seat beside herself and put Julie beside Alan. He muttered "Sugar Cane" in a voice that only Julie could hear. She turned to Martha at the foot of the table. "*Isn't* his name Birdseed?"

They had all begun to drop their heads piously for Miss Perrin to say grace. "Hush, dear," Martha said. "Whose name?"

"His." She turned to Alan in bland unconsciousness that she was delaying the prayer. The children began to giggle. Miss Perrin, having reasons of her own for disliking Master Alan, smiled at his pink embarrassment. And Mar-

tha, taking her cue from her sister, laughed as she replied, "Birdseed? Why, no! That's Alan Birdsall."

Julie looked at him, unconvinced, "They all *call* him Birdseed," she said.

Perhaps the depressing atmosphere of the room had something to do with the comic effect of this speech, and certainly Miss Perrin gave permission to laugh by her amused expression; but, for whatever reason, the children greeted the innocent ignorance of Julie's remark with an amount of hilarity that soon grew out of all proportion to its cause. Alan glared, choking. "They don't," he cried. "They never called me—she—I'd like to see them try it." And at that, Phil Mondell, opposite him, squealed "Birdseed!" and became hysterical.

The effect was riotous. In the uproar Alan screamed that he would punch Phil in the nose, and Miss Perrin, slapping her open hand on the table, ordered him to leave the room. "Silence!" she cried. "Leave the room at once, Alan. At once!"

The children were instantly frightened quiet. Alan kicked back his chair and sulked his way out, ridiculous and resentful. "Such behavior," Miss Perrin lectured him, "is a disgrace to your upbringing. You ought to be ashamed."

He slammed the door behind him to express his defiance; but while she was holding forth to the others upon the rowdy habit of calling names he was in tears of rage on the back lawn; and before she had finished the delayed grace he was hidden among the lilac bushes in a passion of weeping. His arrogance was only the armor of a sensitive weakness. He could not endure the thought that he had been ridiculous—that the whole school, which he bullied, had been calling him "Birdseed"—that Phil Mondell had laughed at him, and the daughter of Sugar Cane had cheeked him. And he could not bear the humiliation of his tears; he wept with shame at his own weeping.

By the time lunch was over he had achieved a superior calm. He had been



wrong to dignify that ignorant little red-head with his notice. He had lowered himself by associating with Phil Mondell and these other village children. He would teach them their places hereafter. He would show Miss Perrin that only his natural politeness made it possible for him to be civil to her. As for Julie Cane, she no longer existed. He would be unaware of her. He would look through her as if she were invisible. He would fail to hear her when she spoke.

That was all very well, but the difficulty was that she did not speak. When she came out from the luncheon she sat with Alice Carey on the back porch, looking at the pictures in a textbook of geography, oblivious of him. He could rebuff Phil Mondell's advances; he could eat his solitary food in contempt of the world; he could conceal his indifference to Miss Perrin by almost smiling absent-mindedly at the wall above her head; but he could not carry out his program with Julie because she remained unaware that he had a program.

She did not avoid him—then or thereafter. Whenever she sat beside him at the table she neither spoke to him nor ignored him; she brushed against him indifferently when she took her seat, and she looked at him naturally as she looked at the others. After luncheon, whenever he played on the back lawn, she watched him with as little interest as she watched Josephine Cutting and Mary Golter and Anne Bainbridge skipping rope. She passed him, on the way to or from school, with as self-contained a glance as she gave anyone. She became intimate with Alice Carey by virtue of the mistake about their names, but she had as little to do with the others as she had with him. She did not even distinguish him with a particular disregard. And he was baffled.

He did not know that she looked forward to sitting beside him at the table; she was almost unconscious of it herself. And he did not see any significance in the fact that she *did* so often

brush against him as she sat down; if he had thought of it at all, he would probably have regarded it as a purposed slight. He did not realize that, though he always thought of her with aversion, he thought of her too much for indifference. He failed to observe that they met, on the way in or out of school, too frequently for it to be wholly accidental. She had to pass his gate to reach Miss Perrin's, and she always looked with interest at the rambling farmhouse in which he lived with his mother—a remodeled old Dutch home of white clapboards, with modern verandas and a green slate roof—and she did not fail to note that if he was there to see her pass he followed and overtook her. He believed that he did it only to make her notice how he ignored her as he went by. The human mind being what it is, he supposed that he hated her. He had no suspicion—nor had she—that they were both involved in what the poets would have considered a case of love at first sight.

## XVII

Possibly her interest in him had been started by the insulting way in which he behaved to her father and herself. He had been superior—that is to say, aristocratic; and, under her resentment against him, she must have concealed an unconscious admiration of his attitude. Certainly there was some meaning in the fact that the cut of his knickerbockers and the turn of his legs reminded her of the footman in "The Love Letter"; for whenever she saw him she was vaguely thrilled with the same uplifting emotion which the picture had inspired in her. Little Alice Carey clung to her in an affectionate dependence; the others were uninteresting and quite negligible; but with him her relations were a sort of armed truce, as between peers. At least, that was the way she saw them.

His psychology was much more precociously enigmatic. To begin with, he believed that he actively disliked red-



heads. His mother was a henna-haired grass-widow with whom he was always at war. He was endlessly jealous of the men with whom she flirted, and he quarreled with her about them. She retaliated by slighting him, snubbing him, criticizing, and humiliating him. "You're a fool, like your father," she would say with contempt. He would stamp on the floor and cry, "I hate you! I hate you!" And she would reply coldly, "You don't. You're mad about me. Go away and don't bother me." Then, when he had shut himself in his room and thrown himself on his bed and covered his head

with his pillows to keep out the noise and laughter of the week-end party below stairs, she would come rustling to him in the darkness and take him in her arms and kiss his wet eyes and tease him and tickle him and whisper, "I don't care a darn for any of them. You're my darling. I'll never let any of them come between us. You're wonderful! You're my dear, jealous, handsome young son. You mustn't mind these silly fat old men. I just have them here to amuse me because it's so dull for just us two."

"Promise you won't let them kiss



SHE WAS SUCH A TINY FIGURE TO CONFRONT ITS LONG HIGH VISTA



you," he would demand for the hundredth time.

"But, dearest," she would protest, "I don't kiss *them*. I never kiss anyone but *you*. And I don't *let* them kiss me. You only saw it that once. I don't care a cent about any of them, and they don't care a cent about me. Nobody really loves me but you."

He knew it was true that she only amused herself with them, but he would insist, "Promise! Promise!" And when she had evaded him, and he had begun to sulk, she would leave him to his stubborn silence and run smiling downstairs again, sure of him, and sure that he was not really unhappy—only jealous.

When he came home from school to tell her contemptuously of the arrival of the daughter of "Sugar Cane, the grocer," in the Perrin classes, she said, without looking up from the book that she was reading, "Don't be a little snob. She's as good as you are. I don't believe your father was even honest."

"He was a Wall Street man!" he cried.

"He was a stock gambler if that's what you mean," she retorted, turning a page. "And my father was a street-car driver."

"He wasn't! He wasn't! He owned the street railway."

"He did when he died. He began as a driver."

"I don't care. I won't have her there. I'll drive her out of the school. Ugly little red-head!"

"I'm red-headed," she said.

"You're *not*!" he cried, indignantly. "You dye it."

At that she lowered the book and began to laugh at him, leaning back in her reclining chair (they were on the veranda) with her eyes almost closed and her lips drawn back to show her shining, sharp little teeth, in an expression that was somehow cruel. He flew at her enraged, screaming, "Don't you laugh at me!" She held him off with an arm, made strong by tennis, and pushed the book against his face, and grappled with him when he struck at her, and pulled

him down across her knees, and slapped and tickled and spanked him, laughing. He hated it and loved it. She was soft and perfumed. Her cruelty was caressing. He tried to bite her hand, but he could not; at the touch and scent of it he wanted to kiss it. He relaxed helplessly in her arms, and she rolled him over and dropped him on the floor of the veranda, and jumped to her feet. "Come and play a game of tennis."

"I won't," he said, suddenly peevish again. He hated playing tennis with her because she always beat him.

"All right," she replied. "Go and play with your dolls then."

"I *don't* play with dolls." He cut out figures from the illustrations of magazines and colored supplements, and played out stories with them.

"Big baby!" she jeered. "You can't stand not winning."

"*You're* a big bully. You wait. Some day I'll beat you. Some day I'll be big enough to beat you." He was almost in tears. "Then I'll twist your arm till you scream."

She smiled, tantalizingly superior and contemptuous. "By that time some other woman will be beating you. You'll always be beaten by a woman. You might as well get used to it now." She looked more like his sister than his mother; she had been only nineteen years old when he was born. "Learn to be a good loser while you're young, little short sport."

"Shut up!"

She liked to have him speak to her like that. It showed that he was not afraid of her, that they were truly "pals"—as an American mother should be with her son. And it made her feel young because it assumed that they were of an equal age.

"Come along!" She turned and jumped down the steps girlishly, and went lirting across the side-lawn toward the tennis court out of his sight. He sat on the floor, hugging his knees, glooming at the flowers in the border beds and at the hedge of little cedars behind which



THE REMODELED DUTCH HOME OF THE BIRDSALLS

she had vanished. Some day he would beat her at tennis. No woman could play as well as a man. He would practice every day and beat her easily, and be a champion, and make her proud of him. And then he would say, "Aha! That's one thing a woman can't beat me at, I guess!"

He heard her knocking the balls about idly in the tennis court. He rose with his teeth clenched, and went to take his beating, knowing that she would kiss him afterward, and tell him how much he was improving—"You're wonderful!"—and walk back to the house with her arm round him, and draw his bath and lay out clean clothes for him, and mother him and flatter him adorably. Then, before dinner, she would play the piano for him while he lolled on the obese cushions of the lounge before the fireplace, and he would be thrilled and languorous and melancholy and so deeply happy that his lips would pout against the leather cushions in an unconscious kiss.

It was surely this teasing and tormenting relation with his mother which made him so sensitive to ridicule; and

after the "Birdseed" incident at Miss Perrin's table he came home to announce that he would never return to that school. Never!

"Why not?"

She was at the piano, practicing. She continued to run her scales expertly, with the soft pedal down, while he explained that the school was nothing but a girls' seminary, run by a pair of crazy old maids, and attended by infants and village idiots like Phil Mondell, and by grocer's daughters who ought to be educated as servant girls.

Her left hand glided into the angry rumble of the bass from Chopin's "Revolutionary Étude," and she put the treble to it softly as a sarcastic accompaniment to his declaration of revolt against Miss Perrin.

"I'm not a baby," he complained, "I ought to go to the public school, where everybody else goes."

She mocked him *sotto voce*, with Chopin's defiant chords. "You'll go to boarding school if you go anywhere. You're too much of a mother's darling anyway. It's time you left me."

"I'll not leave you. You want to get



rid of me." She let the bass come thundering up, and he raised his voice. "I'll go to the regular school," he shouted, "where everybody else goes."

She shook her head, pounding out the roaring mob of sound in the bass, and overtopping it with the treble triumphantly, until, banging suddenly into a discord, she stopped and waved an impatient hand at him. "You'll go to boarding school or you'll stay at Miss Perrin's. I'll not have you learning the nasty tricks they'd teach you in the public schools. I know. I've been there. You're bad enough as you are." She began the rapid movement of the Butterfly Étude, letting it sing out in a slighting disregard of him.

"You're afraid I'll hear what they say about you in town," he cried. "I guess I know the way they talk about you."

She stopped. Her face darkened. "What did you say?"

"I don't care," he blustered, red with shame. "You've got no right to say I'm bad enough as I am."

"You're a little cad," she said, "listening to talk against your mother."

"I didn't," he wept. "I—I licked him for it. It was Phil Mondell, and he's bigger than I am, too. His mother said—about you having week-end parties out here and the men drinking—and the singing and dancing Sunday night. They could hear it on the road."

"All right." She rose. "You'll go to boarding school. Then you'll not hear this sort of gossip. I'll do what I please, and anyone can say what he likes. I'm not answerable to you or to anybody else. You're as evil-minded as they are."

"I—I'm not," he sobbed. "I lil—licked him."

She brushed past him and went to sit on a window seat, looking out at the apple orchard. "You can go away to some school where you won't have to fight for me."

He followed her. "Oh, mother!" he wailed, trying to put his arms around her.

She shoved him from her. He attempted to bury his face in her lap, clasping her knees. She thrust him away. "I'm tired of people who say they love me, and then try to make me do only what *they* want." He slid down in a huddle at her feet, weeping noisily. She got up and walked away from him.

The room was large. It had been two rooms and an entrance hall before she remodeled it. Now the front door opened into it from the veranda, and the back door opened out of it into a little conservatory, and the stairs went up one side of it, and all the ground-floor windows on the northern side of the house lighted it from front to back. She had paneled it in a woodwork of curly maple, bought from the wreck of an old New York mansion, ornate and pillared and full of niches for statuary in which she put vases of flowers. She had built false beams into the low ceiling and furnished in a mission style of heavy oak and leather cushions which did not harmonize with the woodwork or the cottage-grand piano; and when she walked away from him to the far end of the room they were separated by the whole depth of the house and by a bewildering disorder of massive chairs and tables, oriental rugs and cloisonné jars and flowers and books and leather sofas and bearskins and tabourets.

He sat up to call after her, "If you send me away I'll kill myself."

"That sounds like your father," she called back contemptuously.

"And I'll kill you first."

"I wish you would."

They were indifferent to the fact that they could be heard by any of the servants who might be in that wing of the house. She had no human relations with her servants, none of whom ever stayed long with her—except her coachman who lived over the carriage house and helped with the gardening; and he had remained because she was thoughtful of her horses and included him in her kindly manner toward the animals.

She caught up her gloves and a trowel

rom a table. "You'll go to Miss Perin's," she said, on her way past him to the front door, "or you'll go to one of those boys' schools in Connecticut or wherever they are. And if you repeat any more of this village gossip to me I'll go away myself and leave you here."

She let the screen-door bang behind her, and he remained alone to face the fact that in her person a woman could be the more cruel and unreasonable the more you loved her. He went to shut himself up in the playroom which had been made for him in the attic; and there his resentment against her must have transferred itself to the natives of Fintellen, and particularly to Julie Cane, for he began with his paper figures a game of make-believe in which his hero defended his heroine against the savages of a South Sea island, led by an amazon whom he finally captured and held prisoner; and he ended by becoming the

king of the island with the amazon serving him as an abject slave crawling at the foot of his throne.

He was ridiculous. Of course. He was as ridiculous as only a boy can be, with his callow emotions and his unimportant tragedies. There is this to be borne in mind, however: the dramas of the young are, in all of us, rehearsals of the parts which we shall later play in life. It is in these preliminary trials of our roles that the roles themselves are set. When we laugh at the clumsy and amateur performances of childhood in its emotional moments we are laughing at the most significant beginnings of what we may afterward shudder at as the awful decrees of predestination. In Alan's case, for example—

It may sound fanciful, but it is probably true that through these absurd quarrels with his mother he was being emotionally educated and rehearsed for



SHE MOCKED HIM WITH CHOPIN'S DEFIANT CHORDS



the habitual conflict of love and hatred which showed later in his temperament; that he was being prepared—as Byron was in his boyhood prepared—to the end that he should be predisposed to hate and destroy anyone whom he loved; that he was being trained to see in love that “bitter-sweet” emotion of the poets which becomes so poisonous; that he was being confirmed in a need to dominate cruelly in his affections at the same time that he was being made too sensitive to succeed in achieving that domination, because the faintest smile of ridicule would cast him down; that he was being grooved and channeled in a deep predisposition to revolt against authority, without being given the self-confident toughness of the successful rebel; and that he was being set to face his fellows with an aggressive and insolent weakness which would surely arouse animosity and would take retaliation hard.

At any rate, from that point of view, he was not altogether ridiculous. And certainly, in his relations with Julie Cane, the consequences of his absurdity were at last anything but laughable for her.

### XVIII

His interest in her came to a new point of focus when he saw the way in which the Misses Perrin had dressed her—although he did not know it was their doing. They had outfitted her, as inexpensively as possible, in plain gingham for the summer, with school pinafores of unbleached linen and little strapped shoes; and they taught her to wear her hair drawn back severely from her forehead and held by a round comb, so that she looked like their favorite little girl, the Alice of Carroll's *Wonderland* and Tenniel's illustrations. Unfortunately, Alice had been an early heroine of Alan's also; and though he did not identify the resemblance, he saw Julie in her new costume with a brooding interest which made him watch her sulkily; and, as her intimacy with Alice

Carey grew he had plenty of opportunities to watch her.

From his playroom window, after school hours, he could see them together on the Carey lawn, which adjoined his own. Then he saw them on a Saturday afternoon, and when he heard them Sunday morning, he realized that Julie was visiting his neighbor. It annoyed him. He felt that he would have liked to be friendly with Alice Carey, who seemed a gentle and well-mannered child of wealth; but he could not bear the grocer's daughter, and he wondered that Mrs. Carey encouraged the companionship. He spoke of it to his mother. She listened with a peculiar expression to his peevish disdain of the “ugly little red-head”; and that afternoon she announced that she was going to call on Mrs. Carey.

He refused to go with her. She did not press him. She had concluded that it was bad for him to be so much alone with her, without any companions of his own age; and she hoped to make friends with the Careys—before they heard any of the local gossip about her—and to introduce Alan to the circle of Alice Carey's young friends. Also, she wished to see for herself this grocer's daughter who seemed to be so much in his mind.

She went—characteristically—without a hat, through the hedge that divided the estates, in the informal country costume which she wore about the garden. He took advantage of her absence to get a racket and the tennis balls and devote himself to practicing his service in the seclusion of the hidden court. And he was still practicing, with a nervous intensity of application, when he heard her voice as she returned, chatting pleasantly with some one and getting no reply that he could catch.

She called to his window from the lawn, evidently supposing that he was upstairs. He answered, nervously, “I'm out here.”

“That's fine,” she said, as she came through the gap in the hedge of cedars.

"We can play doubles." She was between the two girls, holding Alice by the hand, her other hand on Julie's shoulder. "Run in and fetch the rackets, Alan. Have you ever played tennis, Alice? Have you, Julia?"

She overlooked the fact that it was Sunday; and they did not like to remind her of it. Alice shook her head shyly. Julie said "No," with her eyes on Alan. He concealed his chagrin by dropping his racket where he stood and turning to make a short cut to the house by forcing his way through the hedge without passing near them. "Come along then," he heard his mother say, "and we'll show you how."

He was a long time getting the rackets, moving reluctantly, absorbed in surly thought. He felt that he did not want to play with Julie, but the feeling was not strong enough to make him able to disobey his mother and be unneighborly to Alice Carey. He decided to play the game with the others and ignore Julie.

But when he returned to the court Alice and his mother were together on one side of the net, tossing the balls to Julie, who was trying to return them from her racket; and his mother called "It's Julia and you against us two. Come along, now. You serve first, Alan."

Well, at least it allowed him to play where he would not have to admit her existence by contending against her, and it put her where he could snub her most pointedly. Out of the corner of his eye—he saw that she played with incredible awkwardness and with an unself-conscious gravity which made the awkwardness more funny. She was big for her age, she had her mother's heavy bones, and some of her shoulder muscles had been developed by helping with housework; so that when she grasped the racket with both hands and swung it as if she had a broom by the handle she was likely to drive the ball out of bounds if she struck it at all. He felt that he despised her. Little Alice Carey

was at least spirited. In her excitement she flew at the ball, smiting at it with the side of her racket—which she had not the strength to hold straight—and even kicking at the ball when it drove into her feet, laughing prettily, with her small dark face flushed and lighted.

It was an infant's game, and he wondered that his mother had the patience to go on; but it was one of her charms that she was not superior with children; she seemed really unaware that she was not of their age; and she laughed with Alice and frowned with Julie, apparently as interested as they were. He saw his attitude of proud contempt for Julie being compromised, but he did not know how to escape. She brought the balls to him in her hands when he was serving, and he had to mutter "Thanks." He bounced them to her from a distance, aloofly, when it was her turn to serve, and he let her pick them up for herself; but her exuberant intentness was not clouded by his indifference to her; and she had a red-haired, pink-cheeked, warm-fingered vitality which annoyed him when she came close and gave the balls to him, holding them out with a look which he avoided meeting.

She drove a ball wild, over the side line into the hedge, and when he went to retrieve it a plan occurred to him. He found the ball, unseen by the others, and hid it in a bird's nest on the branch of a cedar tree. When they came to help him find it it seemed hopelessly lost. There were only two balls left; they returned to the game with these.

A few minutes later he drove a second ball himself in the same direction as the first, and hid that also. They searched for it in vain. "We can't play with just one ball," he complained when his mother proposed to go on with the game.

"How stupid of us," she said, "to have only three. Well, we'll get more balls and have another game some other time. I suppose we shouldn't play on



Sunday anyway. Can you stay to tea?"

They did not seem to know.

"Come on, Alice," she said. "We'll go and ask your father. Put away the rackets, Alan. We'll be right back."

She went off with Alice across the lawn. He turned his back on Julie and left her flat. She did not seem to notice it. She devoted herself stupidly to searching for the lost balls, and he took the rackets to the veranda and sat down, satisfied that he would not be troubled by her till the others returned.

He was stretched out in his mother's reclining chair, regarding the thought of Julie with a comfortable sneer, when he saw her coming slowly toward the house, her head down. He thought that she was looking at her feet bashfully as she approached. Then he saw that she was examining something in her hands. The tennis balls?

The tennis balls! And it was evident from her manner that she was bringing them to him because she did not know what to do with them, having realized that *he* must have hidden them in the nest. The stupid little idiot! Why hadn't she let them alone? And what sneaking suspicion of him had made her look for them in the foliage of a tree? Had she spied on him and seen him hide them? Heavens, how he hated her!

He was at once guilty, angry, ashamed, and afraid that she would tell his mother. He could hear his mother's cool voice, "What a little cad you are, aren't you?" And in a pale fury he sprang up to confront Julie.

She came up to him and held out the balls, one in each hand, with no expression which he could understand—unless it were a dumb, deep-eyed look of inquiry. He caught her by the wrist. "I'll twist your arm off," he threatened, "unless you promise not to tell where you found them."

His voice was horrible with weak rage and humiliation and he could not control the writhing of his lips. Her look did not change. He twisted her arm.

"Promise!" She dropped the balls and put a hand to her shoulder where the twisting hurt her. "Promise!"

"I'll not tell," she said, and she smiled at him.

It was a smile so unexpected, so unresisting, and so unconcerned with his anger and his shame, that for a moment he stared at it, motionless, still grasping her wrist. Then his hand moved up her arm to her hurt shoulder, the blood came blushing to his forehead, his teeth showed, like his mother's, in a queer grimace. "You darn little fool," he said, "why don't you keep away from me?"

He jerked her to him by the shoulder, and caught her by the hair with his other hand, and forced her head back, so that she looked up at him, crushed against him, helplessly. She showed no fear whatever. Her eyes were as if fixed on something that she saw behind his words and his acts. "You're a little fool," he said hoarsely, in his mother's phrase; and she seemed to hear it no more than if she were hypnotized, gazing at him, fascinated. He held her head back by the hair and struck her a slap on the side of the cheek. The blow startled her. She swallowed a gulp that stuck in her strained throat. Then, with a funny little whimper, he caught her to him again, and kissed her on the mouth, and smeared his open hand across her lips, and thrust her from him, and fled into the house.

## XIX

And that was the beginning of what—for want of a better word—we shall have to call the love affair between them. She was aware that she liked him and she knew that he liked her. She perfectly understood the incident of the tennis balls. As she saw it, he had been angry with her for having called him "Birdseed," and he had not wanted to play with her, and his mother had forced him to, so he had hidden the balls; then, when she found them, he



HE EXPLAINED IN A BOASTFUL WHISPER, "I CLIMBED THE TREE."

was afraid that she might tell his mother, and he had tried by hurting her to frighten her into silence, and he had been distressed at hurting her, and in his distress he had shown that he liked her, and then he had been angry at himself for showing it, and he had tried to rub off the kiss, and finally he had run away. That was all natural enough. And it was natural that he should ignore her when the others returned and his mother called him to come downstairs and join them over the cambric tea which was served for them on the veranda. Affection was a thing to be concealed; his behavior to her before the others was not very

different from her father's manner to her at meals when her mother was present. Perhaps Alan's mother, too, was jealous. Certainly she was suspicious about the recovery of the lost balls and puzzled by Alan's awkward disinclination to talk about them.

Julie explained that she had found them "over there"—with a vague nod in the direction of the cedars—and her self-possessed candor was convincing, though it did not explain Alan. His mother continued to watch him and to study her thereafter, but Julie was not embarrassed; she was accustomed to that sort of thing. And when she rose with Alice to say good-by, and Alan's



mother sent him to escort them to the Carey home, she was not surprised that he refused to notice her and spoke only to Alice when he left them. Alice, to console her, put an arm around her as they went up the steps, and said loyally, "I don't think he's nice." She replied only, "He's mad because I thought his name was Birdseed."

At the sound of them on the veranda Mr. Carey came out through the French windows of his study—a tall, dark man, clean-shaven, with a ready legal smile. He had a cigar in his long fingers and when he saw that Mrs. Birdsall was not with them his smile faded; he glanced at Alan disappearing through the hedge, and he put the cigar in his mouth, disappointed.

"Well," he said, "you're back."

Neither of the children answered him, since it was plain that he expected no reply. They stood watching him in silence. He took up a book absent-mindedly from the wicker table, opened it in the middle, read a few lines of it with his head cocked on one side and an eye closed against the smoke, put it down, said to it, "Your mother'll not be down to-night," and walked back into his study.

They were left to find their way, hushed, on tiptoe, to their playroom, where an ancient nurse named Mrs. Wilson was reading some devotional book by the fading light at a window. She looked over her spectacles at them as they came in, whispering, but she did not speak. She returned to her reading, willing to let them amuse themselves in any quiet way they pleased. They had an old bound volume of an English illustrated weekly open on the floor, where they had been looking at pictures of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. They lay down to it again, and began to turn the pages in silence. In that house, as Julie had discovered, silence was a virtue.

After supper they were allowed an hour with their picture book before they were sent to bed. To Julie, accustomed

to her father's late hours, this early bedding was a hardship, but she had found a way to obviate it. Mrs. Wilson left a shielded night-light burning near the door to the playroom; and after Alice had fallen asleep—cuddling affectionately in Julie's arms—Julie slipped out of bed without disturbing her, lighted a candle at the night-light, and returned to the playroom and the Franco-Prussian war. She had not the vaguest idea of what it was all about, but she intended to ask her father.

She was on the floor in her nightgown with the candle beside her—absorbed in a picture of a young mother huddled over a cradle in a wrecked attic, with the stars showing through a shell hole in the ceiling—when she heard a rustling and a scraping sound on the veranda roof outside the window, and looked up to see Alan's face appear smiling at the sill.

He explained, in a boastful, mischievous whisper, "I climbed the tree."

She glanced behind her and saw that the door into the hall was open. She went to shut it noiselessly. In her bare feet she came back as far as the candle on the floor.

He whispered, grinning a congratulation, "You didn't tell about the balls."

The friendliness of his manner drew her and she came a little nearer, with her hands behind her, staring at him solemnly.

"I sneaked out," he exulted. "Mother thinks I'm in bed."

She nodded.

"Where's the kid?" he asked, referring, of course, to Alice.

"She's asleep."

He rested his arms on the sill, kneeling on the sloping roof of the veranda. "You're a good sport," he said.

It was magically her father's phrase. It pleased her to the heart. "Why?"

She smiled, coming slowly toward him. "Because you didn't tell."

"Oh." She perched on the arm of the chair in which Mrs. Wilson had been reading, put her elbows on her knees and

her chin in her hands, and watched him.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" he asked.

"No."

"That's fine."

Evidently he had nothing more to say. They beamed at each other. He giggled a little, happily, leaning in on the sill and moving his knees under him. He was bareheaded, his hair was tousled, his dark eyes were shyly large and bright in the distant glow of the candle. "Well," he said, "I thought I'd just come and tell you."

She nodded.

"I guess I'll see you to-morrow, won't I?"

"Yes," she said softly, in the voice of surrender. He was very handsome.

"You won't tell anyone that I was here."

She shook her head.

He made as if to say something but got caught, open mouthed, in embarrassment, and looked back over his shoulder as an excuse for not going on. "Well," he said, at last, "I guess I better go."

She nodded reluctantly.

"Well," he said, "good-night."

She no more than breathed, "good-night."

He waited, holding to her with his eyes. "Good-night," he repeated in another tone—in a tone that was shy, meaningful, and questioning.

She understood what he wanted, and she went dutifully to kiss him good-night. He put an arm round her, and it was an arm that trembled. He kissed her softly, with warm, swollen lips.

"You won't tell on me," he whispered.

She slipped an arm around his neck.

"No, no," she murmured.

"They'd make fun of us," he said, against her cheek. "You're such a kid."

"I know."

"You like me a lot, don't you?"

For answer she rubbed her cool cheek against the fever of his.

And then, crushing her against him and the sill, he began to mumble her name and bite at her lips, in his mother's manner, roughly. She could not get her breath. She fought away from him, and he dug his fingers into her waist, holding her. "You hurt!" she gasped. He laughed maliciously, and at the enmity of that sound she braced herself against the sill and pulled back from him. His knees slipped on the sloping shingles, he fell across the sill, and he had to free her in order to save himself. She staggered out of his reach.

He grinned at her angrily. "What's the matter?"

She backed away from him, without replying, until she came to the candle, which she took up and stared at, wide-eyed, with her nostrils dilated, breathing unsteadily. The drip had made an untidy icicle of wax on the side of the candlestick; she broke it off with shaking fingers. "Good-night," she said, without looking at him, and walked away, trembling, into the bedroom.

There, having blown out her candle, she waited listening by the window. When she heard a twig snap on the tree outside she got back, troubled, into bed.

*(To be continued)*



# Coeducation versus Literature

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

MY quarrel with coeducation is that it is making men less humane at the very time when the world needs men who are more humane than they have ever been before.

Many other arguments have been used against coeducation; many have been employed in its favor. But most of these have become either obsolete or trivial. It cannot longer be charged, for instance, that coeducational colleges bring impressionable young men and women promiscuously together without the steadying restraints of home; for American boys and girls of pre-college age are not to be found much at home, and they are not much restrained when they are there. Frequently the restraints are greater in college. Neither can it now be maintained that separate colleges provide a cloistered life in which young ladies—they are the ones who have been pitied most—are haplessly prevented from ever catching a glimpse of any male being except the janitor. What delightful humor to speak of a cloistered life when life is full of week-end trips home, numberless house parties, and occasional all-night dances! Nor can it longer be argued that coeducation in college provides only a beautiful completion of the family sort of friendship which was developed in grade school and high school. When a man in a Middle Western university of five to ten thousand students goes to his fraternity house on the shore of the lake and discovers numerous young lady students in bathing attire not only in possession of the fraternity's pier, but stalking freely about on the piazza and in the open living room between "dips"—young ladies whom he has never seen before in his

life—he can only wonder if "the family sort of friendship" has not been unduly extended! The older arguments, all of which seemed to center round a purely social problem, have become largely irrelevant, not because we have surrendered our standards of social decency, but because the maintenance of these standards must now be effected in new ways.

But when we have put aside every consideration of purely social import, there remains the question of the influence of coeducation on the character of education itself. To one who is interested in having not only women but men enlarge their sympathies, clarify their aspirations, and sharpen their minds to a keen edge by a discriminating knowledge of the best of mankind's past, this influence can seem only pernicious. For coeducation marks off the field of knowledge in an artificial way that is especially detrimental to men. As we shall see men and women in separate institutions will choose honestly according to some basis of personal preference the subjects they wish to pursue with greatest seriousness. In any college for men or in any college for women there will be, as one might expect, a wholesome distribution of students in the literatures, the sciences, the arts, philosophy, economics, and history. But in coeducational colleges, if the number of women approximates that of the men, subjects cease to be chosen according to a genuine personal preference, and are chosen according to a social feeling based upon sex. Certain studies come to be thought of as men's subjects; certain others, as women's subjects.

Now whatever may be the historical

or sociological explanation, the subjects that are usually regarded as humane, that deal with man's self-expression—literature, language, fine arts, and sometimes history—have come to be regarded as subjects for women. Women study them, women proclaim enthusiasm for them, and in the secondary schools, if not in the colleges, women teach them. The result is that in coeducational colleges men avoid such subjects. These men, consequently, miss any real acquaintance with such record of spiritual glory as human beings have made, and for the length of their lives they suffer from emotional undernourishment or emotional perversion. Young men of clear intelligence and fine native feeling spend four years in college without ever reading a great book of prose or poetry, without having seen an important play of any kind, without having heard any good music—unless by chance there has been some at the compulsory chapel service—and without any other knowledge of mankind's past except that revealed in a prescribed course in biology. In any group of young men taken at hazard there are sure to be a number who in their heart of hearts wish to share the experience of the poet, the dramatist, the prophet, the evangelist of the beautiful; but they are not going to lay bare their hearts, or give expression to convictions that are very sacred, if women are sitting promiscuously about in the classroom. The alternative is to defend themselves by scoffing at all such matters as "soft" or "sisterly."

Just how effectually coeducation has turned men away from the humane studies may be seen by examining the records of a variety of institutions. Of course, we should not expect to find many men in these subjects in the great state universities, which have in many instances been built up round an original school of agriculture or engineering. We may regret that the largest state university in America, with fifteen or twenty thousand students, and with almost a thousand candidates for degrees in the

college of arts and sciences, should have less than three dozen men among these candidates who had given their chief attention to any of the world's literatures or languages. And it does strike one witheringly when the registrar of any state university is obliged to report that in the senior class of his institution the entire field of literatures—Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and English—should be represented by just one man! But these institutions were intended to serve a pressing material need, and they were probably directed with sagacity when they were made to offer to young men a startling array of utilitarian courses.

There are, however, certain state universities toward which we might turn with hope. These are the ones in states where schools of agriculture and technology have been developed entirely apart from the university proper. In these states the universities have been free to encourage the study of literatures, especially English, without the distracting influence of adventurous schools of applied science. Yet when we turn to them the situation that confronts us is not very different from that of the university where all the numerous schools and departments have been concentrated on one campus. To take specific instances, let us look at two universities of this kind in entirely different parts of the country, the University of Oregon and Indiana University.

At the first of these, a university that has carried to the Pacific coast many of the best traditions of the New England colleges, there were in the graduating class of the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts listed in the catalogue of 1923, a total of 172 students: 62 men and 110 women. In the table of subjects in which these students had concentrated, or majored, only 5 men, or eight per cent of the men in the class, were recorded to represent all of the literatures and languages. The women in the same subjects numbered 37; that is, they were more than 7 times as numer-



ous. At Indiana University, in a senior class of 141 men and 169 women, 16<sup>\*</sup> men, or 11.3 per cent of the men in the class, had concentrated in the same group of subjects. Over against these 16 men there were 88 women.

The case, however, cannot be argued in full fairness unless it is based primarily upon the records of non-state colleges. As it happens, nearly all "separate" colleges are non-state institutions. So if the comparison is to be as close as possible, we must consider such coeducational colleges as most nearly approach the separate colleges in character and professed purpose.

In order to have an unmistakable point of departure, let us compare first the record of Harvard University and that of the endowed coeducational colleges of the Middle West with which Harvard maintains an exchange of professors. This exchange, it should be observed, is maintained because Harvard recognizes in these colleges a desire to perpetuate the same liberal learning that she herself seeks to perpetuate. At Harvard, 41.7 per cent of the men in the senior class had concentrated in literatures and languages, and 22 men in addition had divided their time between literature and history. Of the 1983 men who constituted the entire undergraduate population above freshman rank, 797 men, or 40 per cent, were concentrating in the literatures and 85 additional men were working in both literature and history. For three years, it is interesting to note, the leading subjects have not changed in their order of preference. English stands above economics as first choice, and although chemistry ranks as high as fourth, the Romance languages stand just above it, in third place.

But note the distribution when we turn to the coeducational colleges on the Harvard Exchange in the Middle West. These are, without exception, vigorous institutions of high rating, and they justly take pride in pointing out that they seek to maintain the standards of

a college of liberal culture, and none other. Yet at Carleton College—I take in alphabetical order those that reported—the college catalogue for March, 1923, did not list one man in the senior class of 64 men and 58 women, as having majored in Latin, English, the Romance languages, or German. One had majored in Greek, so that the total percentage was saved from being an absolute zero and lifted to 1.5 per cent. In the literatures and languages taken as a group, the women outnumbered the men 20 to 1. The men in these subjects, moreover, were outnumbered by the men in economics 33 to 1, and by those in chemistry, 11 to 1. The records of the other classes listed in the same catalogue will show, moreover, just as the records at Harvard and other institutions show, that while there may be some slight change in percentages from one year to the next, it does not modify the comparison in any essential way. At Colorado College the zero was absolute; not one man in the senior class had majored in any language or literature. At Grinnell College, in a senior class of 43 men and 62 women, 4 men, or 9.3 per cent of the men in the class, had majored in the literatures and languages. The women in the same group of studies outnumbered the men 33 to 4. At Knox College, in a class of 44 men and 47 women, 4 men, or 9 per cent of the men in the class, had worked chiefly in the literatures and languages. Certainly it is not difficult to see what has befallen the humane studies in these institutions.

Now this comparison might be objected to on the ground (1) that Harvard is an institution of unusual literary traditions; (2) that other coeducational colleges in the West might reveal distinctly higher percentages than these institutions on the Exchange; (3) that what the men lose, the women gain, in compensation; or (4) that the difference is a matter of geography rather than of sex. I shall take up these objections in order.

As for Harvard's being an institution

of unusual literary traditions, it must be said that it possibly does have some advantage of this sort. But other colleges for men, as we shall see, rank well up toward Harvard, and one ranks distinctly higher. So the comparison, as far as Harvard is concerned, must stand. Nothing to invalidate it is to be found in the facts.

And as for the possibility that other coeducational colleges of the West might show a distinctly different result, the facts are unmistakably negative. At Allegheny College, for instance, only 3 men in a senior class of 66 men and 34 women, or 4.5 per cent of the men in the class, had concentrated in literatures and languages. At Northwestern University, in a class of 92 men and 214 women, 12 men, or 13 per cent of the men in the class, had worked in the same group of subjects. In the Classics, the women outnumbered the men 9 to 1; in English, 53 to 11; in the Romance languages and literatures, 36 to none. At Ohio Wesleyan, in a class of 114 men and 173 women, the percentage of men in the literatures was 11.4; and the preponderance of women was overwhelming. At Oberlin—and at Oberlin, faith in liberal culture has always been strong—the percentage was almost exactly the same—11.9. In the class of 84 men and 138 women, the women led in the literatures, 60 to 10. Clearly there is nothing in the record of these institutions—or of others that could be added only with monotony—that is very different from that of the colleges on the Harvard Exchange. Somewhere there must be exceptions, but they cannot be numerous.

As for the possible contention that the women in coeducational colleges fill up all of the space left by the men who desert the languages and literatures, and are, therefore as great gainers as the men are losers, the evidence on the subject is abundant. If it were true that in coeducational institutions more women studied the humane subjects than in separate colleges for women, then it would have to be conceded that the total in-

terest in these subjects had not been lessened, although that fact would not have any direct bearing on the plight of the men. But the official records of the women's colleges show that there is absolutely no ground for any such contention. The women in women's colleges study the humane subjects just as they do in coeducational institutions. The reports from colleges ranging in size through Smith and Wellesley and Vassar and Radcliffe and Bryn Mawr and Wells and Western, show percentages ranging from 35 up to 54. There is not any compensating increase among the women in coeducational colleges above the percentage which women show when they attend a college where no men are present.

The possible contention that the small number of men concentrating in the literatures and languages in coeducational colleges is a matter of geography is very plausible, since the best-known colleges exclusively for men are along the Atlantic seaboard in the oldest, most highly developed part of the country, and since the coeducational institutions are, in the main, farther west. In order to determine the matter, we must see what has resulted in the men's colleges when they have survived outside New England and away from the seaboard immediately south, and what has resulted in the coeducational institutions when they have ventured east.

As for the men's colleges, geography seems not to affect them in any essential way. Either through a simple system of majors, or through other expression of elective preferences, they favored the literatures and languages in the following percentages: Bowdoin, 21.5; Dartmouth, 20; Williams, 24.1; Harvard, 40; Princeton, 24.3; (Yale did not report); Haverford, 26.7; Hobart, 20; Hamilton, 35.1; Washington and Jefferson, 32.8 (based on the total elections of all students); Kenyon, 30; Wabash, 15.5; Centre, 37.2; Washington and Lee, 60. The highest percentage is in Virginia, the next highest in Massachusetts, the third highest



in Kentucky, and the fourth in New York.

As for the coeducational institutions that have been established in the East where the separate colleges have shown their chief vigor, they rank very much as do their coeducational neighbors of the West. At Syracuse University in a senior class of 60 men and 182 women, 13.3 per cent of the men had worked in the literatures and languages. They were outnumbered by the women in the same field, 91 to 8. At Tufts the percentage was 13.1; the preponderance of women, 19 to 5. At Middlebury, in spite of the distinguished summer school of English, the percentage was 13.8; and the preponderance of women was 44 to 5. At Swarthmore, the percentage dropped to 4.5, and the women possessed the field, 28 to 2. So if we compare the East with the East, in so far as a comparison is possible, we are brought to the same conclusion as when we compare the Middle West with the East, or with such colleges for men as have survived away from the seaboard—namely, that wherever coeducation goes, the humane studies come to be looked upon as women's subjects, "ladylike" subjects, and the cause of humane learning suffers a loss which, it must be borne in mind, is absolute.

Nor do these percentages, though they stand clearly in favor of the separate colleges, really exhibit the situation sharply. They fail in at least two respects. In the first place, they do not reveal what has happened to the requirements for admission and graduation in coeducational colleges. For the feeling engendered in these institutions toward the study of literatures and languages has steadily led many of them to reduce their requirements in the languages, both for admission and graduation. The women have been outnumbering the men in the colleges of liberal arts, and the colleges, in order to induce the men to enter and to remain, have yielded to the men's insistence that they be permitted to take "men's subjects." Some

of the well-known coeducational colleges exact only four years of foreign language as a combined entrance and graduation requirement, and only one course in English in college. On the other hand, such a western college for men as Kenyon exacts as a combined entrance and graduation requirement for the A. B. degree, ten years of foreign language; and a course in English in each of the college years. An examination of many college catalogues actually reveals the fact that Kenyon requires fifty per cent more foreign language and English for the degree of Bachelor of Science than some coeducational colleges require for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

This discrepancy in the study of the languages is greater, moreover, when we add to the men's colleges that important group supported by the Catholic denomination. Most of these prescribe a considerable part of their undergraduate courses; and for candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts or even Bachelor of Letters, the prescription in literatures and languages is substantial. At the University of Notre Dame, for instance, much more work in the Classics and in English is prescribed than colleges ordinarily count as an elective major. So every candidate for the A. B. degree at such an institution might fairly be listed as majoring in the languages and literatures! It is true, even, that a degree in Commerce at Notre Dame calls for as much work in foreign languages and in English as some coeducational colleges require for a degree in Arts.

The percentages fail, secondly, to reveal the gravity of the situation because they do not emphasize the very small number of men who are working in coeducational colleges of liberal arts. A percentage may be substantial, but if it represents only three men or five, it cannot be very significant where thousands of students are assembled together in one institution.

Suppose we should take an instance about which there could be no prejudice.

even if some men and women might question very zealously the value of the study of foreign literatures, there could be little objection to a thorough acquaintance with such English and American writers as Chaucer, Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, De-foe, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, Scott, Hazlitt, Thackeray, Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, and Hardy. These cannot be called an especially womanish lot. Yet how extensively do we find them—or other men of their race, or the art of writing which they practiced—studied by men in institutions where women are present in the classroom with them? One comparison among a hundred will serve to answer. When we have brought together all of the men who majored in English in the graduating classes reported from the University of Oregon, Colorado College, Northwestern University, Carleton College, Knox College, the University of Illinois, Ohio Wesleyan University, Oberlin College, West Virginia University, Allegheny College, Syracuse University, Swarthmore College, Middlebury College, Tufts College, the University of Maine, and Boston University, we have not so many, by two, as majored in English in the one senior class at Dartmouth College! And Dartmouth, it is to be remembered, does not stand at the top in percentages among the men's colleges, either in English alone, or in all the literatures and languages taken together.

And as if coeducation had not done sufficient injury by driving the men from the humane subjects, it is slowly but very certainly bringing about the same condition in subjects that would normally support the study of literature, such as history, and the fine arts. These are coming likewise to be classed as women's subjects. In certain universities the men seem to be holding their own in history, but in many institutions the women are outnumbering them two to one, four to one, six to one. And in the field of the fine arts, where courses are offered in the undergraduate colleges,

the men seem to be virtually non-existent. In all of the coeducational colleges from which I secured information, scarcely a half-dozen men among the candidates for degrees had turned to the fine arts as a chief field of study. Yet at Princeton, only four subjects—economics, English, history, and philosophy—ranked above the fine arts in the elections of the senior class!

All of this official information from colleges—and I have striven to make use of those institutions where the residence of students in a distinct community of their own would make comparisons as fair as possible—all of this information only confirms what may be observed by personal visits to numerous institutions. Much of the turning away from the humane studies that has been attributed vaguely to the temper of the times, should be attributed to coeducation. Coeducation is the enemy of honest personal choice, and unquestioned personal need, whenever sentiment, or sublime feeling, or intimacy of self-expression is prominent. Just at a time when men should be engrossed in subjects which have as their end the making of life more livable by making it less brutal, less ugly, less matter-of-fact, we find them alienated from all such studies. Inasmuch as they do not give serious thought to them as undergraduates, they are neither prepared nor inclined to take them up in the graduate schools with a view to teaching them. In some coeducational graduate schools I found the women outnumbering the men in certain of the languages and literatures as much as 24 to one. In other instances, English as a field for study among the men ranked with such subjects as hydraulics. It is not at all difficult to understand how institutions are clinging to the men by permitting them to work for the degree of Master of Arts on such subjects as Seasonality in the Boot and Shoe Industry! Through a very normal sense of the sacredness of kind, the men avoid the humane subjects, which in their minds are always



associated with feminine qualities. They do not teach them. They do not promulgate them in unofficial ways. As more and more women take up these subjects, the circle becomes more viciously complete. So far as official coeducation is concerned, we are confronted with the prospect of a race in which the male has ceased to be linguistically self-expressive!

My regret at this present state cannot be interpreted by even the most belligerent champion of "equality" as an assault on the higher education of women. I wish all of them might have as good an education as men; I wish they might have, if possible, a better one. I enjoy having women as students. I rejoice with them whenever they succeed in doing anything better than it has been done by men. Nor do I propose that all coeducational colleges should be converted into separate ones. But at the present moment, when new institutions are being established, when overgrown universities are confronted with the task of subdividing themselves, and when some men and women become hysterical over what they call the selfishness of every separate institution—especially if it be for men—that wishes to maintain its identity, it is well to ponder the fact that coeducation is more than a matter of housing men and women on the same campus. There should always be institutions where the social influences of sex do not resolve educational preferences into something artificial.

Men are entitled to the privilege of solitude to reflect with one another on intimate and sublime matters in which the presence of women, though they may be the women whom they expect to marry the week after Commencement, is only a disconcerting and repressing influence. To this contention it may, of course, be replied by those whose hearts are triply bound in the brass of courage,

that if men are thus easily disconcerted or repressed, then it would be as well to let the women chase them out. But any such view begs the entire question. It takes for granted a sanctity in the "machine" above the sanctity in men. If the machine does not make from the material the product that was desired, the gracious thing to do is to change our minds and like what the machine does make. Why bother about anybody's mere sensitiveness of soul? Yet this sensitiveness, so far as we can see, is the only human quality that can be made into a way of life where sympathetic good humor prevails.

But the deprivation that men suffer is much more than a mere matter of personal feeling. When men are in any manner robbed of the life of the past they are made to sacrifice their greatest single inheritance—the advantage of beginning where "the other man" left off. They are not free to take this advantage, for the simple reason that they do not know that the other man left off anywhere; they do not even know there was another man!

If we reflect with any seriousness upon this question of coeducation, we can see that it is important enough to involve the civilization we may hope to perpetuate. If we do not care to be discriminating, if we find it easy to laugh defensively at everyone who does, we can dismiss the whole matter by saying, "Why worry? Things look pretty good to me." But if we can see that infinite difference between a drab race of men who arrive at the age of prosperous rotundity in perfect content to "let Mary enjoy the poetry and pictures and all that bric-a-brac," and that other race of men who carry the spirit of poetic prophecy into every enterprise they undertake, then we can know that a man might question the divine right of coeducation and still be neither a woman-hater nor a malcontent.

# Little Mexican

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE shopkeeper called it, affectionately, a little Mexican; and little, for a Mexican, it may have been. But in this Europe of ours, where space is limited and the scale smaller, the little Mexican was portentous, a giant among hats. It hung there, in the center of the hatter's window, a huge black aureole, fit for a king among devils. But no devil walked that morning through the streets of Ravenna; only the mildest of literary tourists. Those were the days when very large hats seemed in my eyes very desirable, and it was on my head, all unworthy, that the aureole of darkness was destined to descend. On my head; for at the first sight of the hat I had run into the shop, tried it on, found the size correct, and bought it, without bargaining, at a foreigner's price. I left the shop with the little Mexican on my head, and my shadow on the pavements of Ravenna was like the shadow of an umbrella pine.

The little Mexican is very old now and moth-eaten and green. But I still preserve it. Occasionally, for old associations' sake, I even wear it. Dear Mexican! It represents for me a whole epoch of my life. It stands for emancipation and the first years at the university. It symbolizes the discovery of how many new things, new ideas, new sensations!—of French literature, of alcohol, of modern painting, of Nietzsche, of love, of metaphysics, of Mallarmé, of syndicalism, and of goodness knows what else. But above all I prize it because it reminds me of my first discovery of Italy. It re-evokes for me, my little Mexican, all the thrills and astonishments and virgin raptures of that first Italian tour in the early autumn of

nineteen hundred and twelve. Urbino, Rimini, Ravenna, Ferrara, Modena, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Venice—my first impressions of all these fabulous names lie, like a hat full of jewels, in the crown of the little Mexican. Shall I ever have the heart to throw it away?

And then, of course, there is Tirabassi. Without the little Mexican I should never have made Tirabassi's acquaintance. He would never have taken me, in my small unemphatic English hat, for a painter. And I should never, in consequence, have seen the frescoes, never have talked with the old Count, never heard of the Colombella. Never . . . When I think of that, the little Mexican seems to me more than ever precious.

It was, of course, very typical of Tirabassi to suppose, from the size of my hat, that I must be a painter. He had a neat military mind that refused to accept the vague disorder of the world. It was obvious to him from the first moment he saw me in the restaurant at Padua that I must be a painter. All painters wear large black hats. I was wearing the little Mexican. Ergo, I was a painter.

He sent the waiter to ask me whether I would do him the honor of taking coffee with him at his table. For the first moment, I must confess, I was a little alarmed. This dashing young lieutenant of cavalry—what on earth could he want with me? The most absurd fancies filled my mind: I had committed, all unconsciously, some frightful solecism; I had trodden on the toes of the lieutenant's honor, and he was about to challenge me to a duel. From this anguish of mind the waiter,



returning a moment later with my fried octopus, delivered me. The Lieutenant Count, he explained in a whisper of confidence, had a villa on the Brenta, not far from Strà. A villa—he spread out his hands in a generous gesture—full of paintings. The Count would be delighted to take me to see them. He left me, still puzzled, but vastly relieved. At any rate, I was not being called upon to make the very embarrassing choice between swords and pistols.

Surreptitiously, whenever he was not looking in my direction, I examined the Lieutenant Count. His appearance was not typically Italian. He was not, that is to say, blue jowled, beady eyed, swarthy, and aquiline. On the contrary, he had pale ginger hair, gray eyes, a snub nose, and a freckled complexion. I knew plenty of young Englishmen who might have been Count Tirabassi's less vivacious brothers.

He received me, when the time came, with the most exquisite courtesy, apologizing for the unceremonious way in which he had made my acquaintance. "But as I felt sure," he said, "that you were interested in art, I thought you would forgive me for the sake of what I have to show you."

I couldn't help wondering why the Count felt so certain about my interest in art. It was only later, when we left the restaurant together, that I understood; for as I put on my hat to go, he pointed with a smile at the little Mexican. "One can see," he said, "that you are a real artist." I was left at a loss, not knowing what to answer.

After we had exchanged the preliminary courtesies the Lieutenant plunged at once, entirely for my benefit, I could see, into a conversation about art. "Nowadays," he said, "we Italians don't take enough interest in art. In a modern country, you see . . ." He shrugged his shoulders, leaving the sentence unfinished. "But I don't think that's right, I adore art. Unfortunately," he added, after a moment, "one hasn't got much time."

I agreed with him. "When one can get to Italy only for a month at a stretch, like myself . . ."

"Ah, but if only I could travel about the world like you!" The Count sighed. "But here I am, cooped up in this wretched town. And when I think of the enormous capital that's hanging there on the walls of my house . . ." He checked himself, shaking his head. Then, changing his tone, he began to tell me about his house on the Brenta. It sounded altogether too good to be true. Carpioni, yes—I could believe in frescoes by Carpioni; almost anyone might have those. But a hall by Veronese, but rooms by Tiepolo, all in the same house—that sounded incredible. I could not help believing that the Count's enthusiasm for art had carried him away. But in any case, tomorrow I should be able to judge for myself; the Count had invited me to lunch with him.

We left the restaurant. Still embarrassed by the Count's references to my little Mexican, I walked by his side in silence up the arcaded street.

"I am going to introduce you to my father," said the Count. "He too adores the arts."

More than ever I felt myself a swindler. I had wriggled into the Count's confidence on false pretenses; my hat was a lie. But the Count was so busy complaining to me about his father that I had no opportunity to put in my little explanation. I didn't listen very attentively, I confess, to what he was saying. In the course of a year at Oxford I had heard so many young men complain of their fathers. Not enough money, too much interference—the story was a stale one.

"*Eccoci*," said the Count. We halted in front of the Café Pedrochi. "He always comes here for his coffee."

And where else, indeed, should he come for his coffee? Who, in Padua, would go anywhere else?

We found him sitting out on the terrace at the farther end of the build-

ing. I had never, I thought, seen a jollier-looking old gentleman. The old Count had a red weather-beaten face, with white mustaches bristling gallantly upward and a white imperial in the grand Risorgimento manner of Victor Emmanuel the Second. Under the white tufty eyebrows, and set in the midst of a web-work of fine wrinkles, the eyes were brown and bright like a robin's. His long nose looked, somehow, more practically useful than the ordinary human nose, as though made for fine judicial sniffing, for delicate burrowing and probing. Thickset and strong, he sat there solidly in his chair, his knees apart, his hands clasped over the knob of his cane, carrying his paunch with dignity, nobly, I had almost said, before him. He was dressed all in white linen, for the weather was still very hot and his wide gray hat was tilted rakishly forward over his left eye. It gave one a real satisfaction to look at him: he was so complete, so perfect in his kind.

The young Count introduced me. "This is an English gentleman. Signor . . ." He turned to me for the name.

"Oosselay," I said, having learned by experience that that was as near as any Italian could be expected to get to it.

"Signor Oosselay," the young Count continued, "is an artist."

"Well, not exactly an artist," I was beginning; but he would not let me make an end.

"He is also very much interested in ancient art," he continued. "Tomorrow I am taking him to Dolo to see the frescoes; I know he will like them."

We sat down at the old Count's table; critically he looked at me and nodded. "*Benissimo*," he said and then added: "let's hope you'll be able to do something to help us sell the things."

This was startling. I looked in some perplexity toward the young Count. He was frowning angrily at his father. The old gentleman had evidently said the wrong thing; he had spoken, I guessed, too soon. At any rate, he took

his son's hint and glided off serenely on another tack.

"The fervid phantasy of Tiepolo," he began rotundly, "the cool unimpassioned splendor of Veronese—at Dolo you will see them contrasted." I listened attentively, while the old gentleman thundered on in what was evidently a set speech. When it was over the young Count got up; he had to be back at the barracks by half-past two. I too made as though to go; but the old man laid his hand on my arm. "Stay with me," he said. "I enjoy your conversation infinitely." And as he himself had hardly ceased speaking for one moment since first I set eyes on him, I could well believe it. With the gesture of a lady lifting her skirts out of the mud (and those were the days when skirts still had to be lifted), the young Count picked up his trailing saber and swaggered off, very military, very brilliant and glittering, like a soldier on the stage, into the sunlight, out of sight.

The old man's bird-bright eyes followed him as he went. "A good boy, Fabio," he said, turning back to me at last, "a good son." He spoke affectionately; but there was a hint, I thought, in his smile, in the tone of his voice, of amusement, of irony. It was as though he were adding, by implication: "But good boys, after all, are fools to be so good." I found myself, in spite of my affectation of detachment, extremely curious about this old gentleman. "What I should do without him," the old gentleman continued, "I really don't know. The way he manages the estate is simply wonderful." And he went rambling off into long digressions about the stupidity of peasants, the incompetence and dishonesty of bailiffs, the badness of the weather, the spread of phylloxera, the high price of manure. The upshot of it all was that, since Fabio had taken over the estate, everything had gone well; even the weather had improved. "It's such a relief," the Count concluded, "to feel that I have some one in charge on whom



I can rely, some one I can trust, absolutely. It leaves me free to devote my mind to more important things."

I could not help wondering what the important things were; but it would have been impertinent, I felt, to ask. Instead, I put a more practical question. "But what will happen," I asked, "when your son's military duties take him away from Padua?"

The old Count gave me a wink and laid his forefinger, very deliberately, to the side of his long nose. The gesture was rich with significance. "They never will," he said. "It's all arranged. A little *combinazione*, you know. I have a friend in the Ministry. His military duties will always keep him in Padua." He winked again and smiled.

I could not help laughing, and the old Count joined in with a joyous ha-ha that was the expression of a profound satisfaction, that was, as it were, a burst of self-applause. He was evidently proud of his little *combinazione*. But he was prouder still of the other combination, about which he now confidentially leaned across the table to tell me. It was decidedly the subtler of the two.

"And it's not merely his military duties," he said, wagging at me the thick, yellow-nailed forefinger which he had laid against his nose, "it's not merely his military duties that'll keep the boy in Padua. It's his domestic duties. He's married. I married him." He leaned back in his chair and surveyed me, smiling. The little wrinkles round his eyes seemed to be alive. "That boy, I said to myself, must settle down. He must have a nest, or else he'll fly away. And his poor old father will be left in the lurch. He's young, I thought, but he must marry. At once." And the old gentleman made great play with his forefinger. It was a long story. His old friend, the Avvocato Monaldeschi, had twelve children, three boys and nine girls. The eldest girl was just the right age for Fabio. No money, of course; but a good girl and pretty and very well brought up and religious.

Religious—that was very important, for it was essential that Fabio should have a large family—to keep him more effectually rooted, the old Count explained, and with these modern young women brought up outside the Church one could never be certain of children.

Well, the next thing, of course, was that Fabio should be induced to select her. Only a consummate diplomat could have succeeded. He did it by throwing them together a great deal and talking, meanwhile, about the rashness of early marriages, the uselessness of poor wives, the undesirability of wives not of noble birth. It worked like a charm; within four months, Fabio was engaged; two months later he was married and ten months after that he had a son and heir. And now he was fixed, rooted. The old gentleman chuckled; and I could fancy that I was listening to the chuckling of some old white-haired tyrant of the *quattrocento* congratulating himself on the success of some peculiarly ingenious stroke of policy—a rich city induced to surrender itself by fraud, a dangerous rival lured by fair words into a cage and trapped. Poor Fabio, I thought; and also what a waste of talent!

Well, the old Count went on, now Fabio lived on the estate, in the big painted house at Dolo. Three days a week he came into Padua for his military duties and the rest of his time he devoted to the estate. It brought in now more than it had ever done before. But goodness knew, the old gentleman complained, that was little enough. Bread and oil and wine and milk and chickens and beef—there was plenty of those and to spare. Fabio could have a family of fifty and they would never starve. But ready money, there wasn't much of that. "In England," the Count concluded, "you are rich. But we Italians . . ." He shook his head.

I spent the next quarter of an hour trying to persuade him that we were not all millionaires. But in vain. My memories of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb

carried no conviction. In the end I gave it up.

The next morning Fabio appeared at the door of my hotel in a large, very old, and very noisy Fiat. It was the family machine-of-all-work, bruised, scratched, and dirtied by years of service. Fabio drove it with a brilliant and easy recklessness. We rushed through the town, swerving from one side of the narrow street to the other with a disregard for the rules of the road which, in a pedantic country like England, would have meant at the least a five-pound fine and an endorsed license. But here the Carabiniers, walking gravely in couples under the arcades, let us pass without comment. Right or left—after all, what did it matter?

"Why do you keep the silencer out?" I shouted through the frightful clamor of the engine.

Fabio slightly shrugged his shoulders. "*E più allegro così*," he answered.

I said no more. From a member of this hardy race which likes noise, which enjoys discomfort, a nerve-ridden Englishman could hardly hope to get much sympathy.

We were soon out of the town. Trailing behind us a seething white wake of dust and with the engine rattling off its explosions like a battery of machine-guns, we raced along the Fusina road. On either hand extended the cultivated plain. The road was bordered by ditches and on the banks beyond, instead of hedges, stood rows of little pollards, with grape-laden vines festooned from tree to tree. White with the dust, tendrils, fruit, and leaves hung there like so much goldsmith's work sculptured in frosted metal, hung like the swags of fruit and foliage looped round the flanks of a great silver bowl. We hurried on. Soon, on our right hand, we had the Brenta, sunk deep between the banks of its canal. And now we were at Strà. Through gateways rich with fantastic stucco, down tunnels of undeciduous shade, we looked in a series of momentary glimpses into the

heart of the park. And now for an instant the statues on the roof of the villa beckoned against the sky and were passed. On we went. To right and left, on either bank of the river, I got every now and then a glimpse of some enchanting mansion, gay and brilliant even in decay. Little baroque garden houses peeped at me over walls and through great gates at the end of powdery cypress avenues, half humorously, it seemed, the magniloquent and frivolous façades soared up in defiance of all the rules. I should have liked to do the journey slowly, to stop here and there, to look, to savor at leisure; but Fabio disdained to travel at anything less than fifty kilometers to the hour and I had to be content with momentary and precarious glimpses.

The car slowed down and came to a standstill in front of a huge imposing gate. Fabio hooted impatiently on his horn; there was a scurry of footsteps, the sound of bolts being drawn and the gate swung open. At the end of a short drive, very large and grave, very chaste and austere, stood the house. It was considerably older than most of the other villas I had seen in glimpses on our way. There was no frivolousness in its façade, no irregular grandiloquence. A great block of stuccoed brick; a central portico approached by steps and topped with a massive pediment; a row of rigid statues on the balustrade above the cornice. It was correctly, coldly even, Palladian. Fabio brought the car to a halt in front of the porch. We got out. At the top of the steps stood a young woman with a redheaded child in her arms. It was the Countess with the son and heir.

The Countess impressed me very agreeably. She was slim and tall—two or three inches taller than her husband; with dark hair drawn back from the forehead and twisted into a knot on the nape of her neck; dark eyes, vague, lustrous and melancholy as the eyes of a gentle animal; a skin brown and transparent like darkened amber. Her manner was



gentle and unemphatic. She rarely gesticulated; I never heard her raise her voice. She spoke, indeed, very little. The old Count had told me that his daughter-in-law was religious, and from her appearance I could easily believe it. She looked at you with the calm remote regard of one whose life mostly goes on behind the eyes.

Fabio kissed his wife and then, bending his face toward the child, he made a frightful grimace and roared like a lion. It was all done in affection; but the poor little creature shrank away, terrified. Fabio laughed and pinched its ear.

"Don't tease him," said the Countess gently. "You'll make him cry."

Fabio turned to me. "That's what comes of leaving a boy to be looked after by women. He cries at everything. Let's come in," he added. "At present we use only two or three rooms on the ground floor and the kitchen in the basement. All the rest is deserted. I don't know how these old fellows managed to keep up their palaces. I can't." He shrugged his shoulders. Through a door on the right of the portico we passed into the house. "This is our drawing-room and dining room combined."

It was a fine big room, nobly proportioned—a double cube, I guessed—with doorways of sculptured marble and a magnificent fireplace flanked by a pair of nymphs on whose bowed shoulders rested a sloping overmantel carved with coats of arms and festoons of foliage. The furniture was strangely mixed. Round a sixteenth-century dining table that was a piece of Palladian architecture in wood, were ranged eight chairs in the Viennese Secession style of 1905. And then the pictures on the walls, the cretonnes with which the armchairs were covered! Tactfully, however, I admired everything, new as well as old.

"And now," said the Count, "for the frescoes."

I followed him through one of the marble-framed doorways and found myself at once in the great central hall of the villa. The Count turned round on

me. "There!" he said, smiling triumphantly with the air of one who has really succeeded in producing a rabbit out of an empty hat. And indeed, the spectacle was sufficiently astonishing.

The walls of the enormous room were completely covered with frescoes which it did not need much critical judgment or knowledge to perceive were genuine Veroneses. The authorship was obvious, palpable. Who else could have painted those harmoniously undulating groups of figures set in their splendid architectural frame? Who else but Veronese could have combined such splendor with such coolness, so much extravagant opulence with such exquisite suavity?

"*E grandioso!*" I said to the Count.

And indeed it was. Grandiose: there was no other word. A rich triumphal arcade ran all round the room, four or five arches appearing on each wall. Through the arches one looked into a garden; and there, against a background of cypresses and statues and far-away blue mountains, companies of Venetian ladies and gentlemen gravely disported themselves. Under one arch they were making music; through another one saw them sitting round a table, drinking one another's health in glasses of red wine, while a little blackamoor in a livery of green and yellow carried round the silver jug. In the next panel they were watching a fight between a monkey and a cat. On the opposite wall a poet was reading his verses to the assembled company, and next to him Veronese—the self-portrait was recognizable—stood at his easel, painting the picture of an opulent blonde in rose-colored satin. At the feet of the artist lay his dog; two parrots and a monkey were sitting on the marble balustrade in the middle distance.

I gazed with delight. "What a marvelous thing to possess!" I exclaimed, fairly carried away by my enthusiasm. "I envy you."

The Count made a little grimace and laughed. "Shall we come and look at the Tiepolos?" he asked.

We passed through a couple of cheer-

ful rooms by Carpioni, to step across a threshold into that brilliant universe, at once delicate and violently extravagant, wild and subtly orderly, which Tiepolo, in the last days of Italian painting, so masterfully and magically created. It was the story of Eros and Psyche, and the tale ran through three large rooms, spreading itself even on to the ceilings, where, in a pale sky dappled with white and golden clouds, the appropriate deities balanced themselves, diving or ascending through the empyrean.

Fabio had boasted to me that, in front of a picture, he could outstare any foreigner. But I was such a mortally long time admiring these dazzling phantasies that in the end he quite lost patience.

"I wanted to show you the farm before lunch," he said, looking at his watch. "There's only just time." I followed him reluctantly.

We looked at the cows, the horses, the prize bull, the turkeys. We looked at the tall thin haystacks, shaped like giant cigars set on end. The farm buildings were set round an immense courtyard. We had explored three sides of this piazza; now we came to the fourth, which was occupied by a long low building pierced with round archways and, I was surprised to see, completely empty.

"What's this?" I asked, as we entered.

"It *is* nothing," the Count replied. "But it might, some day, become . . . *chi sa?*" He stood there for a moment in silence, frowning pensively, with the expression of Napoleon on St. Helena, dreaming of the future, regretting past opportunities for ever lost. His freckled face, ordinarily a lamp for brightness, became incongruously somber. Then all at once he burst out—damning life, cursing fate, wishing to God he could get away and do something instead of wasting himself here. I listened, making every now and then a vague noise of sympathy. What could I do about it? And then, to my dismay, I found that I could do something about it, that I was

expected to do something. I was being asked to help the Count to sell his frescoes. As an artist, it was obvious I must be acquainted with rich patrons, museums, millionaires. I had seen the frescoes; I could honestly recommend them. And now there was this perfected process for transferring frescoes onto canvas. The walls could easily be peeled of their painting, the canvases rolled up and taken to Venice. And from there it would be the easiest thing in the world to smuggle them on board a ship and get away with them. As for prices—if he could get a million and a half of lire, so much the better; but he'd take a million, he'd even take three quarters. And he'd give me ten per cent commission. . . .

And afterward, when he'd sold his frescoes, what would he do? To begin with—the Count smiled at me triumphantly—he'd turn this empty building in which we were now standing into an up-to-date cheese factory. He could start the business handsomely on half a million and then, using cheap female labor from the country round, he could be almost sure of making big profits at once. And then, ah then, he'd be independent, he'd be able to get away, he'd see the world. He'd go to Brazil and the Argentine. An enterprising man with capital could always do well out there. He'd go to New York, to London, to Berlin, to Paris. There was nothing he could not do.

But meanwhile the frescoes were still on the walls, beautiful no doubt (for, the Count reminded me, he adored art), but futile; a huge capital frozen into the plaster, eating its head off, utterly useless. Whereas, with his cheese factory . . .

Slowly we walked back toward the house.

I was in Venice again in the September of the following year, 1913, and took the train for Padua.

I had not originally intended to see young Tirabassi again. I didn't know, indeed, how pleased he would be to see



me. For the frescoes, so far as I knew, were still safely on the walls, the cheese factory still remote in the future, in the imagination. I had written to him more than once, telling him that I was doing my best but that at the moment, etc., etc. But now, after all this lapse of time and nothing done, he might feel that I had let him down, deceived him somehow. That was why I took no steps to seek him out. But chance overruled my decision. On the third day of my stay in Padua, I ran into him in the street. Or rather he ran into me.

It was nearly six o'clock and I had strolled down to the Piazza del Santo. At that hour, when the slanting light is full of color and the shadows are long and profound, the great church, with its cupolas and turrets and campaniles, takes on an aspect more than ever fantastic and oriental. I had walked round the church and now I was standing at the foot of Donatello's statue, looking up at the grim bronze man, the ponderously stepping beast, when I suddenly became aware that some one was standing very close behind me. I took a step to one side and turned round. It was Fabio. He was gazing up at the statue, his mouth open in a vacant and fishlike gape. I burst out laughing.

"Did I look like that?" I asked.

"Precisely." He laughed too. "I've been watching you for the last ten minutes, mooning round the church. You English! Really . . ." He shook his head.

Together we strolled up the Via del Santo, talking as we went.

"I'm sorry I wasn't able to do anything about the frescoes," I said. "But really . . ." I entered into explanations.

"Some day, perhaps." Fabio was still optimistic.

"And how's the Countess?"

"Oh, she's very well," said Fabio, "considering. You know she had another son three or four months after you came to see us."

"No?"

"She's expecting another now." Fabio spoke rather gloomily, I thought. More than ever I admired the old Count's sagacity. But I was sorry for his son's sake that he had not a wider field in which to exercise his talents.

"And your father?" I asked. "Shall we find him sitting at Pedrochi's as usual?"

Fabio laughed. "We shall not," he said significantly. "He's flown."

"Flown?"

"Gone, vanished, disappeared."

"But where?"

"Who knows?" said Fabio. "My father is like the swallows; he comes and he goes. Every year. . . . But the migration isn't regular. Sometimes he goes away in the spring; sometimes it's the autumn, sometimes it's the summer. . . . One fine morning his man goes into his room to call him as usual, and he isn't there. Vanished. He might be dead. Oh, but he isn't." Fabio laughed. "Two or three months later in he walks again, as though he were just coming back from a stroll in the Botanical Gardens. 'Good evening. Good evening.'" Fabio imitated the old Count's voice and manner, snuffing the air like a war-horse, twisting the ends of an imaginary white mustache. "'How's your mother? How are the girls? How have the grapes done this year?' Snuff, snuff. 'How's Lucio? And who the devil has left all this rubbish lying about in my study?'" Fabio burst into an indignant roar that made the loiterers in the Via Roma turn, astonished, in our direction.

"And where does he go?" I asked.

"Nobody knows. My mother used to ask once. But she soon gave it up. It was no good. 'Where have you been, Ascanio?' 'My dear, I'm afraid the olive crop is going to be very poor this year.' Snuff, snuff. And when she pressed him he would fly into a temper and slam the doors. . . . What do you say to an *apéritif*?"

Pedrochi's open doors invited. We

entered, chose a retired table and sat down.

"But, what do you suppose the old gentleman does when he's away?"

"Ah!" And making the richly significant gesture I had so much admired in his father, the young Count laid his finger against his nose and slowly, solemnly winked his left eye.

"You mean . . . ?"

Fabio nodded. "There's a little widow here in Padua." With his extended finger the young Count described in the air an undulating line. "Nice and plump. Black eyes. I've noticed that she generally seems to be out of town just at the time the old man does his migrations. But it may, of course, be a mere coincidence." The waiter brought us our vermouth. Pensively the young Count sipped. The gayety went out of his open, lamplike face. "And meanwhile," he went on slowly and in an altered voice, "I stay here, looking after the estate, so that the old man can go running round the world with his little pigeon—*la sua colombella*." (The expression struck me as particularly choice.) "Oh, it's funny, no doubt," the young Count went on. "But it isn't right. If I wasn't married I'd go clean away and try my luck somewhere else. I'd leave him to look after everything himself. But with a wife and two children—three children soon—how can I take the risk? My only hope," he added after a little pause, "is in the frescoes."

Which implied, I reflected, that his only hope was in me; I felt sorry for him.

In the spring of 1914 I sent two rich Americans to look at Fabio's villa. Neither of them made any offer to buy the frescoes; it would have astonished me if they had. But Fabio was greatly encouraged by their arrival. "I feel," he wrote to me, "that a beginning has now been made. These Americans will go back to their country and tell their friends. Soon there will be a procession

of millionaires coming to see the frescoes. Meanwhile life is the same as ever. Rather worse, if anything. Our little daughter, whom we have christened Emilia, was born last month. My wife had a very bad time and is still far from well, which is very troublesome. The day before yesterday my father disappeared again. I have not yet had time to find out if the Colombella has also vanished. I have been going very carefully into the cheese-factory business lately, and I am not sure that it might not be more profitable to set up a silk-weaving establishment instead. When you next come I will go into details with you."

But it was a very long time before I saw Padua and the Count again. The war put an end to my yearly visits to Italy, and for various reasons even when it was over, I could not go south again as soon as I should have liked. Not till the autumn of 1921 did I embark again on the Venice express.

It was in an Italy not altogether familiar that I now found myself, an Italy full of violence and bloodshed. The Fascists and the Communists were still busy fighting. Roaring at the head of their dust storms, the motor lorries loaded with cargoes of singing boys careered across the country in search of adventure and lurking Bolshevism. One stood respectfully in the gutter while they passed; and through the flying dust, through the noises of the engine, a snatch of that singing would be blown back. "*Giovinezza, giovinezza, primavera di bellezza. . .*" Youth, youth, spring-time of beauty. Where but in Italy would they have put such words to a political song? And then the proclamations, the manifestoes, the denunciations, the appeals! I read them all with infinite pleasure.

I reached Pedrochi's at last. On the terrace, sitting in the very corner where I had seen him first, years before, was the old Count. He stared at me blankly when I saluted him, not recognizing me at all. I began to explain who I was;



after a moment he cut me short, almost impatiently, protesting that he remembered now, perfectly well. He invited me to sit at his table.

At a first glance from a distance, I fancied that the old Count had not aged a day since last I saw him. But I was wrong. From the street I had seen only the rakish tilt of his hat, the bristling of his white mustache and imperial, the parted knees, the noble protrusion of the paunch. But now that I could look at him closely and at leisure, I saw that he was, in fact, a very different man. Under the tilted hat his face was unhealthily purple; the flesh sagged into pouches. In the whites of his eyes, discolored and as though tarnished with age, the little broken veins showed red. And, lusterless, the eyes themselves seemed to look without interest at what they saw. His shoulders were bent as though under a weight and when he lifted his cup to his lips his hand trembled so much that a drop of coffee splashed onto the table. He was an old man now, and tired.

"How's Fabio?" I asked; since 1916 I had had no news of him.

"Oh, Fabio's well," the old Count answered, "Fabio's very well. He has six children now, you know." And the old gentleman nodded and smiled at me without a trace of malice. He seemed quite to have forgotten the reasons for which he had been at so much pains to select a good Catholic for a daughter-in-law. "Six," he repeated. "And then, you know, he did very well in the War. We Tirabassi have always been warriors." Full of pride, he went on to tell me of Fabio's exploits and sufferings. Twice wounded, special promotion on the field of battle, splendid decorations. He was a major now.

"And do his military duties still keep him in Padua?"

The old gentleman nodded and suddenly there appeared on his face something like the old smile. "A little *combinazione* of mine," he said and chuckled.

"And the estate?" I asked.

Oh, that was doing all right, everything considered. It had got rather out of hand during the War, while Fabio was at the front. And then afterward there had been a lot of trouble with the peasants; but Fabio and his Fascists were putting all that to rights. "With Fabio on the spot," said the old gentleman, "I have no anxieties." And then he began to tell me, all over again, about Fabio's exploits in the War.

The next day I took the tram to Strà, and after an hour agreeably spent in the villa and the park, I walked on at my leisure toward Dolo. The gates were open; I walked in. There stood the house, as grave and ponderous as ever, but shabbier than when I saw it last. The shutters needed painting and here and there the stucco was peeling off in scabs. I approached. From within the house came a cheerful noise of children's laughter and shouting. As I climbed the steps of the porch I could hear the sound of small feet racing over the tiled floors; in the empty rooms footsteps and shouting strangely echoed. And then suddenly, from the sitting room on the right, came the sound of Fabio's voice, furiously shouting, "Oh, for God's sake, keep those wretched children quiet." And then petulantly, it complained, "How do you expect me to do accounts with this sort of thing going on?" There was at once a profound and, as it were, unnatural silence; then the sound of small feet tiptoeing away, some whispering, a little nervous laugh. I rang the bell.

It was the Countess who opened the door. She stood for a moment hesitating, wondering who I was; then remembered, smiled, held out her hand. She had grown very thin, I noticed, and with the wasting of her face, her eyes seemed to have become larger. Their expression was as gentle and serene as ever; she seemed to be looking at me from a distance.

"Fabio will be delighted to see you," she said, and she took me through the

door on the right of the porch straight into the sitting room. Fabio was sitting at the Palladian table in front of a heap of papers, biting the end of his pencil.

Even in his gray-green service uniform the young Count looked wonderfully brilliant, like a soldier on the stage. His face was still boyishly freckled, but the skin was deeply lined; he looked very much older than when I had seen him last, older than he really was. The open cheerfulness, the shining lamplike brightness were gone. On his snubby-featured face he wore a ludicrously incongruous expression of chronic melancholy. He brightened, it is true, for a moment when I appeared; I think he was genuinely glad to see me.

"*Caspita!*" he kept repeating, "*caspita!*" (It was his favorite expression of astonishment, an old-fashioned word.) "Who would have thought it? After all this time!"

"And all the eternity of the War as well," I said.

But when the first ebullition of surprise and pleasure subsided, the look of melancholy came back.

"It gives me the spleen," he said, "to see you again, still traveling about, free to go where you like. If you knew what life was like here . . ."

"Well, in any case," I said, "the War's over, and you have escaped a real revolution. That's something."

"Oh, you're as bad as Laura," said the Count impatiently. He looked toward his wife, as though hoping that she would say something. But the Countess went on with her sewing without even looking up. The Count took my arm. "Come along," he said, and his tone was almost one of anger. "Let's take a turn outside." His wife's religious resignation, her patience, her serenity angered him, I could see, like a reprimand.

Along the weed-grown paths of what had once, in the ancient days of splendor, been the garden, slowly we walked toward the farm. A few ragged box bushes grew along the fringes of the paths; once

there had been neat hedges. Poised over a dry basin, a Triton blew his waterless conch.

"I saw your father yesterday," I said. "He looks aged."

"And so he ought," said Fabio murderously. "He's sixty-nine."

I felt uncomfortably that the subject had become too serious for light conversation. I had wanted to ask after the Colombella; in the circumstances I decided that it would be wiser to say nothing about her. We were walking now under the lee of the farm buildings.

"The cows look very healthy," I said, politely, looking through an open doorway. In the twilight within, six gray rumps plastered with dry dung presented themselves in file; six long leather tails swished impatiently from side to side. Fabio made no comment; he only grunted.

"In any case," he went on slowly, after another silence, "he can't live much longer. I shall sell my share and clear off to South America, family or no family." It was a threat against his own destiny of which he must have known the vanity. He was deceiving himself to keep up his spirits.

"But I say," I exclaimed, taking another and better opportunity to change the conversation, "I see you have started a factory here after all." We had walked round to the farther side of the square. Through the windows of the long low building which, at my last visit, had stood untenanted, I saw the complicated shapes of machines, rows of them in a double line down the whole length of the building. "Looms? Then you decided against cheese? And the frescoes?" I turned questioningly toward the Count. I had a horrible fear that, when we got back to the house, I should find the great hall peeled of its Veroneses and a blank of plaster where once had been the history of Eros and Psyche.

"Oh, the frescoes are still there, what's left of them." And in spite of Fabio's long face, I was delighted at the news.



"I persuaded my father to sell some of his house property in Padua and we started this weaving business here two years ago. Just in time," Fabio added, "for the communist revolution."

Poor Fabio, he had no luck. The peasants had seized his factory and had tried to possess themselves of his land. For three weeks he had lived at the villa in a state of siege, defending the place, with twenty Fascists to help him, against all the peasants of the countryside. The danger was over now; but the machines were broken and, in any case, it was out of the question to start them again, feeling was still too high.

"And they were such beautiful machines," said Fabio, pausing for a moment to look in at the last of the long line of windows. "Whether to sell them, whether to wait till all this has blown over and have them put right and try to start again—I don't know." He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "Or just let things slide till the old man dies." We turned the corner of the square and began to walk back toward the house. "Somehow," he added after a silence, "I don't believe he ever will die."

The children were playing in the great hall of the Veroneses. The majestic double doors which gave onto the portico were ajar; through the opening we watched them for a moment without being seen. The family was formed up in order of battle. A red-headed boy of ten or eleven years led the van, a brown boy followed. Then came three little girls, diminishing regularly in size like graded pearls; and finally a little toddling creature in blue-linen crawlers. All six of them carried shouldered bamboos, and they were singing in ragged unison to a kind of trumpet call of three notes: "*All'armi i Fascisti; a morte i Communisti; a basso i Socialisti*," over and over again. And as they sang they marched, round and round, earnestly, indefatigably. The huge empty room echoed like a swimming bath. Remote under their triumphal arches, in their serene world of fantastic beauty the

silken ladies and gentlemen played their music, drank their wine; the poet declaimed, the painter poised his brush before the canvas, the monkeys clambered among the Roman ruins, the parrots dozed on the balustrades. "*All'armi i Fascisti; a morte i Communisti* . . ." I should have liked to stand there in silence, merely to see how long the children would continue their patriotic march. But Fabio, after indulging me for a moment with the spectacle, pushed open the door and walked in. The children looked round and were immediately silent. What with his bad temper and his theory of education by teasing, they seemed to be thoroughly frightened of their father.

"Go on," he said, "go on." But they wouldn't; they obviously couldn't in his terrifying presence. Unobtrusively, they slipped away.

Fabio led me round the painted room. "Look here," he said, "and look here." In one of the walls of the great hall there were half a dozen bullet holes. A chip had been taken off one of the painted cornices; one lady was horribly wounded in the face; there were two or three holes in the landscape and a monkey's tail was severed. "That's our friends the peasants," Fabio explained.

The tale of Eros and Psyche had suffered dreadfully. The exquisite panel in which Tiepolo had painted Psyche holding up the lamp to look at her mysterious lover was no more than a faint mildewy smudge. And where once the indignant young god had flown upward to rejoin his Olympian relatives (who still, fortunately, swam about intact among the clouds on the ceiling) there was nothing but the palest ghost of an ascending Cupid, while Psyche weeping on the earth below was now quite invisible.

"That's our friends the French," said Fabio. "They were quartered here in 1918, and they didn't trouble to shut the windows when it rained."

Poor Fabio! Everything against him. I had no consolation to offer. That

autumn I sent him an art critic and three more Americans. But nothing came of their visits. The fact was that he had too much to offer. A picture—that might easily have been disposed of. But what could one do with a whole housefull of paintings like this?

The months passed. About Easter-time of the next year I had another letter from Fabio. The olive crop had been poor. The Countess was expecting another baby and was far from well. The two eldest children were down with measles and the last but one had what the Italians call an "asinine cough." He expected all the children to catch both diseases in due course. He was very doubtful now if it would ever be worth while to restart his looms. The old Count was aging rapidly; when Fabio saw him last he had told the same anecdote three times in the space of ten minutes. With these two pieces of good news—they were for him, I imagine, the only bright spots in the surrounding gloom—Fabio closed his letter. I was left wondering why he troubled to write to me at all. It may be that he got a certain lacerating satisfaction by thus enumerating his troubles.

That August there was a musical festival in Salzburg, and one afternoon I took the funicular up to the castle. There is a beer-terrace under the walls of the fortress from which you get a view that is starred in Baedeker. Below you on one side lies the town, spread out in the curving valley, with a river running through it, like a small and German version of Florence. From the other side of the terrace you look out over a panorama that makes no pretence to Italianism; it is as sweetly and romantically German as an air out of Weber's *Freischütz*. There are mountains on the horizon, spiky and blue like mountains in a picture book; and in the foreground, extending to the very foot of the extremely improbable crag on which the castle and the beer garden are perched, stretches a flat green plain—miles upon miles of juicy meadows dotted with

minusculous cows, with here and there a neat toy farm or, more rarely, a cluster of doll's houses with a spire going up glittering from the midst of them.

I was sitting with my blond beer in front of this delicious and slightly comical landscape, thinking comfortably of nothing in particular, when I heard behind me a rapturous voice exclaiming, "*Bello, bello!*" I looked round curiously—for it seemed to me somehow rather surprising to hear Italian spoken here—and saw one of those fine sumptuous women they admire so much in the South. She was a "*bella grassa*," plump to the verge of overripeness and perilously near middle age; but still in her way exceedingly handsome. Her face had the proportions of an iceberg—one fifth above water, four fifths below. Ample and florid from the eyes downward, it was almost foreheadless; the hair began immediately above the brows. The eyes themselves were dark, large, and for my taste, at least, somewhat excessively tender in expression. I took her in in a moment and was about to look away again when her companion, who had been looking at the view on the other side, turned round. It was the old Count.

I was far more embarrassed, I believe, than he. I felt myself blushing as our eyes met, as though it were I who had been traveling about the world with a Colombella and he who had caught me in the act. But the old Count put an end to my irresolution by calling out my name in astonishment, by running up to me and seizing my hand. What a delight to see an old friend! Here of all places! He would introduce me to a charming compatriot of his own, an Italian lady he had met yesterday in the train from Vienna.

I was made known to the Colombella and we all sat down at my table. Speaking resolutely in Italian, the Count ordered two more beers. We talked. Or rather the Count talked; for the conversation was a monologue. He told us



anecdotes of the Italy of fifty years ago; he gave us imitations of the queer characters he had known; he even, at one moment, imitated the braying of an ass—I forget in what context; but the braying remains vividly in my memory. Snuffing the air between sentences, he gave us his views on women. The Colombella screamed indignant protests, dissolved herself in laughter. The old Count twisted his mustaches, twinkling at her through the network of his wrinkles. Every now and then he turned in my direction and gave me a little wink.

I listened in astonishment. Was this the man who had told the same anecdote three times in ten minutes? I looked at the old Count. He was leaning toward the Colombella, whispering something in her ear which made her laugh so much that she had to wipe the tears from her eyes. Turning away from her, he caught my eye; smiling, he shrugged his shoulders as though to say, "These women! What imbeciles, but how delicious, how indispensable!" Was this the tired old man I had seen a year ago sitting on Pedrochi's terrace? It seemed incredible.

"Well, good-by, *a rivederci*." They had to get down into the town again. The funicular was waiting.

"I'm delighted to have seen you,"

said the old Count, shaking me affectionately by the hand.

"And so am I," I protested. "Particularly delighted to see you so well."

"Yes, I'm wonderfully well, now," he said, blowing out his chest.

"And young," I went on. "Younger than I am! How have you done it?"

"Aha!" The old Count cocked his head on one side mysteriously.

More in joke than in earnest, "I believe you've been seeing Steinach in Vienna," I said. "Having a rejuvenating operation."

For all reply, the old Count raised the forefinger of his right hand, laying it first to his lips, then along the side of his nose, and winking as he did so. Then clenching his fist and with his thumb sticking rigidly up, he made a complicated gesture which would, I am sure, for an Italian, have been full of a profound and vital significance. To me, however, unfamiliar with the language of signs, the exact meaning was not entirely clear. But the Count offered no verbal explanation. Still without uttering a word, he raised his hat; then laying his finger once more to his lips, he turned and ran with an astonishing agility down the steep path toward the little carriage of the funicular, in which the Colombella had already taken her seat.



SAMPANS AND PRAHAUS AT A BATAVIA QUAY

## Rice and Volcanoes

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

**J**AVA was a serious disappointment some time before I saw it. The gorgeous East obviously could not be and ought not to be so gorgeous as its holiday posters. These are in the style of the loudest Swiss art. "Come to Java!" Not at all. Not while the East Indies are so spacious, and have so many other islands; not if Java is like its posters. What sense is there in the East calling itself mysterious when it advertises itself with the particularity of a Special Motor Supplement? I felt I ought to keep away from Java. I wanted to leave it to those who enjoy traveling round the earth in eighty days, and who see all the wonders of it from a cabin window of a twin-screw composite restaurant and tennis court. The fact that some important people even while at sea feel the mind growing slack when withdrawn from the resources of the bridge table and the golf course,

is probably at the bottom of the world's more violent forms of Bolshevism. But Java stood in the way of my coasting steamer, which had to call at every port, and at some places which are not ports but merely wish they were, along the north coast of it. This hindrance had to be endured for the privilege of seeing the outer islands, the lesser Sundus and the Moluccas, those unimportant beaches which will have no posters of their own, thank God and the fevers, for some time to come.

Our first Javan port was Tanjong Priok, the harbor for Batavia. There the mosquitoes came aboard in hosts so ravenous that they tried to bite their way into the cabins, and so stuck to the new paint. I abandoned the ship. Java may be a perfectly healthy island, and malaria there—as one is led to infer—as rare and inconsequential as falling upstairs; but the ship's new paint scared



me. It broke down my resolution not to see Java, and I fled ashore. Even the hotels which sell picture post cards and offer the Javanese equivalents of the art products one pays for at Zurich and leaves behind might prove a shade better than such mosquitoes.

There is a railway from Tanjong Priok to Batavia. Black monkeys dwell one side of the line, and gray on the other. The black monkeys never leave their palms to cross the metals to mix with the grays in the opposite palms. The grays observe carefully the same etiquette. The guide book has no doubt about this, and some one on the ship is bound to give you the same advice with such particularity that its truth cannot be questioned by the polite. By the time you have persuaded the custom's officer that you have no explosives in your luggage, that your face and its photograph in the passport really do approximate, and have got the man from the hotel at Weltevreden to understand that you intend to go up by train and not in an automobile already wrecked, the monkeys are forgotten.

Yet not by everybody. My train had not gone far when a Dutch traveler drew my attention again to the curiosity. "You see? There are black monkeys on that side. Here are gray. They do not meet. No. They do not cross the railway, not each of them. Yes." I was going to ask him whether they would forfeit the Government subsidy if they broke the contract and spoiled the story; but the Dutchman looked so kindly, and so plainly wished to save a foreigner from boredom, that the question would have been a rank crime. I nodded, and looked first at the black tribe, and then at the gray, to show him that his good nature might not be wasted on me.

The hotels in the Dutch East Indies, in spite of an occasional Russian String Quartette which plays Chicago music at dinner, if the lights do not fail, cannot help letting you know that home is very distant. They can do this without the aid of the banyan trees, the natives in their bright sarongs and jackets, and the dead weight of the heat. Your bedroom is isolated from



THE DUTCH FEEL AT HOME BESIDE THE CANALS OF BATAVIA

the central public rooms by shrubberies. You live there literally a cloistered life with the lizards and the flies. The notions of time and space entertained by Malays are purely relative, and are easily disarranged; and so, even when you ring for a servant you may still remain lonely, with the lizards, and your finger firm but hopeless on the electric button. You may watch the hawks poised in the upper blue, or the fight between a hunting spider and a mantis in a corner of the veranda. Nothing else is likely to happen. And it is hard to tell one Malay servant from another where they all recline on flagstones in the shade, listening in beautiful patience to the appealing bells, and watching the grasshoppers. When not asleep Malays will observe nature for hours without moving. But it would be wrong, for it would increase the weight of the heat, to get angry with them. They are but children, living in eternity; and how can time be wasted by those who possess all of it?

Yet though one's annoyance quickly evaporates, the tropical sweat which it has caused does not. It is then that the happy nature of the eastern bath is learned. At first those dim stone flags in a dank recess behind the bedroom, where there is nothing but some toads, a cistern or a big tub, and a brass dipper, are puzzling, as well as repellant. How does one manage it? Newcomers have been known to climb into the earthenware tub and at once upset themselves with the water on the flags. That is not the way to do it. While the toads sit up to watch, you spill water-falls over your body from the dipper. The water is tepid, but occasionally it



A RIVER SCENE

is almost possible to believe that it has shocked you a little way toward an active existence. And after this pretense in Batavia, what is there to do? A man might be thought eccentric if he stood watching the Javanese ladies, up to their waists in yellow canal ooze, washing the household linen while gossiping with men in bronze who are posed near them on bamboo rafts. Yet they make a picture which is worth attention, for it is heartening to learn that the human form may be so good. There is, too, the Portuguese cannon, an antiquity from the days of the early navigators, which these ladies keep polished through sitting upon it when prayerfully desiring a child, but its interest is soon exhausted. They never



sit there while being watched. To make the shy practice of this most ancient of religious rites as obscure as possible, the gun is secreted near some unlikely sheds, with a screen of plaited rushes about it. It is framed with paper flowers, and it has a little altar for the burning of incense at its butt. Strange that the ancient efficacy of stocks and stones should still be able to overcome all the superior prejudices acquired from Brahma, Buddha, Mecca, and even from Jerusalem! For it is even whispered that European ladies know where to find this instrument of generative magic, and to trust in its power; which if true, is much more astonishing in our cautious days of dateless silence in which sleeps Palæolithic man.

There is the observance of another rite in the Dutch East Indies that is less worthy of respect, but is no less remarkable; and watch it you must. It is called the Rice Table. It is almost impossible to practice this rite in secret. It takes up more room than any old cannon; and the simple faith which, before all derisive unbelievers in a public dining room, holds to its ultimate beneficence, must be as strong as death and nearly as fatal. I never got quite

hardened enough to sit at dinner unperturbed beside another man while he steadily overcame a Rice Table. Before he had more than half vanquished his array of dishes I felt it better to creep silently away, leaving my own dinner unfinished; for who could tell what divine wrath might not be loosed in a time of food shortage if a human creature were detected buried up to the neck in boiled rice and spiced comestibles, and were still burrowing into it deeper with every mouthful? Who knows? Heaven may be tried too much, and a Rice Table is the kind of dinner which might cause astonishment at the distance of the Milky Way. It is not a meal but a buffalo wallow. I said buried up to the neck. This is not doing violence to a figure of speech. I mean the neck—the nape of it; that is, all of a man's features which are exposed when he is in the act of eating his Rice Table. It is proper when relating the incidents of travel to be strictly accurate.

The first time I witnessed a man performing at this meal his campaign was well forward before I noticed anything was strange, because it happened that my knowledge of Malay was being firmly disputed by a Malay waiter. I got at



A BANYAN TREE, SHOWING THE CURIOUS WAY THE BRANCHES DROP AERIAL ROOTS





A NATIVE MARKET FULL OF COLOR

length within a few degrees of my own course, and then saw that the man opposite, before whom was a high mound of boiled rice, was attended, not by one servant, but by a long queue of servants, and that each was bearing a salver, and that each was waiting for the moment when he could take another step forward in the congested procession. They moved up to the diner, shuffle by shuffle. As far as he could—and that Dutchman was as deft and businesslike as a letter-sorter on St. Valentine's Day—he selected portions of food from the long vista of salvers, and placed them with his rice. It would be mere vanity to pretend that my knowledge of natural history is wide enough to unravel everything the hotel kitchen had mystified for that Dutchman, but fish was just recognizable, and chicken, eggs, nuts, prawns, sea-weed, and bamboo shoots. All these, and more, much more, went either direct into the mound of rice, or were deposited in satellitic vesicles arranged in orbits round the solar plate. Then the diner pulled his mustache upward, adjusted his spectacles, and briskly mixed the central mound into a discolored muck,

frowning shrewdly as he did it. The Malays looked on with faces subdued to resignation. Before it was possible to wonder what he intended to do with it all, his face plunged, and the back of his neck stared entranced at the ceiling. I don't know when he came up. My own escape into the hot night was before that.

A fitful display of ruby and emerald light, in which the shapes of palm trees wavered, attracted me outside, for it was faintly reminiscent of the bright illustrations to youth's nicely expurgated edition of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. It proved to be only the "Movies." In the open air, while limelight changed the surrounding palms into a chromatic fantasy, and noiseless bats as big as ravens made the shadows startling, a mild Javanese crowd sat watching the history of "Faithless Wives," and other pleasing pictorial narratives of Anglo-Saxon fraud, infidelity, treachery, silliness, and robbery under arms, with comic interludes as unmistakably funny as the brick which hits the policeman on the head. What the Orientals thought of us, while getting



at long last privy knowledge of white society on its usual behavior from these frank confessions by our leading cinema artists, they did not disclose. They silently drifted home to their bamboo shelters. But if the magic lantern, with such vital and unquestioned revelation of our curious conduct when we are comfortable at home, does not accomplish more than all the propaganda of Moscow in encouraging the Orient to suppose that white folk ought to be treated with contempt, then there is nothing in common sense. There is a pallid rumor—it can be as pallid as a nervous child who has dreamed of a ghost—of a rising of the East against the West. If there is anything behind it, then blame the cinematograph. Our best representative artists are showing the East that its revolt would be merely a duty owed to decency, a sort of righteous war to end inanity.

The trains of Java move only by day. The island is of great length, and subject to earthquakes. I was uncertain whether I ought to return to the ship and face the mosquitoes, or risk the failure of a locomotive to coincide with my ship at the other end of the land. When in doubt, put the risk into the future. The longer the shot, the more likely Fate may miss you. For a time, however, after I boarded a train at Batavia, this indolent reasoning seemed to have a catch in it. Java appeared to be of slight interest in the initial stage of the journey; and of the four or more languages which are common in the island I had but a faint knowledge of one, and even that amount of knowledge was denied me by those who spoke that language. As for the Dutch tongue, the animated conversations of my fellow passengers exiled me as far as a foreigner ever feels his distance from home. Yet how many of our experiences are desolating simply because of our way of looking at them! For there was a day when our train stopped in a jungle. Floods had washed away lengths of the track ahead of us. That day began to

fall toward the quick sunset of the tropics, but the train remained as still as the giant leaves which hung over us. Scarlet dragon flies were darting about a pool below my window, and above the pool, high in a tangle of leaves, an ape, who appeared to suppose he was securely ambushed, eyed us in tense curiosity. Were we to be buried all night there? I could not learn. I tried to find out, but though my acquaintance with Malay may some day lead to a railway accident, it will never be able to discuss it.

Then the rain began anew with a steady force which made me fear for other sections of that line, and for the coincidence of a future train with my ship. The other end of the island was very far. But I had only enough words to secure coffee and food. I could learn nothing. An elderly and severe Dutch lady was sitting near me. She had been steadily reading a large volume—probably of affairs concerning the Seventh Day Adventists—since the morning, with hardly a lift of her face. The long halt, the continued rain, the gloomy jungle in which we stood without hope, the night we should probably spend in it, were nothing to her. She read on, as though she had secured for her own eye alone a veritable judgment or two from the yet unpublished Decrees of Doom. Compared with her countenance, that unknown jungle darkening to absolute night in the rain was a May-time pleasance. Anyhow, I could easily presume that she had no more interest and ability to communicate with me than with a Hottentot. A native brought me food, was paid, and went away. That lady then put down her book, frowned at me over the top of her glasses, and remarked with slow distinction: "You have paid far too much for that. Let me see your change. (Mechanically and meekly I displayed some insignificant coins.) So. Far too much you have paid. It is not useful. It also makes it very bad for other travelers."

My embarrassed eyes fell before the

direct attack of her steel spectacles, and I glanced apologetically at her book. It was the *Swiss Family Robinson*, in a primitive English edition which resembled a veritable fragment of a London home I have not seen since I was a child, and shall never see again.

It is as easy as cheating the innocence of a wondering babe to get credence at home for travelers' tales when they are of were-tigers, men with tails, cannibal dwarfs, head-hunters, islands where the women are so lovely that it would be wicked to give the latitude and longitude, and South Seas adventures more lurid than could be devised by a select committee in Hell. I do regret that the only tiger story at first hand which is in my collection is unprintable. I must let my tiger go. That is a pity, for I suspect it to have the just and authentic lineaments of the plain truth of all travelers' tales. But who would accept stories of surprises by the plain truth? Yet it is fair to claim that even the Robinson family on their obliging island never had a more incredible adventure than my own with the Dutch lady in the equatorial forest.

I left Batavia for Sourabaya without regret, but with no hope, except that my ship would be there to take me away. The orchestras which played fox-trots to Dutchmen eating messes of rice, the cinema drama which made one ashamed of belonging to a superior race, the advertisement posters that might have been continuations of the hoardings of Ostend, had shattered another dream. I settled down to regard its bright fragments in patience and resignation. Yet too soon! For if there is a more delightful island in the world than Java then the facts have never been published. The resemblance of some scenes in Java to the colored pictures of the garden of Eden in a Victorian-illustrated Bible is ridiculous. You suspect, as I did the monkeys beside the Tanjong Priok railway, that these fair prospects are artfully arranged by a clever government for the delectation of the credulous. But there are too many of them. They continue uninterrupted in fortuitous variety. Not far from Batavia a high serration of mountains appeared in the distance, so very blue in that bright light that it was easy to believe a scene



A GATE TO THE PALACE AT DJOCJAKARTA

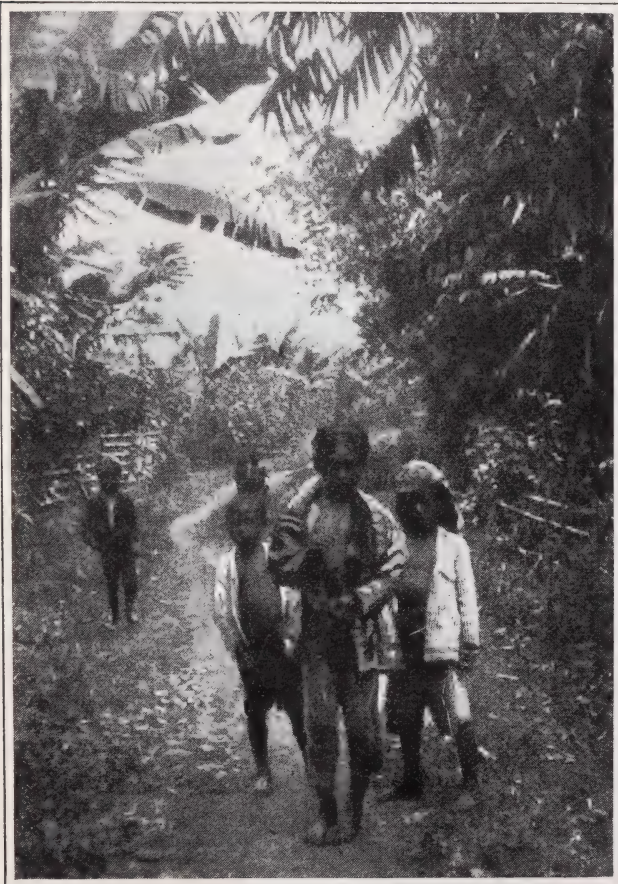


shifter was at work upon the background for the staging of a lavish tropical romance. Soon we began to wind among the heights, and to cross dramatic ravines. Very cleverly done it was, too. I liked that brown child dressed only in a hat as big as a parasol, who sat on the back of a buffalo, resting one elbow on his living couch while watching our train go by. His was a cunning touch. Just beyond him was a group of amber houses, of bamboo thatched with palm fronds. They were, as you have guessed, screened by the green pennants of plantains, and were shadowed by coconut palms; and—as they would, of course, in such a composition—they stood on the brow of a hill which descended in steps of radiant emerald, in terraces of young rice, to a plain so far below that the river there was only a silver wire

threading checker-work too distinct and vivid to be anything but the masterpiece of an imaginative decorator. Beyond that plain one saw then the full artful value of the cobalt crags of the volcanic range with which the picture began.

The orchards of Kent and California are not more assiduously cultivated than most of the island of Java. The Javanese agriculturalists, ever since they had a civilized government, and that was early in the Christian era, have had to try to make their fields meet the extortions of so many conquerors before they dared to call any rice their own that now they deserve to get the testimonial of all right-minded employers. Their training has been long and severe. Hindu, Mohammedan, and European have taught them the full penalty

for Adam's fall; and so the habit of very early rising, and of a long day in the sun, with a meager expectation of any reward, gives them the right aspect of sound and reliable workers. You cannot rise at an hour in the interior of Java, unless you never sleep, which will get you on the road sooner than the country folk going to market. My first experience with a motor car in the mountains of central Java was, long before dawn, of just avoiding a man carrying several thirty-foot bamboo poles. It was so early that I thought he must be an Oriental student of William Cobbett, or a corresponding member of one of the American colleges which make one better than one's fellow at a nominal charge. In keeping his poles out of the wind-screen we nearly ran down some silent children who were carrying trays of fruit. That made us careful. But only just in time, for we had



A VILLAGE STREET IN GARUT





CENTRAL JAVA HAS THE ASPECT OF A TEMPERATE CLIMATE

then to move cautiously in a road full of the sudden ghosts of dumb folk who were getting about the business of the day which had not yet called them. I never saw people of the Malay race in any other island who were nearly so finely trained as the Javanese land workers. There could not be a better demonstration of the value of learning one's place in life early—say not less than ten generations back. With plenty of time and few interruptions it is clearly possible for a superior caste to evolve a race of skilled workers who will do everything and yet expect nothing. These people have terraced the hill-slopes of Java with padi-fields till the gradient is past human skill. Vast landscapes that once were dark with jungle are now radiant prospects of spectacular gardening. The decorative terraces of water, the *sawahs*, bearing growing crops, have caught the hills in what appears to be a bright and infinite mesh. Nothing can be lost on those hills now, nothing of their immense fertility, not a drop of rain. Elaborate irrigation works deflect and organize

myriads of natural rills to fill with water the hollow steps of the slopes, which shine with rice. The rills grow from threads to docile streams, descending their disciplined courses from high altitudes to the main rivers in the plains. Humanity at its best has nothing to learn from the ant. One sees that, with a little good will and intelligence, mankind might do something good with its planet. Its patient industry must astonish the angels.

Through such scenery my train meandered all one day, as though consciously it intended to make me apologize to Java. There was even fun to be got in guessing from the color or form of the distant crops their nature—rice that was just planted, was a month old, was half grown, was in the ear, was only sere stubble, a patch of yellow in the emerald carpet; yams, cassava, tea, coffee, rubber, teak, sugar, tobacco, pulse. The country folk themselves, conscious of their ornate setting, were dressed for the part. A group of those women, moving in a musical comedy, would give



a theatrical manager complete assurance in the matter of his box-office receipts. They are so modest and polite that they never stare at a stranger; though with such figures, eyes, and coloring, I doubt whether he would object greatly if they did. Their manners are perfect, except that most of them chew betel nut, and casually make railway platforms and footpaths distressing with red maculations. It is shocking to see a beautiful woman laugh, when her opened mouth looks as though a savage blow had just seriously wounded it.

The moist heat of the plains, and of the seaports, no matter what the interest of the spot, soon turns one to thoughts of change, of escape, in the bare hope that Java somewhere in its garden has a bower which has not the special virtue also of a vapor bath. "Why, if you go to Garut," I was told in a voice which suggested a miracle I was not expected to believe, "you will want a blanket at night." Because I had never heard of Garut, and one place is as good as another to a traveler who feels well rewarded if he sees no more than a good group of natives at a wayside station, or a new bird, or a strange tree, or another light in the sky, I went to Garut. I found it in the mountains of south central Java. I shall remember it as I remember Sfax, Taormina, Tlemçen, and Chartres, and other odd corners of the earth (some without even a name which would be recognized), places where we arrived disconsolate and by chance, and from which we departed with something strange in the memory, forgotten till then, that had been touched for an instant by what may have been a ray of moonshine. Can such an experience be communicated? By no means whatever. But there Garut is—or there it was, for I will not guarantee the existence of any spot on earth that was revealed to me momentarily by a ray of moonshine—I say there Garut is for me at least, up above a complexity of narrow

tracks about rice and tobacco plantations. The women of its *campongs* cast down their eyes as you approach, the children run into their huts, and the men raise their big hats of grass. It is secluded within ranges of somber peaks which are usually higher than the clouds; but its fields are warm and grateful and have the smell of new earth. From palisades of bamboos you look out over a vast terraced amphitheater of rice fields to a plain remote enough to be the magnificent stage for the drama of another race of beings. But the stage is empty; only the cicadas and frogs fill that great theater with their songs just before the light goes. Paths mount out of Garut to the upper slopes of the volcanic peaks through dark forests heated and moist, where ferns hang gigantic fronds over ravines, to upper plateaus where there are roses and raspberries, labiate herbs, and flowers like the dandelion, and the views are those of an English ducal park. Above the forests are forbidding and incrustated recesses where the foliage disappears in intermittent bursts of steam, the lakes are areas of boiling mud, and the smell is a reminder of the last day. And those caldrons of hot mud are not designed for the wonder of travelers, nor to admonish them of what follows after sin. A few years ago, just here, suddenly they overdid their office, obliterated forty of the villages where the pleasant villagers are so polite, and killed five thousand of them.

By such wayward revelations one learns that the rich and beautiful island of Java is, after all, not altogether a creation especially designed for wondering tourists. It was even with some degree of pleasure that I learned I would not be allowed to leave Sourabaya without a visit to the port medical officer. It broke the spell of the Garden of Eden to find that one corner of it is plague-infected, and that anyone emerging from it is suspect of subtle evil.



THINK WHAT IT MUST MEAN TO BE A BIG BUSINESS MAN!

## Business as I See It

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

**I** ADMIT at the outset that I know nothing direct, personal, or immediate about business. I have never been in it. If I were told to-morrow to go out and make a hundred thousand dollars I should scarcely know how to do it. If anybody showed me a man on the street and told me to sell him a municipal six per cent bond I shouldn't know how to begin: I shouldn't know how to "approach" him, or how to hold his interest, or how to make him forget his troubles, or how to clinch him, or strike him to the earth at the final moment.

As to borrowing money—which is one of the great essentials of business—I

simply couldn't do it. As soon as I got across the steps of the bank I should be afraid—scared that they would throw me out. I know, of course, from reading about it that this is mere silliness, that the bankers are there simply waiting to lend the money—just crazy to lend it. All you have to do is to invite the general manager out to lunch and tell him that you want half a million dollars to float a big proposition (you don't tell him what it is—you just say that you'll let him know later), and the manager, so I gather, will be simply wild to lend you the money. All this I pick up from the conversations which I overhear at my club from men who



float things. But I couldn't do it myself; there's an art in it: to borrow money, big money, you have to wear your clothes in a certain way, walk in a certain way, and have about you an air of solemnity and majesty—something like the atmosphere of a Gothic cathedral. Small men like me and you, my dear reader, especially you, can't do it. We feel mean about it; and when we get the money, even if it is only ten dollars, we give ourselves away at once by wanting to hustle off with it too fast. The really big man in this kind of thing can borrow half a million, button it up in his chest, and then draw on his gloves and talk easily about the League of Nations and the prospect of rain. I admit I couldn't do it. If I ever got that half a million dollars I'd beat it out of the bank as fast as a cat going over a fence.

So, as I say, I make no pretensions to being a business man or to knowing anything about business. But I have a huge admiration for it, especially for big business, for the men at the top. They say that the whole railway business of this continent centers really in four men; and they say, too, that the whole money power of New York is really held by about six men; the entire forests of this country are practically owned by three men; the whole of South America, though it doesn't know it, is controlled by less than five men; and the Atlantic Ocean is now to all intents and purposes in the hands of a little international group of not more than seven and less than eight.

Think what it would mean to be one of those eight, or one of that four, or even, one or two of that three! There must be a tremendous fascination about it, to be in this kind of really Big Business: to sit at a desk and feel one's great brain slowly revolving on its axis; to know that one's capacious mind was majestically turning round and round, and to observe one's ponderous intellect moving irresistibly up and down.

We cannot wonder, when we reflect on this, that all the world nowadays is drawn by the fascination of business. It is not the money that people want. I will acquit humanity of that. Few people care for money for its own sake; it is the thought of what can be done with the money. "Oh, if I only had a million dollars!" I heard a woman say the other day on the platform of a social service meeting. And I could guess just what she meant—that she would quit work and go to the South Sea Islands and play mah jong and smoke opium. I've had the same idea again and again.

### SALESMANSHIP AND THE PERFECT SALESMAN

The most essential feature of modern business is, I imagine, salesmanship. My readers may not appreciate this at once—they seldom seem to get anything readily—and so I will explain some of the reasons which lead me to think so. Without salesmanship we could not sell anything. If we could not sell anything we might as well not make anything, because if we made things and couldn't sell them it would be as bad as if we sold things and couldn't make them.

Hence the most terrible danger which the world can face is that everybody will be buying things and nobody able to sell them. This danger of not selling anything, which used to threaten the world with disaster only a short time ago, is now being removed. Salesmanship, my readers will be glad to learn—at least, if the miserable creatures ever get thrilled at anything—is being reduced to a science. A great number of Manuals of Salesmanship are now being placed within reach of everybody and from these we can gather the essentials of the subject.

In the small space which it is here feasible to devote to the subject it is not possible to treat in an adequate way such a vast and important subject as modern salesmanship. For

complete information recourse should be had to any one of the many manuals to which I refer and which can be had at a trifling sum, such as ten dollars, or even more. But we may indicate here a few of the principal points of salesmanship.

### PERSONALITY OF THE SALESMAN

It is essential that the salesman should have charm. If he wishes to sell anything—let us say lead pipe for use in sewers and house drains—he will find that what he needs most in selling is personal charm, a sort of indefinable manner, with just that little touch of noblesse which suggests the easy camaraderie of the menagerie. In other words, he must diffuse wherever he goes, in selling sewer pipes, a sense of sunshine which makes the world seem a little brighter when he is gone.

In person the perfect salesman should be rather tall with a figure which suggests, to his customers, the outline of the Venus de Milo. According to the manuals of salesmanship, he can get this figure by taking exercises every

morning on the floor of his hotel bedroom. But the discussion of that point belongs elsewhere. Let us suppose him then with the characteristic figure of a Venus de Milo, or, if one will, of a Paduan Mercury, or of a Bologna sausage. We come, in any case, to the all important point of dress.

### HOW SHALL THE PERFECT SALESMAN DRESS?

Every manual on the subject emphasizes the large importance of dress for the salesman. Indeed, there is probably nothing which has a greater bearing on success and failure in the salesman than his dress. The well-dressed man, in selling, let us say, municipal bonds, has an initial advantage over the man who comes into his customer's store in tattered rags, with his toes protruding from his boots, unshaved and with a general air of want and misery stamped all over him. Customers are quick to notice these little things. But let the salesman turn up in an appropriate costume, bright and neat from head to foot, and bringing



HARDWARE SALESMEN ARE TEMPTED TO APPEAR WITH BARE ARMS



with him something of the gladness of the early spring and the singing bird, and the customer is immediately impressed in his favor.

One asks, what then should be the costume of the perfect salesman? It is not an easy question to answer. Obviously his costume must vary with the season and with the weather and with the time of day. One might suggest, however, that on rising in the morning the salesman should throw round him a light peignoir of yellow silk or a figured kimono slashed from the hips with pink insertions and brought round in a bold sweep to the small of the back. This should be worn during the morning toilet while putting the hair up in its combs, while adjusting the dickie, and easing the suspenders. If breakfast is taken in the bedroom, the liver and bacon may be eaten in this costume.

Breakfast over, the great moment approaches for the perfect salesman to go out upon the street. Here the daintiest care must be selected in choosing his dress. And here we may interpose at once a piece of plain and vigorous advice: the simplest is the best. The salesman makes a great mistake who comes into his customer's premises covered with jewelry, with earrings in his ears and expensive bracelets on his feet and ankles. Nor should there be in the salesman's dress anything the least suggestive of immodesty. No salesman should ever appear with bare arms, or with his waistcoat cut so low as to suggest impropriety. Some salesmen, especially in the hardware business, are tempted to appear with bare arms, but they ought not to do it. For evening wear and for social recreation the case is different. When work is over the salesman in returning to his hotel may very properly throw on a georgette camisole open at the throat or a lace fichu with ear-flaps of perforated celluloid. But the salesman should remember that for the hours of business anything in the way of a luxurious or suggestive costume should be avoided.

Unfortunately, this is not always done. I have myself again and again noticed salesmen, especially in the hardware business where they take their coats off to be wearing a suit calculated to reveal their figures round the hips and the lower part of the back in an immodest way.

All this kind of thing should be eschewed. The salesman should select from his wardrobe (or from his straw valise) a suit of plain severe design attractive and yet simple, good and yet bad, long and at the same time short in other words, something that is expensive but cheap.

He should button this up in some simple way with just a plain clasp at the throat, agate perhaps or onyx, and then, having buttoned up all his buttons but, mark me, not until then, he should go out upon the street prepared to do business.

Let any of my readers who doubt the importance of dress—and some of them are nuts enough to doubt anything—consider the following little anecdote of salesmanship. It is one that I selected from among the many little anecdotes of the sort which are always inserted in the manuals.

"A salesman in the middle west, whom we will call Mr. Blank, called upon a merchant, whom we will call Mr. Nut, and finding no difficulty in approaching him started in to show him his line with every hope of selling him. It should be explained that the line which Mr. Blank carried consisted of haberdashery, gents' furnishings, and cut-to-fit suits. Mr. Nut was evidently delighted with the samples, and already a big pile of neckties, gents' collarings, gents' shirtings, and gents' stockings was stacked up on the counter and an order form for \$375.50 all ready to sign, when Mr. Nut noticed the salesman's own costume. Mr. Blank, who was a careless man in regard to dress though otherwise a man of intelligence, was wearing a low-crowned Derby hat with a scooping brim over his ears, a cellu-



HE REAPPEARED DRESSED IN HIS OWN SAMPLES

oid collar, and a dickie that was too small for him. His coat sleeves came only a little way below his elbows and plainly showed his cuffs, fastened with long steel clips to his undershirt. In other words, the man somehow lacked class. Mr. Nut put down the pen. 'I'm sorry, Mr. Blank,' he said, 'I can't buy from you. Your line is all right but you lack something—I can't just say what—but if I had to give it a name I should call it *tone*.' Blank, however, who was a man of resource, at once realized his error. 'One moment, Mr. Nut,' he said, 'don't refuse this order too soon.' With that he gathered up his valise and his samples and retreated to the back of the store behind a screen. In a few minutes he reappeared *dressed in his own samples*. The merchant, delighted in the change in Mr. Blank's appearance, kissed him and signed the order."

#### APPROACHING THE PROSPECT

So much for the salesman's dress, a matter of great importance but still

only a preliminary to our discussion. Let us suppose then our salesman, fully dressed, his buttons all adjusted and drawing well, his suspenders regulated, and his dickie set well in place. His next task is to "approach" his customer.

All those who understand salesmanship are well aware this is the really vital matter. Everything depends on it. And nevertheless "approaching" the merchant is a thing of great difficulty. The merchant, if we may believe our best books on salesmanship, is as wary as a mountain antelope. At the least alarm he will leap from his counter ten feet in the air and rush to the top of his attic floor; or perhaps he will make a dive into his cellar where he will burrow his way among barrels and boxes and become completely hidden. In such a case he can only be dug out with a spade. Some merchants are even crafty enough to have an assistant or sentinel posted in such a way as to give the alarm of the salesman's approach.

How then can the salesman manage to get his interview with the merchant or,



to use a technical term, to get next to his prospect? The answer is that he must "stalk" his prospect as the hunter stalks the mountain goat or the wild hog. Dressed in a becoming way, he must circulate outside his prospect's premises, occasionally taking a peep at him through the window and perhaps imitating the song of a bird or the gentle cooing of a dove. Pleased with the soft note of the bird's song, the prospect will presently be seen to relax into a smile. Now is the moment for the salesman to act. He enters the place boldly and says with a winning frankness, "Mr. Nut, you thought it was a bird. It was not. It was I. I am here to show you my line."

If the salesman has chosen his moment rightly he will win. The merchant, once decoyed into looking at the line, is easily landed. On the other hand, the prospect may refuse even now to see the salesman, and the attack must begin again. This difficulty of getting the merchant to see the salesman even when close beside him and the way in which it can be overcome by perseverance is well illustrated by a striking little anecdote which I quote from a recent book on salesmanship. The work, I may say, is authoritative, having been written by a man with over thirty years of experience in selling hardware and perfumes in the middle Southwest.

"A salesman whom we will call Mr. M——" (I should perhaps explain here the M is not really his name but just an ingenious way of indicating him) "while traveling in the interest of perfume in the middle Southwest, came to a town which we designate T, where he was most anxious to see a prospect whom we will speak of as P. Entering P's premises one morning, M asked if he could see P. P refused. M went out of the store and waited at the door until P emerged at the noon hour. As soon as P emerged, M politely asked if he could see him. P refused to be seen. M waited till night and then presented himself at P's residence. 'Mr. P,' said

M, 'can I see you?' 'No,' said I 'you can't.' This sort of thing went on for several days, during which M presented himself continually before I who as continually refused to see him M was almost in despair——" Perhaps I may interrupt this little story a moment to beg my readers not to be too much oppressed by M's despair. In these anecdotes the salesman is always in despair at the lowest point of the story. But it is only a sign that the clouds are breaking. I will beg my readers then—if the poor simps have been getting depressed!—to cheer up and hear what follows:

"M, we say, was almost in despair when an idea occurred to him. He knew that Mr. P was a very religious man and always attended divine worship (church) every Sunday. Disguising himself, therefore, to look like one of the apostles, M seated himself at one side of Mr. P's pew. Mr. P, mistaking him for St. Matthew, was easily induced, during the sermon, to look over M's line of perfume."

The above anecdote incidentally raises the important question how frank should the salesman be with his prospect. Should he go to the length of telling the truth? An answer to this is that frankness will be found to be the best policy. We will illustrate it with a little story taken from the experience of a young salesman traveling in the north Southwest in the interest of brushes, face powder, and toilet notions.

"A young salesman, whom we will indicate as Mr. Asterisk, traveling in brushes and toilet supplies, was one day showing his line to Mr. Stroke, a drug merchant of a town in the east north Southwest. Picking up one of the sample brushes, Mr. S said to the salesman, 'That's an excellent brush.' Mr. A answered, 'No, I'm sorry to say, it is not. Its bristles fall out easily and the wood is not really rosewood but a cheap imitation.' Mr. S was so pleased with the young man's candor that he said, 'Mr. A, it is not often I meet a sales-

man as candid as you are. If you will show me the rest of your line I shall be delighted to fill out a firstclass order.' Mr. S,' answered Mr. A, 'I'm sorry to say that the whole line is as rotten as that brush.' More delighted than ever, Mr. S, who was a widower, invited Mr. A, to his house where he met Mr. S's grown-up daughter who kept house for him. The two young people immediately fell in love and were married, Mr. A moving into the house and taking over the business while Mr. S, now without a home, went out selling brushes."

While we are speaking of the approach of the prospect it may be well to remind our readers very clearly—for the poor guys don't seem to get anything unless we make it clear—that a prospect otherwise invisible may be approached and seen by utilizing his fondness for amusements or sport. Many a man who is adamant at his place of business is mud on a golf course. The sternest and hardest of merchants may turn out to be an enthusiastic angler, or even a

fisherman. The salesman who takes care to saunter into the store with a dead catfish in his pocket will meet with a cordial reception; and a conversation pleasantly initiated over the catfish and its habits may end in a handsome order. At other times it is even possible to follow the prospect out to his golf course or to track him out to the trout streams and round him up in the woods. In this case salesmanship takes on a close analogy with out-of-door hunting, the search for the prospect, the stalking of the prospect, and the final encounter being very similar to accounts of the stalking of big game.

I append here an illustrative anecdote. As a matter of fact it was written not in reference to salesmanship but as an account of hunting the Wallaboo, or Great Hog, in the uplands of East Africa. But anybody familiar with stories of salesmanship will see at once that it fits both cases. I have merely altered the wording just a little at the end.

"I had been credibly informed," says



MR. P MISTOOK HIM FOR ST. MATTHEW



the writer, "that there was at least a sporting chance of getting in touch with the Great Hog at his drinking time ——"

It will be observed that, apart from the capital letters, this is almost exactly the remark that a salesman often makes.

"The natives of the place told me that the Hog could probably be found soon after daylight at a stream about ten miles away where the brute was accustomed to drink and to catch fish. I, therefore, rose early, rode through the thick squab which covered the upland and reached the stream, or nullah, just after daybreak. There I concealed myself in a thick gob of fuz.

"I had not long to wait. The Great Hog soon appeared, sniffing the air and snorting at the prospect of a drink. Extending himself prone on the bank with his snout in the water and his huge hind quarters in the air, the Hog presented an ideal mark for the sportsman. I rose from my thicket, rifle in hand, and said, 'Mr. A, I have followed you out to this trout stream in the hope of getting a chance to show you my line. If you have a few minutes at your disposal I shall be glad to show you some samples. If you don't care to buy anything, I can assure you that it will be a pleasure to show my line.'"

The text seems to go a little wrong here but we can make it all right by reverting to the original which says:

"After letting him have it thus, I had no trouble in hauling the Great Hog up the bank, where I skinned him."

Just one other question may be mentioned before we pass on from this fascinating topic of salesmanship. Should a salesman accept presents, especially presents from ladies? On the whole, we think not. It is a delicate problem and one which every young salesman must think out for himself. But the salesman should always remember that a firm refusal if made in a gracious and winning manner is not calculated to give offence. If, after concluding his business, the salesman finds that the merchant endeavors to slip a bracelet or a

pair of earrings into his hand, the salesman should say, "I can't take it, ol top, I really can't," then kiss the merchant on the forehead and withdraw.

A present from a lady should be returned with a neat little note so framed as to avoid all offence and yet letting the donor realize clearly that the salesman is not that kind of man. But we postpone all discussion of that point until we come to speak of etiquette and how it is acquired.

Let us turn now from the problem of salesmanship to the equally important field of advertising.

## THE WHOLE ART OF ADVERTISING

I suppose it is no exaggeration to say that salesmanship and advertising are the two most important things in the world. One of the biggest advertising men in the country is reported as saying the other day in his big way, "Where would the world be without advertising?" The more you think of this expression (which only a big man could have expressed) the more you are struck with the truth of it. Indeed, it has just exactly that pith, that pep, that punch, which all good advertising ought to have. It sets you wondering right away as to what advertising really is, as to what constitutes good and bad advertising, and how the world got on during the dull centuries which did not advertise.

As a matter of fact, the world got on very badly. This may be understood when we realize what the world was like before advertising existed. Christopher Columbus, we are told, spent eighteen years vainly trying to persuade the sovereigns of Europe to discover America. Under present conditions all he would have needed to do would have been to circulate among the Kings a "form-letter" with the heading *Do You Want A Continent?* or put a picture of himself in the newspapers with one hand extended toward a cloud in the sky and the legend *This Man Discovers Conti-*



A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT SHOULD BE AS PERSONAL AS POSSIBLE

ents; or better still, put up picture placards showing the American Marines at Target Practice in the Matamoras Bay, Mexico.

In other words, advertising has now been reduced to a science, thus taking its place alongside of chemistry, salesmanship, dynamics, comparative religion, nursing, astronomy, poultry, and other college subjects. It has become the subject of so many manuals and guide books that nothing is easier than to give a brief resumé of the general principles of advertising.

Advertising may be described as the science of arresting the human intelligence long enough to get money from it. It is carried on by means of printed notices, signboards, placards, and above all, owing to the simplicity of the human mind, by pictures. It consists of commands, exhortations, adjurations, summonses, directions, and other authoritative appeals. The first essential of a good advertisement or notice is that it must be brief. In the earlier days of advertising this was not understood.

When first the railways were built in England and signs were put up to indicate dangerous crossings they were written in small writing and read as follows:

Any person or persons proposing to cross this railway track at this point at a time when a train or trains may be approaching is or are warned that if he or she does it, he or they are in danger of coming into collision with it or them.

This was found ineffective. In America the simpler plan was adopted of putting up a notice: "Look Out For The Cars." Even this was presently found to be too long and was replaced by a simple sign "Look Out." And perhaps "Look" would be enough.

Next to brevity, the thing demanded in a good advertisement is that it should be as peremptory as possible. Fifty years ago such notices were to be seen as the following:

No person or persons can be permitted to enter these premises unless he or it enters in the course of some definite transaction pertaining to the business of the company.



This was presently replaced by the sign "No Admission Except On Business." But now much superior is the up-to-date printed notice "Keep Out."

This shows us that every good advertisement must be as personal as possible. It should begin "This is You!" or "Listen, You Poor Simp." Or it should ask some direct question such as: "Do you ever take a Bath?" "What would you do if your wife ran away?" and so forth.

When once the general principles of advertising language are grasped it is not difficult to convert ordinary common English into first-class advertising prose. I will give a few examples which will show at once the enormous gain in emphasis, force and directness which is imparted to a passage in literature when it is turned into advertising. Take first a few stanzas from Longfellow written, presumably, with a view to stir the reader into noble activity, but unfortunately expressed in a tone that verges on drowsiness:

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
That the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real, life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

In a way this is not half bad. There is a certain lilt and lift to it. But it fails to bring out the idea of the need for immediate effort with sufficient prominence. Compare the advertising counterpart:

*Young Man, This is You! Do you want to remain all your life on a low salary? If not why not be up and doing! Still achieving, still pursuing! We can show you how. Why not take a correspondence course? Our curriculum in-*

*cludes engineering, poultry, mind reading, oratory, cost accounting, and religion. Don't wait. Start achieving now!*

Or take another example from the same poet, the opening lines, I believe, of the poem called "Evangeline."

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks  
Stand like Druids of old with beards that rest on their bosoms etc. etc. etc."

This poem, which was not without merit in its original form, is now immensely improved when used as material for the tourists' advertisements as follows:

*Mr. Business Man! Do you ever take a vacation? What about the Annapolis Valley for this year's outing? Why not visit the "forest primeval" where you may stand buried in reverie under the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" or, emerging, enjoy as fine a meal for a dollar as you will get anywhere? Why not dream yourself back into the days of the coureurs des bois and the belted and plumed seigneurs within easy reach of a garage and with first-class plumbing all through the house? Why not bring along the wife and take her into the heart of the primeval forest and leave her there?"*

The next example is taken from Shakespeare. Originally it formed part of Hamlet's soliloquy on death, but nearly every line of this passage has been transposed and improved by the modern advertiser!

"To be or not to be, that is the question.  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles  
And by opposing end them!"

The advertiser expresses the same thought with much greater point:

*Do you feel only Half Alive? Are you aware of a heavy sensation after eating and a sense of inflation after drinking a cup of tea! If so, why not "take arms against a sea of trouble?" Do you know that "Calcul," taken as one pill a day, will restore tone and vigor to the system,*

*ffecting an immediate restoration of the issues and rebuilding the bones? Remember the name, "Calcul!"*

My readers will long since have suspected—if the poor simps are sharp enough ever to suspect anything—that advertising, as we have been seeing again and again, is superior to reality. And this is indeed the case. By the time the advertiser has finished with his exhortations and his glowing descriptions and his pictures, he has created a world far brighter than the poor place in which we live.

Who would not wish to be transported to the bright glad world of the painted advertisement and there live for ever; there to watch the glistening limousine roll on its distended tires (guaranteed for twenty thousand miles) in front of the Georgian residence the shingles of which can be laid by two men in one morning and are really cheaper than the best Italian tiles? See the faultless youth (whose suit, please note it, is marked down to \$29.50 but will only stay down till Saturday—you can't *keep* a suit like that down). Watch him as he stands on the clipped green lawn.

(The seed of that lawn, can you believe it? is actually sold for only fifty cents a packet and you can have some.) Observe the gladsome girl beside him. Don't you wish you knew her? Do you know why she is gladsome? It is because her digestion is kept in such extraordinary order by taking one "Calcul" pill a day. I suppose you are aware that those glistening brown-leather shoes that she wears combine style, elegance, and comfort in a way that gives ease to the foot and allows free play to the bones of the thorax; if you don't know that, you need only consult the little dotted diagram in the corner of the picture showing the human foot anatomically with bones of the thorax moving freely in the fibula: and to think that that shoe can be had *everywhere* at \$15.75!

In short, if you will take a comprehensive glance at the red and white house and the green lawn and the glistening motor car and the aspect of young love in the foreground you will realize that advertising is just one more item added to the Pictured Vision of Unreality, better than life itself.

## A Girl Singer

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I SIT beside you or I watch you walk  
 Across some room or wander down a street;  
 I notice that your talk is idle talk  
 And that you have pale hair and little feet;  
 I see you have a swift and troubled smile  
 And odd secretive glimmerings in your eyes—  
 And I turn from you, terrified by the guile  
 Of this suave, simple, exquisite disguise.  
 For I have been too shaken by the power  
 Of what in depths of solitude you have sung  
 To prize your friendship in a human hour.  
 I still remember that your spirit flung  
 Certain gigantic shadows against the sky—  
 And I have doubts of your mortality.



# A Bargain in Preparedness

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

ON September 5, 1923, the torn and twisted hulks of the obsolete battleships *Virginia* and *New Jersey* plunged to the floor of the Atlantic Ocean, destroyed by aerial bombs.

It was not entirely a new spectacle, the sinking of naval craft by aerial bombs. More than two years before aircraft had conclusively demonstrated the vulnerability of naval craft of all types to bombs dropped from airplanes. The more recent bombing tests received little attention in the public press. The Press Relations Section of the General Staff of the Army minimized the importance of the tests in its advance publicity. The technical journals of military and naval science have since devoted columns to prove that no significance can be attached to the sinking of the two sixteen-thousand-ton steel floating fortresses. The very vehemence of their protestations recalls the Shakespearian line.

Are aircraft to play the major role in the next war? Will ruin and devastation be rained from the skies in mighty demolition bombs and toxic gases? Will the super-dreadnaughts of navies be sent to the bottom like paper sailboats? Military science has not had more momentous questions than these to solve in three centuries.

Back in the sixteenth century an analogy may be found in the controversy between the champions of the long-bow archers and the radical advocates of the harquebusers. In Henry Duff Traill's *Social England* may be found some details of this great controversy, which required a full century to decide in favor of the weapon which was the forerunner of the modern rifle. It is to-day difficult

to conceive of a person seriously maintaining the superiority of bow and arrows over musket and ball as the weapon of infantry. Yet the champions of the archers presented a most plausible case in the light of conditions and precedents of their day. It is equally difficult to conceive of military experts of less than a century ago questioning the value of railroad transportation as a military asset. Yet it was a full quarter of a century after the advent of the railroad as a transportation method that its military importance was fully appreciated.

If aircraft are to be the effective weapon of the next war, if national security depends in important measure on aerial defense, there are facts of public interest which should be brought forth from obscurity. Gauged by publicity alone, the achievements of the past year in aeronautical science place the United States well to the forefront. In rapid succession came the non-stop transcontinental flight in twenty-seven hours and some minutes; the near-success of two attempts at daylight-to-dawn transcontinental flights; the eleven-hour Mexico to Canada flight; the voyages of the naval dirigible *Shenandoah*; the transcontinental flights of the United States Air Mail and its demonstration of the practicability of night-flying over an illuminated airway; and a score of world's records in speed, duration, altitude, and weight-carrying flights by Army and Navy pilots.

Each and every one of these events marked a stride forward in technical achievement in airplane or motor design. The psychological effect of the attendant publicity was unfortunate, however, for it lulled the public mind into a false

ense of security. A world's record is an individual honor. These records were achieved with experimental types of aircraft. Their number is so small as to be insignificant. The aerial arms in both Army and Navy are inadequate; their service equipment is largely the obsolete airplanes and engines of the World War, five years or more old. Every effort to secure modern equipment is opposed, every endeavor to increase the strength of the aerial arms in both services to a size commensurate with its importance is combated. The enemies of aviation development in the United States are not the representatives of envious world powers, they are the bureaucrats of our own Army and Navy, the lineal prototypes of the champions of the long-bow, the scoffers at the idea of railroads being adapted to military use. That is a broad statement. It will be supported with evidence. A brief survey of the development of our air policy may provide a helpful perspective.

The airplane is a product of American genius. It observed its twentieth birthday in December of last year. In its infancy it was a seventh wonder of the world, along with the bearded lady and the bloodsweating behemoth. In 1909 the United States Army purchased a flying machine from the Brothers Wright. A few officers mastered the intricacies of flight. A few other machines were purchased and the development of the new toy was assigned to the Signal Corps as an incidental function. Accidents and fatalities were heavy in the early experiments, the natural cost of pioneering. European militarists saw in the airplane an ideal vehicle for reconnaissance. When the World War broke out, the nations first involved concentrated on aviation development, and their remarkable progress in the first two years of the war is an engrossing page of scientific history. The General Staff of the United States Army failed to visualize the growing importance of the airplane as a modern weapon.

When we entered the war in April, 1917, the Army had two aviation fields and fifty-five serviceable airplanes, fifty-one of which were declared to be obsolete and the remaining four obsolescent.

At the instance of the Allied War Missions which descended upon us, an air policy was duly pronounced—we were to fill the heavens with aircraft. Three major obstacles at once presented themselves. We lacked training planes, we lacked instructors, and we lacked service planes. The aviation missions which were sent to help us received instructions from their home governments as to the exact limits of their helpfulness. The European governments were even then looking forward to the conclusion of hostilities. They realized that peace would find them with huge surpluses of war aircraft to dispose of. This country provided the potential market. Therefore, efforts of these missions were devoted in part to discouraging the creation of an American aircraft industry. A striking bit of evidence to this effect is to be found in a letter written in April, 1917, by M. D'Aubigny, president of the aeronautical subcommittee of the French Army, to M. Vincent, under secretary for State for Military Aeronautics. At the conclusion of a document listing the possibilities of American assistance in aviation, he wrote, "It is necessary also to take account in the negotiations of this other fact, that the war has given birth to a new industry, for which, in the national interest, we ought to reserve a vast market after the war, by limiting *in whatever measure possible* the competition of foreigners."

This is not the place to enumerate the difficulties and obstacles that beset us in "muddling through." Suffice it to state that we spent just under \$600,000,000. The total strength of the Air Service on November 11, 1918, was 20,500 officers (7000 pilots) and 175,000 enlisted men. Of the total appropriation American aircraft manufacturers received \$113,000,000. In return they de-



livered 13,895 airplanes and 23,000 motors. The majority of the airplanes were DeHaviland observation types and training planes; of the motors, Liberty motors. As to the charges of wholesale profiteering by these manufacturers no attempt is here made to prove or disprove the evidence. Even if the charges were all true, this would have no bearing on present conditions.

The Air Service, along with other branches of the Army and Navy, suffered the pains of post-war contraction. There was an earnest attempt by the British aircraft industry to dump their war surplus air equipment here. Congress failed to erect a tariff wall, and the day was saved only by resort to the courts for patent injunctions.

At the head of the peacetime Army Air Service was placed Major-General Charles T. Menoher, an overseas division and corps commander, but with no previous experience in aeronautics. Pressing on his heels in the administration of the department was Brigadier-General William Mitchell, stormy petrel of the air, a veteran flyer with a distinguished record in France, who had boundless enthusiasm for the new arm and a broad vision of its potentialities. The inevitable conflict of two strong wills resulted in the transfer of General Menoher and the assignment of a new chief, Major-General Mason M. Patrick, former chief of the Air Service in France, whose devotion to his arm is well exemplified by his remarkable achievement of learning to fly at the age of sixty, in order that his men should not be obliged to experience any hazards that their chief would not share.

The air policy in the Navy was haphazard. Aviation played no major role in the naval participation in the World War. It was not until two years after the war that the Navy organized a Bureau of Aeronautics with Rear Admiral William A. Moffett as its chief.

In the reorganization of the Army the Air Service strength was assigned as

eight per cent of the size of the military force. The Navy was less generous.

In the absence of any noteworthy development of commercial aeronautics here, the aircraft industry is dependent almost wholly on such business bones as may be tossed from the Army and Navy. Some manufacturers have abandoned the field. Within the last year, Dayton-Wright, the aircraft division of the General Motors Corporation, has closed its factories. The survivors bid recklessly on all contracts offered, accepting losses in order to minimize their overhead expense. Thus, there is no well-ordered development with each firm concentrating on the perfection of definite types; the company which has achieved greatest success with bombing types bids desperately on a small order for pursuit ships, and vice versa. Appropriations since the war have been lean and have been spent for the development of types of aircraft rather than for the equipment of the present organization with modern machines. This has not been the fault of the air service chiefs. They have asked for sufficient funds, but the General Staff of the Army and the General Board of the Navy have failed to support the pleas of the air service heads. Both Army and Navy Air Service executives have been unwise in the spending of what money they have received. Despite protestations of sympathy with the home aircraft industry and its vital necessity in the scheme of national defense, they have gone to Europe for designs.

The foreign designer who has benefited most is a native of the Netherlands. During the war he contributed to the aerial power of the German forces by designing a superior pursuit ship. With that prestige he came here and was welcomed by the executives of both the Army and Navy Air Services. He received several substantial contracts, but his contributions in return failed to measure up to American-designed planes on a basis of point efficiency. Aside from the standpoint of

dollars and cents, there is a grave danger in this alliance. Within a year this designer was awarded a contract for the construction of three pursuit ships. He secured authority from the Army to take back to Holland with him the motor of an airplane that established a world's speed record. That motor is a design treasure and would be an invaluable asset in the event of war. The motor has not been returned as this is written. This native of the Netherlands is probably a man of highest personal honor. There is this point to consider, however. He is a citizen of a small country unlikely to become involved in war. He has an international reputation. In the event of a war between first-class powers he would presumably sell his services to the highest bidder, as he did in the World War. Is it wise that this man have access to the designs of our airplane motors? Invention and design give us our only advantage in the air to-day. Is it the will of the taxpayers that their money should be spent in financing the research work of a foreign designer who may offer the results of that research to the highest bidder, perhaps an unfriendly power?

Nor is this an isolated instance. When the Army Air Service wished to build a super-bombing machine they brought from England an aeronautic engineer. It is true that this man has taken out his first papers and will probably become a citizen. But equally competent American aeronautic engineers are being driven into other fields. Another foreign designer under the patronage of the Army Air Service is a Russian. He is conducting experiments with the helicopter, although an American engineer showed equal promise of success in early models. And this is the land of the Wrights and Curtiss, of Fulton, Howe, Bell, and Edison!

The nations of Europe, debt ridden as they are, have developed commercial aviation by the payment of huge subsidies to the operating companies. There are two reasons to justify this added

burden. In the first place, nations rank as world powers largely as they rate in commerce. Transportation is the circulation system of commerce, its heart and life blood. The airplane is the modern carrier. It must be encouraged and developed as the railroads were nurtured in pioneering stages. In the second place, commercial aviation is a reserve of military aviation. The United States Army Air Service estimates that it requires two years to train a student to become a competent pilot. A commercial pilot may almost overnight become a military aviator. The addition of bombing racks and sighting apparatus with machine guns converts a commercial plane into a military machine. Yet Congress has repeatedly failed to pass legislation defining the rights and liabilities of commercial and civilian pilots and companies. Without such a law there can be no commercial development.

The situation as it applies to the Army Air Service is well summarized in the report of J. Mayhew Wainwright, who last March resigned as Assistant Secretary of War to sit in Congress. Mr. Wainwright was charged with perfecting a plan for the mobilization of the nation's industry in time of war. He found that our manufacturing resources were generally satisfactory—except in the aircraft industry. He is not an alarmist, yet the language of that section of his report dealing with the aircraft industry presented an alarming picture. He stated:

Our most notable deficiency at the present time is in the matter of aircraft. The situation in the Army Air Service is most critical. Up to the present time this service has been using very largely equipment produced during the war. This supply is now practically exhausted. What there is left of it is rapidly disappearing due to deterioration and to the inevitable losses while in actual use. The amounts appropriated for the purchase of new aircraft are insufficient to provide what is necessary for even the normal peace-time equipment of the present small



air service organization. The aeronautical industry in the United States, built up to large proportions during the war, has shrunk rapidly and is now practically facing extinction. . . . Unless the Government places with aircraft manufacturers sufficient orders to enable them to continue in operation, the industry as such will disappear.

. . . The amounts of money appropriated for new aircraft are so small that within two years it will have on hand less than one-half the number of aircraft necessary for its normal peacetime work. *There will be no aircraft to equip and expand the air service in time of emergency, no reserve on hand, and it will be impossible in less than a year to expand the remnant of the industry or create it anew.* . . . This situation is not only serious but is actually alarming.

The Army Air Service should be large enough and adequately equipped so that it would be prepared instantly to meet any air force which an enemy might bring against us. *The importance of the role which the air service will play in national defense should be thoroughly understood and this component of the army should be increased to its proper strength. . . . It is strongly urged that the War Department and Congress should give serious consideration to this matter.*

Mr. Wainwright recommended that \$15,000,000 be expended annually for five years to meet this condition.

Speaking at St. Louis in October as the representative of President Coolidge, Mr. Wainwright's successor, the Honorable Dwight F. Davis, declared the Army Air Service to be in a state of "imminent peril," and predicted that if appropriations were not made by 1925, the aerial arm would be short 1400 aircraft for its present skeleton strength.

The recommendation of Mr. Wainwright was met with an appropriation for new construction of \$2,646,000. As this is written the numerical strength of the Army Air Service in planes is roughly 450. At the normal rate of deterioration, this number by July of this year will have dwindled to 300. Should a national emergency arise the vision of our fate in the air is a troubled one. It is unlikely that a friendly ally would pro-

tect us in the air for at least a year—which Mr. Wainwright estimates as the minimum time that would be required to create a new air fleet. Five thousand reserve aviation officers would be available as infantry.

Our aerial inertia in the World War was caused by lack of training planes, lack of trained instructors, and lack of service planes. Are we headed back to that condition?

One reason ascribed for this antagonism to the air service by many officers is its lack of opportunity for the graduates of West Point and Annapolis. The majority of flyers are emergency officers who transferred to the regular establishment at the end of the war. There are exacting physical requirements and the high percentage of fatalities does not make the service attractive. There is a logical demand for reorganization. Mr. Wainwright pointed out the necessity of increasing the aerial component of the Army to its proper strength. Yet there is small place for the officers of other arms in the air service. The bureaucrats cannot recommend reorganization where it will entail the forcing from the service of their friends and classmates.

Before the close of the war some British naval experts were having visions. The late Lord Fisher, father of the dreadnaught battleship, just before his death said, "The air controls the water. Unless all warships can get under the water they will be blown out of the water." This view was seconded by Admiral Percy Scott, Britain's foremost expert on naval armament, who wrote in his book, *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy*, "The battleship is dead. The future is with the airplane."

This caused some discussion in Washington as well as in London. The discussion finally crystallized in action.

In October, 1920, the Navy Department designated the obsolete battleship *Indiana* as a target for experimentation with aerial bombs. A number of bombs were exploded on deck to study their

effect, while others were dropped from the air. As a result of these tests, Captain W. D. Leahy, director of naval gunnery, stated in an official report to the Secretary of the Navy, "The entire experiment points to the improbability of a modern battleship being either destroyed or completely put out of action by aerial bombs."

At the same time the Army Air Service experimented with the hull of the *San Marcos*, formerly the *Texas*, but the opinion reached was widely divergent from that of the Navy. Brigadier-General William Mitchell shortly thereafter told a Congressional Committee that the modern battleship, costing forty millions of dollars, was as obsolete under aerial attack as the knight in armor when gunpowder was introduced. The statement challenged popular imagination and precipitated a controversy. Within a month arrangements were completed to test the theories on surrendered German battleships. The results of those tests left no room for argument. A submarine, a destroyer, a light cruiser, and a dreadnaught were sent to the bottom of the sea in a hail of aerial bombs.

At the conclusion of the bombing tests Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Naval Bureau of Aeronautics, said: "We must put planes on battleships and get aircraft carriers quickly. That is now the great need. We must now get them and quickly. We must put aviators on all our battleships to enable them to ward off air bombing attacks in the event of war, pending the time we get airplane carriers."

The Washington conference followed shortly thereafter. That the bombing demonstration paved the way for the naval treaty is undisputed. The matter of aircraft carriers received attention in the naval treaty. The United States and Great Britain were allocated 135,000 tons of carriers each. But the treaty does not apply to vessels of less than 10,000 tons displacement.

It is more than two years since the

treaty was drafted and six months longer since Admiral Moffett made the statement attributed to him. We have one aircraft carrier in commission, the *Langley*, a converted collier. The *Saratoga* and the *Lexington*, two vessels of 33,000 tons displacement condemned to be scrapped by the treaty, are being converted as aircraft carriers. At the present schedule of work, they will not be completed for at least two years and, more likely, three. The work must proceed slowly, and even in this stage of construction the grave question has arisen whether carriers of such size may not be a waste of tonnage. New tactics may prove that lighter carriers are best suited to the work in hand.

Meanwhile the Royal Navy of Great Britain has two aircraft carriers in commission, one in reserve, and three more are nearing completion. There is yet another carrier in use, a converted light cruiser, but the British representatives have said that they will some day convert it back to a light cruiser. Yet it is a carrier so far as tactics go, a total of seven. The British have experimented with many types, and the apparent conclusion of the experts is, that the first line battleship is no longer the floating fortress of steel—but the aircraft carrier.

Prior to the earthquake horror Japan had one aircraft carrier in commission and two more were to have been completed this year.

In considering aerial power versus naval power, it is necessary to appreciate our naval vulnerability. Our Navy is, theoretically at least, as powerful as that of Great Britain and two-fifths more powerful than the respective navies of France, Japan and Italy. The Navy is divided into two fleets, the Pacific and Atlantic. Because of the existence of the Panama Canal, the two fleets might be consolidated in short order. The Panama Canal is the crux of this situation. It is agreed that an unfriendly power could establish an air base for a few bombing planes within easy striking distance and without attracting undue



attention. The canal is vulnerable to aerial bombs. A neat problem in division is then presented. Our naval power is no longer represented by the figure five. It is represented by two figures of two and a half each. The two fleets are divided by twenty-five hundred miles of unnavigable mainland. It would require from five to six weeks for either fleet to round the Horn.

Within the past year a transcontinental airplane flight in the space of twenty-seven hours and a border-to-border flight in eleven hours have been accomplished. General Mitchell has suggested the feasibility of establishing an aerial base in the geographical center of the country. It would be equally available on either coast, or either border, within the space of a few hours.

The last few months have seen some increased activity in aviation in the United States Navy, but it is lamentably far behind other Powers. It has regarded aviation largely as "the eyes of the fleet." The British vision, shared by the Japanese, goes far beyond this.

It encompasses the airplane as a new and terrible weapon of offense—a carrier of projectiles and a first line of offense. The projectile theory is based on elementary arithmetic. The maximum range of the 16-inch cannon under ideal conditions is 20 miles. The flight of the airplane is slower than that of the shell, but its range is from ten to twenty times as great; 400 miles is a practicable range if the airplane need not return to the fleet.

The cannon is aimed on a calculation of ballistics; the mission of its shell is to pierce the armor of the enemy ship, and it must strike the target to be effective, anything other than a direct hit being a total loss. The airplane bomb, on the other hand, is under manual control until the target is almost reached, and the bomb is effective anywhere within 200 feet of the target, for the incompressible mass of the ocean acts as a battering ram before the explosive force of the bomb.

Again, the weight of the naval shell is slightly more than 2000 pounds, of which only from 3 to 5 per cent is explosive. Fifty per cent of the airplane bomb is explosive, and the tendency in bomb-making is to decrease the weight of the casing and increase the weight of the explosive. The Army has perfected a 4000-pound bomb, but it has never been used because the weight capacity of the service type of bomber is one ton.

These facts are the basis of the British policy. Its fleet is a mobile aerial base. Hours before opposing fleets can come within mutual cannon range, defeat or victory will have been decided in the air. Just so surely as one side obtains control of the air, just so surely is the enemy at its mercy; destroyers, cruisers, and dreadnaughts alike become helpless inanimate targets. This is the British vision.

In the face of these facts, the Navy allots the Bureau of Aeronautics but five per cent of its total appropriation of roughly \$300,000,000 annually. The Army allotment is about the same from its total of \$250,000,000.

Control of the air mocks all forms of defense in other wars. The only effective weapon against aircraft is more aircraft. Once control is established, the destruction of enemy strong points may proceed in a leisurely manner and without interruption. The seat of government from where the war is directed is a first objective. The statesman who votes for war will himself be on the firing line in the next war. This would be the program: to destroy enemy aircraft factories, so that any danger of a new air force would be eliminated, to seek out the enemy fleet and sink it, to send the troopships to the bottom from the air, to carry on with aerial bombs against arsenals and munitions factories, to smash enemy railroad centers, and demolish every supply base. It is a ghastly picture, but a true one. It is no grotesque flight of a disordered mind. It is the prophecy of a mild-mannered, practical soldier—Marshal Foch.

The airplane is the logical vehicle to distribute gas should gas warfare be revived. Incendiary bombs weighing but one pound each could work havoc in a city.

The Coast Artillery Arm is to-day as obsolescent as cavalry. One of the major divisions of the British Air Force is assigned to coast defense. The once impregnable fortress of Gibraltar commanding entrance to the Mediterranean is no longer considered impregnable. The heart of the rock is being tunneled for an indestructible hangar to house the winged projectiles that must replace the immobile cannon. The maneuvers of our Army Air Service last summer were designed to demonstrate the availability of aircraft in coast defense. In eight hours the bombing fleet transferred its

base from Hampton Roads, Virginia, to Bangor, Maine. There is evidence that the Navy may dispute this tactical responsibility with the Army and ask to be charged with coast defense. Modern harbor fortifications are as impotent against aerial attack as the blockhouse of Colonial days.

The economic aspect of the question was well expressed by Congressman Frank Murphy of Ohio before the Second Air Institute at St. Louis. He declared, "The best way to avoid war is to be prepared . . . in the most modern way, which is by aeronautics, at an expense that will be very moderate indeed as compared with the tremendous cost of other fighting material, which is now almost obsolete."

It is a bargain in preparedness.

## White Phlox

BY ALICE BROWN

AS cold as death on beauty laid,  
The white Phlox dreamed the hours away.  
As warm as beauty unafraid,  
She met the moon's bright questing ray.  
She breathed in darkness from the night,  
And breathed it out again in light.

The sphered moon melted into mist,  
A sifting star-shine, wild as love.  
The Phlox, as her fair face it kissed,  
Seemed to my wondering gaze to move  
Like to the trembling of a spray  
When a bird lights and wings away.

Enwrapt in silence, there they blent,  
Moonlight and Phlox, their being's whole;  
Nor could I guess what charm was lent  
By beauty's body or her soul—  
Whether pale moon or perfumed flower  
Enchanted the enchanting hour.



# A Portrait

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

*(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)*

THE fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) rises directly from his character. He was an honest and thoughtful painter, whose enemies could find little worse to say about him than that he had an unpleasant temper. At our distance we see him, through the eyes of several biographers, as an essentially innocent person, childish in a precocious way and a steady believer in his ideals—for he was tireless in his efforts to rival Titian's color. Through an uneventful life, relieved largely by haphazard and hectic dinners with his literary friends, he devoted himself to portraits which to-day epitomize the eighteenth century in England.

This portrait of the young daughter of George, Prince of Wales, and Grace Dalrymple Elliott, his mistress, tells clearly of the reasons for Reynolds' success. Many portraits of children and women bring out the same gentle truths, such as parents dote on and admirers appreciate. With children he played like one of them. It was only to the public (and to one titled sitter in particular) that he appeared to be "a pompous little man." To his fellow artists he was the cold and formal President of the Royal Academy who read rather dry "discourses" at special meetings. Those who knew him well called him, as did Edmund Burke, that "excellent friend." To Sam Johnson, indeed, he was "almost the only man I can call a friend!"

Reynolds' popularity came quickly after his return from study in Rome, and it proved to be lasting. His prices rose at frequent intervals, in spite of Walpole's sarcastic comment. He took in pupils. Assistants helped him lay in draperies and backgrounds. Mezzotints and engravings of his canvases had a great vogue. Even the rivalry of Gainsborough, Romney, Cotes, and Benjamin West could not prevent him from being idolized as "the first English painter" and the portraitist to the nation's most famous people. The beauty of an actress, the character of an admiral, the grace of a child princess—whatever type of sitter he had, became imbued with the spirit of the period and yet lost little of the painter's generalized taste.

Reynolds' methods indicate his sincerity. He was thorough, even if he used his brushes quickly and was no student of anatomy. He is reported to have destroyed several paintings of the time of Titian, trying to discover the secret of their luminous color. He himself experimented with various preparations which gave an immediate brilliancy to his paint, but destroyed its lasting quality in many cases. Ruskin said that "neither the painter knew how to paint, the patrons to preserve, nor the cleaner to restore." But though the painter may not have known how to paint for posterity, he most certainly knew how to paint for the society of George III's reign.

ALAN BURROUGHS



## THE LION'S MOUTH

### HOW BIG SHOULD A SMALL COLLEGE BE?

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

OUR universities are overcrowded, but our small colleges, and there are about four hundred of them with less than six hundred students each, tie up a good deal of money which might be used to educate a great many more students. They continue to divert gifts from the great universities, where extension work by lecture and correspondence carries far beyond the campus walls. There are those who assert that the physical littleness of small colleges breeds other littlenesses. In fact, the question lurking in some minds is not, "How big should small colleges be?" but should they be at all?

The record of one small college comes to my mind as I pen this question, and it must be typical of others which differ only in the degree of their service. It has never had in training at one time many more than five hundred students, out of the hundreds of thousands who are studying throughout the land. Yet it is forever aiding in the training of these thousands of other students by sending out teachers, deans, and college presidents in surprising numbers. A few years ago the largest university in the country had on its faculty at that one time twenty-two professors trained in this one small college, three of them deans of great departments in the university. It has sent out governors, legislators, chief justices, financiers, and several thousand every-day good and able men. At this time of writing the three greatest banking houses in the country are presided over by its graduates, and the presiding officers of both houses of

Congress bear its bachelor degree. An analysis of that ubiquitous directory, "Who's Who," not long ago proved that this particular college led all of the universities and colleges in the proportion of its graduates listed therein; and "Who's Who" is at the heart an earnest attempt to assemble the names of men and women nationally recognized for achievement.

With such facts to consider, it is safe to say that the small college is justified by past record. Moreover, it exists, for better or worse, endowed with perpetual trust funds, at a time when more and more of our boys and girls are demanding a college training. How big shall it be to-day, in order to do its duty and still maintain its peculiar sort of efficiency? Some boards of trustees have begged the question by saying, "Let it grow! When in time it becomes a university the question will cease to trouble us." Yet, if the small colleges perform a distinct service, presumably by reason of certain qualities resulting from their smallness, it would be regrettable to have all the best of them grow big, and leave that distinct service to be performed only by the stagnant ones!

In many western states, where great universities offer education free, the small endowed college with its tuition fee is often, oddly enough, the least expensive place to go. But, east or west, the small college must justify itself by something more than the argument of cost. It must be tested by the quality of the training it offers.

The strength of a small college, say its apologists, lies in the direct contact there between the student and his first-rate teachers. Too many undergraduates in great universities of five- and ten- and



fifteen-thousand students each, have contact only with fledgling instructors little older than themselves. Some universities, recognizing a weakness in their training of the non-specializing youngster, have attempted to cure it by a "preceptorial" system, or have suggested some unscrambling operation that should produce many colleges of liberal arts within the great one, each with its own faculty, after the English fashion. It is in this field of general training—of man-making—of giving boys and girls a general readiness for life—that the small college successfully competes. Its competition is sure to be unsuccessful if, with its small plant, it attempts to provide training in diversified special fields as well.

One hundred of our American colleges to-day have between four and five hundred students each. The college I had in mind a moment ago, and a dozen others of ancient repute, with splendid records for service, have maintained that size for two or three generations. Each one of them could take care of half again as many students in their classroom space, by a rescheduling and rearrangement of classes and thus, among them, take care of twenty thousand additional students; additional living quarters can and ought to be made self-supporting; it is the cost of additional teachers which provides the only economical reason for holding these existing small colleges at five hundred. Dismissing the economical argument for the moment, I wish to present certain reasons for increasing the enrollment in the small colleges of to-day, though still keeping them undeniably small.

Collegians are constantly citing the fact that a college education is almost fifty per cent a result of social experience, the other half being gained in the classroom. "I have forgotten all my Greek and Latin," the old graduate loves to tell us, "but what I really got out of college was the experience of rubbing up against my fellow students, the practice in organization of teams and clubs, and all that sort of thing." There are so

many of him saying the same thing, that we ought to take him at his word for a moment in getting at this question.

This social experience of the campus grows out of certain definite student activities, organized and unorganized. There are more of them now than there were thirty years ago, if only because there are more organized things going on outside. There are more athletics, more music, more dramatics, more literary and editorial experimentation, more practice in the drawing-room arts! The names of some of these organized activities arrange themselves before me: Football, baseball, track, cross-country running, indoor gymnastics, swimming, rowing, basket ball, tennis, hockey, soccer, glee club, mandolin club, orchestra, choir, dramatic club, newspaper, magazine, year-book, press board, political clubs, Christian association, and dancing, formal or informal. The voluntary casual pastimes of individuals thirty years ago are the obligations of organized groups of students to-day. In order that intellectual matters may the better compete with these many other interests, the faculty encourages, in addition, ancient and modern language clubs, poetry clubs, reading and writing clubs, science clubs, and the like—three-fourths of all these things made no such clamorous demands upon students' time thirty years ago.

Visit a body of five hundred students to-day, and watch their nervous activity in attempting merely to keep several of these organizations alive. But reduce the size of the student body, and you do not necessarily reduce the number of these activities. The fashions of the day have great power upon any campus. The students' pride in their college demands that they work and play at all of those things which are the fashion throughout the student world. So, with your five hundred students you will find that most of these present-day units of social activity exist, and are under-equipped, and suffer so much thereby that, instead of providing train-

ing in proficiency, they provide training in inefficiency due to inadequacy; and result, too, in harmful humiliations. Moreover, students with unusual endowments are drafted for work in so many of these things in addition to the business of the classroom, that their college years do them veritable harm.

Turn from the students a moment, and think of the faculty. What of the fifty men who taught five hundred boys thirty years ago? It is necessary to point out that only a few of them then were actual specialists, thoroughly immersed in their own special subjects. Many more of them were "general practitioners," with repute for breadth of vision and personal qualities of manhood which justified them as teachers. Modern tendencies have put more narrowly trained specialists into their places. But if the teachers' personalities are so vital a part of the small college's recipe for education, it is more than ever important that they should not grow stale in too limited a social environment. Their specialties narrow them overmuch as it is. They must not be permitted to stew in a social pot so small that it too easily boils. They, too, inherit this modern life that is more highly organized socially than ever before. A few of them are sure to be incurable recluses outside the classroom. Divide the remainder into certain natural groups, such as older and younger, and you have altogether too few in any group for complete social well-being nowadays, especially if the college be remote from a city. Factional differences, which are now and then inevitable in such a self-centered community, cut too deep and work too much harm. And a small college, wherever it is, must after all be somewhat detached, or else lose all of that cloistered life which makes it possible there to consider ideals apart from expediencies. I would even double my fifty teachers, then, if I could, for the sake of their social health, and make them one hundred.

How big should a small college be? Fifty and thirty years ago a college of

three or four hundred students with thirty or forty real teachers proved its ability to train men. It is hard to tell what that size of college would do to-day on its merits, because the strongest of these colleges owe so much of their strength to-day to the fact that they get a peculiarly well-selected group of students—the sons of those earlier graduates. It would take a good deal of collegiate inefficiency to ruin such a stock in one generation. So I can offer only theory in answer to my question.

I am asserting that this new and complex social organization within the campus walls calls for more students to manage it. Increase the number to the point where an averagely companionable boy cannot get to know all of his classmates at least superficially, and we have gained nothing. Make the total number fewer than he can easily assimilate, and he is missing a desirable social experience; or if he has a little more than average talent he suffers by becoming a big toad in a little puddle. Our problem is to find a middle ground. Let me suggest, then, about two hundred for an entering class, or enough so that the usual processes of attrition throughout the four years will produce a student body of seven hundred and fifty. All classroom groups drawn from an enrollment the size of this could still come into direct personal relationship with the teachers of highest rank. Beyond that point I believe they would lose in such personal contacts—which are the chief justification for the small college.

There still stands the financial argument against this increase from five hundred to half as many again. That very justification of the small college demands that the increase in the faculty to seventy-five shall be in the higher ranks of well-paid, experienced teachers. Living quarters, I have asserted, can be found for the additional students without drain upon the college funds; instruction-room for that many more can be found without cost, if there is any virtue in a recent investigation of such wasted



space in a typical old college. The teachers are going to be expensive. But they are going to cost somebody, because every year there are greater numbers of boys and girls demanding to be taught in some college, somewhere. Let the great universities get them, if you will, both teachers and students, and so become greater *in numbers*, and proportionately weaker in power to train the non-specializing student. But the small college should do its part if only for its own sake; taking the best of those additional teachers, measured in terms of personality, and as many of those new students as it can assimilate without ceasing to be a small college. A hundred of our small colleges, thus increasing their enrollment within the limits of efficiency, would take care of the natural increase of American college students for many years to come; and so save the big universities from any further vitiation because of their gluttony!

## WOMAN OF THE WORLD

LAWTON MACKALL

FOR a moment I didn't recognize her. But the look of those keen, primitive eyes was unmistakable: not even the lorgnettes could disguise it.

"Dame Nature!" I cried in astonishment.

"Hardly knew me," she reproached banteringly. "Well, I admit I have changed. I'm in Society now."

"You're amazing."

"Flatterer. But tell me, how does my hair look? Had it re-hennaed for my birthday—I forget how many millionth. No woman can afford to be old any more."

"But Dame—"

"I'm 'Madame' nowadays," she corrected archly. "Except in the shops: there I'm 'Milady.'"

My confusion seemed to amuse her.

"Yes, I have been taken up by the best people. It is really quite pleasant. I confess I enjoy the change. There was

very little fun for me in the attentions I was paid in ancient times. Prehistoric man was such a bore. Those sacrifices and incantations were deadly affairs."

"But they were doing their best to honor you, weren't they?"

"Oh, yes, I was kowtowed to as a sort of Universal Mother-in-law. A woman likes to be something of a mystery, but not that kind. Still, even that was better than the way I was regarded in the Middle Ages. Then I was distinctly *déclassée*. Preachers warned against me. I was shunned as wicked. It was popularly supposed that anybody who cared much for me could never get into heaven. Oh, I was an abandoned woman."

"That must have been awkward for you."

"It was, in a way. But nothing ever annoys me for more than a few centuries. Eventually champions came to my assistance. A fascinating Frenchman named Rousseau rescued me from my plight, and soon I was the rage in the most exclusive salons and palaces of Europe. Poets and painters and novelists got romantic about me, and depicted me as having all sorts of colorful emotions I never knew I had. It was highly complimentary, but somehow I couldn't take their rhapsodizings altogether seriously.

"Over here in America I was still looked on with suspicion. The early settlers were too taken up with the struggle for existence to be hospitable to me. I was too much of a muchness. They classed me with the Indians and howling winds and scary loneliness and bitter winters—and Sin. They would gladly have treated me as a witch.

"It was not until America became comfortably modern that I got my chance to shine in Society. For example, you couldn't very well imagine one of the Pilgrim Fathers writing affectionately of *Wild Animals I Have Known*, or one of the ex-passengers of the *Mayflower* enjoying a Conrad description of a storm at sea. But now my brus-

queries are exclaimed over at tea parties as being 'so interesting and picturesque.' Ever since Theodore Roosevelt received me at the White House I have been entertained in the most select homes in the land. I am accepted as an old aristocrat whose eccentricities are privileged—part of her charm.

"Yes, I get on best with ultra-civilized people. They are the sort who know how to make a fuss over Nature. They are giving me the time of my life. They teach their children to be polite to me, and even tiny tots are put to bed with stories about my clever little ways. Souvenirs of my handiwork are collected in museums. I am favorably spoken of in the leading women's clubs. I am acclaimed a *grande artiste*, and makers of cosmetics seek my indorsement. It is really too droll."

She smiled, and musingly patted the silk of her Paris frock.

"But," I ventured, "aren't you yourself becoming ultra-civilized?"

"Ssh! They must never guess that!"

## SOME MEMOIRS À LA MODE

BY RUTH LAMBERT JONES

MY childhood was peculiarly uneventful, for my mother, who was passionately fond of travel, was in the habit of placing me in the seclusion of some Continental Hotel, such as the *Russie*, while she explored uncharted corners of the Orient. In these hostleries the people with whom I came into contact were commonplace and conservative in the extreme.

I remember particularly one afternoon sitting on a sunny terrace beneath an almond tree and seeking to create an egg out of clay. I had a duck's egg in front of me as a model, for I was an earnest little lad, but try as I might, I could not reproduce the original. In despair I flung my pitiful attempt from me, and it crashed into a gentleman with a long black cloak who was passing by.

He seemed to comprehend the situation instantly.

"So, so, my boy," he said tenderly.

His long fingers flew, and *voilà!* a perfect egg.

We became fast friends. When he left the hotel he sent me a card; it was signed "Auguste Rodin."

Years passed, but when the American Embassy in Afghanistan received one fine March day a flawless marble egg I knew that the Sculptor of Sculptors too had not forgotten.

But I digress. There followed days of the same endless placidity: afternoons with Patti, who had happened to hear me humming one night in the *Bois*; long walks with Zola, who had chanced to come upon a hurried scrawl of mine, and evenings with the aged Garibaldi, who approved of my masterful ways with waiters. Small wonder that after such monotony I entered upon my career at one of England's great public schools with joy!

While there I became especially intimate with Cyril Tompkins, a tropic-skinned boy of a retiring disposition. When the long holidays came he asked me to go home with him. Not until on shipboard did I realize that we were at sea.

"But, Cyril," I remonstrated, "you never told me it was so far. I won't have collars enough."

"My father," he said simply, "is the Shah of Persia. He will provide you with collars."

And, indeed, the Shah proved to be rather presentable. My quotation of that touching Victorian tribute:

"The Shah of Persia, so they say,  
Drinks whiskey-sours night and day  
And every time he takes a drink  
He throws a lemon in the sink."

resulted in the pardon of eighteen political prisoners, and the offer of his most pulchritudinous favorite if I would settle down in Persia. This, of course, I could not do, steeped as I was in American tradition. And yet, rather than wound



one so genuinely attached to me, I finally conquered my natural repugnance enough to accept his parting gift of five rubies and a hooka.

So my school days went by, and after receiving my degree from Oxford I accepted the post in American diplomatic circles for which my past environment and associations had so admirably fitted me. It was the performance of such duties which took me one summer on a walking trip through the Black Forest in search of walnut trees. In the course of my tramp I came upon a woodcutter sawing mountains of wood. He was an inquisitive fellow, with a withered arm and an upstanding mustache, and when I admitted that I had no success he told me to return in an hour.

"But," I cried, "they don't grow here."

"That is of no importance," he responded. "I am I."

And sure enough—an hour produced a walnut tree in a green tub, scientific label and all!

That was the beginning of a royal intimacy which the World War forced me to break all too soon. I cannot, of course, give the slightest intimation of the gentleman's identity, as he is still living, though in exile.

One midnight not long after the Armistice had been signed I was taking

my usual constitutional about London when I noticed a large squad of bobbies gathered around the great bronze lion in Trafalgar Square. In their midst was a small squat figure which, with flying arms, was exhorting them to hoist it upon the beasties. And at each fresh exhortation try they did, valiantly, with scaling-ladders and catapults, but all in vain! The small squat figure only sank to earth the more completely.

Suddenly and quite unaccountably I remembered Rodin's remark concerning the accessibility of statues; I shouted it lustily and presto! high aloft sat the aspiring one.

"Lllywellyn, lllywellyn! Come on up too," he called down to me, and at the Welsh words I sensed for the first time that I was dealing with a nation, not a private individual; with a command, not an invitation. Wherefore I mounted another lion with all speed.

We rode till dawn, and if you ever should examine the dispatches between the British and American Embassies at that time you will, perhaps, understand what that ride accomplished.

And so, at the conclusion of a long and not wholly empty career, I leave my readers. Let them always remember what I have learned: "Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood," and "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day."



## The Rattle of Machinery

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ARE there too many people in the world?

There are those who think so and who, knowing the very rapid increase in the world's population, affect to tremble at the prospect of subsistence growing scarcer and scarcer and the competition for it constantly increasing in intensity.

They make out a case that is impressive, if one accepts their facts. They think mankind nowadays is living improvidently, wasting the accumulations of ages, and expanding in numbers like pioneers in a new country. But they hold that pioneering is over for this world, that there are virtually no more new lands to be brought under civilization, and that the supply of food can be increased only by intensive agriculture.

There is something in all that; not so much, probably, as its propounders believe, but enough to think about and inquire about, and as an argument for small families it is commended to the attention of people who think the limitation of progeny is the indispensable preliminary to better times on earth. But what has it all to do with the desire of the postmen for an increase of pay? They want one. They have this aspiration now and then, and, being general favorites, their desires usually receive hospitable attention and go to Congress highly recommended. They are overworked and underpaid—so they say, and it is probably true. The experts figure out that to give them what they want would cost upward of one hundred and fifteen million dollars a year. Very well.

If that amount is due them then let us pay it. But is there not some means for providing that sum for the postmen without taking it out of us taxpayers?

Maybe there is. The amount of matter going through the mails has enormously increased in recent years. What has increased it? Are there more lovers who write daily to beloved objects? Are the absent sons more filial in communicating with their parents? Do merchants and tradesmen send in their bills twice a month instead of once a month as formerly? Is there a greater correspondence between friends? Oh, yes. Probably there is some increase in all of these particulars. But it is just a normal increase. This huge mass of letter-mail that swells the postal revenues, but still more the work of the postmen, is not due to the increase of normal correspondence. It is due to the immense use of the post office as a cheap means of advertising. We all know that. Nobody has to assure us of what we have ample evidence every morning in the mail and every time the postman stops in the course of the day. Neither do we need anyone to tell us that this vast encroachment of mail advertisements on breakfast and the other incidents of domestic life is a part of the urgency of competition for the means of subsistence which has come from the increased population and the extraordinary and somewhat ominous development of the means of communication between the human beings now on earth. If there continue to be more and more people, and more



and more need of selling things, and more and more advertisements in the mail, and more and more uninvited solicitations for our attention, how long will it be before we shall be quite swept off our legs by the avalanches of mail matter and the other related assaults? Noah got word that there was a flood coming and built an ark to save his family and samples of the animals. What kind of an ark shall we build to save us from the too great pressure of invitations to buy upon our limited powers of attention and means of purchase? Now these postmen—if their pay is raised and a lot more of them hired, what does it mean? Does it mean more advertisements in the mail, better handled? Does it mean encouragement to all the mail-advertising habit? And the one hundred and fifteen million dollars, what about that? Who shall pay it? The taxpayers? Is it to be jolted out of us by the income tax? Let us hope not. Better put up the postal rates. Anyone whose time is worth anything would rather pay more for postage if the increased charge brought in promise of relief from the deluge of advertisements.

Human life has changed so much even in twenty years that old practices and methods are constantly taking on new energy and running away with us. It is like the rabbits in Australia. They were taken there and, because no conveniences for restricting them had ever been developed, they ran away from all control, multiplied enormously and became a nuisance. That sort of thing is happening to us all the time. Consider the automobiles in the cities. They are an innovation. The right way to handle them has not been fully worked out yet, and so everywhere they show more or less propensity to crowd human life off the map. They keep legislators, traffic cops, and constables on the jump to contrive to keep them in their place. They are indispensable. Nobody wants to abolish them, but nearly everyone has to give some thought to the proper limita-

tion of their activities and pervasiveness. Advertising is much the same. Nobody wants to abolish that, but neither do folks in general desire that the post office should exist mainly as a convenience for advertisement and only secondarily for the benefit of folks who have nothing to sell but something to communicate one to another. The propensity of advertisement in these times is to crowd in as the most important thing of life and the thing without which the rest of life can no longer get along. In the periodicals it has pretty well accomplished that aspiration, and it is making pretty good in the mails. It uses every new discovery, every novel application of knowledge. It fills the streets at night with electric signs. One reads that it is working into radio, and that rates are being made for the intrusion of solicitations to buy in the news and the noises that go about by wireless.

Some of us may recall the scandal that arose when the Interborough Company in New York rented out the walls of its stations to advertising men. The stations had been lined with tiles and were handsome, with pretty decorations in colors bordering them. The public sense was shocked at their disfigurement. It did not matter, the disfigurement was promptly accomplished and has stayed accomplished in the line first built, only more so, ever since, so that it is difficult to discover the name of a station in the garish setting that crowds round it, but the new subways were defended from this perversion by a prohibition when they were built, and that is encouraging. So the wayside advertising. Everybody knows about that. There is a constant fight against it, and some day the fight will win. It is winning now in some states, but the point is that advertisement in all its forms is an enormous force carefully designed to affect the will of the people, to excite their desires, to direct their expenditure—a very powerful force profoundly selfish, going loose in the world without any restraint except its

ability to pay and an obligation not to lend the simpler forms of the moral use of the public. As mankind grows wiser, if indeed it does grow wiser, we may see advertisement regulated, as the use of drink or of narcotics is regulated, or possibly prohibited altogether, unless indeed a different policy comes to pass some time, and drink and everything else is left loose and people are invited to take care of themselves.

There is a connection between the power of advertisement and of the revenues that are derived from it and the current propensity of newspapers and periodicals to be concentrated in the control of strong hands. When the papers, whose main purpose is the circulation of news and the advocacy of social or political policies, come into competition with the papers whose chief concern is the diffusion of the goods and the acquirement of the resulting revenues, the papers which deal in ideas are apt to go to the wall. The others are too strong for them. They can buy away both their contributors and their supporters. They can vastly out-advertise them.

But all these are temporary conditions. Advertisement is in the condition of the rabbit in Australia before the Australians woke up to appreciation of what was going on, and so is the linking up of newspapers and the cutting of the throats of those whose existence is not so profitable to some buyer as that of other papers whose ideas suit him better and whose prosperity he wishes to promote.

After all, this world as it is is a grand "catch-as-can" world, proceeding rapidly through space, revolving at a fair gait on its own axis, and humming considerably on its surface as above remarked. Who is for slowing it up? This matter of advertisement is just a detail of its current speed, and there is plenty to be said for that speed. If it were shut off and some second-speed provided for it that would be easier on our machinery, probably we should not like it.

"England with all thy faults I love thee still," said Cowper, that melancholy poet one hundred and forty years ago, and that is a proper sentiment to have about this world now, if one thinks that with all its clamors and all its blares and glares it is really getting somewhere. There is a basis for that opinion. The great preliminary to progress is to get out of ruts. If there ever was a time when this world got out of more ruts in twenty-five years than it has done since the beginning of the century, when was that time? Whole sets of conceptions of life have gone by the board. Religion has changed. The conception of the woman's job in the world has changed. The old-time notions of the usefulness of kings and of what sort of men should govern nations have changed enormously. The activities of people who seem to have the improvement of human life on their minds are extraordinary. The rising generation will undertake any thing, especially the girls in it. The real chance for Prohibition is in the idea that this generation of men in this country is so stimulated spiritually and mentally that they do not need rum any more.

Change is infectious. Even the Turks have got it. The legislature at Angora, which is the law mill of the Turkish Republic, is as active in reform as if Angora were in Kansas or in Oregon. The other day it abolished the Caliph, the head of the Mohammedan religion. To be sure, there are two hundred and odd millions of Mussulmans who may not agree to the abolition, and who may set up another Caliph, but Turkey aspires nowadays to be up to the date, and a Caliph did not look to Angora like a modern institution. For Angora is not at all like Rome. It is not an eternal city, with roots in the far-away past and traditions and policies derived from them, but an upstart town, that for the moment can give laws to Constantinople, fifty times its size and of immemorial renown. That Angora is able to sit up as the rival of Kansas and Oregon in lawmaking is a consequence of the Treaty of Versailles,



of the defeat of it so far as it concerned these States in Washington by the Senate, of the complete withdrawal of the United States from Europe, and the election of President Harding by seven million majority. The United States has been able to get along since then and advertising circulates through the mails as above noticed, and there is due attention given to the main chance, as appears in all recent advices from Washington; but in Europe things do not go so well. Our overloaded mails bring us daily reminders of pinching want in various parts of Europe—in Germany this spring, and generally in the Near East among the Greeks, Armenians, and the Balkan peoples. What Uncle Sam might have done for southeastern Europe and did not do has not been done since, and the franc has fallen in France and the problem there has reached no settlement yet though it may be on the way to it.

Where are things on a stable basis nowadays? Where is there a country whose feet look to be planted in the paths of peace? Where is a country that yet quite knows where it is and where it is going? Probably Great Britain comes the nearest to being such a country, especially since its new government came into office. It is passing through a revolution without losing its head. It has accepted its job in the world and is trying to do it. In that particular it is better off than these States, which are still uncertain what their job in this world is and whether they will do it. In the course of six months they are likely to make some progress in discovering where they are and what they are there for. That is what all the political activities now impending should teach them. Somebody was saying, "It looks as though the issues of the campaign were going to be Bonus and Booze." Heaven forbid! What we want the coming campaign and the election to tell us is not how dry we must go, nor how big a bonus we must pay, if any, nor even whether the income tax shall be a little higher or a little lower. These concerns

are all more or less important, but the great matter on which we want light is what our job is in this world and how are we going to do it. At this writing there is no likely presidential candidate in sight who gives much promise of telling us. Doheny has done a bigger job than Angora. Angora merely abolished a Caliph who can be reinvented elsewhere; but Doheny knocked American politics into a cocked hat and left all our managers groping to know what to do next. In a way it serves us right. We were over-timid about helping Europe to settle difficult problems, and more than decently selfish about looking out for ourselves, and self-interest has run away with us just as it usually does. We have put in power politicians whose formula has been that man can live by bread alone—that if he has enough money, enough business, enough manufactured articles, high enough wages, enough bonus, and due release from rum, he can get along. The fallacy of that supposition is now proceeding to be demonstrated. The demonstrations are somewhat appalling, but if they finally result in giving us a candidate for President who can lead us out of the woods of obsession in material prosperity and back to an understanding of our place in the world and the obligations that go with it, we shall not have had them for nothing.

But it must be confessed that at this writing no such inspiring candidate is yet visible. The leading Republican possibility is a respectable man, already in office, who will doubtless do his duty as he sees it, but has to be more concerned in saving his party's ship from total wreck than in navigating in uncharted courses on the high seas of political experiment. While there is confidence in Mr. Coolidge, there is no great inspiration yet visible in him.

With the Democrats selection has thus far not progressed beyond the processes of elimination. Nobody can guess at this writing whom the Democrats will find to give them leadership.

## EDITOR'S DRAWER



THE NICE GIRAFFE WOULD STRETCH HIS NECK AND PICK THEM OFF FOR HOURS

## The Good Giraffe

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

ALL nature called the good Giraffe  
The loveliest of creatures;  
I wish I'd kept the photograph  
That showed his former features!

His crest of hair had auburn shades,  
His eyes were large and beamy,  
His skin, without complexion aids,  
Was marvelously creamy.

His shapely little head upon  
A neck politely bending  
To humbler folk was always con-  
Descendingly descending.

If angels lived in waste and wood,  
His ways would well become one;  
The dear Giraffe, so mild and good,  
Was always helping some one.

When Kaffir maidens wished to deck  
Their homes with palm-tree flowers  
The nice Giraffe would stretch his neck  
And pick them off for hours;

And countless times, on due request,  
He stood, sedately solemn,  
While monkeys danced like all possessed  
Along his spinal column.

At Christmastide 'twas he that bought  
And hung the decorations;  
His tactful help was ever sought  
For reconciliations.

And ostrich-hens with knobbly legs  
And dark, coquettish glances  
Would beg that *he* should watch their eggs  
While *they* ran off to dances.





HE RAISED HIS HEAD THE BEST HE COULD TO PROP THE VAULT OF HEAVEN

In brief, his fame for sweetness grew  
Till folks, without compunction,  
Would ask this good Giraffe to do  
A stunt at any function!

A dreadful wind came up one morn  
Across the Indian Ocean;  
The forests bowed like fields of corn  
And waved in wild commotion;

And while portentous thunder woke  
The world with sullen grumbling,  
About the heads of all the folk  
The coconuts came tumbling.

The parrots screamed, the monkeys cried,  
"Oh, this is most appalling!  
Where *can* we go! Where *can* we hide!  
The sky, the sky is falling!

"Our sky will fall! What *must* be done,  
What *shall* be done to stop it?"  
"The good Giraffe," cried everyone,  
"Is just the one to prop it!"

The good Giraffe, benignly calm,  
Came forth to save the people;  
Each leg was like a pillared palm,  
His neck was like a steeple;

His Roman nose, as yet unflecked,  
Was like a promontory;  
He climbed and climbed and stood erect  
On lofty Ruwenzori.

He raised his head as best he could  
To prop the vault of heaven;  
The days and nights that thus he stood,  
The prophets say, were seven.

Till seven times that vault (besprent  
With stars, correctly dated),  
The firmness of the firmament  
Had amply demonstrated,

He stood beneath a glowing sky  
And burning sun that speckled  
His creamy skin—and that is why  
Giraffes are always freckled!

#### Justice Unbandaged

A MEMBER of the House of Representatives, formerly an active member of the bar, tells of an enterprising client who once retained him to prosecute an action.

On talking with the plaintiff's witnesses the lawyer found that their stories were far from consistent, so he reported the fact to his client, and advised that the suit be dropped. The client was somewhat perturbed, but told the attorney that he would

have a talk with him the next morning and let him know what he had decided.

True to his word, he dropped in bright and early, wearing the cheerful look of one who has fought the good fight.

"I've seen those witnesses," he explained, "and they say they must have been mistaken when they talked with you. They all see it alike now. I've also seen some of the jurymen, and they think I'll win. Now, if there's such a thing as justice in law, we can't lose."



*Jonathan Skidmore of Duxbury, an importer of hosiery, who conceived the idea of commercializing the unique advantages of the stocks, is now considered the "Father of Advertising."*

#### Privileged Traffic

**A**N Irish highway laborer who had been detailed to keep traffic off a road on which was an old bridge so weakened by heavy floods during the night that it was considered too insecure to support even the lightest car, stopped a big brown car which was headed for the danger spot.

"What's the matter?" growled the driver, whom Pat recognized as a patron of his.

"Oh, is that you, Judge?" said Pat genially.

"Yes, it is."

"It's all right, then, yer honor. I got orders not to let traffic through on account of a rotten bridge, but seein' as it's yer honor, why, go right ahead, sor!"

#### Undaunted

**MR. HOLDERLEIGH**, the manager, turned to the new office boy and said:

"Willie, go into the next room and look up 'collaborate.' I'm not quite sure about the spelling."

Willie disappeared, but did not soon return. The manager put the letter aside and took up some other duties. Presently he remembered the boy, and went out to look for him. He found him studying the dictionary with great intentness.

"What are you doing, Willie?" he asked. The boy looked round.

"I forgot the word you told me, sir," he replied, 'an' I'm hunting for it."

#### A Rough Finish

**I UNDERSTAND** the Ridley's sent their daughter to an eastern finishing school," said Mrs. Van Dorn, glancing in the direction of a boisterous young flapper.

"Hm," commented Mrs. Pillham, "it seems to have given her a rough finish."

#### The Female of the Species

**A CERTAIN** freshman entered the college-town bank to open a checking account and make her initial deposit. She studied carefully the deposit slip handed her by the cashier and made the correct entry under "checks" but was puzzled by the item "specie." Finally a bright thought relieved the gloom. She picked up the pen and wrote opposite the word "specie"—"female," and carried the slip back to the cashier's window in triumph.

#### His Guide

**A WELL-KNOWN** bishop of the Episcopal Church famous for absent mindedness once met an old friend on the street and stopped to talk to him. When about to separate the bishop's face suddenly assumed a puzzled expression.

"Tom," he said, "when we met was I going up or down?"

"Down," replied Tom.

The bishop's face cleared.

"It's all right then. I *had* been home to lunch."





### Uncrowded Occupations

*A cluster of humanitarians doing what they can for a weeping willow*

### The Skipper's Rebuke

THE skipper of a sailing-vessel had as passenger an estimable but not very courageous minister and two careless young men given to little but mischief.

A severe storm came up, and, although the young men were frightened enough, their terror was nothing to that of the poor minister, who was indeed a pitiable object.

"See here, sir," said the skipper at last, with kindly severity, "do you want me to think you're more afraid of going to heaven than those young men are of not going there?"



### Looking Backward

*Sir Isaac Newton, having discovered the Law of Gravity, invents suspenders*

### For the Quick

THIS story is told of a provident housewife in an Irish village where funeral feasts are still a custom.

A doctor who had been called in to examine a sick man, turned to the wife and said, "Your husband is dying from lack of nourishment. All he needs is food."

Weeping, the woman replied that, owing to extreme poverty, there was nothing in the house to give him.

As the physician was leaving he passed through the kitchen of the hut, where he noticed hanging to the rafters, three fine smoked hams.

"You said you had no food for your husband," exclaimed the irritated doctor. "What are those, hams?"

"Sure, doctor, and he couldn't have those," protested the wife quickly. "Those are for his wake."

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

[F THERE is a more interesting man in the world today than George Bernard Shaw, we should like to know him. Not long ago *Archibald Henderson*, who not only is professor of mathematics at the University of North Carolina and an accomplished historian (with a recent book on *Washington's Southern Tour* to his credit) but also is Shaw's biographer and friend, told us he was going to England. He expected to visit Shaw for the first time in several years. We asked him if he would serve us and our readers by assuming the role of a Boswell and recording a conversation with the amazing Irishman. We suggested all manner of topics which we should like to have Shaw discuss—ranging all the way from reparations and current politics to "Saint Joan"—and Doctor Henderson added other questions of his own. The result is the article which opens this issue of the magazine.

*Gamaliel Bradford* has no American rival as a writer of historical character studies. His "Damaged Souls" interested readers of the magazine so keenly, and later made such a success in book form, that the new series of portraits which he is sending us from Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, will be eagerly received. This month he reveals the "bare soul" of the little-known author of the best-known poem in our language. Mr. Bradford, by the way, has also completed a book on Samuel Pepys, just published by Houghton Mifflin Co. ¶ Evolution is a timely subject; nothing else in the field of science engages so widely the attention of thoughtful people to-day. To readers who would explore its frontiers under capable guidance we recommend the article contributed by *Dr. Alfred J. Lotka*, who has been engaged in research in biology at the laboratories of Johns Hopkins University, and is at work on a book on *The Elements of Physical Biology*.

*Rollo Walter Brown*, formerly professor of English at Carleton College, is now lecturing

at Harvard and Radcliffe, taking temporarily the place of Professor Charles T. Copeland while the latter enjoys a sabbatical respite from his teaching duties. Mr. Brown's previous articles on "Educational Unleveling" and "Salvaging the Creators" caused a widespread discussion. This month he takes up an old subject in a new way. We have all heard furious arguments on coeducation for many years past, but nearly always its social aspect has been the central point at issue. Never have we known the aspect emphasized by Mr. Brown to be so thoroughly studied and so boldly set forth. He has based his article on special information provided by the colleges for 1922-1923 or the present year. Lest readers who disagree with him (and there will be many) imagine that he writes from incomplete personal acquaintance with his subject, it should be said that he has been a student in a coeducational college and a non-coeducational university, and has taught men in a college for men, women in a college for women, and both in a coeducational college.

Variety is the spice of magazine reading, as of life. In addition to the Shavian interview, Mr. Bradford's expedition into literary history, and the papers by Doctor Lotka and Mr. Brown, this issue includes three diverse articles. *H. M. Tomlinson*, former associate editor of the *London Nation* and war correspondent of the *London Daily News*, whose love of exploration led to the writing of that remarkable book, *The Sea and the Jungle*, has recently returned from a voyage to the Malay Archipelago, undertaken exclusively for HARPER'S. "Rice and Volcanoes" is the third paper in a series which for many months to come will continue to bring home to us—to borrow Mr. Tomlinson's own phrase—"the splendor of the world's end." ¶ *Stephen Leacock*, professor of political economy at McGill University and dean of North American humorists, contributes one



of his genial burlesques—this one dealing with the literature of business success. ¶ ¶ **Samuel Taylor Moore**, who was for some time White House correspondent for the United Press and has had wide experience as a newspaper man, writes on aerial preparedness, a subject none the less important for having been well-nigh forgotten by a government distracted with scandals and politics. Mr. Moore is himself a flyer and has made a careful study of the problems of aviation.

The O. Henry Prize for the best short story of 1923 was awarded to **Edgar Valentine Smith**, assistant city editor of the *Birmingham News*, for his "Prelude," published by us just a year ago. It is a pleasure to bring out this month another story from his pen. ¶ ¶ The other short stories are by **Beatrice Ravenel** of Charleston, South Carolina, and **Aldous Huxley**, whose *Antic Hay* and other books have won him the reputation of being one of the most brilliant English fiction writers of the day.

**Harvey O'Higgins** of Martinsville, New Jersey, has shown such varied distinction in his collections of short stories and in such books as his study of *The American Mind in Action*, that we have long hoped he would turn to the writing of a novel. "Julie Cane," now in its third installment, justifies, we think, our conviction that Mr. O'Higgins is a novelist of outstanding ability. We trust our readers are enjoying it as much as we.

The poets of the month are **May Lewis**, a New York writer who makes this month her first appearance as a HARPER contributor; **Ruth Fitch Bartlett** (Mrs. Walter S. Bartlett), who has recently moved to New York from Milwaukee, and **Ben Ray Redman**, poet, critic and author of a recent volume of verse, *Masquerade*; **Weir Vernon**, a young English girl from Antigua, now resident in New York; **Alice Brown**, whose novels and short stories of New England life are well known to our readers; and **Arthur Davison Ficke**, author of *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter* and other volumes of exquisite verse.

**Alan Burroughs**, who contributes the explanatory note about the Reynolds masterpiece reproduced on the cover of the maga-

zine, is Curator of Paintings, Minneapolis Institute of Arts, and is the son of Bryson Burroughs, curator of painting at the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

The little article by **Professor Burge Johnson**, Vassar College, which is printed in the "Lion's Mouth," was written several months ago. Since then a graduate of the small college to which he devotes an appreciative paragraph has left the presidency of the Senate to succeed to that of the United States. The other contributors to the "Lion's Mouth" are **Lawton Mackall**, a New York humorist whose articles and sketches in lighter vein appear in numerous magazines, and **Ruth Lambert Jones**, a Vassar graduate who lives in New York and made her last appearance in HARPER'S two years ago. **Arthur Guiterman**, whose chronicle of "The Good Giraffe" enlivens the "Editor's Drawer," is without a superior in this country as a writer of light verse—witness such delightful volumes as *The Light Guitar*.



As this page goes to press, the first competition in our Prize Short Story Contest is just drawing to a close.

The first story submitted in the contest arrived three or four days after the first announcement. Soon the stories began to come in by twos and threes; then by the dozen. But for some time the principal effect of the Contest announcement seemed to be a large increase in the quantity of manuscripts of all sorts submitted outside the Contest, including articles and verses as well as stories. The average number of manuscripts coming into the office daily nearly doubled within the first two or three weeks.

The number of Contest stories gradually increased through February and March, and during the past week they have come in literally by the hundreds. On this 31st of March, the total count had passed three thousand; and as all stories bearing March postmarks will be included in the first competition, the probability is that a much higher figure will be reached. The manuscripts received during the past day or two, and waiting to be read, are stacked in bundles and piles of bundles all over the office, and still they come.

It is too early to generalize much about the stories received. But this much can be said. Every type of story has, of course, been represented; but among those whose quality has made them worthy of serious consideration, only a very small portion have been stories of action, adventure or humor. Whether this is because such tales are not being written widely, or because of some mistaken impression that HARPER'S MAGAZINE is more interested in character studies, it is hard to say. To those who are planning to submit manuscripts for our second competition, which closes June 30th, we repeat that every sort of story is eligible and the best of all sorts are desired. We repeat also that available stories will be accepted without the delay of waiting for the judges' decision; no writer need fear that a story submitted, for example, on the 1st of May will be held up until July to be passed on. If unavailable, it will be promptly returned. If available, it will be promptly accepted, and when the competition ends, will be sent to the judges with other stories already accepted.

The announcement of the result of the first competition will be made at the earliest possible date.



An Ohio reader, who prefers to withhold her name, raises a question which we are glad to put to our "old subscribers." Perhaps among the latter the following record may be equaled, but it cannot be surpassed.

*Dear Harper's—*

Every month when I read your "Personal and Otherwise," I think I will write you, for I have always been curious to know if you have many subscribers who have all your magazines for the seventy-four years. We have all the magazines from the initial number to the present month. The earlier numbers are bound—that is, bound from June, 1850, to 1906. From 1906 to the present we have all the magazines carefully put away, so that if any member of the family cares to continue binding them he can.

The 1850 numbers are most interesting, especially the current events and fashions.



Mrs. Blair Niles' graphic description of her airplane adventure in South America has evoked the following letter, addressed to the author:

Your article, "By Air to the Heart of the Andes," has moved me so that I am impelled to write and tell you so. I have just laid down the February HARPER'S in which it is, and am throbbing with the emotions it has stirred. Two years ago I took my daughter to the shore to recover from a severe cold, and seeing a small Curtiss plane waiting to be hired the longing I had always to fly seized me, and we rushed into the adventure without daring to count the cost. Short as the trip was, only about twenty minutes, it gave me the tremendous sense of exaltation you describe. It dwarfed the struggles and joys of everyday life, even the greatest of all sorrows which I have known, and gave me a sense of majesty and calm which is hard for me to find with my feet on earth.

I am the mother of two grown children and the grandmother of two, but my thoughts persist in wandering into out-of-the-way places and impossible, for me, adventures. Life is so short and there is so much loving and working and doing to be done.

With apologies for this intrusion,

Yours very truly,

B. W. W.



Every reader of HARPER'S knows the work of Elizabeth Shippen Green (Mrs. Huger Elliott) which has ornamented the pages of the Magazine at frequent intervals for the past twenty years. The exquisite taste that invariably characterizes her pictures in color and in black and white entitles this artist to the position of authority which she has attained, and consequently the Editors are more than happy to print the following letter, in which she commends the new plan that has been adopted of reproducing each month some masterpiece of painting on the Magazine's cover.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Dear Harper's—*

Ever since the December number of the Magazine appeared I have been meaning to write and tell you how much I like the scheme you have decided upon for your permanent cover. If you stick to real masterpieces of painting and the dignified gold frame you are using, I should think it would be a permanent success. It looks dignified, and "booky," stands out on the newsstands as wholly different in taste from the horrors which surround it, and is a lovely colorful spot to have on one's own library table.

E. S. G. E.



The following comment comes from a reader in Belfast, Ireland:

*Dear Harper's—*

I do not like to even appear to contradict a lady, but the article on "Building an American Cathedra



dral" in the February issue seems to invite criticism. Shortly, the Gothic architecture naturally arose out of the dark forests of Northern and Central Europe in a temperate climate where the sun's power was limited. The nave of a Gothic church was a representation of an alley in a forest with the trees interlacing overhead. Abundance of light was as much as possible provided by the numerous windows. On the contrary, the architecture of Greece and Rome was designed to exclude the light and heat in the much hotter climate of the South. Consequently, you get the dome and the external pillars, with the light and heat excluded, as instance St. Sophia, the temple of Diana, etc.

Now Washington is in a climate where the sun is hot and the light is clear and abundant throughout the year. How can the Gothic be appropriate? The Capitol is appropriate, as would be a Cathedral of the St. Sophia type.



*Tyrone, Pennsylvania.*

*Dear Harper's—*

I cannot refrain from telling you how I enjoy the work of Fleta Campbell Springer. Her return in the March issue after so long an absence only renewed my admiration of her remarkable technical ability. Again I find her to be completely the mistress of subtle and compelling detail. Few can create so surely the consciousness of the "lacrimae rerum."

We hope also to meet Struthers Burt again in the pages of HARPER'S. His "Buchanan Hears the Wind" was a story of which any of the masters could be proud.

Finally, may I not congratulate HARPER'S that, for the second time, the O. Henry award of the Society of Arts and Sciences goes to a HARPER'S story.

Very cordially yours,

S. V. C.



*Kansas City, Missouri.*

*Dear Harper's—*

I have been greatly interested not only in the discussion of prohibition in Mr. Martin's January article, but also in the comments upon it in the March number. I must confess that I failed to find in "Passing the Mile Post" any brief against prohibition, and cannot understand why any reader should call the remarkable facts presented by Mr. Martin "arguments in favor of alcohol."

Mr. G. T. W. Patrick in his book *The Psychology of Relaxation* throws some welcome light upon the

subject of alcoholism among the more highly civilized races. He says on page 212:

"The spirit of the age proclaims that we must be efficient. Efficiency . . . is demanded, and the desire for alcohol is the desire for rest, for release from the tension, for freedom and abandonment."

Elsewhere he writes:

"This desire increases with the progress of civilization and corresponding increase of tension. The stress of life is greatest among the Anglo-Saxon people. . . . In this country, especially, the intense life of concentration, of effort, of endeavor, of struggle, of rapid development, has for its correlate an intense longing . . . for rest, for relaxation, for harmony, for something to still temporarily the eternal turmoil."

May I thank HARPER'S for many delightful moments of relaxation in the midst of "the eternal turmoil?"

Yours very truly,

ALICE PARKER.



*Sausalito, California.*

*Dear Harper's—*

I want to express my appreciation of your excellent magazine. From my point of view, it is easily the best publication on the market. If, when I retire to my couch, I wish to be thoroughly entertained I take a copy of HARPER'S. Almost any one. Just now I have before me November and December of '23. Both are so teeming with good things that I scarce know which article to mention first.

"Nice Neighbors," by Mary S. Watts, delights me—that kind "Tillie Shields" with her tender heart! "The Treasures of the Snow," by Richard Le Gallienne, is another thing in which I did not skip a word. And those exquisite child poems by Katherine Mansfield! I never read anything more appealing. Of the collection I believe I like best "Little Brother's Secret." No, I'm sure I like it best—the two lumps of sugar that were to grow into a sugar tree for her birthday!

In the "Lion's Mouth" I choose "The Model Son." And, oh yes, I liked very much "Christmas Again," by Edward S. Martin. These four things I mention as the high lights, but there are others almost as delightful.

I actually feel obligated to the staff of editors on your magazine, who give so much pleasure to the reading public.

With all good wishes I am,

Very sincerely yours,

MABEL EASTMAN.

